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# A Girl in Every Port

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A sailor's heart has to be pure, Benny.  
Our hearts wasn't pure so we got punished.  
Don't trouble your head,  
I'm the brains of this outfit.

- It's the civilians.

- Right.

They sell elephants to sailors  
and sailors have to sell elephants back.

- And for more money.

- Right.

Well, brains and brawn -  
America's secret weapon.

- Here's a letter, handsome.

- For me?

- Yeah, some optimist thinks you can read.

- Excuse me.

Understand you guys are in for life this time.

Well, cheer up, shouldn't be too long.

- We can wait. Hey, McGonagall.

- Yeah?

How about investing in a sure-fire  
proposition? Double your money.

Last time I fell for that,  
you doubled your money.

Be patriotic - reduce your bankroll  
and fight inflation.

- Holy smoke, I'm an heiress!

- You're a what?

- Says I gotta go to...

- Let me see that.

Auntie left you 1450 bucks.

- We'll sue.

- What for?

- She was a civilian, wasn't she?

- Right.

- And what do civilians do?

- They sell elephants to sailors.

- And what do sailors do?

- Sell 'em back again for more money.

1450 bucks - chicken feed.

Probably more like a million.

They gypped us but we'll fight 'em, take  
it to the Supreme Court, the United Nations!

My aunt never had no million dollars.

I don't hardly remember having no aunt.

Who cares?

As long as she left you the dough.

It says Tim has to go to the bank  
to collect it.

By the time you get out of the brig, the  
interest will be worth more than a million.

Man's got a point. Tell the lieutenant  
we gotta see him. Show him the letter.

- Aye aye, sir. Anything else?

- Yeah, you owe me two bucks.

But, Benny, it ain't right  
to sue my dead aunt.

- Whose money is this, anyway?

- Mine.

All right, if you want to be selfish,  
I'll wash my hands of the responsibility.

You're on your own.

Lose a million dollars, see if I care.

But, Benny, I don't want a million, I  
just want the \$1450 my Aunt Gussie left me.

- Did you say Gussie?

- That's what it said in the letter.

I used to know a girl in Brooklyn  
named Gussie.

Remember her?

- Is this her?

- She don't look like nobody's aunt to me.

I thought you'd recognise her. Shake hands  
with the man who was almost your uncle.

You used to know my Aunt Gussie?

She'd carry my schoolbooks.

Sometimes she'd carry me.

We were practically as one. Even less.

If it hadn't been for the call of the sea  
and the draft board

that money would have been mine.

- Yeah, but it says me in the letter.

- A mere technicality.

But I'm going to be big about it.

Not like some people.

- We're partners, aren't we?

- Right.

- Share and share alike?

- Right.

Gonna cut you in for half.

- Gee, thanks, Benny.

- Think nothing of it. After all, what's money?

Just about everything.

But don't sue Aunt Gussie.

Wouldn't be respectful, her being dead.

With my brains and 1450 bucks,

I'll run it into a million anyway.

You're going to put your brain to work?

Hear that? It's already working.

I told them not to let him

collect that money without me.

I knew somebody'd sell him an elephant.

Any idea what kind of elephant?

Search me, I only work here.

At ease.

Now then, Len, your partner Seaman Dunnevan  
has got himself in a little trouble.

What'd they sell him, Brooklyn Bridge?

Put it back before they notice.

Benny, I didn't have enough to buy that.

- I bought a horse.

- A horse? Just what we needed.

Why a horse? Have we got a wagon?

Who's gonna feed him?

- I bet he eats like a horse too.

- He's a racing horse.

A racing horse. Not Man Of War?

We sold Man Of War

to that cluck in Honolulu.

- Had you forgotten?

- Man Of War? But he's dead.

So's the cluck. Don't tell me you fell

for that after we did it ourselves.

Now, now, let's not be hasty.

Little Aaron is gonna make a million dollars.

He's a counterfeiter as well as a horse?

- Just a minute...

- Who sold him to you?

- I bought him in an auction, a guy took me.

- Took you is right.

Don't tell me it was Buffalo Bill.

I was Buffalo Bill, remember, and you were

Sitting Bull that time in Pago Pago.

- Just a minute...

- It was a guy I met in a bar.

And when I told him about Aunt Gussie, it turns out him and her was old friends too.

- You two oughta get together sometime.

- Just a minute! Attention!

Now then, at ease.

So he was Aunt Gussie's friend?

Yeah, he was almost my uncle too.

Attention!

And stay at attention until I finish.

The fact is, somebody swindled

Seaman Dunnevan out of his inheritance.

Naturally, we can't have our men

made the victims of every bunkum artist

who think the US Navy is fair game.

Take charge of the matter.

You'll get a five-day leave from the brig.

When you have concluded the mission,

you'll return to the brig for your sentence.

- Understand?

- Aye aye, sir.

Then get going.

- One thing more.

- Sir?

During the past 20 years in which

it has been my unhappy lot

to have you under my command,

there have been entrusted to my keeping certain files.

In this, for instance, is the entire report of the Battle of Wake Island.

In this is the complete account of the destruction of a Japanese taskforce off the coast of Okinawa.

And in this, the record of the sinking of an aircraft carrier.

But the rest of these cabinets...

from top to bottom, is filled with nothing but the compiled data of your escapades on land, on sea, and even in the air.

But this time, I warn you, be careful,

because there just isn't any more space.

And now get out of here  
before I lose my temper!

Aye aye, sir.

- And you too!

- Yes, sir.

As fine a bred animal  
as I have been associated with  
in my many years of labouring  
for the improvement of the breed.

I recognise the horse by his four feet,  
but who are you?

- Mr Garvey's gonna train Little Aaron.

- To swindle sailors?

And for this you had to tie him up.

Were you afraid of losing him?

- Everybody's after Mr Garvey.

- That I can believe.

I wouldn't have done it  
only on account of Aunt Gussie.

- By a singular coincidence...

- You know his Aunt Gussie. Didn't we all?  
...er, we were childhood sweethearts.

- You see? What did I tell you?

Whose sweetheart was he?

- He's the jockey.

- Skeezer by name.

- Pleased to meet you.

- You ever ride, or were you just appointed?

I rode better nags than that one.

That I can believe.

What's he under contract for?

He's Little Aaron's mascot.

They call him the Pearl.

Every horse has a mascot, like a battleship.

The horse won't do a thing without him.

Insisted on coming along.

- That's enough, boy.

- His feet are sore!

Ah! The boy exaggerates.

You know they're sore. He can hardly walk.

That's why he lost all them races.

- He got bad ankles.

- Hear that? Can't even walk.

He can walk. How do you think he got here?  
At least we won't have to carry him back.  
Looks like we got stuck with a pot of glue.  
Maybe we can sell him to the Post Office.  
Benny, don't even say that!

How would you like to be turned into glue  
and pasted all over things?

- Make me an offer.

- Don't despair, friend,  
there are ways to make  
an indecent penny with a racing horse.  
His ankles get better if you don't  
run him. He needs a rest, that's all.  
He was born sickly cos he was twins.

- Twins?

- There's another horse just like him?  
Yes, sir. I was there when he was born.  
My pappy worked for Pop Sweet,  
he's dead now,  
and Mr Cedric -  
he bought all Pop Sweet's horses.

Little Aaron here, he was born twins.

- Are you sure about this, boy?

- Uh-huh.

Miss Jane - that's Pop  
Sweet's little girl -  
she took the other horse away and kept him.  
Do you realise what this means,  
brother Benny?

Two horses that look alike  
are fraught with possibilities.

This may be greater than the discovery  
of gold in California.

I don't get it. First you turn him  
into glue, then you turn him into gold.

I didn't know they made gold out of horses.

Easiest thing in the world, son,  
especially when they're twins.

Know where to find Pop Sweet's little girl?

She works at one of them drive-ins  
waiting on automobiles.

That's her.

- You said she was a little girl.

- Let's don't quibble over technicalities.

- Man the guns and stand by for action.

- Roger!

Never mind Roger, we'll handle it ourselves.

- Why, Pearl, what are you doing here?

- Howdy, Miss Jane.

These two gentlemen bought Aaron.

Seamen Linn and Dunnevan at your service.

- You can call me Tim.

- And me Benny darling.

What do you see in me that's so attractive?

I'm awfully pleased to meet you

but I'm kind of busy right now.

They didn't believe me

about Little Aaron being a twin

so I brought them to you.

You tell them, Miss Jane.

Why, they're twins all right, and they

have the same father and mother too.

Uh, well, wouldn't you like

to order something?

I can't talk to anybody unless I'm waiting

on them and they're in an automobile

Who wants to talk,

or sit in an automobile and wait?

Let me take that.

That's awful heavy for a pretty girl.

It's not heavy,

they cook everything light here.

Allow me.

What do you serve here? Cannonballs?

Hey, you mind if I feel your muscles?

He wants his food. Could you feel my

muscles some other time? I'm kind of busy.

What's up with the doll who took my order?

You oughta be ashamed of yourself

expecting a poor little girl to wait on you.

You dropped something.

Uh, about that horse - you still got him?

He's on a vegetable farm. I couldn't

afford to support him so I rented him out.

He works for his keep and he can eat

all the vegetables he wants.

Except he only likes hay.

Who doesn't? Especially if you're a horse.



I appreciate what you're doing but can't  
you meet me later when I'm through working?

- We brought Little Aaron with us.

- You brought him here?

- Yeah.

- But we don't serve horses.

We just want you to look at him  
and see if he matches your horse.

He's just around here, Miss Jane.

Yes, they both have bad ankles,  
poor babies.

Hey!

You, hot number, how about some chow?

What'll you have? We're all out of it.

- We're all out of that too.

- I said "hot number".

You don't look like no hot number to me.

You don't look so hot yourself,  
you've lost your looks.

I don't think we'd make a go of it,  
I'll send back your presents.

Oh, a wise guy, eh?

- Wanna make something out of it?

- Sure.

Brains and brawn, huh, Benny?

Hey, he can't stay there.

That space is reserved for cars. Come on!

Police!

We'd better get out of here.

How about taking us to see  
Little Shamrock?

- Right now?

- Can't think of a better time.

- They're very much alike.

- Two peas in a pod.

- And they look the same too.

- What do we want with two horses?

His feet are fine, they're not sick any more.

I wonder by any chance can he run.

Of course he can,

he's got two more legs than you.

Huh?

What is your plan, brother?

I just don't get it.

I'm gonna sell Little Aaron  
back to Bert Sedgwick  
- with some help from Little Shamrock.  
- I still don't get it.  
You will, and if you don't stop  
interfering, sooner than you expect.  
What are we gonna be this time?  
Buffalo Bill or oilmen from Texas?  
- Haven't made up my mind yet.  
- Well, don't make me an Indian again.  
That time in Arizona I almost got scalped.  
We'll leave Little Aaron with you,  
you'll never notice the difference.  
Then you gotta leave me too.  
- OK with you?  
- Gracias, seor.  
I'll take the horse and the boy.  
Well, that's that. Millicent, cast your  
eyes upon a reformed racehorse owner.  
I know what a sacrifice it's been, Bert,  
but you'll be surprised  
how soon you'll forget it all.  
Anything you say. You don't like horse  
racing so it's off. Not a horse left.  
Now get in. We don't want you to be late  
on your first day.  
No.  
- Especially since you'll  
be vice-president. - Yes.  
- Vice-president has such a nice sound.  
- Yes. Struggling up from the top.  
Well, it never hurts to be engaged  
to the boss's daughter, darling.  
No.  
Come along.  
- Isn't it exciting?  
- Tell me, uh...  
how many vice-presidents have to die  
before I'm president?  
Don't be silly.  
Remember, they're not going to marry me.  
Morning, Miss Temple, Mr Sedgwick.  
This is Miss Brooks, your secretary.  
I chose her myself.

How are you?  
Well? Like it?  
Great, I, uh... hope I can live up to it.  
You will. Now kiss me and I'll be off.  
Now what do I do?  
- Answer it, silly.  
- Me?  
Yes?  
Tell them to wait. Mr Sedgwick will be  
with them in a few moments.  
A couple of important clients. You see?  
You're already started.  
Luck.  
Ma'am, sir, I can see that you  
all are a fair flower of the south.  
Didn't I all meet you at the Kentucky Derby?  
- I've never been in Kentucky.  
- That's funny - neither were we...  
Were we?  
You just leave your name and address  
with the little lady and I'll be in touch.  
I- I guess  
we were in Kentucky.  
Keep your ears and eyes open for anything  
or anybody that sounds like horse racing,  
- and report to me.  
- I understand, Miss Temple.  
Mr Sedgwick, sir, I'm afraid we all have  
the advantage of you all.  
- I'm afraid you have.  
- And if we haven't, we will have.  
- Won't you be seated?  
- Gladly, sir.  
- Thank you.  
- Uh, haven't we met somewhere before?  
What ship were you on?  
- Possibly at Saratoga?  
- I was never on the Saratoga. Sir.  
Allow me to introduce ourselves.  
I'm Colonel Forsyth at your service, sir.  
And this is my associate, Mr Blossom.  
No doubt you all have heard of us,  
we are a couple of Kentucky horse owners.  
Uh, from Kentucky.

From Kentucky, you don't say.  
Well, what can I do for you?  
If it's anything to do with horses,  
I've given up racing.  
Sold my stable, as you'll know.  
Well, that, sir, Mr Sedgwick,  
is why we all here.  
You all, sir, have been the victim  
of a swindle.  
Is that so?  
Why, Mr Blossom and me, we had the  
honour of buying your horse Little Aaron.  
- You recollect?  
- Oh, yes, yes indeed.  
You was gonna sell him to a glue factory.  
You was under the impression  
that your horse had bad ankles.  
He did have bad ankles.  
His last ten starts, he could barely run.  
Trick of your trainer, sir, to outfox you.  
We have that horse,  
and his ankles are as sound as mine.  
Your trainer was a Yankee rascal  
who was fixin' to bamboozle you  
and buy him for himself.  
That's exactly what he was doing -  
fixing to bamboozle you.  
Really? Well, now you've got him instead.  
Congratulations.  
Thank you, sir.  
When I learned of this deception,  
I said to my associate Mr Blossom...  
You all met Mr Blossom?  
Oh. How do, sir?  
- How do you do?  
- I said, "Mr Blossom,  
"there's some things  
a gentleman will not do. "  
That's exactly what he said. He said we  
should acquaint Mr Sedgwick with the facts,  
and give him an opportunity to buy  
his horse back, and that's what he said.  
Well, that's very generous of you, Admiral.  
- Colonel.

- Oh, I beg your pardon.

Colonel. I admire your ethics in the matter.

Sailor's heart has to

be pure, ain't it, Benny?

Ooh!

Yes, my ex-trainer was capable of that,

but I'm still willing to be open-minded.

However, I'm out of racing completely.

If you had a horse that could do a mile  
and an eighth in 1.50 without pushing him...

- Not even a little shove.

- Little Aaron?

- Shh.

- I don't believe it. Are you sure?

Positive. Come see for yourself.

Wait a minute.

Has Miss Temple gone yet, Miss Brooks?

Yes, Mr Sedgwick, some time ago.

It's not important.

I'll phone her later. Thank you.

- Where is he?

- At the stable waiting for us.

- Well, what are we waiting for?

- For you, sir.

Mr Sedgwick, sir, you are all in for the  
biggest surprise of your little old life.

Let's shake on it.

And if you all don't mind, you all can  
drop that Southern-fried tongue... Colonel.

I all won't be...

I won't be back this afternoon.

Amazing. This horse could barely walk  
two days ago.

He couldn't even run, could he, Benny?

Examine him closely, friend. You'll find the  
animal's legs as sound as a pre-war dollar.

- Hello, everybody!

- Hi, Janey.

Janey, this is Bert Sedgwick.

Meet Jane Sweet.

How do you do?

Are you, uh, any relation of Pop Sweet?

I don't know about that but he was my father.

She was also his daughter.

As strange a coincidence  
as ever came my way.

I'm surprised you can say his name  
- after what you did to his horses.  
- Well, I'm sorry...

If my father were alive and saw what you've  
done to them he'd turn over in his grave.

Well, we had bad luck.

It takes more than luck to win a race.

- Takes two fast horses.  
- With no bad ankles.

And an owner who can tell one horse  
from another.

Ah, Colonel Forsyth, and Mr, er, Blossom.

Are we ready for the demonstration?

Never mind the double talk,  
the Civil War's over.

- You're late, what happened?  
- Oh, a little red tape at my banker's.

Mr Sedgwick, I believe.

- Great admirer of yours, sir.  
- How do you do?

Our trainer, Doc Garvey. Shall we move  
over to the track and watch the work-out?

Great idea.

- You got the watch?  
- Yes, here it is.

It's been with me for years. I had to  
get it out of hock, that's what kept me.

- What's so special about it?  
- This one is talented.

**It stops at 1:**

if it takes two hours to run the distance.

We're in, then -

I never saw anybody hooked better.

He's looking at that horse  
like it's his sweetheart.

He's looking at Jane  
like she's his sweetheart.

Yeah, and that part I don't like,  
so let's get him out of here.

- One last appeal.  
- The answer is still no.

Benny and me just want to get even.

We don't wanna do nothing crooked.

Well, let's not go overboard.

All right, son, let it go.

He's off.

- If he doesn't fall asleep, we got a sale.

- He don't look sleepy to me.

Come on!

Oh, isn't it wonderful?

Mm-hm. Very wonderful.

Look at him go.

Champion form, by George.

He's running

like someone's after him.

- Good boy!

- Not bad.

**1:**

and he wasn't even trying.

- Let me see it.

- Right here on the timepiece.

You're not going to buy him, are you, Bert?

Millicent, what on earth are you doing here?

Because if you are,

I'm going to be very disappointed.

After telling me

you'd given up all this nonsense.

Oh, well, it's nothing like that,

it's just that these gentlemen

were sporting enough

to straighten out a bit of dishonesty

on the part of my former trainer.

I couldn't do less than listen, could I?

I suppose not.

Excuse me.

Goodbye, Miss Sweet. I hope you'll give me

the opportunity sometime of explaining.

Better save your explanations for the horses.

Not that it'll do any good. They won't

understand you - they don't speak English.

Bert?

Thank you very much, it's too bad I've given

up racing. You've got a great horse there.

Almost had him. Where did she drop from?

Far, I hope, and may she continue to.  
- If not English, what do they speak?  
- Horse, naturally.  
Never thought of that.  
He was flying at the finish.  
He's all right for a farmhand.  
Come on, boy.  
See the way Little Shamrock breezed  
around that track? Like a champion.  
- I'm sorry I didn't bet on him.  
- But there weren't any other horses.  
- That's why.  
- By the way, what did he really do it in?  
Well, this watch only goes to 1:50...  
My sainted auntie! You see what it says?

**He did it in 1:**

But he was supposed to do it in 1:50.  
This means we not only got a twin,  
we got a horse!  
I told you we had a horse  
and not an elephant.  
You can tell an elephant by the way  
he can remember things.  
Little Shamrock can't remember  
his own name.  
It's a bonanza! Lucky thing  
that young man didn't take him.  
Now, we'll enter him as Little Aaron,  
he'll start at 100 to 1,  
and we've got a clean-up.  
- Brain working, Benny?  
- And how!  
- We'll enter him, but as Little Shamrock.  
- Oh, no, anything but that.  
- Why not? That's his name.  
- We'll say that he's Little Aaron's twin.  
- But I thought he was.  
- Well, they've got identical parents.  
I know a horse player - Bert Sedgwick will  
be around next day wanting to buy the nag,  
then we'll give him the switch  
we planned for today.  
You mean we'll sell him back Little Aaron.



Right. Any other questions? Yes  
- isn't there a simpler way to make a dishonest dollar?  
All right, you guys, one at a time.  
Remember, I haven't got my glasses on.  
You wouldn't hit a man with no glasses.  
Bearing in mind an oil well  
that turned out to be a dust well...  
If they could only run automobiles on dust.  
...and a gold mine which turned out  
to be located at Fort Knox...  
I just said there was a lot of gold there  
if we could only get at it.  
And a certain island in the South Pacific  
which we bought  
only later it turns out the island sank  
to the bottom of the ocean in 1809.  
We were a little late.  
Lucky we weren't on it.  
We just want to brief you, sailor.  
Show him, Chuck.  
See that, son? That's our entire wealth.  
We're betting it on Little Shamrock,  
that horse of yours.  
Show him, Spud.  
That's an anchor, sailor.  
It's mighty, mighty heavy.  
OK, Red, you carry on.  
That's a rope, boy, and it fits over  
your head nicely. Take over, Matt.  
This is the touch, sailor  
- if by any unlucky chance Little Shamrock shouldn't win  
and we should lose our roll...  
I tighten the rope around your neck,  
tie the other end to that anchor...  
Spud, tell him what you do.  
I drop the little old anchor  
spang in the middle of the harbour.  
Don't anybody tell me,  
I think I'm beginning to get it.  
If Little Shamrock loses,  
Red ties this rope around my neck,  
ties me to that anchor, and drops me  
in the middle of the harbour.  
- Check.

- What are you worried about?  
Shamrock'll win in a breeze.  
There'd better be a breeze.  
This is the third four-course dinner  
you've eaten. You'll lose your appetite.  
I'll eat a hundred dinners, Janey,  
if it'll keep you talking to me.  
I don't think they have  
a hundred but I'll ask.  
Janey, being in love  
makes me awful hungry.

- Oh.

- Whatever he offered, I'll double.  
Behind my back, eh?  
Remind me to cut you dead next time  
we meet. I'll bring my own knife.  
Oh dear, you better order  
something. The manager's looking.  
Breakfast 9 to 12, lunch 12 to 4,  
dinner 4 to 10, supper 10 to 12.  
Doesn't leave you much time for myself,  
does it?  
I'll take the full-cost dinner for 85 cents.  
On second thoughts,  
cancel the dinner and give me 85 cents.  
Have you seen the racing form? We're in it.  
"It appears that Little Aaron  
has a twin brother named Little Shamrock  
"and they're running him. Shamrock,  
by any other name, would be an Aaron.  
"Keep the rubber on your bank roll. "  
They don't believe it.  
People never believe anything  
except if it isn't true.  
Does that mean we get our money back?  
If he wins. If he loses,  
look for me at the bottom of the harbour.

- All right.

- Can you swim?  
We may have to spend  
our lives underwater.

- We wouldn't have to stay long?  
- No, just until we get used to it.  
I don't think I could stand

any longer than a minute.

Doesn't give us much of a future, does it?

Still, think of the money we'll save.

Now, don't you go drowning Janey,  
if she don't want to.

The old, old story.

A man's best friend and his best girl.

She may be your best girl but she's gonna  
be my wife as soon as she says yes.

Foolish boy. Tell him, Jane.

I certainly hate to break up  
this charming little gathering  
but Miss Sweet has work to do.

That's all right. I don't mind.

I'm enjoying myself.

Mm, and do you think you could bring  
yourself to enjoy some other customers?

- For a change?

- Well, I'd like to but I'm busy right now.

I've got a lot of people to wait on.

And now, if you two gentlemen don't object,  
I could use this space you're occupying.

So nice of you to ask us but we've got to go.

Pardon me, anybody, but who  
perchance is gonna pay me?

Give this good man meat and drink  
and put it on my bill with the fare.

And to whom, may I ask, do I charge it?

To experience.

Those fakers.

They're running him under another name.

I, er... won't be in  
for the rest of the afternoon.

Er... very important conference downtown.

Lades and gentlemen,  
welcome to another day of racng.

The horses for the first race  
are on the track now.

They're off and runng...

There goes the first race. I gotta  
check in. Any last instructions?

- Yeah, just stay on the horse. That's all.

- And have Little Shamrock come in first.

- Then he'll be certain to win.

- Get the idea?  
Yeah, but don't forget,  
I'm riding in the race, not running in it.  
You better weigh in, they're looking for you.  
And try not to come in ahead of the horse.  
Why don't you two get a place  
to watch and I'll join you?  
Good luck.  
I'm beginning to dislike  
this animal more and more.  
Not only do I have to shell out for feed  
and rubdowns but I have to get him girls.  
How about wishing me good luck?  
With encouragement, I could be a horse.  
Good luck.  
With that much encouragement,  
I couldn't even be part of a horse.  
Don't get behind any other horses  
and I'll see you in the winners' circle.  
I wish you had his confidence.  
After you've taken this, you will.  
It's just a vitamin pill, do you a  
lot of good. Do us both a lot of good.  
Open wide. Maybe you won't be running but  
you're going to feel as though you were.  
Oh-oh. Brother Benny.  
Uh, how does he look?  
Like he'd like to get back to the plough.  
Maybe he will before the day is over.  
Is Skeezer around? I've got  
a few last-minute instructions.  
He went to check in...  
or out, for all I know.  
Now, this is for your own good, son.  
And the improvement of the breed.  
Psst!  
Oh, er, I've been looking for you.  
Now, in and out fast, then keep him there.  
Don't try to be smart with him.  
He don't look happy to me.  
I think he misses his plough.  
He'll be happy today. Guarantee it.  
Good luck.  
It won't hurt you, pal.

I take 'em myself.  
There goes Little Shamrock.  
He's dancing around the track.  
He looks like a sprinted horse today,  
very eager to run.  
I've been looking all over for  
you, High Life. I've got a hot one.  
Tell him to go away, Slow Poke.  
Tell him I ain't forgotten what he did  
to me with his phoney chips.  
You heard him, beat it.  
Tell him to stake on the candy nose.  
A couple of C's. Tell him it's red hot.  
A horse called Little Shamrock. He's loaded.  
Ain't that the nag Bert Sedgwick  
had with a new moniker?  
Mm-hm.  
Tell the tout to get out while he can walk.  
All right. You'll be sorry.  
Don't say I didn't tell you.  
Get outta here.  
They've reached  
the starting gate.  
Having trouble with Little Shamrock.  
Extra handlers back him into the gate.  
He never acted like that before.  
- What's gotten into him anyway?  
- It ain't hay.  
I think they've got him now.  
They've got him now. They've got him.  
Finally the flag's up.  
They're off and running!  
Little Shamrock stumbles at the start  
and trails. Patrick's Boy's gone.  
Second's Lazy Dan, then Awkward Green,  
Hot Valerie and Highway Tide.  
Into the turn. It's Patrick's Boy by a head.  
Lazy Dan by two lengths,  
Hot Valerie and Highway Tide.  
There goes Little Shamrock  
charging past on the inside.  
He's sixth... No, he's  
fifth! No, he's fourth!  
He must be full of vitamins today!

He's flying!  
It's Hot Valere, Lazy Dan, Patrck's Boy  
and Lttle Shamrock on the outside  
stll closng ground!  
At the halfway post, t's Hot Valere ahead  
of Hghway Tde, Lttle Shamrock now thrd!  
Into the far turn,  
Hghway Tde s takng the lead!  
Hot Valere s second! Lttle Shamrock  
s thrd! They're headng for home!  
Into the stretch, t's Lttle Shamrock makng  
hs bd and he's flyng! What's got nto hm?  
It ain't hay.  
Mmm?  
He passed Hot Valere,  
now headng for Hghway Tde!  
Here's Lttle Shamrock comng away!  
It's Lttle Shamrock by two!  
Lttle Shamrock by three!  
Lttle Shamrock all by hmself!  
As they cross the Ine to fnsh,  
t's Lttle Shamrock!  
Lazy Dan was fourth.  
Hey, hey, hey!  
Attenton, lades and gentlemen,  
the tme was 1.43 and three-ffths,  
settnng a new track record  
by two and a ffth.  
Hi, Bert. Isn't that your horse?  
Congratulations.  
- Used to be.  
- Oh, too bad.  
I give you instructions to extricate  
Seaman Dunnevan from a horse-racing swindle  
and the next thing I hear you've got  
another horse and now you're racing him.  
It's very simple. This horse has got a twin.  
- Twin? What twin?  
- Little Aaron. Now...  
- Just a minute. Who's Aaron?  
- He's the twin. I mean he's the other one.  
- What other one?  
- Shamrock.  
Shamrock who?

I don't know his last name but he hasn't got weak ankles and neither has Jane.

Jane? Who's she?

- Is she anybody's twin?

- Not that I know of but I'm all for it.

There's too many Millicents.

She's engaged to Bert Sedgwick.

Millicent, Jane, Sedgwick.

You're beginning to get it straight.

When you do, explain it to me.

Aaron's got weak ankles, so Millicent,

who doesn't know about Shamrock -

he belongs to Jane

and his ankles aren't weak -

she wants Bert Sedgwick to give up racing,

only she thinks Aaron is Shamrock

and Shamrock thinks he's Sedgwick, or

is it Sedgwick who thinks he's Shamrock?

I get a little confused on that myself.

No, no, please, no more.

Do you follow me?

That's enough.

I don't want to hear any more about it.

Just go away. That's all I ask.

- Just go away.

- Aye aye, sir.

Glad you got it cleared up.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- I hope you didn't mind my asking for you.

- Of course not.

Breakfast is over.

You'll have to order from the lunch menu

but it's the same as the breakfast menu.

Unless you want dinner

and that's the same as the lunch menu.

I see. To tell you the truth, I've already had breakfast and it's too early for my lunch.

I actually came to see you, made inquiries and found out you worked here.

You needn't have gone to any trouble.

I could have told you.

I didn't know where to find you to ask.

If you'd found me,

you wouldn't have had to ask.

Yeah. Yeah, that's right.

- Is that all you wanted to see me about?

- Uh, no... I wanted to talk to you.

- About what?

- Uh... anything.

Horses. That was a great race

Little Aaron ran yesterday, wasn't it?

You mean Little Shamrock.

Whatever you call him.

I didn't know he had it in him.

Oh, he had it in him, all right.

A lot of things about horses you don't know.

That's open for argument.

All you'd think about was winning

and there's lots more to it than that.

- There is?

- Of course. There's raising her  
and understanding her and believing in her.

I see.

Well, maybe if my horses

looked a little more like you.

The way you handled the others,

I wouldn't care to be one of your horses.

Oh, I've got to go now.

Uh, wait a minute.

Do you think they might sell him?

- Who?

- Little Aaron.

I might buy him just to prove to you

I know how to handle a winner.

But I thought your fiance

didn't want you to own any horses.

Well, uh... she doesn't, exactly.

Anyway, you'll have to ask

Benny and Tim, they own him now. Bye!

Bye.

- Hi there.

- Hi.

Just the man I want to see.

Pretty nice horse you got.

- You mean Shamrock?

- I mean Little Aaron.

If you're talking about



Little Aaron, he can be had.

- I'll give you 5, 000.

- Sold.

On one condition.

I might as well warn you, I've been spoken for but state your proposition. I'll listen.

For certain reasons,

I want you to keep the title in your name.

- You've got yourself a horse.

- Send a man to pick him up.

He needs training. Another race like yesterday and he'll kill himself.

- Another like that and he'll kill me.

- Money on delivery.

Drop in again some time.

We could make a habit of this.

And a nicer habit I've never encountered.

That goes for you too.

- Your order, sir?

- No leading questions, please.

Just wrap yourself in a piece of lettuce between two slices of bread.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- I'll take this.

- OK.

- You just missed Bert Sedgwick.

- I saw him.

- He bought Little Aaron for \$5, 000.

- Fine.

- Told you he couldn't resist.

- You're set.

- Don't forget, you get part of it.

- Oh, no, not me.

Don't you like money? I'll get it anyway, as soon as we're married.

That reminds me.

How about setting a date?

You've trifled with my affections long enough.

I'm not sure I care to be married to a sailor anyway.

Besides, what would happen to me when you was away on a ship?

And what would happen to me  
shouldn't happen to a husband.  
Maybe we'd better settle down on  
some desert island with a few good books.  
Except who'll have time to read,  
with hunting, fishing, etc...  
Miss Sweet, please!  
Oh, I'll see you later.  
Couldn't you patronise some other place?  
What's the matter with this place?  
Don't knock it.  
Food's good, the girls are pretty  
and the price is right.  
All they need is a new manager.  
Good night, Joe.  
- Hello there!  
- Hi.  
I stopped by to see you and they told me  
you were through for the night. Want a lift?  
- Straight home?  
- Of course.  
Uh, don't you like anything but horses?  
Oh, yes.  
I like races too.  
So do I.  
Then, er... why did you sell the stables?  
Well, my fiance...  
- Oh.  
- Oh. Sorry.  
If I were somebody's fiance,  
I wouldn't care what they did.  
You wouldn't?  
If I loved them enough.  
Well, Millicent loves me enough,  
I think, in her way.  
Don't you know?  
Well, it's hard to tell. We've known  
each other ever since we were kids  
and we always took it for granted  
that we'd get married when we grew up.  
Doesn't sound very romantic.  
Well, it isn't, exactly.  
Millicent sort of bosses me around  
and I sort of take it.

It's always been that way  
and I guess it's for the best.

Oh, not for me. I don't think  
anybody should be bossed.

You don't?

I mean... you don't?

No...

Papa always said that the jockey's in  
the saddle but he's not riding the horse.  
They're sort of a team working together.  
That's the way I'd like it.

Would you? Really?

Uh-huh.

Gosh. Somebody's going to be a lucky fella.

- Who is?

- The fella that gets you.

Oh, him. I haven't even met him yet.

He sure better come out of hiding.

Do you really think he's in hiding?

I can't imagine what for, can you?

Frankly, I... I can't.

He'd better come out pretty soon  
before somebody else comes along.

It's awful hard to keep saying no  
all the time when...

when you're so full of yes.

I think I know exactly what you mean.

Are you going to try to kiss me?

I'm afraid so. Does it show?

Uh-huh.

It's been sort of creeping into my mind.

I, er... hope you don't object.

About creeping or doing?

Both.

Uh-uh!

There you are, young man. The horse is  
now back in Mr Sedgwick's possession  
and I can't say I approve.

OK.

Much obliged.

I'm sorry to see him go.

I was kind of getting to like him.

Like this instead. It's not so phoney.

The greatest ringer in history and it had

to happen to a couple of sailors.  
Got anything against sailors?  
Only that they stay out of horse racing.  
They're bad for morale.  
Rest easy, we're out. Sedgwick's got  
Little Aaron and we got our money.  
If you got any elephants to sell,  
keep away from sailors.  
Amen to that, brother.  
We gotta get back to our ship and explain  
to the lieutenant how it came out.  
If we can.  
Hey! Hey, wait a minute!  
That ain't the right horse!  
What? Catch your breath! Explain yourself!  
Course it's not. It's Little Aaron.  
Little Shamrock's on the farm.  
Tim and the Pearl  
made the switch last night.  
The Pearl double-crossed you.  
Little Aaron's back on the farm.  
The horse that you just sold  
was Little Shamrock.  
Oh-oh, we've sold Janey's horse.  
- Where were you when he switched 'em?  
- I was right here. He must be a magician.  
Don't tell me he pulled Little Aaron out  
of his hat. We gotta switch 'em back again.  
There must be some angle to this  
we can work to our advantage.  
I have it!  
Run Little Aaron under his own name  
and everybody thinks it's Little Shamrock.  
Quiet.  
Quiet, everybody, Benny's thinking.  
- Brain working, Benny?  
- It's working.  
But it's not thinking.  
- Hi, fellas.  
- Hi, Janey.  
Somebody told us you were out here.  
They said, "A pretty doll name of Janey,"  
so we knew it was you.  
I hope I didn't take you away

from anything important.

Don't worry. We left the captain in charge.

I'm sure he'll know what to do.

This is his chance to see  
what he can do without us.

Aw, your sailor friends are all so friendly.

They've been waving at me  
and saying hello just as if they knew me.

- Do they behave this way to everyone?

- If they've got what you've got.

Let's move out of the traffic  
before we get stepped on.

- OK, let's have it.

- Are you in trouble?

You found out about

Little Shamrock. Not our fault.

- The Pearl double-crossed us.

- What about Shamrock?

- I had to open my big mouth...

- We sold him instead of Little Aaron.

But that's what I wanted.

That's what I came down to tell you.

Little Shamrock's your horse,  
or am I confusing the issue?

Pardon me but I don't get it.

Well, it's just I'm sorry I promised  
to cheat Bert, that's all.

He thinks Little Shamrock's Aaron,  
so let him think so.

And what do we do with Little Aaron?

I'll take him in exchange  
and he can go on working for Angelo.

It doesn't make much difference  
when you figure it out.

- I'd rather not.

- It's simple.

Bert's got Little Shamrock. I've got  
Little Aaron. You've got your money.

- Everything's fine.

- He's still in our names.

We'd better get out of the horse business,  
or we'll be out of the service.

As long as you're in the Navy, don't  
worry about being out of the service.

I've got to get back to work. Thanks for letting Bert have Little Shamrock, the way I wanted.

You just leave things to us, Janey.

Yeah, and we'll get 'em right, even if we have to do them wrong.

Well, bye, now. You'd better get back and help the captain.

Bye.

You thinking, Benny?

And what I'm thinking...

His workouts are terrific. Enter him in the \$100, 000 classic on Saturday.

\$100, 000! I wish I was a horse.

- Keep trying. You're halfway there now.

- I will.

If he wins, I'll take title in my own name.

I'll be glad to be out of the racing business. Easier being a sailor.

And for your trouble, I'll cut you in for 5 of the stake. How's that?

And, er... if he doesn't win?

I'll give him to you as a present.

That's what I was afraid of.

- Will we still be in the horse business?

- More likely back in the glue business.

Remember,

mum's the word till after the race.

Shake.

Sometimes I wish Aunt Gussie didn't leave me that money.

Speak for your own half.

Miss Temple? They've just left.

Would you gentlemen mind stepping in here?

- Please.

- Nice seeing you.

Likewise.

I might as well tell you,

I've already got a girl I'm stuck on.

I'll try to remember. This way.

Who's that? Looks like

I seen him someplace.

My father. This is his office.

Won't you sit down?

Now, then, gentlemen, my fianc

Bert Sedgwick bought a horse from you,  
the title to which is still in your names.  
I admit nothing.

That's right. We don't admit nothing cos  
it's supposed to be a secret. Ain't it?

Take that foot out of your mouth  
before you swallow it.

My foot ain't in my mouth. Is it?

What's more, I know that you intend  
to race that horse on Saturday  
and that it may very possibly win.

Are you by any chance trying to place a bet?

We don't take bets. We're horse owners.

That is until Mr Sedgwick takes him back,  
then we'll be just sailors again.

Why don't you show her your tattoo?

Now?

As Mr Sedgwick's future wife, I'm  
resolved that he shall have nothing to do  
with horse racing in any shape,  
manner or form.

- I think you already know that.

- We heard.

However, if this horse of his  
should win on Saturday,  
I doubt very much  
whether he'll be able to resist.

A winner, I'm afraid,  
would be a little too much for him.

Our marriage would be in serious jeopardy.

You mean you'd call it off?

- I would.

- Proceed. You interest me.

The rest is obvious.

Little Shamrock mustn't win on Saturday.

- Are you suggesting...

- Precisely.

- I don't get it.

- Rest your weary head.

- We're being asked to throw the race.

- That ain't honest.

That doesn't seem to have

bothered up you until now.  
We'd like to help you  
but pulling horses is out of our line.  
Horses are out of our line too.  
After Saturday, we quit.  
You may be quitting in more ways  
than you know if Shamrock should win.  
Come again.  
You see, Admiral Temple,  
your fleet commander,  
by an odd coincidence,  
happens also to be my uncle.  
Hadn't you noticed the similarity in names?  
I thought I recognised that face.  
There is a resemblance, isn't there?  
He's very fond of me. When I tell him what  
you've been up to and what it's cost me,  
I imagine he'll be quite angry.  
I heard he modelled for  
the atomic bomb.  
- We'll get life in the brig.  
- If we're lucky.  
He may be lenient  
and only throw you out of the service.  
Kicked out of the Navy  
is worse than life in the brig.  
As a consolation prize, should Shamrock  
not win, and I'm certain he won't,  
there'll be a fat cheque for both of you in  
the mail Monday morning following the race.  
You know, you're getting  
more like your uncle every day.  
You wouldn't consider having us shot  
right now? Save a lot of time and trouble.  
I have every confidence in you.  
How did we get mixed up  
with admiral's relatives?  
Whoever figured he came from a family?  
Better put your brain to work  
or we're out of the Navy.  
I already did. We gotta switch horses and  
run Little Aaron instead of Little Shamrock.  
With his bum ankles, he couldn't  
win against a kiddie cart.



What about Mr Sedgwick?

He won't like that.

Can't have everything. There's a lot of things Millicent can do that Shamrock can't. And that goes for you too.

- Hey, what's the idea.

- Your car awaits. Don't you want a ride?

Oh, sure, thanks.

Personally, I was thinking of taking a little stroll.

Get in.

Sure nice of you guys to give us a lift.

You can let us off anywhere. Here will do.

Stay right where you are.

You fellas got a horse named Little Shamrock.

Yeah, how did you know?

Hear that, Benny? We're getting famous.

- Just don't give him your autograph.

- He's a good horse. I seen him run.

Enter him in the handicap Saturday.

We were going to anyway, weren't we?

- That's what I said.

- I don't get it. Are you a partner too?

From now on, I am.

Hey, what is this? We got more partners than we can handle now, ain't we, Benny?

If High Life says he's a partner, chum, he's a partner, get it?

High Life? I heard of you. You're a gangster.

Hey, Benny, these guys are gangsters.

We're getting out of here.

Stop the car, we're getting out.

I would hate to shoot a member of the armed forces.

It ain't patriotic.

So sit still, huh?

- Say something, Benny.

- I'm saying plenty but not out loud.

We split the horse 50-50. Take the money out of the stake you win Saturday.

- A fairer offer nobody ever got.

- Suppose he don't win.

- He'll win.

- You've talked to the other horses?

There are only two other horses  
in the race who could win.

Clover Kid belongs to me and Satin Girl  
belongs to a friend of mine.

With a piece of Little Shamrock, you're in  
a race by yourself. What are the odds?

They'll open the way for Little Shamrock  
on the stretch.

Don't want nothing happening to stop him  
because we've got a big chunk on him.

Oh. Just to make idle conversation, suppose  
Little Shamrock developed weak ankles?

In that case, two ex-sailors who owned  
a racehorse will be spoken of kindly  
by all and sundry who attend their burial.

- Do I make myself clear?

- Send plenty of flowers.

- I'm partial to a gay funeral.

- It's the first time I ever went to my own.

Things are certainly looking up. If we win  
the race, we get kicked out the Navy.

If we lose, we get killed.

We haven't got a thing to worry about.

You know something, I'm never  
going to buy another racehorse,  
especially if they're twins.

Don't say that. I'm counting on it.

We ought to do this every year,  
make an annual event out of it.

In no time at all, we'd be in strait jackets.

As a matter of fact,  
we'd look good in strait jackets.

- Brain working, Benny?

- Sounds like it, all right.

I got it!

We'll kidnap the horses.

- Did you say kidnap them, Benny?

- Why didn't I think of this before?

What are you going to do after  
you kidnap 'em? Horses are big to hide.

We gotta figure out a place  
where nobody would think  
of looking for a couple of racehorses.

I'll hide the horses behind the truck.  
You get rid of the sentry.  
Hey, there's a sailor down there trying to  
smuggle a couple of horses aboard ship.  
- You kidding? Go away.  
- Come and see for yourself.  
Go on, amscram.  
Here that? What did I tell you?  
He was right down there.  
I guess he must have beat it.  
Now, look here, sailor.  
Don't go trying any tricks on me again.  
Now, get going!  
Psst.  
- You sure this is the best place?  
- Of course.  
Who'd ever think of  
looking for them in the brig?  
You all right, sir?  
I don't know. I was lying in my bunk,  
trying to figure out a certain problem,  
which has been keeping me awake nights,  
involving a couple of horses.  
When I looked out the porthole,  
I saw them pass by.  
Saw what, sir?  
The horses!  
Are you feeling well, sir?  
I don't think so.  
Nothing serious but I'll check in  
at the hospital in the morning.  
It was bound to happen.  
Knew it would, sooner or later.  
Just a matter of time.  
Oh... Oh!  
Oh...  
Oh...  
You gotta be more careful,  
you're getting hay all over the joint.  
I must look like a hay wagon.  
Couple of kids passed me and made a wish.  
How long we gotta keep 'em here? I don't  
think they've ever been on a ship before.  
Keep brushing. Everything's fine.

High Life thinks Garvey kidnapped them  
and is chasing him all over town.  
Millicent is sending us a cheque.  
We're out of the race business.  
We couldn't be sitting prettier  
if they were triplets.  
Don't even say a thing like that.  
I got my hands full with two of 'em!  
# My Bonnie lies over the ocean  
# My Bonnie lies over the sea  
# My Bonnie lies over the... #  
- Going some place?  
- Yeah. You?  
Yeah, sick friend.  
I got a sick friend too.  
Must be an epidemic.  
Yeah.  
- Don't wait up for me. I may be late.  
- I may be late too. My friend is awful sick.  
# My Bonnie lies over... #  
Don't catch anything.  
- Can I drop you?  
- I'm going the other way.  
Me too.  
Make a turn here, buddy. I want to get  
rid of that guy who's following me.  
- Sick friend, eh?  
- You told me a lie.  
I'm never going to trust you again.  
A fella can't go to see his girl  
without you tagging along.  
She ain't your girl. She's my girl.  
- What are we fighting about?  
- Janey, I guess.  
A couple of real pals  
coming to blows over a girl.  
- No girl is worth it.  
- Positively.  
- Except Janey.  
- You're right.  
We'll ask her whose girl she is.  
If she doesn't know, I'll tell her.  
May the best man win. Don't take it too  
hard, Tim. You were almost the best man.

- Are we partners again, Benny?
- Share and share alike.
- Which half of her do you want?
- Well, I...

We ain't gonna cut Janey in no halves.

Hello.

Janey, didn't we have a date tonight or not?

Better tell him who's the head man here.

I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone, so I made a date with both of you.

- Is there a shortage of stones?
- I was hoping to be alone with you.
- I brought you some presents.
- Me too.
- For me?
- Flowers.

Flowers.

- Candy.
- Candy.
- And a slave bracelet.
- And a slave bracelet.

Must be an echo around here.

- Just what I needed.
- Now you got two of everything.

If there were two of you,  
all our problems would be solved.

Hey, wait for me!

I don't care how many  
Janeys there are. I still want Janey.

I'm glad there isn't two of me.

I get confused with just one of me.

# My Bonnie lies over the ocean  
# My Bonnie lies over the sea  
# My Bonnie lies over the ocean

# Oh!

# Oh, bring back

# My Bonnie

# To me

# To me, to me #

Keep quiet!

Music lover.

Don't look now but I think we struck bottom.

Yeah. Maybe it's better for sailors, huh?

Oh, no, it was wonderful.

Well, thank you very much.

I'm sorry I'm so gloomy tonight.

I guess I'm not very much fun for you.

If you're in trouble, you can tell us.

And we'll get you into more trouble.

You can count on it.

- I guess I'm in love.

- Janey...

Tim.

You'd better leave now.

There's things between a man and a woman  
too sacred to be heard by a third party.

- I'm in love with Bert.

- You are, Janey?

And he's in love with me.

Story of my life. Somebody's always in love  
with my girl and she's in love with him.

He won't say anything  
on account of Millicent.

I hoped Little Shamrock would win tomorrow  
and she'd give him up and I'd get him.

But no such luck.

Some people get all the breaks... but not me.

Well, I'd better go in.

Good night.

I'm sorry...

I think we ought to run

Little Shamrock, Benny.

You know what happens. Either we get  
kicked out of the Navy, or we get killed.

I'd rather get killed than kicked out.

Oh, trying to take the easy way out, eh?

We'll get kicked out the Navy and like it.

If others can stand  
being civilians, so can we.

- Gonna run Little Shamrock?

- Of course.

You don't think we're going to let  
this poor girl die of a broken heart?

What kind of a sailor are you?

Don't answer me. I know.

Come on.

Don't ask me which is which.

How should I know?

One of 'em's Shamrock.  
They can't both be Aaron!  
We'd better get the right one  
cos the other one's no good for racing.  
Try calling 'em.  
Here, Shamrock! Here, boy! Psh! Psh!  
Here, boy! Psh! Psh!  
They don't know which is which themselves.  
We'll have to take 'em both. I'll get hold  
of the Pearl. He knows them apart.  
- OK.  
- Shush. Easy.  
Civilians!  
Couple of High Life's men. Grab 'em!  
- What'll I do with 'em?  
- Shove 'em in the brig.  
Are you sure these guys are gangsters?  
They don't look like High  
Life's men to me, or sailors.  
We haven't got time.  
For all I know they may be brush salesmen.  
Let's get outta here  
before we meet anybody else.  
Whoa.  
- They dropped something.  
- Counted on staying overnight.  
We'd better take it with  
us. We can't leave it.  
Shamrock...  
Aaron...  
Twins...  
Benny...  
Oh!  
Oh, no! Not again! Please!  
It's them! Stop 'em, somebody! Stop 'em!  
I saw them!  
Two horses and Dunnevan and Linn!  
After them, men, stop 'em!  
Hey! What are you doing?  
What were they going  
to do with it? It's ticking.  
Looks like they held us holding the bag.  
Better throw it in the drink.  
- What was in it?

- Those brushes must have been loaded.  
Come on. Let's get outta here.  
Lades and gentlemen,  
I have an mportant announcement.  
Little Shamrock, the horse  
that was reported kdnapped ths week,  
has been mysterously  
returned to hs stables  
and wll run, as scheduled, n  
the Gold Coast Handcap ths afternoon.  
I'm glad they're off that ship.  
You better come in first. If you don't,  
Janey ain't gonna marry Bert Sedgwick  
and that's who she wants to marry  
instead of me, you understand?  
He said yes!  
Stop trying to get him to talk. We got  
enough trouble without a talking horse.  
Hurry and see if you can find Skeezer.  
It's getting late.

Hi, Dick.

Psst.

- Where have you been?

- Undercover.

High Life got a notion  
that I kidnapped Little Shamrock  
and his boys have been keeping me busy.

- I gotta get dressed. See you after the race.

- You don't have to.

You're not going to ride.

What do you mean?

Simply that I've got a couple of grand  
bet on Clover Kid, High Life's nag.  
Them torpedoes he sent after me told me  
it's fixed for Clover Kid to win,  
unless Little Shamrock runs.

You get the picture?

Where did you get a couple of grand?

You got a point, son.

Credit. I talked the bookies into it.  
Now, follow me closely. Should Little  
Shamrock run and Clover Kid not win,  
you can see my position  
and frankly I'm too young to die.



So you do a powder,  
Little Shamrock doesn't run  
and it's too late to get another jockey.  
- Well...  
- On the other hand,  
have you thought what's going to happen to  
you should Little Shamrock run and not win?  
High Life's gonna be awful mad. He's  
counting on it. I'd hate to be in your shoes.  
What's in it for me?  
Half.  
You got yourself a deal.  
Come on, let's get outta here.  
- I can't find Skeezer.  
- What?  
- He ain't no place.  
- He must be in someplace.  
You stay here. The Pearl and I  
will look for him. Come on, kid.  
Now, you look behind  
the stables and I'll try the paddock.  
Hey, you guys gonna run your horse or not?  
It's late. Get him in there.  
- We'll have him there.  
- Hurry it up.  
Don't start the race until we get there.  
- He wasn't in the stables.  
- We gotta have Little Shamrock out there.  
- Which one is he?  
- He's that one.  
Take him over to the paddock and get  
him saddled. I'll wait for Skeezer.  
He better come soon  
or your brother will run without a jockey.  
- Jane!  
- Benny!  
- Benny!  
- Drop your anchor!  
- Isn't it wonderful about Little Shamrock?  
- It'll be wonderful if we find Skeezer.  
- We haven't got a jockey.  
- My goodness.  
Come on! Help me look for him!  
One of them's gone.

Tim must have found Skeezer.  
- But Shamrock's still here.  
- You sure?  
Of course. I can tell 'em apart.  
This is Shamrock.  
You send Little Aaron out,  
he'll be lucky if he can stand up.  
- They're on the track.  
- Benny, think of something quick.  
The horses are n the gate,  
all but one.  
He's n. The flag s up.  
- Benny!  
- How'd you get here?  
They're off and runnng.  
- I couldn't find Skeezer, so I rode him.  
- You're riding Little Aaron.  
If it is, he hasn't heard about his ankles.  
Clover Kd s out n front.  
Satn Grl s next.  
Lady Sue, Little Shamrock  
and... Little Shamrock.  
I, er... beg your pardon, ladies  
and gentlemen, I meant, er...  
Little Shamrock.  
At the quarter, t's Lady Sue out n front.  
Second s Satn Grl.  
And third, coming up fast, is Little  
Shamrock and behind him is Little Shamrock.  
What am I saying? Take over.  
Something's happened to my eyes.  
There are two of 'em.  
Either I'm seeing double  
or they're both there.  
At the half, Lady Sue s n front by a neck.  
Little Shamrock is second.  
Clover Kid third. And Little Shamrock.  
- You said that.  
- I did? I'm sorry.  
At the far turn, t's Lttle  
Shamrock n front, leadng by a nose.  
Lady Sue is second.  
And Little Shamrock is third.  
How can he be third if he's first?

Give me those.

Do you want me to lose my job?

- There's two of 'em.

- Let me see.

Here, give me those.

Turnng nto the home stretch,

t's Little Shamrock n front.

Rght behnd hm s Little Shamrock.

It's Little Shamrock in front

and Little Shamrock behind!

I mean Little Shamrock first and Little Shamrock second! What am I saying?

Slow down. Let Shamrock win. It won't count if Aaron wins. He's not entered.

Which is the brake?

Oh!

Yahoo!

It's a dead heat,

lades and gentlemen, a dead heat.

- What happened?

- I think we both won.

Let's get outta here, while we can operate under our own power.

Lades and gentlemen,

your attenton please. Hold all tickets.

The stewards are nqurng nto

the runnng of the last race.

Millicent, of all people.

Did you see them run? Marvellous.

Bert, this is the end.

It's that... horse... or me.

You've got to choose.

Uh, you mean right now?

Right now.

Well, you see, Millicent,

I'm afraid it's this way...

But... you can't run quite as fast as he can.

Lades and gentlemen, the stewards

have elected to dsqualfy both horses.

Aw!

The wnnr s Lady Sue. Second Patouke.

And thrd Satn Grl.

What happened with Clover Kid?

High Life, it appears,

was a wee bit optimistic.

He ran last.

What do we do now?

I'm acquainted with a box car on the Santa Fe which leaves this evening for the east.

Shall we catch it?

We better, before they catch us.

Pardon me.

I told you Little Aaron could run.

His feet got better.

You should have told me. Nobody could tell who was winning. I could hardly tell myself.

Thanks to you,

we're liable to be killed any minute now.

And I mean any minute.

What kinda double-cross you givin' me?

I stand to win 100 grand easy

and you throw it under the horse!

- Just let me explain.

- Making a sucker outta me, huh?

You had to buy a horse.

If I catch you without them heaters,

I'll twist you into a pretzel.

- It better be pretty soon.

- Shoot them.

This is our party.

Sure glad you guys showed up.

I hope you like fish.

We're about to meet some.

Just a minute, fellas. I got something to do and now's the time to do it.

I told you I'd twist you into a pretzel.

Ha, drawn, huh, Benny?

- All right, men, to the harbour.

- Wait a minute. I don't get it.

You will, pal, just be patient.

- You see that rope?

- Yeah.

- And that anchor?

- Yeah.

They're gonna tie one end of the rope round our necks and the other to the anchor.

- Uh-huh.

- And guess what?

- What?

- Dump us into the bay.

Oh, well, for a minute, I  
thought you said... Wait a minute!

- We could drown!

- It's a possibility.

OK, break it up. They belong to us.

Couldn't you let us drown 'em first?

Please. We promise not to be long.

I wish I could but it's against  
regulations. They go back with us. Sorry.  
Come on, you two.

- What are they gonna do to us?

- Hang us, I think.

I don't see no rope.

Maybe they found a way  
to do it without a rope.

Seamen Linn and Dunnevan, step forward.

For heroism... and quick thinking,  
which saved the ship from destruction  
at the hands of saboteurs,  
who on the night of the 14th,  
boarded with high explosives  
and were apprehended, overpowered  
and locked in custody,  
by Seaman Timothy Aloysius Dunnevan  
and Benjamin Franklin Linn...

- Them two guys with the bag, Benny.

- We could have been killed.

The United States Navy hereby cites them  
for courage and bravery  
beyond the call of duty.

Your brain, Benny?