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Way Out West

By Jack Jevne

(Music and chattering)
Hey, this thing
ain't working right.
It's working all right for me.
(Cheering)
(Applause)
(Landlord) Mary! Mary Roberts!
Get busy now. Here he is again.
What's up with you?
Why aren't you helping Lola?
I'm sorry, sir,
but the dishes...
Bother the dishes. You've got to
help her make her changes.
- Yes, sir.
- Now get going.
Come on, get going,
get going. Go on!
(All shout)
We want Lola! We want Lola!
(Silence)
Gentlemen, it's my aim
to give you the best
entertainment money can buy.
I've brought here
at great expense...
Get a piece of fat
and slide off!
Who said that?
(All scream)
All right, you'll get Lola.
(Laughter and shouting)
Hurry, they're getting restless.
- I gotta look good.
- They shot at me!
- Aw, quit your whining.
- Hurry!
If we ever get enough money,
we'll leave this one-horse tank.
Come on, hurry.
- How do I look?
- Like a million.
(Band plays)
(Applause and whistles)

Say, I've been roamin'
from Frisco to Maine
Been huntin' a man
that's not too tame
He's gotta have somethin'
I need a lot
Baby, dear,
that's what you've got
Will you be my lovey-dovey,
my little honey man?
We could bill and coo
- Baby!
- # The way all lovers do
Will you be my ducky-wucky,
my little sugar pie?
Never make you blue
I'd be so sweet to you... #
Say, Finn, you're a lucky skate,
having a swell gal like Lola.
I certainly am.
What do you mean?
She's the lucky one,
having a swell fellow like me.
- # Will you be my lovey-dovey
- That's me.
My little honey man?
I'm a little bit lonesome... #
Have you seen my husband?
Yeah, over there.
Won't you be my ownsome
- # My little turtle dove... #
- Will I?!

Waiter, I want a big bottle
of wine, right here!
Come on, this here's no good.
Sweetheart!
Oh!
(Whistling and cheering)
Hi, Charley. Hiya, boys.
Oh!
Watch where you're going!
(Whistles)
Hey, Ollie, look.
We're only two miles from town.

Well, I'll never make it.
I've got one foot
in the grave now.
Hey, stop him.
Maybe we can get a ride.
I'll get my clothes on.
Hurry up.
Whoa! Whoa!
(Screeching)
All right, mister. We're in.
Come on, Dinah. Come on.
Are you going
to Brushwood Gulch?
Uh-huh.
We are, too.
A lot of weather
we've been having lately.
Pretty.
It's only four months
to Christmas.
Do you believe in Santa Claus?
Do you mind
if I put my hand right here?
I saw her first. Come.
That's it.
Darling!
Not you! I meant my husband.
Have a nice trip, darling?
Lovely...
until these two came aboard.
They've done nothing
but annoy me all the way in.
Here, you run along home.
Goodbye.
Fiddlin', huh?
We don't like your kind
around these parts.
And there's one thing
we don't allow,
and that's messin'
with our women.
If you want to stay healthy,
get the next coach
out of town.

Yes, sir. We'll be glad to.
Just as soon as we've finished
our business.

If you miss the next coach...
you'll be riding out of here
in a hearse.

- Good day, strangers.

- Good day, sir.

Goodbye.

Let well enough alone.

(All sing in harmony)

Commence advancing,
right and left a-glancing

A-mooch, a-dancing,
slide and glide entrancing

You do the tango jiggle
to the Texas Tummy Wiggle

Take your partner
and you hold her

Slightly enfold her

A little bolder,
just work your shoulder

Snap your fingers one and all
in the hall at the ball

That's all, some ball

Commence to dancing,
commence to prancing

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Snap your fingers one and all
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That's all, some ball #
Howdy, gents. What'll it be?
Do you know the whereabouts
of a lady named Mary Roberts?
(Bartender) Sure.
She's around here someplace.
I'm Miss Roberts' guardian.
What do you want to see her for?
We have some news for her.
What's it about?
I'm sorry, sir, but we're
not supposed to discuss that.
It's private. Her father died
and left her a goldmine.
We're not supposed
to tell anyone but her.
Didn't we, Ollie?
- A goldmine?
- It's the biggest...
Now that he's taken you
into our confidence,
you might as well know the rest.
(Whispers) We've got
the deed to the property.
We have to give it
to her in person.
What?
I said we've got the deed
to the property and... Oh!

Say, you better show it to him.
Maybe he doesn't believe us.
It's the truth.
Say, did I give you the deed?
Oh, I know where it is.
Excuse me.
See? Mary Roberts.
Come here. Have you ever seen
Mary Roberts?
Good. I'll go and find her.
Don't tell a soul till I return.
- We won't.
- Thank you.
Good thing we found her.
Lola!
Lola, we've got a fortune
right in the palm of our hand.
What?
There's men downstairs
looking for Mary Roberts.
So?
They have a deed to a goldmine
left to her by her father.
They're here to deliver it.
Well, ain't that just grand?
It would be
if you were Mary Roberts.
Yeah, but I'd never
get away with it.
Sure you would!
They've never seen her.
Then it's a cinch.
Put that shoe on properly.
- What's wrong?
- I can't eat that.
It's as tough as shoe leather.
- Think you can do it?
- Can I do it(?)
For a goldmine,
I could be Cleopatra.
- That's the girl.
- Bring 'em up.
(Landlord) Hey!
- Come and meet Mary Roberts.

- Right away.
Did you call, Mr Finn?
Get back to the kitchen where
you belong. Don't bother me.
This way, gentlemen.
Come right this way.
This way, gentlemen.
Sit down and I'll get Lola...
I mean Mary for you.
I've told her the news
and she's terribly shocked.
- Lola, they're here.
- Swell, kiddo.
Put these in your arms.
Mary, these are the gentlemen
I was telling you about.
(Clomp!)

Tell me... Tell me
about my dear, dear daddy.
Is it true that he's dead?
Well, we hope he is.
They buried him.
It can't be. What did he die of?
I think he died of a Tuesday.
Or was it Wednesday? Do you...?
I'll handle
this delicate situation.
Little lady,
you've heard the worst.
Now prepare yourself
for the best.
Now, cheer up.
Smile. That's right.
Remember, every cloud
has a silver lining.
That's right.
Any bird can build a nest,
but it isn't everyone that can
lay an egg, is it, Ollie?
That's right.
Do you know you own one of the
richest goldmines in the world?
Your father left you
the whole property.

And he gave me the honour
of presenting you with the deed.

- Isn't it wonderful, Uncle?

- Yes, my dear.

Who's there?

- Mary.

- Mary who?

Mary... Merry Christmas.

Excuse me, Mr Finn.

One gentleman

dropped this on the stairs.

Ooh, thank you, little lady.

You don't know what you've done.

All right. All right. All right.

There you are.

Signed, sealed and now...

delivered.

- Thank you so much.

- Not at all.

Come, Stanley. We'd better go.

Oh, say. What about the locket?

- That's right...

- We've something else.

I almost forgot.

And besides that...

your father left you

this family heirloom.

Oh, yes. I remember it well.

Help me get it off, Stanley.

Am I hurting you?

No. Just a minute...

Won't be long.

Maybe I'd better try

opening it again.

I think so.

(Whispers) Slipped.

Maybe you'd better

take your coat off.

Pardon me just a minute.

We'll find it in just a moment.

We got it.

I'll go in and change.

Pardon us.

- Say, Ollie?

- What?

Now that you're undressed,
why not take a bath?
Would you mind leaving the room?
Can't I have a little privacy?
Just trying to kill two birds
with one stone.

I'll take care of those bozos.
Don't worry, leave it to me.
I've done pretty good so far.
You certainly have.

I wish you were in my shoes.
- (Coughs) How about a drink?
- That suits me fine.
- How did you dress so quick?
- None of your business.

Goodbye, and thanks
for the use of your boudoir.

- You're very welcome.
- Goodbye.

Now you have the mine,
you'll be a swell gold-digger.
Goodbye.

Why did you leave them?
You have her sign
the deeds over to us.

You get those guys
out of town now!

All right.

What a cinch.

Give the gentlemen the best
in the house.

Yes, sir.

I'll be back in a minute.

On a mountain in Virginia
Stands a lonesome pine
Just below is the cabin home
Of a little girl of mine
Her name is June
and very, very soon
She'll belong to me
For I know
she's waiting there for me
'Neath that lone pine tree

(In harmony) # In the Blue Ridge
Mountains of Virginia
On the trail
of the lonesome pine
In the pale moonshine,
our hearts entwine
Where she carved her name
and I carved mine
Oh, June,
like the mountains I'm blue
Like the pine
I'm lonesome for you-oh-oh-oh
In the Blue Ridge Mountains
of Virginia
On the trail
of the lonesome pine
(Bass voice) # In the Blue Ridge
Mountains of Virginia
On the trail
of the lonesome pine
In the pale moonshine,
our hearts entwine
Where she carved her name
and I carved mine
Oh, June,
like the mountains I'm blue
Like the pine
I am lonesome for you
(Clunk!)

(Sings soprano) # In the Blue
Ridge Mountains of Virginia
On the trail
of the lonesome pi-ine #
(Crash)
(Snores)
That's fine.
Miss Lola, what is this for?
Er... Now whatever we do
on your behalf is legal.
Thank you very much.
Don't mention it. Now run right
along with your work.
Well, here's looking at you.
(Growling)

Shoo!

- Well, I've got to be going.
- So have we.
- Goodbye, Mr Finn.
- Goodbye.
- Goodbye, mister.
- Goodbye, sir.
- Goodbye.
- Goodbye.

Have a good time.

Goodbye, Miss, er...? Miss...?

Roberts. Mary Roberts.

- Goodbye, Miss Roberts.
- Goodbye.

Did you hear what her name was?

Sure - Mary Roberts.

How can she be if we've just given the deed to Mary Roberts?

I don't know.

- I smell a rat.
- I smell something, too.

(Sizzling)

Come on.

Pardon me.

Did you ever have

a father called Sy Roberts?

Why, yes. He left me with these people when he went prospecting.

Who's that woman upstairs?

Lola Marcel. Mr Finn's wife.

She's my legal guardian now.

Can I speak to you?

- Pardon us.
- We'll be right back.
- You know what?
- What?

I think we've given that deed to the wrong woman.

Our first mistake since that guy sold us the Brooklyn Bridge.

That was no mistake. It'll be worth a lot of money some day.

Maybe you're right.

Let's get the deed.

Say, maybe they won't
give it back to us?
What do you mean?
We'll get that deed
or I'll eat your hat.
That's what
I call determination.
Come on.
Splendid! Splendid!
She fell for it
like you fell for me.
Lola, my girl,
we're sittin' pretty.
- Who's there?
- Me.
- Me who?
- Me who(!)
What do you want?
Out of my way,
you snake in the grass!
You toad in the hole.
Say, what do ya mean
bustin' in here like this?
We want to know
why you're not Mary Roberts.
I'll take care of this.
So, you got wise?
If it's this deed you're after,
you're out of luck.
Take it, Stan. Beat it!
That's it. There you are!
Ow! Ow! AAAH!
AAAH!
(Puffs)
That's it!
Get it, Stan! Get it!
Go on, get it! Go on, Stan!
Go on and get it, Stan!
Give me that deed.
Get away! Get away!
Why don't you...?
Give me that!
Go on, get it.
Get away from that door!

Get away from it!
Now, you stop.
Stop!
(Laughs)
Back! Steady! Get back.
(Squeals) Ollie,
come and get...
Don't you touch that!
Stop! Ooh, you're tickling!
Not yet! Not yet!
Stay where you are. Don't move!
Ah-ha!
Ho-ho!
Hee-hee!
(Ollie yelling)
Here, Stan, take it!
I can't stand it!
Now, get 'em outta here.
(Finn) Get out!
Now! Get out!
(Knock on door)
- Who's there?
- The Sheriff.
Just in the nick of time.
Now we'll get justice.
Sheriff, you're just the man
I'm looking for.
And you're just the man
I'M looking for.
Thank you. This man... Oh.
(Laughs even more)
I thought I told you two dudes
to catch the next coach.
Yes, sir.
It left ten minutes ago.
It did? Maybe we'd better
try and catch it.
I'll say you better!
(Gunshots)
Look at them go!
You can't see them for dust.
- Say, Ollie?
- What?
Are we taking a chance going

back and robbing that safe?
Chance or no chance,
we must get that deed back.
As soon as my clothes are dry,
that's exactly what we'll do.
That's a good idea.
If that girl ever found out...
Give me a light.
Those matches are soaking wet.
Thank you.
See if my clothes are dry.
Your hat's dry.
That reminds me, you made
a statement this afternoon.
Did I?
You said if we didn't get
the deed, you'd eat my hat.
Now you're taking me
illiterally.
Nevertheless, I'm going to teach
you not to make rash promises.
Eat the hat.
That's silly. Who ever heard
of anybody eating a hat?
Who ever heard
of anybody doing that?
- Eat the hat.
- I won't do it.
If you don't,
I'll tie you to a tree
and let the buzzards get you.
- Would you really?
- I certainly would.
(Squeaks) I never ate a hat.
Eat it.
(Boing!)
(Twang!)
(Ripping)
(Ripping)
Get my clothes.
Ow!
Shh!
(Whispers) Wait a minute.
I'll help you.

(Alarm bell rings)
What did you push me
in there like that for?
You're the dumbest thing
I ever saw.
(Whispers) Hey, hey,
I've got an idea.
Why don't we climb on the shed,
get on the balcony
and go in there
to save us going in the front?
Now, that deserves
consideration.
Hey! Psst! Psst!
Hey, Ollie! Psst!
Are you all right? Psst!
Wait. I'll get a ladder for you.
Won't be a minute. Shh!
I'm going
to get a ladder for him.
- Shh!
- Shh!
We'll follow our original plan
and go through the front.
Now, go ahead.
Do you mind
if I have another idea?
If it's anything like the last
one, yes. What is it?
How about me pulling you up
on the block and tackle?
What are you doing out here?
There's something wrong...
Yes, it's you. Come back to bed.
Scaring me to death...
Here, hold that.
Now, are you all ready?
Upsadaisy.
Now, don't get fancy.
Just get me up there.
(Creaking)
Wait till I spit on my hands.
All right... No!
Upsadaisy.

I'll spit on 'em
again to make sure.

(Creaking)

Uh!

Hand me the end of that rope.

Now hold out your hand.

Hold out your hand.

This one.

Now tie that on the mule.

Tie that on the mule.

Get on the mule.

Get on the mule.

(Clicks teeth)

Hey!

- Where are the tools?

- In the saddlebag.

Hand them to me.

OK.

I'll be right over.

(Ollie yells)

What are you trying to do?

Get the mule down.

Not now.

We'll attend to that later.

- Maybe we can get in here.

- Good idea.

(Hisses)

- Shh!

- Shh!

- Wait there. We'll be right up.

- Shh!

(Brays)

What's the matter?

- Stop laughing in your sleep.

- I'm not.

I'd know your laugh anywhere.

Go to sleep!

Keeping me awake

all night like this...

Psst!

(Whistles)

Shh!

(Screams)

(Ollie) Ow!

What are you doing here?
As soon as I get out of here,
I'll explain.
(Finn) Mary!
What are you doing?
Hide me! Hide me!
(Finn) What's that noise
down there?
(Finn) Answer me!
Mary!
No! You must hide.
(Finn) Mary, what's going on
down there? What's that noise?
Why are you roaming around
this late?
- Mr Finn, I...
- You...
Get back to bed and not another
peep out of you.
The idea.
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Shh!
Please, what are you doing here?
Come in and I'll tell you
all about it.
- Ollie.
- What?
Wait there.
I'll be right back. Shh!
(Silence)
You put on your clothes
and we'll see you later. Shh!
Ooh!
- Where have you been?
- I told Mary what happened.
When you get the deed,
she'll leave with us.
Good. Where is she now?
She's getting dressed.
She'll meet us outside.
Fine. Now get me out of this.
OK.
Take it easy, now.
You can't...

You can't do it that way.
(Creaking)
Take it easy. Shh!
Maybe I can pull you up
this way.
Maybe I can pull you
all the way through.
Let go, you're choking...
Oh, me apple!
Are you all right?
(Rattle)
(Whirring)
(Rattle of coins)
Oh!
What did you go and do that for?
Well, I didn't know...
Shh!
(Yells in panic)
(Finn) Mary!
What are you doing down there?
What's going on?
(Finn) Mary! Mary!
(Finn) Mary!
(Finn) Mary!
Will you move over?
(Strums piano strings)
(Furious playing)
Aaah! Oh!
Give me that gun!
Put up your hands! Not you!
- What are you doing?
- Getting those deeds back.
- You can't do that!
- Go on! Go on!
Now get in that room. Go on!
Open the safe and get the deed.
Hurry up.
(Screams)
Get back in that room. Go on.
Now give us that deed.
Come on, take it, Stan.
Get in there and get to bed.
- I-I-I...
- Go on! Shut up!

You can't get away...
- Get in that bed.
- I'll fix you.
Tie him up.
- What are you going to do?
- Never mind.
- Stop that. You can't do that!
- Shut up. Shut up.
You can't do this.
I'll get you for this.
Go and get Dinah.
I'll take care of him.
Let me out of this.
Let me go. You can't do that.
Stop that. Let me down.
Let me outta here.
What are you going to do?
I'll get you for this. Let
me go! Let me go! Help! Lola!
Lola! Lola! Lola! Lola!
Help me, Lola!
Oh!
Hey, come back here! Come back!
Come back! Come back!
Let me out!
Stop! Come back here!
Now our troubles are over,
where do we go from here?
I'd like to return
to my hometown.
- Where's that?
- Way down south.
- You're from the South?
- Sure am.
Well, fan my brow!
I'm from the South.
You are?
Well, shut my mouth!
I is from the South, too.
South of what, sir?
The south of London.
London! Well, honey,
we'll all go down to Dixie.
Oh, for a slice

of possum and yam. Ooh!
Yes, sir, and some
good ol' fish and chips.
Fish and chips(!)
We're going to go,
we're going to go
We're going to go
way down in Dixie
Where the hens
are doggone glad to lay
Scrambled eggs
in the new-mown hay
We're going to see,
we're going to see
We're going to see
my home in Dixie
You can tell the world
we're going to
(Mary and Ollie) # D.I.X... #
I know how to spell it.
- # Then we're going
- # Oh, yes, we're going
- # You know we're going
- # You bet we're going
To our home in Dixieland
We're going to go
way down in Dixie
Where the hens
are doggone glad to lay
Scrambled eggs
in the new-mown hay
We're going to see,
we're going to see
We're going to... #
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