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# You 'll Never Get Rich

By Michael Fessier

Slow down for a minute,  
will you, please, Jenkins?

All right. Go ahead. Thank you.

- Where are we, Jenkins?

- Fifth Avenue, sir.

- I see that. But why are we here?

- This is your wedding anniversary.

Oh, of course, of course, my 15th.

Delightful occasion.

Thank you, Jenkins.

- Good morning, Mr. Cortland.

- I'd like to get a bracelet.

Diamond, of course. Here we are.

Is this something like we have  
in mind? Or perhaps this?

Oh, that's beautiful.

- I'll take that.

- Fine. That's my preference.

Will there be anything else?

No, thank you. Oh, yes, I wanna get  
something for my wife too.

- How much is this?

- Seven dollars.

Will you put this in one  
of your boxes?

- Yes.

- Incidentally, what is it?

- It's a Chinese backscratcher.

- Always wanted to have one of those.

- Shall we send it, sir?

- No, I'll give it to her myself.

- And about the bracelet, sir.

- I want that engraved.

Yes, and to whom?

To my dear, sweet...

- May I use your telephone, please?

- Of course, right over there.

I'll have her name for you  
in just a minute.

- The boss wants you on the phone.

- Thanks. I'm through with this table, Joe.

Someone's still a beat off.

- Hello, chief.

- What's the name of that pretty girl...

...in the front line  
of the modern group?  
The new one with  
the dimples on her knee?  
Oh, Sheila Winthrop.  
Yeah, that's right.  
- Miss Winthrop.  
- Yes, Mr. Curtis.  
There's nothing I admire more  
than independence...  
...but sometimes  
it can be carried too far.  
Our group is known  
for absolute precision.  
All the other girls are doing  
this dance one way and you another.  
I'm sorry. But I don't know  
that part of the routine.  
- Would you like to try it with me?  
- I'd love to.  
Tommy, let's have the second 24 bars.  
Ready? One and two and...  
Tommy, let's have the second 24 bars.  
Ready? One and two and...  
- That's much better, thank you.  
- Thank you.  
All right, now listen, kids.  
I want the whole number.  
Places, please.  
It's "Boogie Barcarolle," from the top.  
I'll do it with you. Are you ready?  
Music. Now, give me some  
nice straight lines, please. Go.  
That's it. Take five minutes.  
Sheila.  
- Who do you think you're kidding?  
- I don't know what you mean.  
- You know that dance routine.  
- That's right.  
Then why do you muff it  
when Mr. Curtis is around?  
- Because I like to dance with him.  
- Is that all?  
- I like the way he talks.

- Is that all?  
- I like his personality.  
- Is that all?  
- Isn't that enough?  
- Don't get your hopes up, dear.  
- Why not?  
- For eight hours a day, Mr. Curtis...  
...is up to his hips in pretty girls.  
And we all look alike to him.  
- Really?  
- Yes. To a hungry man, a lamb chop...  
...is a tasty dish. But to  
the butcher, it's just a hunk of meat.  
Mr. Cortland wants to see you  
in his office.  
- I take it all back, dear.  
- Thank you, Mr. Curtis.  
- What do you take back, Marge?  
- A remark I made about lamb chops.  
- What do you take back, Marge?  
- A remark I made about lamb chops.  
Come in.  
- You sent for me, Mr. Cortland?  
- Yes, I thought we might have a chat.  
- Won't you sit down, please?  
- Thank you.  
- You know that I own this theatre?  
- Yes, I do.  
Fine. Fine.  
- I took an interest in your work.  
- Really?  
So much so that this morning  
I was walking down Fifth Avenue...  
...I saw something rather beautiful  
that reminded me of you.  
I wanted you to have it very much,  
and so I bought it for you.  
This couldn't be a diamond bracelet,  
could it?  
Yes, as a matter of fact, it's engraved.  
"To my dear, sweet Sheila."  
Something I thought of.  
- How lovely.  
- We do understand each other, don't we?

- Yes, we do, don't we?

- Good.

Now, I've got a little plan.

I'm sorry.

- Hello?

- Mrs. Cortland is on her way in.

Thank you, Cummings.

- I'm terribly sorry about this.

- I quite understand.

Maybe this way would be better.

- You are lovely, my dear.

- Thank you, Mr. Cortland.

Oh, thank you, Miss Winthrop.

We'll consider the proposition closed then.

I'm thinking of putting her under long-term contract.

She's an old friend of the family.

My family.

Her father and my father, you know.

**Like that:**

- She's beautiful, isn't she?

- Who?

Oh, she? In a superficial sort of way.

Will you stop looking at me like that?

- Like what?

- You ought to know, you're doing it.

Do we have to fight

on our wedding anniversary?

- How did you happen to remember that?

- Well, Jenkins told me.

Very thoughtful of Jenkins.

I was thoughtful too.

I bought you a present.

It's in my coat pocket, if you wanna go and look for it.

Oh. Oh, it's lovely, Martin.

- Interesting gadget, isn't it?

- Gadget?

- Yes, it's to scratch your back.

- Scratch your back?

Yes, it's Chinese. You scratch it up and down and crosswise.

What on earth are you talking about?  
Oh, wait a minute,  
I'll show you how it works.  
- Where did you get that?  
- Out of your pocket.  
- My dear, there has been a mistake.  
- I see. Who is "dear, sweet Sheila"?  
The girl that just went out.  
Don't jump to conclusions.  
No, no, I won't.  
We'll take it nice and easy.  
But, Julia, you do not understand.  
No, I know I don't, dear.  
But I will when you explain.  
- I bought that for Robert Curtis.  
- Should look lovely on him.  
Don't be ridiculous.  
Robert is crazy about Miss Winthrop.  
He asked me to pick a present out  
for her. So I did. See?  
I'm disappointed in you. There was  
a time when your alibis were gems.  
- Remember the Russian dancer?  
- She was Portuguese.  
Before you talked your way out of that,  
you rewrote the Arabian Nights.  
Now you've lost your imagination.  
I'm getting bored with you.  
Bored? Is it my fault you reached  
into the wrong pocket?  
You started the whole thing. That's  
the trouble around here, no privacy.  
People reaching into wrong pockets.  
No organization.  
How's a man to run a theatre?  
- Is this what you intended for me?  
- Yes.  
As a matter of fact, you know,  
that's quite a collector's item.  
Ming dynasty.  
But it also has its practical side.  
You can scratch yourself  
in all sorts of places.  
I imagine.

Oh, you're very thoughtful, Martin.  
I'm sure Miss Winthrop will agree.  
You don't believe me then?  
Oh, of course I do.  
But that's because I know you so well.  
I'm just wondering how your story  
will sound to 12 strange men.  
Twelve strange men.  
Twelve strange men. She's batty.  
What's 12 strange men got to do  
with this? Football team, 11 men.  
A baseball team, nine.  
Symphony orchestra, 100 men.  
Twelve men.  
A jury!  
Robert, prepare yourself for a shock.  
Julia's going to divorce me.  
- I'll be first to congratulate her.  
- How can you say that?  
You know I don't want a divorce.  
I'm happily married. I love my wife.  
And besides,  
all this property is in her name.  
She's gonna strip me right down  
to my underwear too.  
You ought to think of that  
before you gallop after...  
...something you can't catch.  
Who is it this time?  
Sheila Winthrop. I bought her this,  
and my wife found it in my pocket.  
I imagine you had a good reason  
for buying that.  
- I certainly did. We're good friends.  
- Oh, I see.  
- Besides, it's none of your business.  
- I agree with you.  
- Wait, you're in this too, you know.  
- Me? What have I to do with it?  
I told Julia you bought this for Sheila  
and that you were in love with her.  
Oh, you did, did you?  
I'm going to tell her differently.  
You don't have to.

She doesn't believe it anyway.  
Please, you've got to help me.  
If you get me out of this jam,  
it'll never happen again.  
No more galloping, I swear it.  
Please, Robert?  
- All right, what do you want me to do?  
- Well, it's very simple.  
I'll take Julia to the Crystal Roof  
for our anniversary dinner.  
You bring Sheila and prove to my wife  
that you are in love with Sheila.  
What? Well, what would Sheila think?  
Make her believe it too.  
If she doesn't, Julia won't.  
That won't be difficult.  
She has a friendly disposition.  
Turn on the old charm, you know.  
Fascinate her.  
Do anything so long as you  
make my wife...  
...believe I was telling the truth  
when I lied to her.  
Is that all?  
If you get a chance, you might put in  
a good word for me with Sheila.  
Hello.  
I said, hello.  
Oh, hello.  
I'm sorry. For a minute,  
I was a long way off.  
- Have a nice trip?  
- Wonderful.  
I'm glad you came back.  
Incidentally, you dance beautifully.  
- You didn't think so at rehearsal.  
- Oh, that.  
Confidentially, Sheila, I'm delighted  
every time you make a mistake.  
I get a chance to dance with you.  
Confidentially, I make mistakes  
for the same reason.  
Good evening, Mr. Cortland.  
What are you looking for?

Me? Nothing.

Why should I be looking for anything?

- Thanks, Sheila. It was lovely.

- That's your fault.

Look! There are Robert and Sheila.

- Oh, how surprising.

- Let's go over and say hello.

Just to be polite.

Just for a minute.

- Oh, Robert.

- Hello, Martin. Hello, Julia.

- Well, this is a surprise.

- Is it?

- Of course it is.

- Want to sit down?

Thank you. That's nice of you.

We have a table over here.

Way back is the best we could get.

I hope we're not gonna crowd you.

Sheila, how rude of me.

You know Miss Winthrop, Julia?

- Yes. How do you do, Miss Winthrop?

- How do you do?

It was outside of my husband's office,  
wasn't it?

I'm glad you both dropped by.

I was just about to...

- You first, Robert.

- Thank you.

I was gonna say,

I'm glad you both dropped by.

It makes a very pleasant occasion  
even more so.

Yes, doesn't it? And it's our  
15th wedding anniversary too.

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

Robert, did you happen to see  
the lovely present Martin gave me?

- It was a backscratcher, Chinese.

- Ming dynasty. Ming.

When we were first married, it was  
orchids. Now it's a backscratcher.

Try and scratch your back

with an orchid, I always say.

It seems to be a special occasion  
for both of us.

How did you like your present,  
my dear?

What present do you mean?

That's a funny thing about orchids.

I was talking to a guy the other day  
who breeds... Raises orchids.

He said he couldn't do...

You gotta make so much difference  
about the yellow ones. But...

Martin, what in the world  
are you doing?

- I'm tying my shoe.

- Try doing it with both hands.

- Well, what were we talking about?

- The present Robert gave Miss Winthrop.

Julia, can't you keep a secret?

I was saving this as a surprise,  
but now that you know it...

...I hope you like it.

- This couldn't be a diamond bracelet?

- Open it.

"To my dear, sweet Sheila."

The funny thing was that when my wife  
found that in my pocket...

...she thought that I was the one  
who bought it for you.

How could you possibly think  
such a thing?

Because I know Martin.

Do you like it, Sheila?

Like it? It's wonderful. It's the most  
gorgeous thing I ever saw!

Now what do you think,

Miss Susie Suspicious?

Ask me later.

Oh, Mr. Curtis, this is the nicest thing  
that ever happened to me.

- May I call you Robert?

- Please do.

Oh, I'm so deliriously happy.

I don't know what to do!

Oh, yes I do! I'm going  
to phone all my relatives.

- Sheila!

- Mr. Cortland...

...who is that with Mr. Curtis?

- Miss Sheila Winthrop.

- Oh, Winthrop. A romance?

- Yes. They're practically engaged.

You can quote her as  
being deliriously happy.

- Thank you.

- Ming dynasty.

"New romance in show world.

Robert Curtis and Sheila Winthrop."

And then it goes on:

"The announcement will be a surprise  
to the many friends...

...of the famous choreographer  
who is directing...

...the numbers for the modern revue  
at the Cortland Theatre."

What else does it say, Louise?

That's about all, except you are  
quoted as being "deliriously happy."

Who do you suppose  
put that in the paper?

Mr. Curtis, naturally.

And that's carrying things too far.

You'd think he'd quit  
after what I did to him last night.

- Did he know you were doing it?

- Of course.

He must have known

I was trying to embarrass him.

Apparently that newspaper article  
was to even things up.

- How do you know it was him?

- I'd believe anything of him.

I thought I liked him once.

Now I know the gentleman.

Hello? Who?

Tom! Of course she is.

It's your captain.

Tom, dear, where are you?

You mean to say you left  
the Army to run itself?  
I've been transferred to Camp Weston  
near where my mother lives.  
I was going to ask you and  
Louise to visit us for a while.  
That sounds delightful.  
Why don't you?  
That was before I read  
this morning's paper.  
You mean it isn't so?  
There's still a chance for me?  
Fine! I'll be right up!  
Hey! Why don't you watch  
where you're going?  
You're the first driver who chased a man  
after he'd already missed him.  
- Hey, buddy, who's car is that?  
- Mine.  
Parked it right next  
to a fire hydrant.  
That wasn't there when I parked!  
Oh, I'm sure it wasn't.  
Every time it rains...  
...those fireplugs pop out of  
the sidewalk like mushrooms.  
What's your name?  
Put it over here.  
Let that be a lesson to you.  
And that's what happened.  
It was all part of a game.  
I see. This Curtis fella pitched  
and you caught.  
Before the party broke up,  
she did some pitching of her own.  
- I'd say the score was even.  
- I wouldn't.  
Hello? Who is it?  
Oh, just a minute, please.  
Mr. Robert Curtis is in the lobby.  
Should I tell him to go away?  
No, tell him to come up.  
It'll save me a trip to the theatre.  
Will you come up, Mr. Curtis?

He sounded upset.

- I'd like to really upset him.

- You would?

You two wait in the other room.

I'll handle this.

All right, come along, Tom.

Come in.

- What about this story in the paper?

- What about it?

You took a lot for granted  
announcing we were engaged.

- You're saying you didn't announce it?

- I certainly am. Why would I?

What would I gain

by such a ridiculous story?

That's the fella who almost hit me  
on the street. Do you have a gun?

But how can we get rid of his body?

- Never mind that. Just give me the gun.

- All right.

- Here.

- Oh.

I don't care who put it in the paper  
as long as you know we're not engaged.

May I compliment you on your chivalry.

I imagine the bracelet will more  
than make up for your hurt feelings.

- I'm going in and you can't keep me!

- No, no, Tom!

Stand aside, I know my duty.

- You, sir.

- Tom!

- What are you doing here?

- I came to attend a wedding.

There's gonna be one.

I tried to keep him out.

You know your brother's temper.

But, brother, dear,

you don't understand.

Yes, I do. I heard every word he said,  
the dirty, no-good Yankee!

- Say, what's this all about?

- Honour, sir. My sister's honour!

- All I did was give her a bracelet.

- You admit you bought it?  
- I didn't buy it.  
- Then you stole it?  
No, somebody gave it to me,  
and I gave it to her.  
You did that and you still refuse  
to marry her, sir?  
- I said we are not engaged!  
- That's all I want to hear.  
- Sheila!  
- Darling.  
- Yes?  
- Sorry, Mr. Cortland. No news yet.  
Fine thing! I own the theatre.  
I shoulder all the responsibilities.  
I pay all the salaries.  
I ask one simple question.  
I wanna find out how much  
Robert Curtis weighs.  
- And what's the answer?  
- I don't know.  
- I'm about to be sued, shot or sabotaged.  
- Who's gonna do all this?  
Sheila's brother has some silly notion  
about me and Sheila.  
He's after me with the biggest gun ever.  
- It's just a badger game.  
- Just a badger game.  
It serves you right  
for getting mixed up with women.  
Serves me right? You caused it all!  
Don't try to implicate me in your  
sordid affairs. I'm a married man.  
This is serious. You've got  
to help me out of this mess.  
The fella is gonna shoot me.  
- Lf he shoots you, I'll fire Sheila.  
- That'll be a big help.  
Then get a gun  
and shoot right back at him.  
I should call the district attorney.  
Get this theatre mixed up in a scandal?  
No, I'm in trouble enough already.  
- Robert, they're gonna draft you.

- Draft me? How do you know?

I found this. You're to report  
to the Medical Board this afternoon.

- Everything happens to me.

- Drafted. Wow!

- I beg your pardon?

- That's the solution to my problems.

Don't be selfish. I can't run  
this theatre without you. Think of me.  
I've had enough of you, your theatre  
and your schemes.

- Besides, the Army needs me.

- Oh, not as much as I need you.

What makes you so sure  
you can pass that examination?

- How much do you weigh?

- I don't know.

We'll soon find out. We'll get you  
on these scales in here, my boy.

We'll settle this right now.

Just as I thought, five pounds  
underweight. My troubles are over.

- No five pounds are holding me back.

- I'm going with you.

Oh, no, you're not.

- Next man, corporal.

- Yes, sir.

Robert Curtis.

Everything's fine so far.

Now all we have to do is check  
your height and weight.

- Take off your hat.

- I'm sorry, sir, I just had a shampoo.

- Take off your hat!

- Yes, sir.

Stop that jiggling.

I must've caught a chill.

If I could put my hat on.

No hat. Stand still.

Yes. Now? All right.

- Do you think you can you stand still?

- Yes, sir, I'm okay now, doc.

That's funny, I'd have said  
you were five pounds under.

I fool them all, doc.  
All right. Report to Camp Weston.  
You'll leave from Grand Central Station.  
Thanks a lot, doc.  
You say Little Neck, Long Neck,  
Great Neck, Connecticut.  
All I wanna know is when my brother,  
she's arrive.  
I'm sorry, but I don't understand  
what you wanna know.  
He's not so smart.  
- Can you please give me information?  
- Thank goodness you speak English.  
We're going to Camp Weston.  
Would it be better to take a train...  
...and go to Cattaras, or make  
a change and go from there?  
Why, yes, I... What was that again?  
Is it better to take a train to Cattaras,  
or would it be better in the morning?  
I don't understand you.  
I'll put it another way.  
We're going to Camp Weston.  
- You understand that?  
- Yes.  
Is it better to take a train  
and go all the way to Cattaras...  
...or be forced to take  
the midnight special?  
- Shall I repeat that?  
- No, please, don't.  
- Where are you going?  
- I wanna get one of these folders.  
- I'll see you later.  
- How long does it take to Camp Weston?  
Okay, soldier.  
Take a train and go to Cattaras.  
You'll find this fighter force  
and get there on time.  
- How's that again?  
- I said take a train to Cattaras.  
Don't change, find a place in the centre.  
You'll find it a lot sooner.  
Oh, you mean...

In plenty of time.  
No, l... What did you say?  
I said, I thought you said they probably  
have it near Camp Weston...  
...especially on Tuesdays.  
A comedian, huh?  
Farewell, our hero  
Well. Hi, Francis.  
Slave driver sublime  
I don't believe it. Hi, Jerry.  
Don't be like Nero  
And fiddle away your time  
Who, me?  
If ever you're lonely  
Just remember this  
Please do  
You're the best of rookies  
And your sweet cookies  
Are proud of you  
Thank you, thank you  
Why I'm completely floored  
- All aboard.  
- All aboard.  
All aboard  
Goodbye, dear friends of mine  
My dancing troupe divine  
Suzetta, you should be next to Jean  
Janetta, you're not in line  
To go, I hate, but, girls, I've got a date  
I'm shooting the works for Uncle Sam  
No crying, Marge and Myrt  
You need a girdle, Gert  
And promise me please to write, Louise  
And give me the latest dirt  
I'm off, my queens  
To learn some new routines  
I'm shooting the works for Uncle Sam  
North, South, East, West  
All the boys are hep  
To do their darnedest  
To defend Miss Liberty's rep  
Cheer them both, for even though  
They're slightly out of step  
They're shooting the works

They're shooting the works  
Yes, ma'am  
They're shooting the works for Uncle Sam  
Cheer them both, for even though  
They're slightly out of step  
They're shooting the works for Uncle Sam  
Halt!  
All right. All right. Now.  
Who's making patty-cake with the feet?  
- Was it you?  
- Why, sergeant.  
- You?  
- Wasn't me.  
- Were you doing it?  
- Doing what?  
- That.  
- Oh, you mean this?  
Say, you're not bad.  
But don't do it again!  
The supply officer wants  
to see you right away.  
- I'll be right with you.  
- Right.  
Any of you men have  
any experience drilling?  
- I have.  
- March the detail to the drill field.  
Hey, buddy, come here.  
Put this in my tent.  
Right shoulder arms!  
Right face. Forward march.  
Backward march.  
Halt! Right face, forward march.  
Backward march.  
Right turn and face me slowly.  
Left. In the rear right.  
Back. Forward.  
About face.  
Right. Set apart. Left face.  
Forward. Halt!  
Look, do I have to keep telling you  
to go to the right...  
...when I want you to go to the banks?  
Don't counter it. Go.

Forward march.

On the double.

- On the double.

- On the double.

Now you're getting it.

Razzle-dazzle.

Halt!

I thought you said you had  
some experience in drilling.

I did. I used to work  
for the city. Street department.

Back in the ranks!

- What's the matter?

- Can't a guy get some sleep here?

It's that Curtis guy again.

Why don't you go to bed?

Get some sleep.

Quiet!

Hey, Swivel Tongue, you got a match?

I can't find my sleeping pills.

I'll get you a light.

Hey. I borrowed your flashlight.

- I said...

- Oh.

Oh, there they are.

Hey, you can't take those  
without a chaser.

Give me that cup.

I'll get you some water.

Oh, thanks, Swiv.

What's the matter with you?

- Quiet, fellas.

- Why don't you be quiet.

Hi, buddy.

What are you doing there?

I'm just getting some water...

Oh.

Watch.

Thanks, Swiv.

I tripped.

- I brought you back your flashlight.

- What?

- Your face is wet.

- Oh, go away and let me alone.

I was only trying to...

I brought back...

Ow!

Hey! I borrowed your flashlight again.

- What happened?

- I sat on this. It was in my bed.

- "You left town so quickly..."

- Go away, will you? Go on.

Hey, Swiv. Swiv, where are you?

- I don't know. I'm in the dark.

- Quiet!

Come here.

Let's have that light, will you?

"I didn't get to give

this back to you.

Inasmuch as I refused it when

Mr. Cortland tried to give it to me...

...I see no reason

why I should take it from you.

Sheila Winthrop.

P.S. May I compliment

you again on your..."

- Chivalry.

- "Chivalry." Who's Sheila Winthrop?

I didn't realize it before,

but she is a very sweet young lady.

That's the first time I ever heard

of a rabbit giving a carrot back.

I just want to tell you I won't

need your flashlight anymore.

Look here, Swivel Tongue.

If you come near me...

- Quiet!

- You guys be quiet.

It's him. He's making all the noise.

You'll wake everybody up.

One, two, ten.

- I'm a heel. That's what I am, a heel.

- Shut up, you heel!

Ouch! Ouch!

Ouch, ouch! Ouch!

- Ouch! Ouch!

- What's going on here?

- Come on. Get up. Wake up.

- Stop him.

Get up. Wake up.

Come on, come out of it.

So you'll hit me too, will you?

Two days in the guardhouse.

If you ask me, you got off easy.

- But I tell you, I wasn't drinking.

- You gave a good imitation of it.

I was just having a bad dream.

He kept jabbing at me with that  
pitchfork. The last thing I remember...

- There he is again!

- Hey you!

Say. Wait a minute.

- That's for the pitchfork.

- You'll get 10 years for this.

I just wanted to tell you that I'm  
really not Miss Winthrop's brother.

- What happened in New York was a gag.

- That gun was no gag.

- It wasn't loaded.

- I don't like your sense of humour.

You better keep away because  
every time I see you, I'll bop you.

- Do you know who that man is?

- No, and what's more, I don't care.

Okay, buddy, I'm gonna  
let you find out all by yourself.

- Mrs. Barton?

- Yes. I'm looking for my son.

- I'll tell Captain Barton you're here.

- Thank you.

Tom will be so glad to see you.

I hope. He spent his leave convincing  
us to come here instead of Florida.

Don't let her fool you. She could  
hardly wait to get out of New York.

Captain Barton sends his regrets.

He'll be delayed a few minutes.

- Where's the music coming from?

- From the guardhouse, ma'am.

- Thank you.

- Yes, ma'am.

Evening

Creeping down the mountain  
Wakes up Mr. Firefly  
Firefly  
Bullfrog sitting there  
Starts a-croakin' but I don't care  
Since I kissed my baby goodbye  
Baby goodbye  
South wind  
Shakes the whole magnolia  
Moon Man lights the dingy sky  
The dingy sky  
Stars start sprinkling gold on the river  
But still I'm cold  
Since I kissed my baby goodbye  
Since my baby and me  
Parted company  
I can't see what's the diff  
If I live or I die  
Oh, Lord I've taken  
Such a beating in the hood  
Even cheating  
Since I kissed my baby goodbye  
Since my baby and me  
Parted company  
I can't see what's the diff  
If I live or I die  
Say, soldier. You're a beat off.  
- Sheila, what are you doing here?  
- What are you doing there?  
I joined the Army.  
I see.  
From penthouse to guardhouse.  
I got your letter and bracelet.  
- I can't tell you how badly...  
- Do you like it down here?  
- The Army? It's wonderful.  
- No. I mean the guardhouse.  
I'm not a prisoner. I'm inspecting the  
place. It's part of a captain's duty.  
Captain Curtis. How democratic  
of you to wear a private's uniform.  
This is temporary. My tent burned  
and I had to order new uniforms.  
Someday, you're going to tell the

truth, and you'll feel like a new man.

Sheila, how can I see you again?

Keep sitting at that window, and one of these days I might be passing by.

- Where are you staying?

- Fallbrook Farm.

May I call on you?

Yes, indeed, captain. As soon as your new uniforms get here.

Sheila.

But I tell you, borrowing a captain's uniform isn't healthy.

- What's health compared to romance?

- Yeah?

What's romance to a court-martial?

Impersonating an officer is serious.

It's worth the risk. If you'll shut up, I'll figure how he can get a uniform.

Even if he does, it won't fool anyone.

- Curtis knows that.

- Do you think he ought to chance it?

I know the girl ain't gonna be fooled by a uniform.

She will be impressed if Curtis risks trying to show up in one.

Now, all we gotta do is figure out how he can get a uniform and...

- Hey, Curtis.

- How in the world did you get that?

I've got a pull around here.

Besides, nobody was looking.

- Boy, am I worried.

- Wish me luck, boys. I'm on my way.

Just like Don Juan.

Boy, ain't romance beautiful?

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

- I came to see Miss Winthrop.

- I expect her back any moment.

Won't you come in, Captain...?

- Curtis.

- Come in, Captain Curtis.

I was just about to have some tea.

Won't you join me?

- Thank you.  
- I'm sure Sheila won't be long.  
- Won't you sit down?  
- Thank you.  
- Was she expecting you?  
- Well, yes.  
I don't think I've met you before,  
Captain Curtis.  
I just got here.  
I was sent from Washington to make  
a general survey of Army camps.  
How interesting! Sit and tell me about it.  
You were sent from Washington.  
I'm to recommend how to improve  
living conditions for new selectees.  
- Indeed. Sugar?  
- Thank you.  
You see, the enlisted man  
is the backbone of the Army.  
And sometimes officers are not as  
considerate as I think they should be.  
Robert, what in the world...?  
You said call when I got  
my new uniform. Like it?  
- Well, Mother.  
- This is my son, Captain Barton.  
- Did you say "Captain Barton"?  
- Yes. How are you, Captain Curtis?  
Not very well.  
Captain Curtis was sent  
from Washington, dear.  
He's reporting on the relationship  
between enlisted men and officers.  
Is that so?  
That must be the others.  
Will you let them in, Tom?  
I invited some of his friends for tea.  
Will you excuse me?  
- This isn't another gag, is it?  
- I'm afraid it isn't.  
Why didn't you warn me?  
How did I know you'd be silly  
enough to try a thing like this?  
Where's the back door?

Captain Curtis.

I want you to meet my friends,  
Captain Nolan and Captain Williams.

- How do you do?

- You know Miss Winthrop.

- Yes.

- How do you do?

I'm so sorry we're late, Mrs. Barton,  
but somebody stole my coat.

Dreadful. I hope this doesn't give you  
the wrong impression of our camp.

No, not at all. I'm sure the man who  
took it is already suffering for it.

Captain Curtis has been sent from  
Washington. To investigate us.

Is that so? Tell us, captain,  
how do you find conditions here?

Splendid, splendid.

The officers are all fine men.

And very lenient with the selectees,  
I hope.

Have you investigated  
our guardhouses, captain?

Not completely. I expect  
to spend much more time there.

Tell me. What action would  
you recommend in the case...

...of a private stealing  
a captain's coat?

- Well, I wouldn't have him shot.

- You wouldn't?

No, that's much too drastic. Besides,  
it would spoil him for active duty.

What would you recommend?

I'd throw him in the guardhouse until  
he learned. Which wouldn't take long.

- Yes. A perfect recommendation.

- Thank you.

If you gentlemen will excuse me,  
I have an important engagement.

- Goodbye, Mrs. Barton. Thank you.

- I'll take you to the door.

- Do you realize the trouble you're in?

- Who is this Captain Barton?

A friend. Aunt Louise and I  
are visiting his mother.

- How good a friend?

- A very good friend.

But this is no time to discuss that.  
You're in a bad situation.

I certainly am. While I'm in the  
guardhouse, he'll see you every day.

He's a nice young man. I hope  
he gives our camp a good report.

It won't be so bad, if you arrange  
to pass my window every day.

You're saying nice things again.

What's Mr. Cortland up to now?

Cortland hasn't anything to do  
with it. This time, I mean everything.

And this time,

I still don't believe a word of it.

I don't blame you.

Sheila, I'm sorry for everything  
that happened in New York.

How about starting over again  
from there?

Would you do that?

Well, yes. We could try  
if you're sure you'd like to.

I was never so sure of anything  
in my life. Goodbye.

Bye.

Where does the captain wish to go?

To the guardhouse.

And don't call me captain.

- Welcome home, Curtis.

- We were expecting you.

Hi, fellas.

Here, my good man. Take this back to  
the officers' quarters, and let me in.

- You haven't done anything.

- That's what you think.

What are you in for?

We fought a rear guard battle for you  
and got five days.

- Oh, that's a shame.

- How long are you in for?

Brother, I don't know, and I don't care.

I'm a man that's in love.

Yes, sir.

Hey, Curtis. There they are again. Same time every day for the last two weeks.

They're 10 minutes late today, by my watch.

Cheer up, Curtis. I'm getting out in a few months. I'll give her your love.

I wish you'd shut up.

Why don't you wish

for a pardon and a horse?

All right, Curtis. Come on.

- What's up?

- Colonel Shiller wants to see you.

- About what?

- We forgot to ask him.

Ain't that awful? Come on.

Although we've received cooperation from men in your profession...

...this is quite the most generous offer we've had.

It's purely selfish, sir.

I just wanted to feel that I am having a part in this great work that you are doing.

Bringing your show down here certainly proves that.

Our obligation to the boys includes more than just teaching them to march.

Pvt. Curtis reporting to the colonel from the guardhouse.

- Bring him in.

- Yes, sir. Come in.

At ease, Pvt. Curtis.

- I think you know Mr. Cortland.

- Yes.

- Hello, Martin.

- Robert.

Mr. Cortland will bring his entire company from New York to put on a show.

- That's very generous of him, sir.

- Oh, not at all.

Do you think you could forego being a pioneer resident of the guardhouse...

...long enough to assist him?  
- Oh, I'm sure of it, sir.  
So the shock of being away  
from the guardhouse won't be too great...  
...you will continue to spend  
your nights there.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Well, thanks again, Mr. Cortland.  
Thank you, Colonel Shiller.  
Have you arranged your quarters?  
No, I haven't,  
but I'm gonna look around today.  
I have an apartment in town  
you can use.  
Robert, that's very nice. Thank you.  
Inasmuch as Pvt. Curtis won't be using it.  
Good day, colonel.  
That'll be all, Curtis.  
Now, what's your real idea  
in doing this show in camp?  
Why, I'm surprised at you.  
You know I've always wanted  
to do something for the government.  
You'd think I was getting  
something out of this.  
- Only my services for nothing.  
- What do you mean, for nothing?  
The government pays you \$21 a month.  
Where does that money come from?  
The taxpayers. I'm a taxpayer.  
- Let me thank you, Martin.  
- Don't mention it.  
If I didn't hate that guardhouse so much,  
I wouldn't even be talking to you.  
What are they for,  
to keep you from swiping medals?  
Part of my deal with the government.  
They wouldn't let you out  
except under guard.  
Every time you get an idea,  
something happens to me.  
All right. I'm your man.  
The show is on.  
I'll tell you why. Next door lives a little

lady who's going to dance with me.

- Little lady? Who?

- Miss Sheila Winthrop.

Sheila Winthrop? Up here?

Robert, you don't want her.

Why, she's a dangerous character.

She almost broke me up with my wife.

Besides, I promised the part  
to somebody else.

Now it comes out.

I thought I recognized that look  
in your eye. Who is it now?

Well, she's a very nice little item  
named Sonya. A gorgeous creature.

I've given her my word...

Give her a bracelet instead,  
because Sonya isn't dancing in this show.

Robert, my pal...

You promised there'd be  
no more galloping over rooftops.

This is different.

She's a foreigner.

What's different?

A gallop is a gallop in any language.

Hey! This way.

Hey, sergeant, bring me in a house,  
will you? Right here. Put it here.

And I want a tree right here.

That's right.

Let me see, now...

Hey, boys! Bring in the ocean, will you?

That's right. Come on!

- Okay. Sergeant, is Miss Winthrop ready?

- Yes, she's ready.

That Miss Winthrop, she is so beautiful,  
and I hate her so much!

When will Mr. Curtis put me in her place?

Any day, Sonya.

I'm working on a new angle.

A new angle, old angle,  
this angle, that angle.

I want to dance,  
and all you do is "angle" me.

- Now, listen, you trust me, don't you?

- No.

Well, that's ridiculous.

Everybody trusts me.

My dear, I've a feeling you are

So near and yet so far

You appear like a radiant star

First so near

Then again so far

I just start getting you keen on

Clinches galore with me

When fate steps in on the scene

And mops up the floor with me

No wonder I'm a bit under par

For you're so near

And yet so far

My condition is only so-so

'Cause whenever I feel you're close, oh

You turn out to be

Oh, so far

- Sheila, you're wonderful.

- That's because you're a good teacher.

What's wonderful about you

isn't anything I taught you.

What's wonderful about you is you.

That's bracelet talk.

Sure it is, but not the way

you think it is.

That bracelet happens to mean

an awful lot to me. It brought us together.

Well, that's one way of looking at it.

That's the way I look at it.

I bought it from Martin.

You did?

Robert, you're one of the most

charming men I've ever known.

And the most unconvincing.

Oh, Captain Curtis,

are we too late to see the rehearsals?

No, we're starting again

in a few moments.

I'd like to speak to Sheila

if you can spare her.

Yes, sir. Of course.

For a few minutes.

- I have something to tell her.  
- Tom is being transferred to Panama.  
Come on, Sheila.  
I'll tell you all about it.  
Isn't it wonderful? After all these years,  
they're going to be married.  
What?  
- I didn't know a thing about it.  
- He's going to ask her now.  
- Do you think she might say yes?  
- Of course.  
Our family's been planning it for years.  
Don't look so upset, Capt. Curtis.  
They won't be leaving for Panama  
until after your show is over.  
Pardon me, please.  
I have to change my clothes.  
Oh, Robert?  
Wait a minute, please.  
One more chance to save my wife  
from a terrible fate. Sonya's threatening...  
You're wasting your breath.  
Where's that bracelet?  
It's in your apartment, in my suitcase.  
Sonya is... Where are you going?  
To my apartment. Say one more word,  
and I'll throw those bloodhounds at you.  
To the apartment.  
After all I've done for him.  
After all these...  
Hey, I changed the name  
on the bracelet!  
Say, that's fine. I'm a genius!  
I'll bring them together again,  
and your conscience will be clear.  
But I don't worry about my conscience.  
I only worry about my career.  
You let me do the worrying, huh?  
All right. I let you do the worrying,  
but if your plan doesn't work...  
Oh, it will work, believe me.  
I wouldn't be mixed up in a thing like this.  
It's pretty low, you know.  
But it's a national emergency, my dear.

Well, Sheila?

- Aunt Louise, Tom proposed to me.

- Yes.

And out of the clear sky,

I realized I was in love with Robert.

Did you tell Tom?

Not yet. Tom asked me not to give him my answer until tonight.

What an eventful day this is.

When did Robert ask you to marry him?

He hasn't yet...

...but I think he will.

I suspected something like that.

I've been married three times.

- Four.

- That's right.

I keep forgetting poor Mr. Trapscott.

How do you do?

You seem familiar with Army regulations.

What happens to a private

who goes AWOL?

- Well, it depends. Why?

- I'm afraid Robert's in quite a jam.

He's in his apartment in town,

and Col. Shiller is due in half an hour.

- Why don't you phone?

- I have. He doesn't answer.

If anything happens to that boy,

I'll never forgive myself.

I'll go get him. My car's right outside.

- It won't be too much trouble?

- Not at all.

There's something

I want to talk over with him.

You've taken the load off my mind.

- See you later.

- Bye, dear.

- Will you pardon me, please?

- All right.

Martin, aren't you ashamed?

Martin, aren't you ashamed?

Can you forget those gophers

long enough to do me a favour?

Sure. What's up?

Listen, I've got to go AWOL long enough to get a wedding license.

I've got to convince her I'm on the level when I propose.

- Miss Winthrop?

- Yeah.

I want you to keep those guards so busy they won't miss me for an hour or so.

By the time you change your clothes, we'll have everything under control.

Okay, fellas. So long, fellas.

Hi, soldier.

Hey, fellas, did a hat go by here?

Hey, Kewpie! Kewpie!

Where are you? Kewpie!

I got him.

Kewpie! Here it is.

Boy, are we lucky! If he'd got away, goodbye, Camp Weston.

- What's going on?

- We got a spy under there.

- A what?

- It's a foreign pigeon from Europe.

- What'll you do?

- We gotta get the major.

Keep your eyes on it.

Don't let it get away!

Wait a minute.

How can a pigeon be a spy?

They train them.

They import a trainer from the Army.

It's got a camera tied to its leg.

We caught it taking pictures of the camp.

- Well, I'm a son of a gun.

- Hey! Don't do that.

If that bird ever... You'd both be shot.

Don't let that pigeon get away from you, soldier. Come on, Swivel.

- What's going on here?

- Something's under the hat.

- What is it, boys?

- It's a spy.

- In the hat.

- In whose hat? Are you crazy?

It's a pigeon spy. European.  
It's a spy, all right.  
He's got a camera strapped to his leg.  
Whoever heard of a pigeon  
that could operate a camera?  
The son of a gun bit me!  
Oh, Mr. Curtis. You frightened me!  
What do you think you did to me?  
What are you doing here?  
This happens to be my apartment.  
I'm sorry. I didn't know.  
Mr. Cortland told me I could use it.  
Well, now, that's mighty chummy  
all around, isn't it?  
My, this is terrible!  
What would people think?  
Take it easy, my innocent little friend.  
I'll be out of here in one minute.  
Tell Mr. Cortland the next time he passes  
out apartments that don't belong to him...  
The bloodhounds.  
Robert, are you there?  
Why, Sheila!  
Imagine you standing there.  
Why, yes, it's Sheila.  
You might let me in.  
I'm not selling anything.  
Sure, sure. Come in.  
- Well, Sheila, how are you?  
- I'm fine, but you're in trouble.  
- What trouble did you hear about?  
- You're AWOL. They're looking for you.  
As trouble goes, that's nothing.  
If you go back to the guardhouse,  
that's a lot of trouble to me.  
Sheila, that's sweet.  
Come on, I'll drive you back in my car.  
That must be the boys.  
Better let me handle this.  
Hello, Miss Winthrop.  
Is Pvt. Curtis in there?  
I thought he was in the Army.  
He'll be in the Army plenty  
when we nab him.

Well, there's no hurry.

We'll wait around a while.

- Is there a back way out?

- Back way?

This is a second floor apartment.

Oh, wait!

There's a fire escape  
outside the bedroom window.

- Hold it! We can't go in there.

- Why not?

Well, you see, that's my bedroom.

Don't be coy.

Well, I mean, there's work  
going on in there.

There's a plumber.

- What difference does that make?

- What difference?

- There you are.

- He's just fixing the shower. Come on.

Charming, wasn't it?

- You mean, that little...

- That dainty little garment. Yes.

What the well-dressed plumber  
is wearing, I guess.

It takes all kinds of plumbers  
to make a world.

It was simply adorable.

I'd love to know where he bought it.

No, I wouldn't do that. You don't know  
how some people feel about those things.

Plumber?

His voice is changing.

Sonya, come out of there.

Tell Miss Winthrop  
exactly what happened.

- Shall I tell her everything?

- Yes. What do you mean, everything?

- Don't you believe it, Sheila.

- I don't.

Sonya is trying too hard.

- Sheila, you're wonderful.

- I'm surprised, Sonya.

- This is the oldest game in the world.

- You think so?

If I were you,  
I'd stick to plumbing exclusively.  
A plumber? Aren't you silly?  
Why didn't you tell me the truth?  
How did I know you were  
one girl in 50 million?  
Let this be a lesson to you.  
Let's get down this fire escape.  
By the way, what did you come  
to your apartment for?  
- It was a surprise, Sheila.  
- For whom?  
- You.  
- Tell me.  
- No, I'd rather wait until after the show.  
- Now that I know...  
No. I'll tell you later.  
Come on. Let's go.  
That's it, isn't it?  
I'm gonna feel awful about this.  
You shouldn't have done that.  
No.  
Especially since  
it's for "dear, sweet Sonya."  
What is?  
I can see why you wanted  
to save the surprise.  
- Holy smoke! Something's happened here.  
- So it seems.  
- But I bought this bracelet from Martin...  
- Certainly.  
And after he sold it, he went  
to all that trouble, just for the fun of it.  
You know Martin's apt to do anything.  
"One woman in 50 million" can  
certainly be simple-minded at times.  
There's a perfect explanation.  
Write it to me. A letter will reach me  
in Panama in about a week.  
What's Panama got to do with this?  
I'll be there with Capt. Barton.  
We're leaving in a few days,  
right after the marriage.  
- You've got this all wrong.

- The guards.  
Would you please get me  
Mrs. Martin Cortland, Adirondack 5636.  
Thank you. I'll hold on.  
- See you at rehearsal.  
- Sure thing, baby. You said it.  
Now, that's sensible.  
Martin will be very happy.  
Oh, he'll be tickled pink.  
Everybody will be happy.  
- Goodbye.  
- Goodbye.  
Hello? Hello? Julia?  
This is Robert.  
Yeah. Julia, Martin and I  
are putting on a show at camp.  
Well, hello, boys.  
I've been looking for you. Sit down.  
Julia, what I called to say is,  
it looks like very stormy weather up here.  
Do tell.  
It's a tornado, honey. A hurricane.  
In fact, the blow is so hard,  
it lifts you right off your feet.  
Goodbye. I have to go now.  
To the guardhouse, boys.  
Sonya's gonna be very good  
in this show.  
- I don't think we'll miss Sheila at all.  
- I don't think so.  
Is she really going off to Panama  
with that Barton fella?  
So I've heard.  
Too bad. It's your own fault.  
You will play around.  
I'm just a dirty dog.  
Live and learn, I always say.  
Live and learn.  
Robert, do me a favour, will you?  
Look back and tell me, is that Julia?  
I wouldn't be surprised.  
Did you have anything to do with this,  
you despicable, sordid...?  
- Julia, why, this is a delightful surprise!

- Hello, Martin dear.

- Hello, Robert.

- Hello, Julia.

You'd think you'd telegraph  
and warn a person.

Not that I'm not tickled to death  
to see you.

- You look delirious.

- He's missed you terribly, Julia.

He's been pining his heart away. He  
rushed into town to buy you something.

A lovely little trinket,  
right there in his pocket.

Something to scratch with, no doubt.

Well...

"For my dear, sweet Sonya."

Listen, Julia,  
there's been a hideous mistake.

Oh, Sonya, would you  
come here a moment, please?

- I can explain everything.

- Better make it a good one.

It's Robert. I'm using his apartment  
and last night, he said:

"Martin, bring me the bracelet  
I bought for Sonya."

Look at it. It's the same one  
he bought for Sheila.

He broke Sheila's heart playing around  
with Sonya, and she gave it back.

And then the cad had the name changed  
on the very same bracelet.

Boy, that was a pip.

Take back your filthy bauble, sir.

And in the future, do not make me  
a party to your low intrigues.

- Yes, Mr. Curtis.

- This little present is for you, Sonya.

Oh, how wonderful!

"For my dear, sweet Sonya."

- Oh, Martin! I love you, darling!

- Stop it! Stop it!

- What is the meaning of this?

- Sonya, this is Mrs. Cortland.

- Mrs. Cortland?

- Yes, my wife.

The woman I treasure.

Sonya, didn't you say something  
about having possibly to leave the show?

Why, yes. There's my sick uncle  
and my sick cousin and...

- And something might happen to you too.

- Yes.

Well, I'm happy to have met you,

Mrs. Cortland.

There goes your gal.

Boys, back to the guardhouse.

Let's go.

What do you mean?

What about the show?

Show? Without a leading lady?

Ready, boys?

Wait! There's Sheila. Get her back.

She's going to Panama. However...

...if you tried explaining what happened in  
my apartment with "dear, sweet Sonya"...

- I don't know what you're talking about.

- That's what I thought.

Boys, it's my right to serve my sentence.

Take me back to the guardhouse.

- Okay, soldier, let's go.

- Robert, my...

Now, Martin, my pet...

...I'm going to get to the bottom

of this Sonya matter if it's the last...

Julia, I'm as innocent as a newborn babe,  
or a little older, perhaps.

Hey, Kewpie, Swivel Tongue,

where do you think I'm going?

- Again?

- What happened?

- Oh, nothing. Show's off, that's all.

- Off? How come?

Miss Winthrop decided

to go to Panama instead.

Now, I ask you,

disappointing all those poor soldiers...

...is that fair of Miss Winthrop?

- It's a crime.

That's what I think. Understand?

Do you understand?

Well, what are we waiting on?

So you see,

she walks right out on the show.

Yeah. They promised us a big shindig,  
and it's off!

- How do you like that?

- How did she get that way?

These two fellas tell me  
there's no show.

What are we, soldiers or mice?

- This Winthrop gal picks up and walks.

- What's the idea? She can't do that.

I'm sorry, but if Uncle Sam  
were to walk in here and ask me...

...to go back into that show, I'd...

We're all packed and ready to leave  
on our honeymoon, sir.

What's so important about a honeymoon?

When you've been married 25 years,  
as I have, you'll look back and wonder...

But never mind that.

One more word from you,  
and I'll be forced to have you disciplined.

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

Now, here's a problem for that charming  
Captain Curtis to handle.

I have a funny hunch  
he's working on it.

- Miss Winthrop...

- You're wasting time, colonel.

You hear that? The whole  
blooming Army is calling for you.

And I might say, that includes myself.

- Sheila's changed her mind.

- The show's on!

- Well, what a pleasant surprise.

- Come on, let's get going.

Yes, sir, just one second.

I got a little business about the show.

I put a big military wedding number  
in this show for a purpose.

With Sheila and I  
as bride and groom, see?  
What I had in mind was...  
...suppose you fellas got a real justice  
of the peace to play that part?  
That would save Miss Winthrop  
that little trip to Panama.  
See what I mean?  
- Yeah.  
- Sure.  
All right. Get to work, and no slip-ups.  
See you in the auditorium.  
All right, kids. Let's go.  
- Yes?  
- It's going fine, don't you think?  
One more number and it's over,  
and that'll be even finer.  
You're going to be the loveliest bride  
anybody ever saw.  
If you recall, the Army said,  
"Just dance with him.  
You don't have to talk to him."  
Oh, here comes the bride, no less  
It's hot stuff, that fluffy dress  
I must admit, though she's lit  
She looks a bit sweet  
No wonder her Romeo  
Begins shouting hi-de- ho  
As his bride starts to stride  
To a boogie beat  
There's a big increase in marriages  
Due to a tune, they say  
The wedding cak e walk  
Is the roundelay  
When newlyweds in fancy carriages  
Leave the reception gay  
The wedding cak e walk  
Sends them on their way  
Pasty choirs in tasty churches  
Give it all they got  
Prudish old preachers on their perches  
Say, "Amen, it's hot"  
All those bridal suites at Claridge's  
Have radios that play

The wedding cake walk  
Night and day  
If any person can show cause why  
they may not lawfully be joined together...  
...let him now speak,  
or forever hold his peace.  
Do you take this woman  
to be your lawful wedded wife?  
I do.  
Do you take this man  
to be your lawful wedded husband?  
I do.  
In accordance with the authority vested  
in me, I now pronounce you man and wife.  
Will you stop,  
the show is over.  
The real show has just started,  
Mrs. Curtis.  
Mrs. What?  
Ladies and gentlemen... Just in time,  
Capt. Barton and my dear friend, Martin.  
Listen, everybody,  
Sheila and I are man and wife.  
Yes, the man who performed the wedding  
ceremony was a real justice of the peace.  
You are, without a doubt, the...  
Let go of me.  
I believe Curtis was to be returned  
to the guardhouse right after the show.  
Come on, Curtis.  
I'll have this annulled,  
then have him arrested.  
Think it over, darling.  
A husband in jail is no use at all.  
- You and your show!  
- Listen, now that you're married...  
...I can't let Robert  
be tortured like this...  
...so I've got to tell you,  
I changed the name on the bracelet.  
I framed the thing up in his apartment,  
so that I could get Sonya into the show.  
I'd have told you this before,  
but that old G-woman of mine...

Oh, you darling!  
I wonder if they have daylight saving  
around here?  
Hurry up, Swivel.  
Curtis has to have a honeymoon.  
He should've started digging  
from the guardhouse.  
Oh, shut up and dig.  
Mrs. Curtis calling on her husband.  
The last I heard, the Curtises  
don't live here anymore.  
They broke up, I heard.  
I heard she might be  
coming back to him.  
You did?  
But it's rather awkward  
with the bridegroom behind bars.  
Awkward? It's awful.  
I could pitch a tent out here,  
and we could look at each other.  
Curtis.  
On recommendation of Captain Barton,  
I'm releasing you for your honeymoon.  
Colonel, you're a sweetheart.  
Oh, sorry, sir. Yes, sir.  
Thank you, sir. Yes, sir. Thank you.  
Curtis? Curtis?  
I guess we're lost.  
It's pretty foggy tonight.  
Yes. You see, we had a date with...  
we're going to China...