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# Abbott and Costello in Hollywood

By Unknown

Hollywood Shop, barbers to the stars.  
Oh, yes, Mr. Gable.  
Shave and a manicure?|Just one moment, please.  
Jack and Harriet could take you|this afternoon at 5.  
Yes, Mr. Gable.  
Mr. Gable. Bye.  
Hollywood Shop, barbers to the stars.  
Oh, Mr. Kavanaugh.|Shave and a manicure?  
Here or at the studio?  
All right, we'll send Bert and Evelyn.  
Oh, Mr. Kavanaugh, I saw|the last picture you directed and...  
Well, goodbye.  
"We'll send Bert and Evelyn."|What's the matter with Louise?  
Ruthie, you know I've been wanting|to do Mr. Kavanaugh for a long time.  
Look, dream girl, just because he signed|Claire Warren to a contract...  
...doesn't mean he'll sign|every cuticle carver in Hollywood.  
He likes the way Evelyn does them,|so Evelyn goes. Period.  
Don't you start putting it on for me.|Your roommate signed the contract,  
not you.  
- Listen, I wouldn't try to be so...|- Girls! Girls! Break it up.  
Now, my shop is for haircutting,|not for hair pulling.  
I'm going to lunch.|By the way, where are those two fatheads?  
- Studying. Barber college.|- Where?  
In the supply room. I'll get them.  
Now, just take it slow and easy,|and don't get excited.  
Now, the most important thing is to get|the lather off the customer's  
face...  
...without cutting him.  
- I know.|- Go ahead. That's very simple to do.  
- Now, try it out.|- Oh, I hope I do it good this time.  
There's no reason why you shouldn't.  
Take your time. Are you nervous?|That's...  
I don't know.  
I'm making such a unsuccessful attempt|at this all the time. I don't  
understand.  
- I mean... Where did he go?|- Well, what do you...? Just a minute.  
Don't get excited.|What do you expect?  
You're buying my course|on how to become a barber, right?  
- But I could have done better.|- You've only been here three years.  
When I wanted to go to barber school,|you didn't have to stop me from  
going.  
The only thing I wanted from you|was to go to barber school.  
What can they teach you in school|that I can't teach you here?  
- At least I'd have got my fraternity pin.|- Watch me closely this time.

Now, here. Here's what I want you to do. | Now, just watch. There it is.

- Now... | - He's squawking.

- Now, wait a minute. Stop that. | - Stop squawking.

Please, you're doing enough damage.

Of course, you're going into | a new semester, you know.

- A new what? | - A new semester. That'll be \$5 in advance.

Five dollars? Buzz, look. | That's all I got, is \$5.

- That'll be fi... | - No!

- Now, please. | - I got a date tonight with Ruthie.

No wonder your nerves are shot. Look at | your hands, just look at your hands.

- Look at how nervous you are. | - Cut it out.

- You're shaking my hand. | - Am I doing that?

- Am I touching you? No, certainly not. | - I'm nervous.

It's your nerves. Give me the \$5. There.

- Watch me closely this time. | - Hurry up, I wanna graduate.

Now, first of all, we lather it up. | Notice it?

- Yeah. | - Now we take the razor.

- That's the razor. You know that. | - Yeah.

Yes. Now we take the razor.

Quiet, quiet, quiet. | Now, just watch me closely.

- Are you watching? | - Yeah, I was watching very close.

That's what I want you to do.

Look how simple it is, look. | See that? There you are.

- Any way you want, just tear it off. | - All right.

- Yeah, that's good. That's good. | - Simple enough.

- That's very good. | - That's up to you now.

Put some lather on there. | I'll show you fancy stuff.

There's your razor. Go ahead.

- There you are. Go right ahead. | - All right, it's my turn, right?

- All right. | - Now it's yours.

- What are you doing? | - Get my diploma ready. I'm gonna graduate.

- Just a minute, please. Are you...? | - Nothing happened, huh?

I'll put more on | and show you some more stuff.

- Are you handling that razor right? | - Yeah, sure. I'm handling it good.

Boy, I had a lot of trouble | with your brothers...

...but not with you.

- Ruthie, I gotta break the date. | - What date?

- Don't you remember? June 22nd? | - June 22nd.

I don't remember anything about a date.

Oh, yes. Don't you remember? I said | I was gonna take you to the Palladium...

...and you said, "See me next year." | Well, tonight, the year is up.

Abercrombie, you're so impulsive. | But why do you have to break the date?

Well, because the \$5 I was gonna use|to take you and I out tonight...  
...I gave to Buzz for my tuition.  
Are you still falling for Buzz's racket?  
Oh, no. He guaranteed to make me|one of the biggest barbers in town.  
- He gave me a lovely report card last week.|- Report card?  
Oh, he just wants your money.  
No. He said that he would make me|the biggest barber in town. You know what?  
I'm gonna have chair number one...|This chair right over here.  
- And I'm gonna shave|the toughest beards in town.  
And then you're gonna be|very proud of me.  
Abercrombie, you're just being taken.  
Look, the boss is out. You make Buzz|let you shave the next customer.  
Okay.  
I wanna shave the next customer. |I wanna show Ruthie how good I am.  
Don't be a sucker. |I'm saving you for the big time.  
Let me shave the next customer, |or I quit school right now.  
All right. I don't wanna see|all that good study go to waste.  
Wait. Give me this. Take this. |I shave the next customer.  
- I'll show Ruthie how good...|- All right. Take it easy.  
My first customer.  
- Daniel Boone, how's all your little baboons?|- They're fi...  
Hello, Mr. Ragland. This is Rags Ragland. |I hardly recognized you.  
Finished one of those backwoods pictures. |I'll be glad to get this sagebrush off.  
- Oh, I think it looks kind of cute.|- I think you look kind of cute too.  
I think you're cute too. |My first customer.  
I'm tired. I've been out in the woods|working for four weeks.  
- Relax. Take it easy.|- Get a shave and some hot towels.  
That's a nice head of hair|you have there.  
Lovely head of hair. |It's a little long in spots though.  
Look at that. See, I cut some off.  
What's the matter? |Hey, you must have been working too hard.  
Your hair's gray on both sides. |I ought to...  
- That's a hat!|- A hat.  
Give me a shave and some hot towels.  
- I wanna relax. Very tired.|- Tired?  
- Lay down and relax.|- Yes.  
Lay... No, relax. Will you...? Will you...?  
- What's wrong with you?|- I don't think I could get it out of high.  
- Well, put it in first and let it stay there!|- Well, I ain't got no license.  
- How long you been driving?|- Nine years.  
- Look.|- What's the matter?

Will you give me a shave|and some hot towels? Get to it, will you!  
Stay right there.

- What's the matter?|- This belongs in the front.  
- Oh, you're gonna eat?|- No, I want...  
- I don't wanna get the stuff all over me!|- Okay.

Take it easy. Where are you?  
Stay... Stay up... Where...? Will you...?  
Come here. Get up. Get up.  
Get up, come on. Now, take it easy.|Take it easy.  
Take it easy, now. Take it easy.|You're working too hard.  
Don't take off too much|on the top, please.

- Will you get out of that chair!|- All right.  
- Now, give me a shave!|- Well, get in.

I got you. Just take it easy. Take it easy.  
Attaboy.  
Looks like a tough beard.  
Look.  
Hey. What are you...?|What are you doing?  
- I'm shaving the man.|- There's his head up there.  
- Up where?|- Up there.

What's the matter?|Get out of the way.  
Take it easy. Take it easy.  
Lay down, lay down, lay down.|Don't wake up. Lay down.  
- Hold that.|- What are you doing?  
- I don't wanna waste the stuff.|- Very good.

Come on, take it easy. Please.  
- Come on, come on, come on.|- Take it easy.

Almost lost my first customer.  
- Come on, I gotta rub it in.|- Look!  
Shave them off, don't rub them off!  
- Get the man a hot towel, please.|- Hot toddy?  
A hot towel!  
- Right.|- Everything will be all right.

Go ahead!  
- Well, what are you doing?|- I wanna get one that's well-done.

All right, all right.  
You silly-looking goon!  
What's the idea of dropping|that hot towel on my face?  
It was burning my hands.  
All right, all right, all right.|Quiet. I'm sorry.  
- Now, I got the razor and the smelling salts.|- The what?  
- The smelling salts.|- What's that for?  
I faint when I see the sight of blood.  
Blood? Look, if you cut me...

...there's gonna be plenty of blood|and it's all gonna be yours.  
- Now, take it easy.|- Yes, sir.  
Don't get yourself nervous. |Just take it easy.  
Now, I think I got a little more|lather on your face, my friend.  
A little... A little more... More lather.  
You're gonna like this shave.  
Now...  
Have some.  
- Will you get this over with?|- Yes, sir.  
- Look, hurry up, will you, please?|- Yes, sir.  
What are you trying to do?  
- You got a big nose.|- Well, leave it there.  
- How do you think I'm gonna smell?|- The same as you always do.  
- Oh, get it over with.|- Yes, sir.  
I'm gonna shave you real fast.  
There you are. How's that?  
- We're finished?|- Yes, sir.  
- All through?|- Yes, sir.  
Okay. Give me a mirror.  
- A mirror.|- A mirror. What size?  
Well, six...  
A mirror. I want to see myself. |Give me a mirror!  
Hurry up. Hurry up.  
I think it's a very fine job.  
- I look about 10 years younger.|- I think so.  
- It's very good. Thank you.|- You're welcome.  
He's a fine barber. Very good.  
- There's Claire. Oh, hello, Claire.|- Hello, boys. How are you?  
What are you doing down here|at the old joint? Slumming?  
You're not coming back?|You're still in pictures?  
I'm taking Ruthie to lunch and rehearsal. |Want to come?  
We can't. We're on an emergency call. |A very important shoeshine.  
- Hello there.|- Oh, hello.  
- Wolf.|- Hi, Mr. Wolf.  
No. That's Greg Le Maise, |the great crooner.  
- Hello, Mr. Crooner.|- Shut up!  
- Hi, Mr. Shut up.|- Will you keep quiet?  
Where are we having lunch?  
She's not having lunch. She has a date.  
Yes, that's right. I do have a date.  
- Well, break it.|- No. She's not gonna break it.  
She has a date with my girlfriend.  
And someday I hope to have|a date with my girlfriend.  
We'll take a run|down to my beach house.

Oh, no, you don't.

You're not gonna take her down to your|beach house and get her sunburned.

You know, it's very important|that I get better acquainted...

...with my new leading lady.

It's your first part|and I don't want to play my love scenes...

...with a perfect stranger.

She has a date|and she ain't gonna break it.

She's gonna do a lot of rehearsing.|Hit the road. Go on.

Well, remember,|if I decide not to play the part...

...the picture's off,|so don't work too hard.

She won't. Don't worry.|She ain't gonna work too hard.

I gotta hand it to you.|You told him off.

Every time you open your mouth,|what happens?

I eat.

Don't worry about it, boys.

Going out to his beach house might help|your career but it hurts your reputation.

Personally, I favor my reputation.

And getting sunburned isn't everything.

Oh, right. We've got to get going.|Come on.

- Bye.|- See you later, Claire. And drive careful.

Yeah, I'll only drive|through the safety zones.

Well, young fellow,|how are things with you?

Oh, fine, thank you.|I made \$ 1.80 today already.

- And the day ain't half-over yet.|- \$ 1.80?

- You really are in the chips, aren't you?|- That's nothing.

Wait till I get my barber's diploma.|I'll murder them.

He ain't kidding.

Hello. Yes. Hello, Darryl.

Yes, Carey Richard is available.

You can have him on an eight-week|guarantee at 3000 a week. That's \$24,000.

Okay. It's a deal.

Well, and 10 percent of that|is \$2400 commission for me.

Hello. Yes, put him on.

Hi, H.M.

Marsha Delwyn? For what picture?

Great! She's yours.

Another \$ 10,000?

For Marsha Delwyn? What do you think it is,|a fire sale? 25 G's.

What's the matter with you, Buzz?|What do you think it is, a fire sale? 25 G's.

Twenty-five G's. I got it.|Hold it. Hold it. Hold it.

- Hello?|- Find out how much.

Hello. Yes?

Tom who's boy wants to see me?

- Oh, all right. Send him in.|- How much money?

Nothing, nothing.

Wrong number.

What in the world have you done?

Look, I can't sit here in this mess.

Clean it up!

Come in.

Hello, Mr. Royce.

Hello. Excuse me.

You don't remember me. I was only|that high when you left Des Moines.

Oh, nonsense, nonsense.

- Of course I remember you.|- I didn't want to bother you. Dad insisted.

Said if I came to Hollywood and didn't look|up his old sidekick, he'd disown me.

How is the old boy?|Grocery business, wasn't it?

Dad's a lawyer.

Oh, yes. To be sure.

How long you been around?

Oh, I've been knocking around|the studio gates for months now.

- Not much luck.|- I see.

I suppose you think|the studios are missing a great bet.

Frankly, I do. I'm a singer, and if|you'd give me an audition...

Well, I only handle the top stuff.

Gregory Le Maise, Judy Garland,|Clark Gable.

Well, I'm sorry I bothered you.

Oh, wait a minute.

I'm expecting Gregory Le Maise...

- Oh, all right. Let's see what you got.|- Swell.

Well, go ahead, go ahead.

Well, where have you been hiding?

- Right under your nose, I guess.|- Well, I...

- Kid's great, isn't he?|- Very pleasant voice.

Thank you very much, Mr. Le Maise.

It's double nice hearing it|from a star like you.

Norman, I've decided not to go|into that "Romance For Two" picture.

But, Greg, I...

Say, as long as you're bowing out,|I think I can set the kid in the part.

Kavanaugh will be breaking his neck|to find a replacement.

- All right.|- Tell you what.

Come and see me tomorrow at 11:00. |I'll have some news for you.

Thank you very much, Mr. Royce. |And thank you, Mr. Le Maise.

- See you tomorrow, Jeffie boy.|- Bye.

- That kid's got it.|- I ought to get myself another agent.



Why, Greg boy, |have you blown your topper?  
I pay you to keep me on top, |not to bring in fresh young punks...  
...who'll shove me to the bottom. |- What are you talking about?  
I've been up there 14 years.  
A newcomer like that could make them |forget about me in 14 weeks.  
Now, listen, palsy, |you're as solid as you ever were.  
But If that kid's got you worried, |forget about it.  
He comes in, I'll give him a brushoff.  
Say singers like him are |a nickel a bunch at the studios.  
I'll even stake him to a ticket home.  
- Okay. |- Come on, fella.  
I'll buy you lunch, we'll see |what picture you're gonna do next, eh?  
A dirty trick to play on that kid.  
- Especially a neighbor of mine. |- A neighbor?  
Yeah. Didn't you hear him say |he was from Des Moines?  
Ain't that near Paterson, New Jersey?  
Des Moines, Iowa, is 2000 miles |from Paterson, New Jersey.  
Well, can I help it if I got a big backyard?  
Wait a minute. That gives me an idea. |From now on, we are agents.  
All you have to do is pick up |a telephone. \$5000, \$ 10,000.  
All you got to do |is pick up the phone, get \$ 10,000?  
- You heard Royce? |- I did.  
- Certainly. |- I didn't make a cent.  
Put that down. |You've got to have a client first.  
We've got a client. The kid.  
- Yeah. That boy. Our first client. |- Right.  
I want to call up Ruthie, |tell her I'm a millionaire.  
- What's wrong with one of these phones? |- Okay. All right.  
One of these belongs to Ruthie...  
...and the others belong |to some of our customers.  
- I think this is Ruthie's right here. |- Go ahead.  
- Hello, Ruthie, Ruthie. |- You've got to dial it first.  
- I'm in a hurry. I'm in a hurry. Ruthie! |- You've still got to dial it.  
Beverly Hills, 5533.  
Hello. Hello, who do you want to talk to?  
- I wanna talk to Ruthie. |- You want to?  
Who do you think you are? |Who do you think you are?  
Ruthie's my girlfriend.  
She's your girlfriend?  
Listen, brother!  
You stay away from my girlfriend Ruthie |or I'll punch you in the nose!  
You'll punch who in the nose? |I'll punch you in the nose!  
This guy's plenty tough. |You better talk to him.  
- Talk to this guy. |- What's the matter? You a wise guy?

- You're gonna punch who?|- I'll punch you.  
- Not my buddy, you won't.|- Oh, yes, I will!  
- No, you won't.|- I'll punch him right in the nose.  
Now, wait just a minute. |So you're a wise guy, eh?  
- Yeah. Plenty wise.|- Did you ever ride a jackass?  
- No.|- Well, you better get onto yourself.  
Tough guy over here, |giving insulting remarks.  
- I just told him off.|- You did?  
Good. I'm going to tell this guy plenty.  
- Did you ever ride a jackass?|- No!  
Then jump on my back.  
What am I saying? |Hey, he's outsmarting me.  
- Let me talk to the other guy.|- I'll talk.  
- Now, listen here, flabbermouth!|- Flabbermouth?  
You heard me. |What makes a balloon go up?  
- Hot air!|- What's holding you down?  
- Where are you right now?|- I'm at Norman Royce's office.  
That's funny. So am I. Don't go away.  
- He's up in Norman Royce's office.|- He's up in Norman Royce's office.  
Don't you think he'll recognize us?  
Certainly not. He was so busy singing |he didn't recognize anybody.  
Face like mine's hard to forget.  
- How do you know?|- I've been trying for years.  
Look out. Here he comes. |Leave everything to me.  
If the studio wants Lana Turner...  
...they'll pay her \$ 100,000 or nothing.  
- What's 10 percent of nothing?|- Wait a minute. I beg your pardon.  
What a type for pictures!  
What a build! What a physique!  
I don't think I'm that good-looking.  
Who's talking about you? |Like to go in pictures?  
- Can you sing?|- Certainly.  
You heard me in Royce's office |when you were cutting his hair.  
- You better take over.|- Well, look.  
No use trying to kid you, Jeff.  
What's the use? |We're barbers, you know.  
The barber of yesterday |is the agent of today.  
And the barber of tomorrow... Jeff...  
You got everything it takes, Jeff. |All you need is a good agent. Like us.  
Know what you get for your 10 percent? |Free shaves, shines, haircuts...  
Listen, fellas. If I decide to |stick around, I'll let you know.  
Well, if I decide to stick around, |I'll let you know.  
Okay... Oh, come on. |What's the matter with you? Go ahead.  
Jeff, Jeff, please listen to reason.

If you think it's tough,|meet a pal of ours...  
Claire Warren. Why, she went|from manicuring to movies overnight.  
Sorry. I don't know anything|about manicuring.  
Well, wait a minute. She's our pal.|She'll help you get that part.  
Look, she's over at the rehearsal hall now.|We promised to bring you over.  
- Well...|- No "well" about it!  
Call me a cab.  
- You're a cab.|- Call a taxi.  
- Go ahead.|- Taxi! Taxi!  
Come on.  
- Morning, Mr. Kavanaugh.|- Morning.  
Top of the morning to you, boss.|New car, eh?  
Who gets a new car these days?|I just got it out of the repair shop.  
Looks like it rolled off the assembly line.  
I've waited two months for it.  
You're lucky at that.|Hard to get repairs done nowadays.  
Yes. Oh, say.  
Have one of the men park this|and tell them to be careful.  
- It's been awful getting along without it.|- Yes, sir.  
I'll handle everything over here.  
Hey, you. Why don't you|watch where you're going?  
Driving around with a car|like this with the door open...  
...you'll hit somebody|in the back and hurt him good!  
Why, you blithering idiots!|I just got that out of the repair shop!  
- And now look at it!|- Well, send it back to the repair shop.  
- The rest will do it good.|- I'll sue you! I'll have you locked up!  
Oh, he's going to have me locked up.|He's going to sue me.  
I haven't got a driver's license.  
Why waste our time|with these stooges?  
We've got big business with big people.  
We don't wanna waste time|with stooges.  
We got an appointment|with Mr. Kavanaugh.  
Did you say Mr. Kavanaugh?  
Oh, yes.|Sometimes we call him "Kavvy".  
- Important business?|- Very important.  
Just a minute. Now, listen, you two.  
If I find out that these monkeys|are on this lot...  
...I'm not only firing you two...  
...I'll fire the whole studio police force!  
- Yes, sir, Mr. Kavanaugh.|- Yeah.  
Policeman over here|called the guy Mr. Kavanaugh.  
- Who was that fella?|- Kavanaugh!  
That's... What I said!  
- Get out of here!|- All right, all right.

If we could just get in for 5 minutes, talk to|Kavanaugh, I'd straighten everything out.

Boost me over the wall, I'll see Kavanaugh.

- All right. Can you make it?|- Yeah. Right here.

- Go ahead.|- Up! Get it? Got it!

You all right?

I'm all right.

All right, everybody. Inside, inside. |Come on, come on. Let's get going.

Oh, boy. Oh, boy.

- Come on. Come on.|- All right.

Take it easy.

There's no rush, gentlemen. |There is no rush.

- Take it easy.|- Hey, Buzz! Buzz!

- Hey, Buzz!|- Come on. Easy. Boys, easy.

Cop's uniform, 38, "Policemans Ball."

Forty-two, there you are.

- Take your places. Here.|- What do you want?

- Cop?|- Cop's uniform, 42.

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. No, there.

Okay. No, Smitty, you're much too neat.

They want real hobos, tramps, bums.

There you go.

- You're perfect.|- Thank you.

All right.

Can you girls tell me|where Kavanaugh's office is?

Come here! Come here. |Look, it's me... Buzz.

Turned copper, eh? Some cop|around here with a moustache...

...been chasing me all over.|- You mean this?

- There he is again!|- There you are!

- Get out of the way.|- Break it up! Come here.

I don't understand why your|agent didn't come see me.

I think you'll be great|for the Gregory Le Maise part.

I knew you'd think so,|that's why I brought him over.

I was worried|we didn't hear from them.

They probably ran into a little car trouble. |The contracts will be ready tomorrow.

I appreciate the chance|you're giving me...

...but I don't think I should sign|papers without my agent's okay.

I'm not worried about your being fair...

...it's just that, well, without them,|I really wouldn't be here.

I understand. Well, we'll locate them|and have them approve the deal.

Mr. Kavanaugh, those two dopes|got on the lot. It wasn't my fault...

Can't you see I'm busy?

I beg your pardon. |I'll be back in a moment.

Where are they? I've got to talk to them.

Le Maise turned down the picture. | This boy's my only out.

The little guy's all over the lot.

- Well, you search this part, I'll take this. | - Right, sir.

Cops.

- Is that your teacher? | - No.

Thank you. I hope the teacher | ain't around. I hope nobody's around.

Cop. The cop. Excuse me, kid. | Get over there.

- Are you in this class? | - Why, Jacky Jenkins...

...can't you see he's much | bigger than we are?

Well, he sure doesn't look any smarter.

- Why don't you pick on someone your size? | - Okay, how much is two and two?

Two and two.

Now, why don't you leave me alone?

I mean, after all, I'm not | bothering nobody here. I don't...

Look, would you like to hear | the story of Little Red Riding Hood?

- Yeah! | - Come on. Hurry up...

...before the policeman comes. | Come on, kids. Hurry up. Get real close.

I'm gonna tell a story, | I don't want any interruptions.

I'm gonna tell a story all by myself, | and nobody should interrupt me.

Now, once upon a time there was | a little girl named Red Riding Hood.

- How old was she? | - She was...

How do I know how old she was? | I didn't even know the girl.

Well, do you think it's polite to talk | about someone that you don't know?

This is a girl that nobody knows about.

All you do is you read about her. | She's in a book. She's not real.

- Oh, she's a myth. | - Yeah.

"Myth" Red Riding Hood.

He lisps.

- Who lisps? | - You.

I guess so. Now you got me lisping.

Now, would you please stop | interrupting me? Don't do it anymore.

Little Red Riding Hood, she was | out in the yard, crying.

What was she crying about?

She was crying about 15 minutes. | Now, Little...

What do I know | what she was crying about?

It must have been about something. | People just don't cry for nothing.

She was crying because | she dug a hole in the yard.

Her mother wouldn't let her | bring the hole in the house.

Well, maybe the dirt was no good | and it had worms in it.

Of course. Everybody knows that. The dirt | had to be bad because the worms were...

Kid, I'm telling you for the | last time, cut it out, will you?

When Little Red Riding Hood | was going through the woods...

...to protect her was a woodchopper,|sitting way up on the top of a high tree.

Now, how do you think|he got on top of the high tree?

He sat on it when it was an acorn.

Correct. Now... But he...

I'm telling you, kid, for the last time,|will you cut it out?

And they lived happily ever after!

But, darling, there's going to be trouble|in this town. We've got to get away.

Wait a minute, Lucille. I'm sorry.

Preston, you know,|there's something wrong.

- I know.|- It isn't the way you're doing it.

It's just something wrong|with the scene.

Well, I feel funny in it. I...

- I know you don't feel right in it.|- Neither do I.

- Neither do I.|- Lf we could only do something.

Maybe when we come to the quarrel,|if I could have a change of heart.

- What about that, Mr. Leonard?|- Yeah, what about that?

It'd be a little out of character.

- Yeah, I guess so.|- I think you're right.

Me too, we'll have to get|somebody else.

We got a couple hundred dollars|more, we could get someone.

I mean, after all, we gotta...|We gotta get somebody else.

It's just the last few lines that are wrong. Why don't we cut them out?

You can't do that. Think of the poor writers.

Definitely. The poor writers. Get new writers.

Well, couldn't we say|it's just pretense on my part...

...to sort of mislead the sheriff?

She's got something. That's fine. What do you think, Preston?

- I don't believe that would work.|- Oh, I'm sure it would.

- I think it would too.|- It's two to one against you.

- He's right. Let's try it over.|- We might as well try it.

Sorry you lost, old man|but after all, what's fair is fair.

- Let's try it anyway, see what happens.|- I was...

- Can I have your autograph?|- No!

Okay.

- Who are you?|- Here.

Where did he go?

Did you see him?

Go!

Oh, don't bother me. I'm busy.

That's him!

Quiet, please! This is a picture!

All right. Let's try|the whole scene. Places.

Props, get that dummy.

- Look out. Gotta get one of these dummies.|- Oh, sure.

This one's no good.

By the way, Eddie, you haven't seen|a pudgy little guy, have you?

No.

- Smart guy, huh?|- What's eating you?

Well, take it easy, will you?

I ought to knock your ears down.

Look, Al, I got a job to do. |Will you lay off?

Well, take it easy.

Well, you wanna go, huh?

- Props, you getting that dummy?|- Coming, Mr. Kippin. Here it is.

Well, don't park it here. |Take it up on the balcony.

Let's see that script. Places, everybody!

All right, folks...

Hurry with that dummy, Props.

Right away, sir.

- It's okay. I can put its arms around me.|- All right, Miss Argyle.

- Roll them.|- Speed.

Action!

Darling.

Klondike Pete!

- Oh, please, darling, it's not what you think.|- Shut up.

Ace Martin, Frisco ain't big enough|for the both of us.

On your feet, you double-crosser. |I'm gonna beat you.

Cut! Cut! Hold it!

Larry, this is a barroom brawl,|not a pillow fight.

And don't hit his head against that beam. |It looks phony.

Come down here a minute.

- Fix the rail, we'll try it again.|- Yes, sir.

All right, folks. We'll take the|whole scene from the beginning.

Larry, you're hitting a dummy,|but it's supposed to be a real man.

A tough guy, one of Black Rogers' gang. |You just gave him a love tap.

I'll show you how to do it. |Where's that dummy?

- It's right back here.|- There it is.

Must have taken a bad bounce.

Hand him up here.

Now, watch this.

See what I mean? |Put some steam behind it.

- I get you.|- All right. You try it.

- What's holding it up?|- Gee, I'm sorry, Mr. Kippin.

That's all right. |That's just what I wanted.

All right. Places, everybody.

Take the dummy up on the balcony. |Let's go.

This is going to be a good one. | I feel it coming.

We'll take it from the fight.

- Ready? | - Speed.

- Action! | - Darling.

Klondike Pete.

- It isn't what you think. | - Shut up!

Shut up!

Ace Martin, Frisco ain't big enough | for the both of us.

- Hold it! | - Was that all right, Mr. Kippin?

I don't know.

It still looks a little phony.

Looked all right to me.

So it looked all right to you, eh? | I'll be the judge of that.

- I didn't say anything. | - Well, keep your thoughts to yourself.

- We'll try it again. | - Yes, sir.

Take that dummy upstairs. | Looked all right to him.

Wait a minute, Eddie.

We'll take it up to the fall | so we can try it with a real actor.

Okay.

- Well, where's the actor? | - Oh, he's here.

Joe, come here.

There he is.

He doesn't look anything | like the dummy.

The dummy's short and round, | and he's slim...

He's no good. It'll never match up. | Get somebody that looks like the dummy.

Yes, sir. All right, Joe.

Hey, you!

I got a little part for you. | You're dressed for it too.

Say, how would you like to make | 25 bucks for yourself?

- Twenty-five dollars? | - Yeah.

- I'll have to ask my agent. | - Okay.

- He says grab it. | - Yeah... Well, come on.

Action!

Go ahead, start making love to me.

You know, your face is very familiar.

You're a very, very nice girl. | Too nice a girl to work in a place like this.

I know a girl that works in a place like this. | She knows a fella named Klondike Pete.

I hope I never see that bully again.

- Klondike Pete! | - I know just what you're gonna say:

"Frisco ain't big enough for both of us." | You're right.

Out of the way. Come on, get off there.

Get up. Come on.



Fine time to be playing games.

Mr. Kavanaugh's ready|to give Jeff the part.

If you'll agree to terms.

He'll agree.

- Yeah.|- And we'll all celebrate at Ciro's.

Look, there's Claire.

What do you say we start the party off|with champagne?

Oh, I just love champagne.

- Oh, waiter.|- Yes, sir?

Will you pick your feet up, you clumsy...

Pay no attention to him.|- Two bottles of champagne.

I don't get it. She doesn't give me a tumble|and goes out with that Horatio Alger.

Aren't those two other guys|from the barbershop?

Yeah. Wonder what they're celebrating.

Well, Greg, I didn't wanna tell you this.

Kavanaugh's putting that kid|in your part in "Romance For Two."

- I thought you told me...|- I did. I did.

I even offered to pay his fare home.

- Have they signed the deal yet?|- Not yet.

Good.

I got some good news.|- I Just put an order in for 180 phones.

All I'm gonna do all day:|"Hello." 10,000, 5000. "Hello."

Look, there's Mr. Kavanaugh over there.

Hiya, Kavvy!

- My friend.|- Sit down. Sit down. Just nod.

- One of my clients.|- Just nod. Just nod.

- What's the matter?|- That hurts.

- What hurts?|- The collar sticks in, and it hurts.

- Let me see.|- Just nod. Hold your head up.

- Hiya, Kavvy...|- Hold still.

Hiya, Kavvy. How you been?

Put that down.|- What are you doing with that?

- Making an impression.|- Quiet.

- Kavvy... That's hot.|- What's the matter with you?

Hello, Dennis, Chris.

- Oh, hello, Greg. Sit down.|- Thank you.

Dennis, my agent's|been banging my ears...

...trying to change my mind|about that picture.

Oh, if you only would.

Well, I hate to cut the kid|out of a chance.

Look, I'm a businessman first,|a sentimentalist second.

I simply got to get this picture|started next week.

Frankly, I'm scared stiff,|gambling a million dollars on an unknown.

How about it?

You're a better salesman than my agent.

- It's a deal?|- Right.

- Ruth, would you care to dance?|- Love to.

Good. We're gonna trip the light fanatic.

- Fanatic.|- I'm gonna dance with my girl.

My, how you've grown.

When I brought you here,|you were a kid, that big.

- Abercrombie.|- Please. I don't dance with strange women...

My girl.

Like to take a whirl with the dancing|champion of East Des Moines High?

Well, I've always been|a hero worshipper. Let's go.

You mean the deal is off, and Jeff is out?

After all, I've got a big investment|in this picture.

I've got to protect it. You understand.

Oh, yes, yes, yes.

It's funny how a town|can change overnight.

Yesterday I hated Hollywood.

Today I think it's the most|wonderful place in the world.

What? What did you say?

I said, I think Hollywood's the most|wonderful place in the world.

Jeff, would you mind very much|if we sat down for a minute?

No. Not at all.

We'd better sit down.

What's the matter, kid?|You look so gloomy.

You're down in the dumps.|Looks like you saw the check.

Don't worry. I'm gonna pay for it.|I'm gonna pay the whole business.

Champagne for everybody.|Come on, Buzz, drink.

- Come on.|- Abercrombie, please.

- What's the matter?|- The deal is off.

Don't worry about the check.|I'm gonna pay for it all by myself.

- What did you say?|- The deal is off!

Oh, good, good. The deal is on.

- On or off?|- Off.

That's what I thought you said.|"The deal is off."

We was gonna make you|the biggest star in Hollywood too...

...and now it's off.

I'm sorry...

- Buzz, you're not kidding, are you?|- It's off.

Just when I'm getting started in business,|I'm a has-been.

They can't charge me for that malted milk|because I didn't take any of it.

Abercrombie. Abercrombie!

Cigars? Cigarettes?

Would you like a shine?

Cigars, cigarettes.

I must have "insonominomina."

When you get insonominomina,|you can't sleep.

What's all this racket going on?|I thought you were asleep.

I can't sleep. I must|have inso-nama or something.

- It's catching too.|- What's wrong with you?

What's wrong? No diploma, no job,|no clients, no sleep, no nothing.

- You know what, Buzz?|- What?

I'm a failure.

Come on. Get with it, please. |All you need is rest.

- Rest?|- Certainly.

I've been trying all night. |It's already 6:45.

I haven't slept a wink. |Look at my eyes.

- They're not bloodshot.|- I have no blood.

- I'm gonna take some tablets.|- Don't.

- No, you don't.|- Buzz, don't.

They're sleeping tablets. Dope.

You wanna be a dope fiend?|Certainly not. You listen to me.

I'll take care of everything. There you are.

Now, you don't|want those things.

We gotta get up early in the morning,|take Jeff to the studios.

On your toes. Grab the bull by the horns.

No. What are you doing?

- Hey, wait a minute. You can't sleep?|- No.

I've got just the thing for you. |Don't go away.

- Well, pal, here it is.|- What do you got there?

"Go to sleep with Dr. Caswell Snide."

- Oh, no. I want to sleep alone.|- No, no, no, boy.

You just put this record on,|hop into bed...

...and Dr. Caswell Snide will do the rest.

You mean, this record|will put me to sleep?

Certainly. All right now,|just leave it to the record.

Don't worry about a thing. |You get in bed. Go ahead.

You all set?|What are you doing?

- Wait a minute. Not yet. Not yet.|- All right. Tell me when you're ready.

This record will do the works.

- Not yet.|- All right, get in bed. Get in bed.

Wait a minute. Look, I'll take this off|so it don't disturb you.

- Okay. Wait a minute.|- Tell me when you're ready.

- Wait a minute.|- You ready?

- Ready!|- There you are.

Now, I'll call around Saturday|and wake you up.

So you cant sleep, huh?

Well, Dr. Snide|will soon take care of that.

Now, relax that tired, weary body.

More.

More.

Just a little bit more.

Now, doesn't that pillow feel nice and soft?

Why, of course.

Now, put your head deep in the pillow.

Deeper.

Deeper. Oh, ever so much deeper.

Isn't that comfy?

Now we're ready for sleep.

Off we go to slumberland.

Slumberland, with its fleecy white clouds so soft.

Now what's going on?

- What's the matter? What's the matter?|- Oh, Buzz.

- What's wrong?|- The record is beautiful...

...but nothing to stop it. It just kept going:

Oh, how stupid of me. I should have stayed here and turned it off.

Go ahead. Get back in bed. I'll take care of it. Go.

- Buzz.|- What?

Play just the finish.

"And the daffodils are going to sleep."

- Daffodils.|- Go ahead. Go to sleep. Go ahead.

Not the other part.

- Put it on.|- Go to sleep.

We're drifting through dreamland.

Soft, mellow music of rippling streams and babbling brooks...

...caresses our drowsy head.

Green fields and rolling meadows...

...with their purple poppies swaying in the cool...

What? What happened? What happened? What happened?

You fell asleep. I was supposed to.

Every time I hear that Dr. Snide I go to sleep.

I can't help it.

- I'll fix you up.|- Yeah.

- Stay up.|- Stay up.

- Stay up.|- I've been up.

Stay up.

- You know...|- Look.

What are you going to do?

I'm going to put this in your ears...

...and then when I go to sleep... You won't hear the record.

When I'm asleep, take the arm off, and the record will stop and I'll sleep.

All right. Yes.

Now, how's that?

Everything all right?|How's that? All right?

Is it all right?

I said, is that all right?

- Is that all right? Stuff in the ears?|- Oh, yes. You can't hear. Swell.

Come on.

When you go to sleep, I'll turn it off.

- Take it off. Yeah. These are good.|- Go ahead. Get your sleep.

I know I'll get some sleep.|I said, I know I'll get some sleep.

I said, I know I'll get some sleep.|I'm going to get some sleep.

What?

I says, I'm gonna get some sleep.

That's what I'm here for.

Well, why do you keep saying:

- I can hear you. Please.|- Well, then keep them in your ears.

- You don't have to listen to nothing.|- What?

You don't have to listen to nothing.

Look. Wait a minute. Now, listen.|Don't get excited, please, will you?

With these in my ears I can't hear.|Look. Here. Try it yourself. See?

- Can you hear anything?|- What?

Can you hear me?|You can't hear anything, can you?

How can I hear|if you're gonna put these in my ears?

I can't hear|if you got them in my ears.

If you got them in my...|He's got them again.

- I'm going to...|- What do you want me to do?

I'm gonna sleep.|When I'm asleep, take it off.

- Go to sleep. Go ahead.|- Put them...

Wait a minute now. Take it easy.

Now, look, I'm gonna put the record on|and don't fall asleep.

- Put the cotton in.|- All right. Go ahead. Get in bed.

Lazy daffodils brush our cheeks.

So still, so peaceful.

All the worlds asleep.

Sleep.

Sleep.

Pleasant dreams.

You can take it off, Buzz, I'm asleep.

Buzz, you can take it off now.|Take the arm off, Buzz.

Buzz, I said, take it off now.|Stop it. It's going around.

Buzz, I'm telling you to take it off now.

Buzz, turn it off!

Turn it off! Turn it off! Turn it off!

Turn it off, will you?

Buzz. Buzz.

I'm sunk.

We are drifting through dreamland.

The soft, mellow music|of rippling streams...

... and babbling brooks|caresses our drowsy...

I don't want to be nosy,|but where are we going?

To the studio. I'm not gonna let|Mr. Kavanaugh get away with this.

- I'm going in there...|- Now, wait a minute, Claire.

If I were you, I'd forget about this.

It's just another little Hollywood story|to tell the folks back home.

Tell? Don't you mean write?

I'm leaving on the 5:00 bus.

I see.

You think I'm kind of a quitter,|don't you?

Just because you throw in the towel|when the going gets a little tough?

- Don't be silly, Mr. Parker.|- Look, Claire, Hollywood isn't for me.

I belong back home.

Back at the old job|at the Guarantee Bank.

How wonderful.|You'll be rolling in money.

Other people's, of course.

And if you play your cards right,|you might be lucky enough...

...to marry Mr. Guarantee's daughter.

All right, all right, all right.

Stand still.

Oh, Buzz, I didn't sleep a wink|all last night with that record.

- I know.|- I hurt my head too in bed.

- I know. Everything will be all right.|- No sleep at all.

Pull yourself together. Wake up.|We got a lot of work to do today.

I'm worried. Jeff is out.|What are we going to do?

Oh, why worry?|Just keep a stiff upper lip.

- Remember...|- Stiff upper lip.

Remember one thing: A good agent...

- Never mind that!|- That hurts.

Never mind that. Remember one thing:

A good agent doesn't even know|the meaning of the word "capitulation."

Then I must be a great agent.

- I never even heard of the word.|- Yes, I know.

- There. Let's see how you look.|- How do I look?

- Swell.|- Now, let me walk alone.

- See if I can make it alone.|- Come on. Come on, now.

Come on, hurry up.

Claire!

I just came to tell you|you're back in the barber business.

Not so fast. We were just going over|to cheer up the kid.

You can save your cheers. He's leaving|for Des Moines on the 5:00 bus.

- What?|- You took the words right out of my mouth.  
Quiet. Stupid had to play cupid.  
You had to tell Jeff that Claire|would walk out unless Kavanaugh...  
...kept him in the part.|So in order to play noble he scrambled.  
Because he didn't want to be in her way.  
- I'm sorry.|- You should be.  
You're sorry? How do you think I feel?  
I practically called him a quitter.  
You know, if the girl at the bus depot,|played by me...  
...were to call him and tell him|his reservations had been canceled...  
...that would mean|he couldn't get a bus out until Monday.  
- That's a great idea.|- Okay, boys, go to work.  
- Okay.|- Go to work? Okay.  
What are you doing?  
- I'm reading the want ads.|- What do you mean the want ads?  
You remember, Claire says|you gotta go to work.  
What we've got to do|is get Jeff back into that part.  
You know, I heard Kavanaugh say that|he was gonna start that picture next  
week.  
He's gonna start that hot or cold.  
- He said rain or shine.|- All right. What's the difference?  
- The other time you put on a heavy coat.|- Who cares about that?  
We've got to frame up|something with Jeff.  
What are we going to do?|We got to get him that part.  
- We got to figure out something.|- Yeah, but what?  
- Hey. Wait a minute. I have it.|- Good.  
Suppose we have Le Maise arrested.  
- That would be the thing. Le Maise!|- Arrested?  
Then he couldn't play the part.  
- How are you gonna get the fellow arrested?|- That's the thing. Wait. I  
got an idea.  
Have him slug somebody.  
That's the best idea you ever had. They'll|put him in jail because he hit  
somebody.  
That's a good idea.  
- He's got it coming, too, that fellow.|- Absolutely. The thing is now...  
...who is he going to slug?|Who is he going to slug?  
- Yeah.|- Yeah.  
Who is he going to slug?  
What are you looking at me for?  
I'll see you later. I am no more agent.  
Now wait a minute. Wait.|What's on your mind?  
Sometimes, why don't you|take a punch in the nose?  
- Now, there's a fine remark.|- That's a small nose!

That's a fine remark coming from you. | I'm surprised.  
Me, your bosom friend.  
Your lifelong pal.  
You want me to go out | and get punched in the nose.  
- I didn't mean it that way. | - That's the way you meant it!  
After all the little things | I've done for you.  
When we were back five months | in our room rent...  
...who did I let pay that room rent?  
- Me. | - You.  
- That was nice of you then. | - Yes.  
When I was pinched for speeding...  
...who did I let serve my time?  
- Me. | - You.  
And you was nice enough | to tell the judge...  
...to keep me in another week | on account it was raining.  
- I forget those things. | - Now you want me...  
...to go get punched in the nose. | Always thinking of yourself.  
- I'm a bad boy. | - I'll say you are.  
- I'm gonna give back my Boy Scout pin. | - You should.  
I'm going up to the scoutmaster | and give it back to him.  
You should.  
- People are gonna point their fingers at me. | - Why?  
- That pin holds up my pants. | - Never mind that.  
Hey. This is not such a fancy house | for a big movie star, is it?  
This is his beach house.  
This is where | he's gonna get Claire sunburned.  
Knock on the door. | When Le Maise comes out, just insult him.  
Make him throw a punch at you.  
I'll take the picture of it | and we'll have the evidence.  
- You all set? Ready to take a picture? | - I'm set.  
- Go ahead. | - Turn it around the other way.  
- Sorry. | - I don't want this for nothing.  
Go ahead. Knock on the door.  
Hey, wait a minute. There's Le Maise | on his boat. Come on. Come on.  
All right, come on. There you are.  
Hey. Boy, this ain't bad.  
If I'd known it was gonna be like this, | I'd have brought my sailor suit.  
- Never mind that. Let's get going. | - Okay. Listen.  
I'm going over there | and I'm going to insult him good.  
He's gonna take a big poke at me | and when he does you click the camera.  
- Stay close to me. | - Go ahead.  
Do you know what I think of you? | You an upholstered blouse.  
- An upholstered blouse? | - Yeah, a stuffed shirt.  
Listen, you guys, | I'll get you ashore in a couple of minutes.



In the meantime, stay out of my way. | I want to get into the wind.  
You better not. | You're a skunk if I ever smelled one.  
- That does it. | - Get ready, Buzz.  
Right. Let him have it, Le Maise.  
Okay. You asked for it.  
I got it! Abercrombie! | Abercrombie! Abercrombie!  
I don't see him. He hasn't come up yet.  
You watch for him. | I'll turn the boat around.  
Abercrombie!  
Abercrombie!  
Abercrombie!  
We can telephone the police here. | Now, you saw the whole thing.  
- It was an accidental drowning. | - It was just as much my fault as yours.  
And tell them to send out a boat | and drag for the body.  
- Somebody go under? | - Yeah. My best friend.  
That's tough.  
It should have been me.  
Did you ever lose a good pal, a real pal? | One that you could trust?  
- Yep. | - That's what's happened to me.  
I know exactly how you feel.  
But it should have been me.  
After the way I've treated him...  
Why, that Abercrombie | was the sweetest guy that ever lived.  
Oh, the rightest, royalest pal | that ever drew breath.  
And me always playing him for a sucker.  
Now, now, I wouldn't take it so hard.  
Why, with just one little | barber college racket alone...  
...I clipped him for every cent | that he had in the world.  
If he could only | come back to life just long enough...  
...for me to tell him how sorry I am.  
Tell him how miserable I feel. | Tell him how much I miss him.  
I miss that poor kid.  
It's all my fault. | I've always treated him like...  
Like a sucker.  
- Here you are, Buzz. | - Thanks.  
But my... l...  
Hey! Where have you been? | Where have you been?  
- Where have you been? | - I was...  
- Now, just a minute. | - I was fishing.  
Fishing?  
Stand still. Stand still.  
What is this? What is that? | What is this?  
Where'd you get that?  
- I caught that without a worm. | - Now listen to me, you.

Listen, Le Maise is in|that telephone booth...  
...calling up the police right now,|and if you...  
Hey, wait a minute.|I've got an idea.  
- Come on. Hurry up.|- Wait a minute.  
- Leave the fish alone.|- I want dinner.  
Now, listen. This is even better...  
...than you getting socked.|You're dead.  
I'm dead? Then why am I so hungry?  
Never mind. You lay low.|I'll claim that Le Maise killed you.  
They'll never let a murderer|in the movies.  
- And Jeff is all set in the part.|- Will I have my picture in the paper?  
Yes, yes, yes. Duck, duck.  
No, no, no, duck.  
They want us to come|to police headquarters...  
...and tell them the story.|- This camera will tell the story, murderer.  
- Have you gone out of your mind?|- You pushed him.  
- It was self-defense.|- That kid never laid a finger on you.  
- He wouldn't hurt a fly.|- Wait...  
I'll wait when they throw you|in the gas chamber, brother.  
They're not gonna throw me|into any gas chamber.  
Then they'll exchange|that scarf for a rope.  
- They'll have to find me first.|- They'll find you.  
- Police, he's a murderer!|- No.  
He's a murderer. There's a...|There's a murderer.  
A murderer.  
- What's the matter?|- Lf he don't believe I'm dead...  
...tell him to talk to me, I'll verify it.|- He took it on the lam.  
- We don't even have to have him pinched.|- Pinched?  
- Pinched. That reminds me.|- What's the matter?  
Something's been pinching me.  
That's just your imagination.  
It's your imagination.|Don't worry about it.  
- What is that?|- My imagination.  
They bite. They bite!  
Now, I've gotta go into the studio.  
I'll meet you across the street.  
Why can't I go inside the studio?|Nobody will recognize me with the beard.  
We can't take any unnecessary chances.  
- Especially today.|- What's today?  
Today they're shooting that big|\$50,000 midway explosion scene.  
Once they shoot that scene|with the kid in it...  
...and blow up that set, Jeff's in.  
Kavanaugh couldn't afford a new set|just to put Le Maise into the part.  
Even if they found out|that you're not dead.

I'll meet you across the street.

Miss Warren wants you|over on the midway set.

Oh, thanks.

Look, you can't park the car here.|It's in the way of the gate.

- What's that mean?|- I don't know.

- I don't speak English.|- Oh, I see. Well, that's different.

Put some more brandy|in these flips.

They taste like milk shakes.

What'll it be, doc?

- What are you gonna have?|- Nothing. I gotta meet a friend here.

Why don't you take a drink anew?

- What's new?|- Nothing. What's new with you?

I got a beaut for you this time.

- Got another one?|- Yeah.

Did you ever hear about the guy|who was so brave...

...that he stuck his right arm|right into a lion's mouth...

...right up to there?

He stuck his arm in a lion's mouth...

...up to there? His right arm?|- Yeah. Yeah.

- What's his name?|- Lefty.

You get it?

- I didn't get it that time.|- You didn't?

- No, no.|- Lefty!

You know, you're a great fellow.

You've made me forget my troubles.

You drowned mine.

- You got troubles too?|- Yes, sir.

No, but I got real troubles.

I killed a man.

A man killed me.

That's why I'm wearing this fake beard.

This is a phony.

Nobody knows me. Just Buzz.

I'm gonna show you.

Well...

...you look familiar.

Very familiar.

I hope I trusted the right guy.

Since you've come clean with me...

...I'll come clean with you.

You look just like Gregory Le Maise!

- Open the gate.|- Wait, you can't come in here.

It's Greg Le Maise, the killer. Hold him!

- It's Greg Le Maise.|- Let me go.

- Let me go.|- I've got him, Joe.  
- Telephone homicide downtown.|- Right.  
Get that guy. He's the one|I'm supposed to have murdered.  
Take it easy, take it easy.  
But I tell you, he's my alibi.  
Didn't hurt a bit.  
Stop. Have you fellows|seen Greg Le Maise?  
- Who?|- A tall guy in a blue suit.  
Keep an eye out for him. He's a killer.  
- Hey, you, come on.|- I can't...  
Come on, put this on|or get out of here.  
Come on, come with me.  
Stand right here.  
- Come on. Come on.|- What do you want?  
- Just come.|- All right, take it easy, will you?  
Now, come on, you guys. |Get on the set.  
Oh, we'll be right out.  
Oh, I get it. Pekingese twins. Well...  
Ready, Mr. Kavanaugh.  
Now, look, everybody...  
...at this part of the story...  
...the gamblers have planted|the dynamite in the midway.  
At the end of the number,|the entire set will be blown up.  
Now, we don't want|anybody getting hurt...  
...so remember to stay|in the safety zones...  
...marked out for you on the set.  
Now, you can all see this indicator.  
When the hand reaches four...  
...that means the musical|number is ended.  
You're in your safety zones...  
...and the whole set will be blown up.  
Is that clear? Now fix your makeups...  
...get into your costumes,|and take your places.  
We'll have to blow|the roller coaster too.  
You're not using real people|in those cars?  
Oh, no, sir. We're using|dummies in them.  
Good enough.  
Don't let anybody|near that plunger.  
I don't want the set blowing up|before I get the number.  
Just keep one eye on the dial,|one eye on me.  
When the indicator reaches four,|you watch me.  
I'll drop the handkerchief.  
- You blow up the works.|- Okay, chief.  
Stay there. Now, this is a take.

Do you have to look at us like that, |with your mouth open?  
What do you think we are, freaks?  
Must be the moustache. |I'm taking it off.  
- Why don't you? | - I can't. I don't want to be seen.  
- You don't want to be seen, you say? | - No.  
Don't worry. If anybody recognizes you...  
...I'll tell them it's me.  
Take it off. Let's have it.  
No. What's the idea? I told you, |I don't want to be seen.  
You certainly picked out |a fine place to hide.  
I'm looking for a guy. |A short, dumpy little guy.  
- Short, dumpy little guy? | - Yeah.  
You'll never find him here.  
- A short, dumpy little guy? | - Yeah.  
Hey, you, look over there.  
There's a short, fat, ugly-looking guy |with Gregory Le Maise!  
All right, roll them.  
- Roll them. | - Speed.  
- Action. | - Action!  
Hurry, hurry, hurry. |Right this way.  
It's Navy Day...  
...on this great big, gigantic, |colossal midway.  
As an added attraction... |And it's only good today.  
- Every sailor and his cutie |comes in free...  
...and saves his pay! | - Hooray!  
To Marines |And to the Air Corps  
You'll find scenes |That make the air more fun  
Fun along the midway  
Those who wear a sailor suit  
Can join the fun and nail one cute  
And have lots of fun on the midway  
And those from the north or |From the south  
Must never be down in the mouth  
Just come  
Don't let this humdrum world  
Get you down  
It's a treat |To be around  
The fun  
On the wonderful  
Midway  
We've just begun with the fun |On the wonderful midway  
Now we're in and boast because  
We're gonna win the most applause  
It's fun |Fun along the midway

Step inside|She never fakes it  
Theres a ride that really makes it fun|On the wonderful midway  
If you come and play|A game of dodge em  
Take your good aim and dislodge em|Come  
Dont let this humdrum world|Get you down  
Its a treat to be around  
The fun on the wonderful midway  
We never shun any fun|On the wonderful midway  
Have you seen a dark little guy|around here?  
Find in magic trinket.  
Trinket? That's just plain water.  
Well, trinket!  
You dont have to find a reason|Any times a-shootin season  
Fun along the midway  
If youre feelin free and easy  
And youd like to see a teasy dance  
Dont take a chance|On the midway  
You wont wear a parachute|The day you care to dare a Chute the Chute  
Theres not a care there  
Youll say its grand|So come, let your chest expand  
Its fun on the wonderful midway  
We never shun any fun|On the wonderful midway  
If you havent found a cozy place|To ring around the rosy  
Come, youll find it on the midway  
- "Apprehensive, pull the trigger"|- "How expensive can a cigarette"  
Ever get on the midway?  
All you lads who fill the Navy|Dont you wait until Ole Davy Jones  
Makes all your boneses Joneses  
- "Dont be a dunce"|- "We are only young but once"  
Have fun on the wonderful midway  
Youll say its grand|So come, let your chest expand  
Have some fun on the wonderful midway  
Midway  
Fun along the midway  
Fun on the wonderful midway  
Fun on the wonderful midway  
So you're supposed to be dead?  
You will be, due to an accident|on a roller coaster.  
Wait a minute, wait a minute!  
Le Maise, will you go away?  
Go away! Go away!  
Mr. Kavanaugh.  
Where are you going now, smart guy?  
No!

Have some fun  
Weve just begun  
Mr. Kavanaugh...  
On the wonderful midway  
That's it! That's perfect.  
"Variety" says that the premiere last night|was sensational.  
That Jeff and Claire will be stars.  
The Hollywood Reporter|said the same thing.  
Wonderful review.  
- Hello, Ruthie.|- Hello.  
What are you doing?|Don't know how to sit in these chairs.  
Excuse me, Ruthie. You do things to me.  
A gentleman would like change|for \$ 100, please.  
Just 100? Tell him I'll bring it right in.  
All right, all right.  
Thank you.