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A Damsel in Distress

By P.G. Wodehouse

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HE TAPS IMPATIENTLY

Order! Order!

Ladies and gentlemen, you're
all aware of what we're here for.

This sweepstake

has been inaugurated

to provide

a harmless sporting flutter

for the domestic staff

of Tottney Castle.

Get on with it! Why do you go on?

Order! Order! Silence!

We have come to the conclusion

that soon Lady Alyce will make

up her mind to get married,

so I've put all the eligibles

in this hat and whoever draws...

Gets the pot?

Whoever draws the happy man will become

the possessor of the total subscribed.

Well,

we will now proceed with the draw.

THEY ALL CHATTER

Thomas, the footman.

He draws..."The Hon. Wilfred

Washington Watkins."

Why couldn't I pull Reggie?

I don't know why you favour him.

With Lady Caroline backing him? Did

you ever know her not get her way?

Antoine, our respected cook.

"Sir George Belgrave."

Oh, too bad!

Now I draw.

Oh!

Mr Reggie.

THEY MURMUR UNHAPPILY

That, ladies and gentlemen,

concludes the proceedings.

Here! What about me?

What about my go at the pot?

I'm sorry.

There are no more starters, my boy.

Well, what's wrong with writing
me out a ticket for Mr X. Mr X?
Not in the field. If her ladyship
turns down Mr Reggie and the rest,
and marries some tee-total stranger,
it's my pot.
Any objections?
Very well.
There we are. Ha!
Ha, yourself with knobs on!
Want me to tell you something?
What?
Lady Alyce is in love with a young
American fella she met last year.
Barmy! That's what you are!
Oh, barmy, am I?
Then why has Lady Caroline appointed you
to watch her wherever she goes?
How do you know?
Listening at keyholes!
Keggs, she's running off to London.
She told me not to tell a soul.
London? What for?
To see Mr X. It's a walkover!
Lady Caroline
mustn't get a word of this.
Where you going?
FRANTIC MUSIC PLAYS
Where are you off to?
To protect my investment.
Hello...? Yes,
this is Jerry Halliday's apartment.
No, I'm his publicity.
About what?
Well, you'll have to talk
to my secretary. She's not in yet.
You'd better call about 12 o'clock.
She'll be in then to go to lunch.
Hello.
You should have been in two hours
ago. Why? What happened?
What happened? Yes. If you're not on
time, I'll get another stenographer.
Another stenographer? Do you think

there's enough work for two of us?
Look, I mean I'm going to fire YOU!
Ye... Fire me!?
Yes!
If it wasn't for my father backing
Jerry's first show in the United States...

BOTH:

be here in London now. No.
Without him, you wouldn't
work for me for two weeks.
You wouldn't
even work for me for two days!
Not even for two minutes!
Well, a girl couldn't ask
for shorter hours than that.
Here, sharpen this pencil.
Type that letter
I dictated last night?
Well, no, I didn't have time,
so I mailed them my notebook.
I hope they read shorthand.
Mailed your notebook!
You know, Gracie, I'm beginning
to think there's nothing up here.
Oh, George! You're self-conscious.
There.
That's it? Yes.

PHONE RINGS:

I'm not in. He's not in.
Find out who it is. Um...who?
It's a Hawaiian. A Hawaiian?
Well, he must be.
He says he's Brown
from the Morning Sun.
Look, the man's name is Brown.
Morning Sun is the newspaper he's
working for. Tell him I'm not here.
Oh, he's not here.
I tell you, he's not here.
Oh, you don't, huh?
Well, ask him if you don't
believe me. ..George...?

Hello. Mr Halliday is not in.
Mr Jerry Halliday,
the destroyer of feminine hearts...
I saw a crowd of women running.
Why were they running?
Cos you were chasing them? No, they
chased me. You and your publicity!
Gerry, these people believe you're
the same character off stage as on.
What's the difference
if you cash in at the box office?
Thanks to you, every woman who
reads rushes at or away from me.
Has it occurred to you I might
like to meet a young lady
who stands still for one second?
AHEM!
Sit down. Sit down!
A story is a story, Jerry.
And as long as they're read...
Here's a story. A true story.
I'm through! What?
What do you mean? Oh, Jerry!
Until I get out of this there'll
be no more love scenes, love songs,
love dances and no more love-sick
publicity! Listen, Jerry...
Jerry! Wait! Jerry!

WOMEN CLAMOUR:

Good morning.
Can I hide here, please?
Now, listen, miss.
This is too much.
Keggs mustn't see me.
Keggs?
Yes, he's following me. Keggs,
Aunt Caroline's head watchdog.
Here he is. Hide me.
You sir! You sir!
What's your trouble, my friend?
American, are you? Well, you can't
get away with this sort of thing.
What?

A young lady got in your cab.
Surely not. What do you mean?
I've been in the cab all this time
and I'd have noticed, sir.
Let me look inside this cab.
I will not, sir. Very well.
I'll be bound to force my way in.
Then, Keggs, I'm bound to force
you out. How did you know my name?
It's written behind you.
Who is he? He's Jerry Halliday.
He lives there? Yes,
The Devonshire. The Devonshire!
You're the American! Right.
Don't give her up,
we're going to win!
I suppose you're wondering what this
is about. Oh, no! Not my business.
And of course you're much too well
bred to enquire about my business.
Of course I am.
What's it all about?
Well, I'm in a perfectly
simple piece of trouble
and it'll bore you to
death if I tell you.
Open that door. Do you hear me?
Go away, my good man.
'Ello. What's all this?
I've another little idea here.
I say...
'Ello, 'Ello, 'Ello.
Get out of there!
You've committed a breach of the
peace. You'll be charged for this.
Officer, I'm glad you arrived.
This man is annoying me.
There is a young lady in this cab.
Ridiculous! There is! There is not!
We shall see.
A practical joker, eh?
Playing jokes on the law! Come
along with me, the both of you!
There was a young lady and

you're evading the truth.
My friend... I'm denying nothing.
Ladies and gentlemen,
for your kind attention,
I will give you my impression
of Jerry Halliday.
Is it him? It is!
Come on, Jerry.
Give us a dance, will you?
Come on, Jerry. You can do it!
A bit of music for Jerry.
Come on, Jerry.
SWING MUSIC PLAYS
Now...
come here.
Bad news, go away
Call round some day
In March or May
I can't be bothered now
My bonds and shares
May fall downstairs
Who cares? Who cares?
I'm dancing
and I can't be bothered now
I walk among the stars
On earthly things I frown
I'm throwing off the bars
that held me down
I'll pay the piper
When times get riper
Just now, I shan't
Because, you see, I'm dancing
and I can't be bothered now... #
I say there!
Eat my roses, will you?
Make me work twice as hard,
will you?
Take that! And that! And that!
Beg your pardon, your lordship.
What is it?
Milk, m'lord.
Milk?! What am I - a baby or a cow?
Take it away!

FANFARE BLARES:

HE BURSTS INTO A JAZZ TUNE

Reggie! Yes, Uncle John?

Stop that noise! Right-ho!

And stop saying "Right-ho".

Right-ho!

Take it away. Beg your pardon,
my lord. Lady Caroline's orders.

I'm not to move

until you've drunk the last drop.

Father! Hello, my dear.

Could you do me a favour? What?

Marry that saxophone-playing
pest and take him away from here.

I won't marry Reggie

and you know the reason.

All right, then. But next time you
slip to London, let me go with you.

I'd like to take a look at him.

So would I!

See him, your American?

How could I with Keggs following me
and fighting in the street?

I wish you'd be sensible
and forget him.

Being apart a year hasn't made me
forget him. That proves I love him.

REGGIE PLAYS A FANFARE

Stop that nonsense. Look!

Uh-oh. Stormy weather approaching.

John, read this, please.

You know I can't read
without glasses.

What the devil is it?

It may interest you to know
Keggs spent last night in prison.

Keggs!

Keggs, come here

Oh, Keggs!

So you hit a policeman, eh?

No, m'lord, I kicked him.

Caroline, you can put up
with a kicking steward, I can not.

You're sacked for being drunk

and disorderly in public.
Keggs was not drunk and disorderly.
I suppose you were an eyewitness.
Yes.
Then you were in London yesterday.
I'm appalled! I went there
to meet a man and Keggs followed.
I jumped into a cab to avoid him
and that's where he had a
struggle with the man in the cab.
You met your American!
I'd never seen the man before. It
just happened I got into his cab.
As if you'd get in a cab
with a stranger!
You're putting us off the scent!
From now on, you'll remain in the
grounds and be watched at all times.
Those are your father's orders.
Are they not, John?
I suppose.
Bah!
Good morning, children.
Hi, Jerry. Morning, Jerry.
Ah! Fan mail!
Yes. I'm through with that.
Now, listen, Jerry.
You can't quit even temporarily.
I am going to hide
away in the country
where no-one has heard of
Halliday the butterfly man,
beneath whose feet women's hearts
are crushed
as grapes in a wine press.
You wrote that.
Isn't this CUTE?!
"And if you come then,
no-one will suspect your presence.
"I love you, Alyce M."
Ha, ha, ha!
That's the girl in the cab.
What cab? She was in trouble.
Tottney Castle.

I wonder where that place is.
It's got a coat of arms -
a bona fide castle.
Oh,
that's where Napoleon came from.
Napoleon?
Yes, Napoleon BonaFIDE.
Father backed your first show,
remember? Yeah. Yeah.
Here it is. "Tottley Castle.
Present owner is Lord Marshmoreton,
"his sister Lady Caroline
and daughter Lady Alyce.
"Since the 1400s, Tottley
has been the seat of the Earl..."
Oh, George, you must lose that
Brooklyn accent. You mean "oil".
I mean "earl". Oil and earl
are two different things.
Your daddy
doesn't go to bed oily, does he?
He did when he worked
for the gas station.
Listen, Gracie.
In England there are several titles
for the nobility -
lords, dukes, earls...
Oh, that's my daddy!
If he ever gets his dukes on the
Earl Company's money, Lord help 'em!
I made that up myself. You did?
Yeah!
Where's the car? Downstairs.
Say, have you any idea what
a publicity story this will make?
Can't you see the headlines? Pretty
peeress putty in Halliday's hands.
"I love you, Alyce M."
I mean, it's incredible. How can she
say that when she doesn't know me!
Everybody reads my stuff.
Thursday is visitors' day.
What's today?
I don't know.

You can tell if you look
at that newspaper on your desk.
Oh, this is no help, George.
It's yesterday's paper.
Her father... Backed my first show.
Yes.

REGGIE PLAYS A GENTLE, SOMBRE TUNE

Hurry, Thomas. Yes, Mr Keggs.
They'll be here any moment. We
shall be over-run by proletariats.
Yes, Mr Keggs.

Why they would pay a shilling
to be led about like dumb animals
gaping into the interiors of their
betters, I'll never understand.
It makes them feel envious of us.

Keggs,

I'm expecting madrigal singers.

Show them into the ballroom.

Yes, m'lady.

Oh, dear. Is it Thursday?

I fear so, m'lady.

Well, open the doors and windows
after they've gone. Yes, m'lady.

HE PLAYS A RAGTIME TUNE

Hey, hey, a mother of three

Ho, ho, a mother of three

Hey, hey... #

HE FALLS SILEN HE PLAYS A GENTLE, SOMBRE TUNE

Keep in line, please.

Try to keep in line and hand me a
shilling as you pass. Thank you.

Good old Tottney Castle.

Isn't it beautiful?

It's almost pretty enough
to be a filling station.

Filling station?

This castle is over 300 years old.

Oliver Cromwell

went through here in 1628.

Well, that's fast in those days.

I mean he went through the castle.

Couldn't stop the car, huh?

BOTH:

Admission is one shilling.

Oh, well, we usually get more than that but we'll go in.

I don't pay the people, they pay me.

Oh. Well, then, give me my money back. You didn't give me any money.

Well, that's not my fault.

Here's your money. Thank you.

How much did he give you?

Two shillings.

And how much is the admission?

One shilling.

Well, then, give me my change.

Oh, I beg your pardon, madam, I was a little confused for a moment.

Thank YOU! Don't mention it.

Hey! Not so fast, sir.

Oh, hello there, how are you?

I'm sorry about your hat, old man.

This castle is not open to you.

I thought it was open to anyone who paid a shilling.

To you, not on payment of 1 million.

Thomas, Henry.

Eject him! ..Come, Albert.

Outside the rope.

Oh, George, imagine meeting a deep-sea diver here. of all places! Deep-sea diver? Yes. That's armour.

Mr Armour must be somewhere in his underwear, he's not in his suit.

Probably slipped out for a smoke.

Oh. Oh.

We are now in the main hall.

Bang! Bang!

You notice what that sign says?

"Do not finger art..."

Well, I don't blame Art.

If I were Art, I'd object too!

I don't get it.

Next, I would like to point out this portrait of a very famous countess,

mother of five daughters,
whose husband was...
I know, an accountant.
Oh! Go right ahead. Thank you.
I'm happy to relate
that his lordship
gave more than 5,000
for that portrait. 5,000lb of what?

BOY WHISTLES:

Told you I was your friend,
didn't I? Now I'll prove it.
Good boy. Don't muss my hair!
Got a cigarette?
Sorry, this is the last one.
No.
See them?
They're the madrigal singers.
You can slip in with them
and I'll take you to see Lady Alyce.
Good.
You've got here just in time.
If I've ever seen
an impatient woman, she's one.
Now, this balcony
is an historical spot
known in family tradition
as Leonard's Leap.
In the year 1787, a young Scottish
nobleman, Lord Leonard Strathbungo,
hurled himself from that balcony
to avoid compromising the beautiful
Countess Of Marshmoreton.
This was a feat of bravery
and daring which,
in the whole history of the castle,
has never been duplicated.
Thank you. Thank you.
Did he break his neck? George, maybe
he didn't like his neck. Maybe.
Now those of you who may wish,
will be conducted by the footmen
to inspect the model dairy.
Why?

I am happy to relate
that his lordship is the owner of
no fewer than 15 hundred cows.
Does he herd sheep? Oh, George, you
can't say, "Does he heard sheep?"
You mean, "Does he hear sheep?"
or "Has he heard sheep?"
But you can't say...

ALL:

Well, now we will return
by way of the ballroom.
George, isn't he a silly man!
Now, let's all start together.
Right-ho.
And let's try and finish together.
There was a jolly British tar
who met a milkmaid bonny
He said, How beautiful
you are, with a hey and a nonny
With a hey and a nonny
Such golden hair I ne'er did see
with lips to shame a cherry
Oh, buxom milkmaid, marry me
With a down-a-derry
With a down-a-down-a-derry
Our hearts could rhyme, said she
Tis flattered I'm, said she
But oh, ah, me
You see, you see, you see, you see
I happen to be
I happen to be the mother of three
A wife already and mother of three
Of three, of three, of
three, of three, of three
The mother of three... #
The jolly tar, he laughed a lot
Tis for the best, my bonny
That you won't be my better half
With a hey and a nonny
With a hey and a nonny
I near forgot on seeing you
That I've a wife in Kerry
In Spain and also Timbuktu

With a down-a-derry
With a down-a-down-a-derry... #
...You've got me thinking twice
Goodbye to shoes and rice
For, ah, me
You see, you see
Now, you see, I happen to be
I happen to be the husband of three
A-spliced already
and husband of three
A-spliced already
and husband of three
Of three
Of three, of three, of three
Of three, of three, of three
Of three, of three, of three
A husband o-o-o-o-o-o-f
Three
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah!

BOY WHISTLES:

After him and turn him out. Very
well, m'lady. ..Thomas! ..Henry!
Sit down. Hurry up!
Now...
close your eyes.
Now count. Count?
You're surprising her, ain't you?
It'll be more romantic.
She can creep softly in
and plant a kiss on your brow.
All right.
Count.
One, two, three,
four... Louder.
Five, six...
Give it a bit more.
Eleven, twelve...
thirteen...
eighteen, nineteen, twenty,
twenty-one,
twenty-two, twenty-three,

twenty-four,
twenty-five, twenty-six,
twenty-seven, twenty-eight,
twenty-seven. I said that before.
Twen...
I got here
just as quickly as I could.
You did?
Yes.
You're feeling quite well?
Well, I'm not used
to all this excitement.
Oh, one of our gardeners
got sunstroke yesterday.
Is that so?
Yes, um...he stood out in the sun
too long without his hat on.
That made HIM all funny in the head.
Yes.
Um...now what happens?
What can I do to help you?
Help?
Well, you're in distress,
aren't you? In a way, yes.
They're keeping you prisoner.
Yes. Well, I wouldn't have dreamed
it possible in this day and age!
Locking a girl up like a prisoner to keep
her away from... The man she loves.
How did you know?
Um...you're quite sure
about this being-in-love thing?
I mean, it isn't just
a quick schoolgirl crush? Oh, no.
It's the real thing?
Oh, well, really,
I...find it quite embarrassing.
Don't be shy. Not with me.
I mean, I want you to just, well,
tell me everything.
But I couldn't possibly!
I've only met you once.
I'll tell you what, let's pretend
I'm an old friend of the family,

an uncle or something like that,
and, well, you're talking about a third
person who isn't here. How's that?
It might make it easier.
Now...
All right. Here we go.
Um...you do really,
shall we say, um...
care for this man? I love him.
Why?
Well, in the first place, he's...
the most charming man in the world.
And...in the second place,
he's divinely handsome.
You're crazy!
Well, I beg your pardon,
I think so.
Well, all right. We won't argue
that point any further.
Go on.
Um...American?
Yes.
Um...you'd say,
"He's got what it takes."
Listen, you know, I can stand so much
and then... KNOCK AT DOOR
Alyce! Alyce!
It's Aunt Caroline. Alyce? Yes?
I want to speak to you.
Just a moment. ..Get out of here.
Aunt Caroline will find you.
The balcony. Alyce?
But don't go near the edge.
Where's that man? What man?
It's no good staring like that.
That man was seen coming upstairs.
You're hiding him.
Psst!
The balcony! Don't be silly,
Aunt Caroline. The balcony?!
Well, it appears I was mistaken.
I'm sorry.
He did it. Did what?
The leap!

Leonard, I mean.
Well, of course he did.
Aunt Caroline, has any man
been known to do it since Leonard?
Certainly not!
Oh, what courage!
Leonard, you mean?
Yes, Leonard, of course. Oh.
Keep the motor running.
Did you see her, Jerry? Yes, yes.
Good. Now we can go to Paris.
"Don't lose courage.
I'll be waiting to help you.
"What do I do next?" Thanks.
Say, you, gardener?
Look,
where can one stay around here?
There's several cottages
down the road.
Can you keep your mouth shut?
Look, I want you to give this note
to Lady Alyce, first chance.
And here's 1 for your trouble.
Did you tell his lordship
I wish to see him? Yes, m'lady.
Where is he, then? He's coming now.
He was taking his bath. Very well.
REGGIE PIPES A JOLLY TUNE
Stop that infernal noise!
Yes, stop it, Reggie. Right-ho!

BAGPIPES WHEEZE:

Well, what is it? What is it?
I want to speak to you, John.
Nice time to choose!
Keggs, repeat to his lordship
what you just told me. Very good.
I have been informed by the cook,
who was informed by the footman,
who was informed by the scullery
maid, who had it from the milkman...
You forgot the first maid. Shut up!
Oh, go ahead, man.
What did the syndicate tell you?

That three Americans now occupy
Leonard's Manor, m'lord.
Alyce's American and his friends.
They're just down the road!
Well, John? What do you mean, "Well,
John?" What do you expect me to do?
You will go and horsewhip him
immediately.
Oh, but I couldn't possibly.
Why, I-I hardly know the person.
You'll do it directly
you've had breakfast.
Oh, all right, I'll think it over.
Well, now you've rented this bungalow,
what am I expected to do?
Sit and watch you
being a hermit?
Where's your sense of romance?
Did you hear what she said?
Leonard lived here.
Oh, have some sense, Jerry. Come on!
Oh, I can't go now. She needs me.
She's in trouble. Oh, Jerry!
Don't be pessimistic. She may still
be in trouble when you get back.
Don't unpack, Mr Halliday,
he's on his way over! Who?
His lordship! He's coming
to chase you out of the place!
Chase me out of the place?
Please, sir. You'd better hurry. If
you don't go, he'll horsewhip you.
How old-fashioned!
Horsewhipping in this day and age,
when they can run over him!
What will they think of next?
Please, sir. Hurry! Hurry!
Relax, my dear boy,
I'm not leaving. I like it here.
I'm filled with the spirit of
Leonard. Please, change your mind.
You can't defy him! It's time
someone defied the old wolf.
That's him!

He'll kill me if he finds me here!
You'd better take Gracie
into the next room.
I want to see what happens.
You'll hear.
Oh!
Enter.
Oh! I was expecting someone else.
However, peasantry is always
welcome across my threshold.
Take a stool and sit down, sir.
THUD!
As a matter of fact, I....
..I was expecting your boss.
And it would have been a most
unpleasant time he'd have spent.
Pray tell, who does he think he is,
ordering me out of the county
and horsewhipping me?
I'd like to see him try it!
What do I care if he's the earl
of yon neighbouring castle?
An earl? So what?
And how did he become an earl?
Because some ancestor did common
people out of their lands, the old pirate!
Want to know what else I think?
Why, he's nothing but a...
a high-binder.
Have you finished? Yes.
I think that's all. Good.
Come out, you young scoundrel!
Come out! No, lord. Please, lord.
Please, sire. Go on, get out.
Yes, m'lord. No, m'lord.
You're Lord Marshmoreton. I am.
Oh!
Oh! Oh, isn't it awful?
Isn't it terrible?
What's awful? What's terrible?
I can't hear a thing.
What's this? The answer
to the letter you gave me.
You mean that you gave my note

to Lady Alyce? Of course I did.
You tipped me most liberally.
There's her answer.
Oh, then you're on my side.
Of course I am.
Alyce loves you. What?
And I respect her judgment.
She loves you, that's enough for me.
I don't think the Marshmoretons
are fenced off
from the rest of the world
by some sort of nobility.
My sister does, but she's an ass.
Isn't she?
I mean, is she?
Course she is! Always has been.
Why, she wants her step-son,
Reggie, to marry Alyce.
Over my dead body, sir.
Well, she didn't specify that, but
she'd be glad if it was arranged.
Look... We're going to take her
to a fair this afternoon.
Caroline expects him to propose to her on
the chute de chutes. Well, I'll be darned!
Is that all you're going to say?
No, sir, it is not.
Well, if I were a man
in your position,
I'd go myself
and take her from him.
That's just what I shall do, sir.
Good boy!
Well...
I must be getting back to my roses.
Oh, by the way,
if you should happen
to run into my sister,
tell her I horsewhipped you within
an inch of your life. Right-ho.
JERRY HUMS A CHEERFUL TUNE
Still alive, huh?
Alive? I've just begun to live.
Just begun to live?

Why, I've just begun to live.
Oh, he's just begun to live.
Oh, I've just begun to live
I've just begun to live
Yes, I've just begun to live
I've just begun to live
Oh, I've just begun to live
I've just begun to live... #
Step up, ladies and gents! This way!
The tunnel of love!
All for the price of half a shilling.
Now, I've no doubt many are shy.
You'd like to pop the question
but don't know how.
Give your girl sixpence for the
tunnel of love and achieve your wish.
Get your money back if she don't fling
her arms round your neck and say yes.
When she says nothing, say, "Will
you be mine?" How can she help,
but say the word that keeps the
clergyman out of the poor house?
Money will be returned
to all men who don't click
in the first five minutes.
Step up! This way for the tunnel of
love. Buy your tickets and hurry in.
Oh, come on, George.
No, that's for children.
I don't like them -
never did, never will.
Jerry, don't get me a ticket.
Why not? I've got a weak heart.
Don't be silly! If Jerry pays,
how can that affect your heart?
Come on. No, no. Not me.
I don't get pleasure out of this.
Come along, George. It's lots of fun
having fun, even if you don't enjoy it.
Heel!
Ah!
Good afternoon. Good afternoon.
I've, um...been hoping
that I'd meet you again.

Oh, you have?
Yes, to thank you about yesterday.
Did you hurt yourself?
Oh, no, no. No.
Just skinned my hands a little.
It's nothing at all.
It's a lot of fun, isn't it? It's
all right. What do they call it?
The tunnel of love.
Oh.
I say, I'm with the lady
in the car ahead.
My, my! You must be a magician!
No, but really, aren't you with
the gentleman in the car ahead?
Oh! So I am!
Well, if we're in the car ahead,
who can the people be in this car?
Yes, that's right.
There must be some mix-up.
Shall I strike a match? Why
hit a match? It isn't his fault.
Although I always say...
How do?
..Although I always say...
Say! You're pretty!
You know, I was about
to say the very same thing.
Why don't you say it?
If you think you're pretty, you have
as much right to say it as I have.
I say, do you live here.
No! Where I live we sit in chairs.
I must admit something else.
I, um...
It's lovely weather, isn't it?
Yes. Shame we can't see it. Rather.
..How do?
Oh, by the way, did you see
the newspapers this morning?
No. Did you see them?
No.
But I wished it was yesterday.
Although I didn't see

the papers yesterday.
Did you see the papers
yesterday morning? No.
I never see the papers.
But they're nice to talk about.
Yes. They're so true to life.
Oh, well, aren't we all!
How do?
I say, everybody knows you,
don't they? Yes.
By the way, I, um...
I saw your father this morning.
Oh, yes? Yes, he called at my house.
I thought he was a grand person.
Oh, yes. And truthful, I suppose?
What do you mean?
I mean you can rely upon
what he tells you.
He wouldn't just have fun,
like a practical joke or anything.
Of course not.
What did he tell you? About you.
What about me?
He told me about you
having fallen in love with...
Oh! Well, I'm not ashamed of it.
Course not!
You can't help falling in love.
I know that.
It's like being hit
by a thunderbolt.
That's right.
I know some people laugh at the idea
of falling in love at first sight.
They're wrong.
I'm glad you think so
because I did, head over heels.
Alyce...
SLAP!
How do?
You look nice and happy.
What's happened to you?
George, that was fun!
Let's go down the moving stairs!

Oh, oh, no. Come here.
"The safest way - take the lift."
Inside.

GRACIE LAUGHS:

The safe way?
What made good Queen Bess
such a great success?
What made Wellington
do what he did at Waterloo?
What makes every Englishman
a fighter through and through?
It isn't roast beef
or ale, or home, or mother
It's just a little thing
they sing to one another
Stiff upper lip, stout fella
Carry on, old bean
Chin up
Keep muddling through
Stiff upper lip, stout fella
Dash it all, I mean
Pip-pip to old man trouble
And a toodle-oo too
Carry on through thick and thin
If you feel you're in the right
Does the fighting spirit win?
Oh, quite, quite, quite
quite, quite
Stiff upper lip, stout fella
When you're in a stew
Sober or blotto
this is the motto
Keep muddling through... #
HE SINGS TUNELESSLY
I'm sorry, m'lady. So sorry.
I thought it was clearly
understood, Keggs,
that I would not tolerate
another of these outbursts.
Yes, m'lady. I fight
the urge constantly, m'lady
but this time
it seemed to get the better of me.

A man of character, Keggs, should
learn to control his passions.
Yes, m'lady. Thank you, m'lady.
Father! Just a minute, dear.
I'm looking for a snail.
It's behind this bush somewhere.
Go round there
and cut off its retreat.
I'll teach him to eat the flowers.
Father, do stop talking about
snails. I want to ask something.
Do you think it shows a very weak
character, changing one's mind?
About? About, um...for instance,
um...falling in love.
Oh, hello,
what's this you're telling me?
You've changed your mind
about that ski-jumping fellow?
I just found, suddenly,
that I don't love him.
I suppose that delights you. Not
at all. I'm sorry, I liked the chap.
But you've never met him.
Of course I've met him.
I called at his house yesterday
to deliver that note.
Oh, that's not the man.
Not the man?
No, that's the American
I met in London in a cab.
Well, whoever he is,
I told him you were potty about him.
I gave him my blessing.
You told him I was...?
Oh!
Then that's why. Why what?
Why he kissed me.
Naturally.
Father, you don't understand.
I slapped him.
Naturally.
He's a stranger.
But he's not a stranger.

That is, in a way he is,
and he isn't.
I realised in a flash that
I love him. I can't help myself.
I know you think I'm crazy.
Love him?
But you said you didn't. I didn't
say I didn't, I said I did.
But now he won't want anything
to do with me any more. Why?
Because you slapped him? What rot!
Why, your mother used to slap me
frequently before we got engaged.
You think I minded? Course I didn't!
Showed she was beginning
to take an interest in me.
Every time I kissed her,
she slapped me.
Every time she slapped me,
she apologised.
And every time she apologised,
I kissed her again
and before long, there we were
in a private suite
shaking the confetti
out of our hair.
Do you think I ought to apologise?
Well, he might kiss you again!
Suppose he didn't. I mean,
suppose he didn't forgive me?
He'll forgive you. Everything will
end happily and I shall come along.
and dance at your wedding.
Father!
You go along
and do your apologising.
I've got to get this snail.
Hello, Keggs. M'lady.
Come here, you.
I want a few words with you
in private.
Eavesdropping is a low habit
his lordship will not tolerate
and so, young idiot Albert,

I'm forced to give you the sack.
Please, Mr Keggs,
let me off this once.
Well, I'm soft-hearted and would
hate to ruin a lad's prospects.
Promise you won't do it again?
Word of honour.
Very well.
Thank you, Mr Keggs.
Oh, by the way,
do you happen to have that ticket?
The one marked "Mr X"? Yes.
Would you mind exchanging it for the
one marked "Mr Reggie"? No chance.
Just as you please.
But, on second thoughts, I'll have
to discharge you after all.
Pity it is too, being dismissed
without a character,
breaking your
poor old mother's heart.
It's men like you what lead half
the crimes in the country! Here.
Thank you. Thank you.
HE HUMS A CHEERFUL TUNE
What are you so cheerful about?
We're going to Paris!
What are you so cheerful about?
We're going to Paris.
I suppose you'd like to stay here
and play Leonard so you can
save Lady Alyce again, huh?
I never want to see her again.
She's here. Who?
The girl who slapped you. Where?
On the jaw.
She's coming up the lane.
Let's go outside.
The man is in love. He wants to be
by himself with the girl he loves.
George, I didn't know you liked me!
This is so sudden. Come on. Oh.
Hello.
How do you do? May I come in?

Is there something
I can do for you?
I suppose it seems very odd, my
coming here like this. Not at all.
Neighbourly. Won't you have a seat?
Um...no, thank you.
I can only stay a moment.
I'd feel safer if you were sitting.
I just wanted to speak to you.
You've come just in time.
I'm leaving for Paris immediately.
You're never coming back?
You can always buy a punching bag.
But that's
what I came to speak to you about.
I, um...came to say
that I'm sorry I slapped you.
You see, Father's
just explained everything to me
and I understand how it happened.
Oh, I see. You father explained
to you why you slapped me.
No, no!
Things are frightfully mixed up.
Father made a mistake about you.
Then after
he spoke to you yesterday, well,
you naturally thought
you were somebody else. Naturally.
I didn't know, of course.
I thought you were being yourself.
Then Father explained
he thought you were the other man
and how were you to know I didn't
mean you? Do you understand?
Perfectly.
And you see why I slapped you?
Let me get this straight.
Whom did you slap?
Me or the other fella? Why you!
Who's the other fella? Jeffrey.
Jeffrey? Who's he?
An American I met in Switzerland
about a year ago.

Oh.
They don't want me to marry him.
That's why they locked me up
to keep me from seeing him.
Oh, I see.
Your father thought I was he.
Naturally, I thought he meant me.
I see.
Well, I'm afraid
I've made an awful fool of myself.
No. No, you haven't.
And this chap, um...Egbert?
Jeffrey. Jeffrey.
He's the man you love? No.
No.
What do you mean, "No"?
Look, I-I suddenly realised
that...that I didn't love Jeffrey.
All that had just been
a schoolgirl crush
and the reason
that was so clear was, well...
I suddenly realised that...that...
I love somebody.
A third man?
No.
Will you please stop saying no
and talk sense?
You're just about
the stupidest man I ever met.
How I fell in love with you,
I'll never understand!
Did I hear correctly?
Did you just say...? Yes.
Well, are you sure it's me? Yes.
Well, when did you first feel this,
what you just said, coming on?
Yesterday, in a flash,
right after I slapped you. Whoa!
Then slapping me made you love me.
Yes.
Darling, slap me again.
If I should suddenly
start to sing

Or stand on my head or anything
Don't think
that I've lost my senses
It's just that my happiness
finally commences
The long, long ages
of dull despair
Are turning into thin air
And it seems that suddenly I've
Become the happiest man alive
Things are looking up
I've been looking
the landscape over
And it's covered
with four-leaf clover
Oh, things are looking up
Since love looked up at me
Bitter was my cup
But no more will I be the mourner
For I've certainly
turned the corner
Oh, things are looking up
Since love looked up at me
See the sunbeams
Everyone beams
Just because of you
Love's in session
And my depression
Is unmistakably through
Things are looking up
It's a great little world
we live in
Oh, I'm happy as a pup
Since love looked up at me... #
When am I going to see you again?
I do wish
you could come to the ball tonight.
To see you, I'd risk
Aunt Caroline's bloodhounds.
Father will help you get in.
Besides, there'll be so many people,
I'm sure no-one would notice you.
I'll be there.
Bye!

MADRIGAL SINGERS SING IN CHORUS

Beg your pardon, sir. A lady
and gentleman have just arrived.
The lady said I was to mention
the tunnel of love. Oh, yes!
Right-ho.

Uncle John? Let me introduce
Miss Allan, Mr Burns.

My Uncle, Lord Marshmoreton. How
do you do? Swell crowd here tonight.
Must be taking in a lot
of shillings. Gracie, we're guests.
I know. Mother, these are
my friends, Miss Allan, Mr Burns.

How do you do? How do?

Well, come along.

Now, you wait here
and I'll go and get that surprise
I told you about at the fair.
Miss Allan, is he coming here
tonight, your friend, Mr Halliday?
Oh, sure he's not coming here.
You know why?

He wasn't invited.

That's why, Lord Marshmallow.

Gracie, it's Marshmoreton, not
Marshmallow. That's what I said!
Marshmallow. Look, Gracie,
Marshmallows are soft and mushy.
Please, George! You don't know the
gentleman well enough to say that!
I'm sorry. Would you
explain that, please? Certainly.

Miss Allan,

have you seen a toasted marshmallow?

No, but I'm dying to see you
that way. I'll bet you're a scream!

Well, here we go.

TROMBONES PLAY A SWING TUNE

John, I insist you make Reggie
stop that noise.

Noise? It's dance music.

Swing! Swing?

In Tottley Castle? It's time the

old place was brightened up a bit.
Oh! ..Oh, how do you do?
I'm so glad to see you.
Oh, you're grand!
Really? Well, thanks. Yes.
Oh, you're a beautiful dancer.
Thank you. Thank you.
If it weren't for two things, you'd
be a TERRIFIC dancer. What's that?
Your feet!
Pardon me.
Makes my heart glad to see
your ladyship so happy tonight.
Why, Albert!
Your ladyship...

ALBERT SOBS:

Oh, goodness gracious, Albert.
What's the matter?
Your ladyship...
Oh! I can't tell you!
Oh, course you can.
I won't give you away to Keggs.
Have you been eating
green apples again? No.
No, it's not that, it's my heart!
Your heart?
Are you in love? No.
But you are with someone
not worthy of your attention.
Oh!
And I helped bring you together!
That's what hurts! Oh!
What do you mean?
That American. That Halliday!
Look what he went
and wrote about you!
Nice, young, respectable fellow
I thought he was.
I heard your ladyship was keen on
him and did all I could to help.
I should have busted his bloomin' head
in when I first seen him, that's what!
And I've a good mind to do it!

There, there, Albert. You won't
have to. Don't cry any more.
Good evening, Mr Keggs!
You're uncommonly gay,
young Albert. Any reason?
Wouldn't you like to know?
Did I hear there was 10
in the pot? Yes. What of it?
You wouldn't know what to do
with all that money, Mr Keggs.
Find Father and tell him not to
admit Mr Halliday. Yes, m'lady.
And tell him I never want to see
the gentleman again. Yes, m'lady.

JERRY WHISTLES "A FOGGY DAY"

I was a stranger in the city
Out of town
were the people I knew
I had that feeling of self-pity
What to do, what to do
What to do?
The outlook was decidedly blue
But as I walked
through the foggy streets alone
It turned out to be
the luckiest day I've known
A foggy day
In London town
Had me low
And had me down
I viewed the morning with alarm
The British Museum
had lost its charm
How long, I wondered
Could this thing last?
But the age of miracles
hadn't passed
For suddenly, I saw you there
And through foggy London town
The sun was shining
Everywhere... #
..How long, I wondered
Could this thing last?
But the age of miracles

hadn't passed

For suddenly, I saw you there
And through foggy London town
The sun was shining
Everywhere.

Excuse me, your lordship, are you
watching for a Mr Halliday? Sh!

Yes. Lady Alyce told me to tell
you he was not to be admitted.

What?

She never wants to see him again.

Thank you, m'lord.

Yoiks, yoiks, yoiks!

Sorry, sir,

you're not to be admitted.

Oh, I see.

Good evening, Mr Halliday.

Good evening, Keggs.

It is indeed a pleasure to see you,
sir. A pleasure to see you too.

Nothing would please me more
than to assist you, Mr Halliday.

Do you feel all right? Why, on a
romantic night like this? Yes, sir.

Keggs, just what's on your mind?

Um...you, um...wish

to see Lady Alyce, of course.

I do. Very well.

I'm happy to relate

that I'm now in a position
to extend to you a helping hand.

You didn't exactly give me
that impression the last time.

No. Since then there's been a
readjustment of matters close to me.

As a result of which,

Lady Alyce's wishes and yours
are very close to my heart.

Keggs, I have always felt that
beneath that macabre exterior,
there lies a heart of gold.

Thank you, sir. Do you mind slipping
in through the music room door?

The man who only lives

for making money
Lives a life
that isn't necessarily sunny
Likewise the man
who works for fame
There's no guarantee
that time won't erase his name
The fact is
The only work
that really brings enjoyment
Is the kind that is for girl
and boy meant
Fall in love
You won't regret it
That's the best work of all
If you can get it
Holding hands at midnight
'Neath a starry sky
Whoa
Nice work if you can get it
And you can get it if you try
Strolling with the one girl
Sighing sigh after sigh
Boy, it is
Nice work if you can get it
And you can get it if you try
If you try
Just imagine someone
Waiting at the cottage door
Where two hearts become one
Who could ask for anything more?
Zip-doo-doo
Loving one who loves you
And then taking that vow
Nice work if you can get it
And if you get it
Won't you tell me how?
Holding hands at midnight
'Neath a starry sky... #
Charlie's pretending he's a singer!
A little louder, Gracie. Everybody
didn't hear you. All right.
Jerry's pretending he's... Ow!
..Strolling with the one girl

Sighing sigh after sigh
Nice work if you can get it
And you can get it if you try
Oh-oh
Just imagine someone
Waiting at the cottage door
At the cottage door
Where two hearts become one
Loving one who loves you
And then taking that vow
It's nice work if you can get it
And if you get it
Won't. You. Tell. Me
Ho-o-o-o-w? #
Alyce.
I got in.
So I see.
Yes, but it was very difficult.
Why didn't you come to help me?
Oh, I just thought I wouldn't.
You just thought...? I changed
my mind. I don't understand.
Well, I was a little too tired
to come down, I'm awfully lazy,
and, um...
it did seem a lot of trouble.
What's happened? What's caused
this sudden change in you? Change?
Why, yes. This afternoon... Surely
you didn't take that seriously!
Imagine, man of the world like you!
Do you believe everything
a girl tells you?
Yes, when it's a girl like you.
How simple you are.
I can't believe this is you.
Yes, it is.
And when you're leaving,
you'll find the front door much
more convenient than my balcony.
You might fall and break your neck
and if that happened...
I wouldn't even notice it.
No, it's you.

Yes, it is. At least I think it is.
I'm not quite sure.
Albert, have you ever been
in an earthquake?
No. Well, I've just been in one.
It's a very interesting experience.
Going great, then all of a sudden,
the bottom drops out of the world.
Albert, my boy,
we were misinformed.
Huh? I mean regarding
the state of Lady Alyce's feelings.
You were mistaken, Father
was mistaken, I was mistaken.
Now I find she was mistaken.
She does not love me.
Did she say so?
She did and in no uncertain terms.
Shall I tell you something, mister?
Yes, my boy.
Make it funny - I need a laugh.
You aren't the first to have this
happen. She does it to all boys.
Well, that's some consolation.
Toodle-oo.
Albert?
Well, my little man.
I've got some good news for you.
Thank you, Mr Keggs. I'm going to
give you back your original ticket.
That's fair enough, isn't it? But
I don't want Mr Halliday! You do.
Or would you like me to remember
that I caught you eavesdropping?
Thank you. Thank you.
Ahem!
Well, um...now how are you
getting along? Oh, just wonderful.
Reggie made up his mind. Good.
I don't know if she'll have me.
Why don't you ask her?
You always ask a girl first.
I don't know how to do these things
gracefully. Maybe I can help.

Just sit right down. Right there.
That's it.
Now, I sit on your lap like this.
Gracie, you sit right there.
Oh, isn't this fun? This is fun.
Well, now,
just carry on from there.
Well, um...
now that that's over with,
will you marry me? Yes.
Did you say marry YOU?
Yes.
Well, certainly.
Well, um...
Thank you.
Thank you.
George!
Yes? We've just become engaged.
What do we do now? A little kiss?
Oh, I'd be glad to.
Would you play this, please?
It's a request.
Certainly, Albert.
ORCHESTRA PLAYS A GENTLE TUNE
Ah... #
Good evening, sir.
HE SINGS TUNELESSLY
HIS VOICE GET LOUDER AND DEEPER
HE SINGS DRAMATICALLY

SINGING PAUSES:

MUSIC AND SINGING
BUILD TO A CRESCENDO
ORCHESTRA PLAYS SEDATE MUSIC
Good evening, sir.
I asked you not to let him in.
You change your mind so often,
I thought I'd make it up for you.
I believe you're moonstruck.
Your poor mother always got
very eccentric around a full moon.
Used to write poetry about elves
and gnomes and things.
Father, would you mind

if we didn't dance any more?
I've got a headache.
I'm going to my room.
Stop it.
Who me? Yes, you.
Letting the girl you love walk past
you with no effort to stop her.
The spirit of Leonard! Pah!
Well, I couldn't make a flying
tackle, could I? I don't love her!
Nonsense! Of course you love her.
I suppose she said she doesn't love you.
My dear boy!
Her mother told me that
a hundred times!
And you married her?
Well, you see, I, um...
Of course I married her.
At St George's, Hanover Square.
In a dashed tight pair of trousers,
I remember.
If it isn't too personal,
how did you convince her?
By being firm, dash it!
Firm! Resolute! Ruthless!
Oh, hello. Hello, John.
Alyce is just like her mother -
always changing her mind.
First the ski-jumper, then you. In
my case it was a skating instructor.
He was the most conceited,
arrogant, supercilious...
Oh, I'm sorry. ..What I'm driving
at is Alyce needs a lesson,
just as her mother did, and I gave
it to her. I dashed to her room
and I said,
"Emmeline, I mean business."
Oh, I see.
You'll find her
in the sitting room now.
Though you may not
imagine it, my boy,
I had a reputation of being

quite a fellow with the ladies.
I can tell you an episode with a
tobacconist's assistant that, um...
Well, that's neither here
nor there. Go to her.
And I'm glad
I've not been too subtle.
Oh, um...do you think Lady Caroline
will approve of this?
Never you mind about Caroline. You
do your part, I'll take care of her.
Right-ho.
Oh, Thomas?
Yes, m'lord. Find Lady Caroline.
Tell her to see me in the library.
It's important. Very good, m'lord.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

Who's there? Opportunity.
And it only knocks once.
What are you doing here?
I shall need time to explain.
And also a little privacy.
Palma, stay here.
Palma, go.
Go! Oh!
This is much better. You and I,
here alone. Get out of here.
Oh, no.
I mean business!
I demand that you leave immediately.
I'm not the kind of fellow
to be led on and then pushed aside,
just another one of those fish you've
caught, reeled up and then given a slap.
This time, the fish jumps
out of the water and bites YOU!
Are you mad?
Yes. About you. I'm like
the Northwest Mounted Police.
I always get my girl.
Get out of here. Oh, anger makes you
even more beautiful, Alyce.
I imagine you'll be interesting,

after I get to know you. Oh!
What do you expect
to accomplish by this?
You're the sort of girl who has
to have her mind made up for her.
And I am going to bend you
to my will.
I see. It ought
to make a good story for the papers.
You...you wine press!
Wine press?
Beneath whose feet, women's hearts
are crushed like grapes in a wine press.
Where did you get that? I read it.
In a newspaper? Yes. Oh!
And despite the fact that
it might spoil your publicity,
I'm not going to be number 28.
Oh...this is the reason
you changed your mind about me.
Yes.
Well, it's entirely untrue
and not one of these women exists,
except in his horrible imagination.
Whose?
That wine-press agent of mine!
The idiot!
Oh, Alyce. I can't tell you how
sorry I am you've been in this.
Number 28!
Well, I wouldn't have minded
being number 28,
if it weren't for the other 27.
I beg your pardon, m'lady.
What is it?
Something very odd
in Lady Alyce's room.
Quite. I understand.
You can go, Palma.
Well, go, go, go!
You see.
In half an hour, it'll be all over
the house. What ARE we to do?
There's never been a scandal

in Tottney Castle.

If I remember correctly, 150 years ago,
Lord Leonard was seen slipping
into Lady Marshmoreton's room.
It had quite slipped my memory.

Oh!

Don't you recollect, John?

They subsequently married.

Do you seriously suggest Alyce should
marry that awful bounder Halliday?

Of course!

There's nothing else to do,
otherwise we'll be centuries
living down this scandal.

Come, John. We will act.

Now, how will we break
the good news to Aunt Caroline?

Father ought to tell her
after we tell him. Father!

Yes, he doesn't believe in letting
boy scouts do all the good deeds,
this is his chance. Good old Father!

KNOCK AT DOOR:

Alyce! Open the door, please.

She mustn't find you. It'll ruin
everything. But we're to be married.
Yes, but if she finds you, she won't
understand and we'll never marry.

Alyce! Open the door, please.

W-Well, what can I do? Hide?

You can't, they'll find you. Alyce!

Alyce!

What shall I do? Do it again.

Do what again?

The leap. Leonard's Leap.

Leap? Yes!

Oh. Oh!

Of course, the leap.

But isn't there some other way
that we could...

Hurry! Hurry!

This one out here? Yes, that one.

KNOCKING CONTINUES

Oh, you mean over here?

Yes! Hurry!

Wait!

He's done it again. What a man!

Young man, come back.

Are you all right? Come back.

Into the house. Me?

You ought to be ashamed of yourself,

Alyce! The scandal! Consider us.

(OK. I'll come inside.)

You know, you only go

on a honeymoon once.

Wouldn't you like Paris for

a few days, then Venice,

then home to your own love nest? Oh,

George, I didn't think you cared.

Goodbye, Reggie. Wait a minute,

you can't leave Reggie like this.

Don't be silly! We can't take him

on our honeymoon. Goodbye!

Goodbye.

Goodbye.

Ha! Goodb...

My boy, we win. We do? You'll marry

Alyce. I am? Tonight. You mean it?

Come on, you Tottley Wildcats.

Give!

BAND PLAYS SWING MUSIC

BAND PLAYS MILITARY FANFARE

BAND PLAYS SWING MUSIC

BAND STOPS PLAYING

BAND PLAYS "NICE WORK

IF YOU CAN GET IT"

BAND PLAYS "WHO COULD ASK

FOR ANYTHING MORE"

BAND PLAYS "NICE WORK

IF YOU CAN GET IT"