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Arsenic and Old Lace

By Julius J. Epstein

I'll knock your block off, you big stiff!
You're a bum!
Strike! You're out!
Elmer, here it is.
-I knew you'd find it.
-Boy, I could sure use a drink.
I wonder if any big shots
are getting married today?
Looks like the same suckers
get married every day.
Come on.
Hey, the guy with the cheaters.
Now what's he hiding from?
-Hey, isn't that Mortimer Brewster?
-Mortimer Brewster, the dramatic critic?
No, it's not him. But what a scoop it'd be!
The guy who wrote The Bachelor's Bible
getting hooked. It's too good to be true.
Let's snap the mayor
in his new fire helmet and go.
Let's stick around, see who the guy is.
"Two by two they come and go"
Good morning, children.
Your name, please?
-Elaine Harper.
-Speak a little louder.
Elaine Harper.
Thank you. Yours?
-Mortimer Brewster.
-How's that?
Mortimer Brewster.
Speak up, sonny.
There's nothing to be afraid of.
I want to keep this undercover.
Love her? Of course you love her.
You're marrying her, right?
You don't understand. Come here.
I don't want this to get out for a while.
I'm Mortimer Brewster.
You're who?
Mortimer Brew--
That's him!
Mr. Brewster!
Now, look--

Goodbye, dear.
Don't you understand?
How can I marry you?
Me, the symbol of bachelorhood.
I've sneered at every love scene.
I've written four million words
against marriage!
Not only hooked, but to a minister's
daughter, and a girl from Brooklyn.
Look at the way you look!
What is that contraption you've got there?
A pin I borrowed from your aunts.
You know, "Something borrowed--"
I know, "Something borrowed,
something blue." Old, new.
Rice and old shoes.
Carry you over the threshold.
Niagara Falls. All that silly tripe.
Is this what I've come to?
I can't go through with it.
I won't marry you. That's that.
-Yes, Mortimer.
-What do you mean, "Yes, Mortimer"?
Aren't you insulted?
Aren't you going to cry?
-No, Mortimer.
-And don't "No, Mortimer" me, either!
Marriage is a superstition.
It's old-fashioned. It's....
O'Hara, don't be a jerk. You don't realize...
...I'm turning over to you
the nicest, best beat in Brooklyn.
Now look at that old church.
And them old houses.
Did George Washington ever sleep here?
Of course he did. This whole neighborhood
just stinks with atmosphere.
-And look at that old house.
-The original owners still there?
Don't crack wise
about the Brewster sisters.
They're two of the dearest, sweetest
old ladies that ever walked the earth.
They're out of this world.

They're like pressed rose leaves.
Pressed rose leaves?
The old girls must be kind of hard up.
Their old man left them fixed for life.
Don't you call them "the girls," either.
Brophy. Is Lieutenant around?
So what are they renting rooms for?
They don't. But you can bet
if anybody came looking for a room...
...they wouldn't go away
without a good meal and a couple of bucks.
That's their way of digging up people
to do good to.
Reverend Harper, I do hope
you don't disapprove of Mortimer...
...because he's a dramatic critic
and takes your daughter to the theater.
It's not that I disapprove
of his being a critic...
...but no man with this published attitude...
...should take any man's daughter
anyplace, at any time.
I must be catching cold.
No, dear. It was Reverend Harper
who sneezed. Bless you.
We mustn't be angry with Mortimer.
He's so very much in love with her.
Sister Martha and I are so happy.
He used to come to see us
only occasionally, and now...
...he's in Brooklyn six nights a week.
Remember now, watch your language.
You know I'm not a swearing man.
You'd be surprised
what they'd consider swearing.
Will you excuse me?
No, no, Teddy, dear. Thank you. I'll go.
-Come right in, Mr. Brophy.
-Miss Abby, we came for the toys.
This is Officer O'Hara.
He's taking over my beat.
-How do you do, miss?
-Welcome to our neighborhood.
Gentlemen, what news

have you brought me?
Colonel, we have nothing to report.
No, absolutely nothing to report.
Splendid!
Thank you, gentlemen. At ease.
You know the Reverend Dr. Harper
from the church next door?
Hello. This is Officer O'Hara,
the new man on the beat.
How do you do, sir? It's nice to meet you.
The toys are on the chair up here,
by the library door.
Teddy, run upstairs and bring down your
Army and Navy from Aunt Martha's room.
They're all packed.
That's splendid work you men do, fixing up
discarded toys for the kids at camp.
Charge!
It gives us something to do at the station.
You get tired of playing cards.
-So these are the toys?
-How's Mrs. Brophy?
She's better, thank you.
But a little weak, still.
I'll get some beef broth
for you to take to her.
Please don't bother.
You've done so much already.
Stop the nonsense! I won't be a minute.
Gentlemen, if I know what pure kindness
and absolute generosity are...
...it's because I've known
the Brewster sisters.
Teddy, you promised me
you wouldn't do that anymore.
But I have to call a Cabinet meeting
to get those supplies.
Now don't do that again. Do you hear me?
He used to do that at night...
...and the neighbors raised Cain.
They're afraid of him.
Look, Sarge, I promised I wouldn't swear,
but what the heck--
What's going on here?

-He's quite harmless.
-He thinks he's Teddy Roosevelt.
There's a lot of worse guys
he could think he was.
That's right.
I'll make a note.
He's an interesting character.
Isn't it a shame, Father....
Isn't it a shame, Reverend, that this nice
family should be hatching a cuckoo?
Well, now, isn't this nice!
-Good afternoon, Miss Brewster.
-How do you do?
-Good afternoon.
-Reverend, how do you do?
Miss Martha, Officer O'Hara.
He's taking over my duties.
How do you do?
-I'm very glad to know you.
-Thank you.
Martha, you're back.
Here's the broth for Mrs. Brophy.
Be sure it's good and hot.
You bet I will, and thank you very much.
The Army and Navy are ready for action.
Colonel, this is grand.
It'll make a lot of kids happy.
What's this? The Oregon?
Teddy, dear, put it back.
-But the Oregon goes to Australia.
-Now, Teddy....
No, it goes to Australia.
-These are lovely. Thank you.
-Not at all.
-The children will go crazy.
-Don't mention it.
So long, Colonel.
Hey, Sarge.
Yes.
Dismissed!
-Goodbye and thank you.
-Don't mention it.
-Careful of the step with the toys.
-Good night.

Young man, let that be a lesson to you.

Goodbye.

-Well, I must be going.

-Charge!

Charge the blockhouse!

Blockhouse?

The stairs are always San Juan Hill.

Bless you!

Have you tried to persuade him

he wasn't Roosevelt?

-Oh, no!

-He's so happy being Teddy Roosevelt.

Do you remember, Martha?

Once, a long time ago,

we thought if he'd be George Washington...

...it might be a change for him,

and we suggested it.

And do you know what happened?

He just stayed under his bed for days

and wouldn't be anybody.

Well, if he's happy, and what's

more important, you're happy....

Our only worry for Teddy

is after we're gone.

Yes, indeed. That is quite a problem.

Mortimer's made all the arrangements

for Teddy...

...to go to Happy Dale Sanitarium

after we pass on.

Splendid idea! A very pleasant place.

Dear, sweet Reverend Harper.

You know, Martha,

I do believe he's beginning to see the light.

I'm sure we needn't worry about him.

He won't interfere with our plans

for Mortimer and Elaine.

Did you just have tea?

Yes.

And dinner's going to be late, too.

So, why?

Good news for you.

You're going to Panama

and dig another lock for the canal.

Delighted!

That's bully! Just bully!
I shall prepare at once for the journey.
Charge!
Abby! While I was out?
Yes, dear. I just couldn't wait for you.
I didn't know when you'd be back,
and Reverend Harper was coming.
-But all by yourself.
-I got along fine.
-I'll run right downstairs and see.
-No, dear.
There wasn't time. And I was all alone.
Well?
Just look in the windowseat.
-It's Elaine!
-Hello, darlings.
-But, Elaine!
-What did she mean?
You don't suppose they've gone and--
Listen, buddy.
-This old cab has seen osculation but....
-You ain't seen anything yet.
-You've got to drive us to the station.
-Take her hat.
Wait a minute. And her brooch.
If you find her hairpins, keep them.
Hold on to that.
There they are.
Here's your hat.
Just throw it.
I don't like that look in your eyes.
-What's the matter with it?
-Father preached about it only last Sunday.
He did? What did he say?
-He was against it.
-But that was only Sunday.
Please! For heaven's sake!
But, Mortimer, right out here
with everyone looking?
Yes, right out here with everyone looking.
Let everyone in Brooklyn over 16 look.
But, Mortimer, you're going to love me
for my mind, too?
One thing at a time.

There's that look again!
"There's that look again, Mortimer! "
You better get used to it.
You'll see it often. It goes just before this.
You know what we're doing?
Wasting time.
I'll go tell my aunts and you tell your....
No, don't tell your father.
You'll run his cold into a pneumonia.
I can handle Father. He's a dear.
Look, why don't we wire him
from Niagara Falls?
Niagara Falls?
That's why you stopped at your office.
Yes, certainly!
We're going to go the whole hog.
Niagara Falls!
Everybody ought to go there.
You should've seen my secretary's face.
We've a room on the train,
the bridal suite in the hotel...
...and tomorrow morning
we go over the falls in a barrel.
Go on, darling, hurry and pack.
I don't have to.
I started packing the day after I met you.
There, you see! You see?
That's what I mean.
That's what I hate about women.
I wonder what Mary's doing now?
-The train leaves in an hour, hurry.
-It'll be a few minutes.
-Father may want to pray over me.
-Whistle when you're ready.
When you whistle, open the front door fast.
If you see a tall, dark streak of light,
it's me.
What? Now?
No, not now!
Look surprised when he tells us.
Hold on to your bustles.
We're married. Elaine and I are married.
Oh, darling, how wonderful!
Isn't it wonderful? They're married!

Don't pretend to be so surprised either,
you two old frauds.

-Can I use the telephone?

-Of course.

Isn't it too, too wonderful?

And to think that it happened
right here in this room!

Now, here.

Benson's Florists?

This is Mortimer Brewster.

Did you send those roses
to Mrs. Brewster? Good.

Send four dozen more to drawing room A,
Grand Central Station.

Hurry. And throw in a flock
of orange blossoms.

But before you go,
we can have our celebration.

I'll open a bottle of wine and we'll sing.

And we'll invite a few neighbors in.

-And, of course, a wedding cake.

-You won't have time to bake a cake.

We're going to Niagara Falls.

A taxi's waiting.

It's all ready. It's been ready since--

I bet it's been ready
since the first day I met her.

Did everybody know

I was getting married, except me?

We knew you'd find out about it in time.

I've got the two nicest aunts in the world.

Of course, you've got
the nicest nephew in the world, too.

Well, I'll run along
and get everything ready.

Oh, dear. I do hope the Reverend
isn't too angry.

You know how your books upset him.

I'm going to burn all my books.

I'll let the Reverend light the first match.

Did I leave some notes here
for my new book?

You mean Mind Over Matrimony?

Where are they?

-I hid them someplace--

-Come along.

Now you behave.

Let's find them before Elaine sees them.

Hello, Mortimer!

-How are you, Mr. President?

-Bully, thank you. Just bully.

-What news have you brought me?

-The country's squarely behind you.

Yes, I know. Isn't it wonderful?

Well, goodbye. I'm off to Panama.

Goodbye, Mr. President.

A new lock for the canal, you know.

"Oh, tell the news to Mother"

-Oh, dear.

-Find those notes? What's wrong?

There's a baby picture
of your brother Jonathan.

You ought to put that in the fire
with my books. My, what a face!

I remember now.

He'd scare grownups with it.

Just the thought of Jonathan frightens me.

Do you remember how he used to cut
worms in two with his teeth?

Jonathan? He's probably in prison
or hanged or something by now.

I saw a play, had a character in it,
reminded me of Jonathan.

Really?

A honey of a lunatic. One of those
whodunits called Murder Will Out.

Oh, dear!

Yeah, what a play.

When the curtain goes up,
the first thing you see is a dead body.

The next thing--

Hey, mister.

-Happy bridegroom!

-Congratulations, darling!

Never mind that now.

Now, listen, darlings.

You know how we've always planned
to send Teddy to Happy Dale?

Yes, dear. That's after we're gone.

Yes, we talked with Reverend Harper about it.

Teddy's got to go to Happy Dale now.

At once!

-He's in the cellar. Get him up here now.

-There's no such hurry as that.

When Teddy's working on the canal, you can't get his mind on anything else.

Well, look, darlings.

I'm frightfully sorry,

but I've got an awful shock for you.

Teddy's killed a man, darlings!

Nonsense!

There's a body in the windowseat!

Yes, dear. We know.

-You know?

-Of course.

Yes, but it has nothing to do with Teddy.

Now, Mortimer. You just forget about it.

Forget you ever saw the gentleman.

Forget?

We never dreamed you'd peek.

What the....

Who is he?

He's a Mr. Hoskins. Adam Hoskins.

That's really all I know about him, except that he's a Methodist.

He's a Methodist? Isn't that nice.

That's all you know?

What's he doing here?

-What happened to him?

-He died.

Aunt Martha, men just don't get into windowseats and die.

No, dear. He died first.

Wait! Stop all this.

Now look, how did he die?

Mortimer, don't be so inquisitive.

The gentleman died because he drank some wine with poison in it.

How did the poison get in the wine?

We put it in wine

because it's less noticeable.

When it's in tea, it has a distinct odor.
You mean you....
You put it in the wine?
Yes. And I put Mr. Hoskins
in the windowseat...
...because Reverend Harper was coming.
Look at me, darling.
You knew what you'd done and didn't want
Reverend Harper to see the body?
Well, not at tea.
That wouldn't have been very nice.
It's first-degree.
Now, Mortimer, you know all about it
and just forget about it.
I do think that Martha and I have the right
to our own little secrets.
Abby, while I was out I dropped in
on Mrs. Schultz. She's much better.
But she wants us to take Junior
to the movies again.
We must do that, tomorrow or next day.
Yes, but this time we'll go
where we want to go.
Junior's not going to drag me
into another one of those scary pictures.
They ought not to be allowed
to make pictures just to frighten people.
Operator?
Can you hear my voice?
You can?
Are you sure?
Then I must be here.
The dears. Isn't Halloween
a wonderful time for them?
Yes, it is. They have so much fun.
Now, Mortimer, don't be so impatient.
-We'll let you lick the bowl.
-Lick the bowl?
I don't want to.
I want to know what we're going to do!
We're going to celebrate.
Celebrate? There's a body
in the windowseat!
Yes, dear. Mr. Hoskins.

I know what his name is. I want to know what we're going to do.

-We can't turn you over to the police.

-Stop worrying about it.

We told you to forget the whole thing.

Forget? Can't I make you realize that something has to be done?

Now, Mortimer, you behave.

You're too old

to be flying off the handle like this.

-But Mr. Hodgekiss--

-Hoskins, dear.

Whatever his name is, you can't leave him in there.

We don't intend to, dear.

Teddy's down in the cellar now, digging the lock.

You're going to bury

Mr. Hodgekiss in the cellar?

Yes, dear.

That's what we did with the others.

Look, here, Aunt Martha. You can't....

-Others?

-The other gentlemen.

When you say "others,"

do you mean "others"?

-More than one "others"?

-Yes, dear.

Let me see now. This is 1 1, isn't it, Abby?

No, dear. This makes 12.

Abby, dear, I think you're wrong.

This one is only 1 1 .

No, dear, because I remember

when Mr. Hoskins first came in...

...it occurred to me

that he'd make just an even dozen.

But, Abby, dear, I really don't think you should count the first one.

I was counting the first one, and that makes it 12.

It does?

Well, she's probably right. Abby usually is.

I get them mixed up sometimes.

Makes it 12.

Hello.
Whatever is the matter
with Mortimer today?
Why, Abby,
what do you think happened to him?
Hello?
Not now. For heaven's sake,
keep your shirt on!
Elaine, I didn't mean--
Now, let's see. Where were we?
Twelve. Twelve!
Yes, dear.
Abby thinks we should count the first one.
Never mind about that. Just sit down.
Tell me, who was the first one?
Mr. Midgely. He was a Baptist.
He was such a lonely, old gentleman.
All his kith and kin were dead.
We felt so sorry for him.
And then, when his heart attack came...
...and he sat there dead in that chair...
...looking so peaceful. Remember, Martha?
We made up our minds, then and there...
...that if we could help
other lonely, old men...
...to find that same peace...
...we would.
Why, you poor....
You mean, he dropped dead
right in this chair?
And then, you see,
Teddy came up from digging in Panama...
...and he thought Mr. Midgely
was a yellow-fever victim.
And that meant
he had to be buried immediately.
So, we all took him down to Panama...
...and put him in the lock
and gave him a decent Christian burial.
There, now you see? That's why
we told you not to bother about it...
...because we know exactly
what's to be done.
Wait a minute!

Come here, darling.
What about the others?
All 12 of them didn't walk in here
and drop dead.
No, dear. Of course not!
Well, so....
-Mortimer.
-What?
Do you remember those jars of poison
on the shelves...
...in Grandfather's laboratory
all these years?
You know your Aunt Martha's knack
for mixing things.
You've eaten enough of her piccalilli.
Well, dear, for a gallon of elderberry wine...
...I take one teaspoonful of arsenic...
...then add half a teaspoonful of strychnine.
And then, just a pinch of cyanide.
Should have quite a kick.
As a matter of fact,
one of our gentlemen found time to say:
"How delicious! "
He did? Well, wasn't that nice of him?
Abby, we mustn't be standing here
gossiping all night.
We must get that cake frosted.
Don't worry about the cake.
I couldn't eat a thing.
You newlyweds! A sip of wine
will give you an appetite.
That'd be nice, darling, a sip of....
A sip of wine!
Wine!
I'm beginning to think the cat's in on this.
He's wonderful. Happy as a lark.
Singing away, digging locks.
Got him working on a yellow-fever victim.
I can see the headlines now:
"Murder Incorporator Rides Again"
right across the front page.
Let me see....
Teddy! Of course.
Everybody knows he's crazy.

Let me see. Who can I call up?
Dewey, La Guardia, Winchell?
No, Winchell's no good.
Old Judge Cullman!
I wonder if I got his number.
What am I doing with tickets?
Information.
Information?
Get me the number of Judge Cullman
on North Shore Road, Brooklyn.
Yeah, would you call me back?
Wouldn't it be marvelous
if he wasn't there?
Hey, you!
Thought you were tall, dark streak of light.
What are you doing here?
What am I doing here?
Didn't you hear me whistle?
Whistle? Oh, yes.
I heard you whistle.
-How do I look?
-You look fine.
-Run on home. I'll call you up tomorrow.
-Tomorrow?
You know I always call you up
every day or two.
You and your gags! Where's your hat?
The bags are in the taxi.
-Come on!
-I'm so sorry. Something's happened.
What'd you do, lose your nerve?
Where's that look
I was going to see so often?
Stop! Don't whistle in my ear, please.
What's wrong? Look at your hair.
What color is it? Has it turned?
Darling, what's the matter?
What happened?
Those flowers are so beautiful.
If I could only tell you, Elaine.
You smell so nice.
You better go home!
-But, darling, we were married today.
-Go to bed, get some rest!

Rest?

Who? Judge Cullman?

This is Mortimer Brewster. I'll tell you why I called you. It's about Teddy.

I've got to come over and see you right away.

It won't wait until tomorrow, Judge.

It's very, very important.

We've got to do something immediately.

But it's a matter of life and.... Elaine!

Will you get out of here?

What on earth is going on here?

I don't know where I stand!

-Anywhere, but don't stand there!

-But Niagara Falls!

-If it does, we'll let it!

-Wait a minute! Listen.

You can't marry me

and then throw me out!

I'm not throwing you out of the house!

Will you get out of here?

I'm sorry, Judge. A thing happened.

Judge, about Teddy, he's--

It's his bugle blowing.

The police want to throw

him into a state institution.

How do you like that?

-I read an ad here about a room to rent.

-Shut up!

If you sign the papers and Teddy commits himself, we can get him to Happy Dale.

It's a wonderful place.

You will?

Fine! I'll be over

as soon as I've made another call.

Doorbell's ringing, dear.

How do you do? Come in.

I understand you've got a room to rent.

Do step in.

-Are you the lady of the house?

-Yes, I'm Miss Brewster.

Operator? Give me long distance, please.

And this is my sister.

Another Miss Brewster.

-My name's Gibbs.
-Well, do sit down.
I'm sorry,
we're just setting the table for dinner.
Now, this would be
a nice comfortable chair.
Long distance? I want the Happy Dale
Sanitarium, Happy Dale, New York.
-Is Brooklyn your home?
-I live in a hotel. Don't like it.
Are your family Brooklyn people?
-Haven't got any family.
-All alone in the world?
-Well, Martha....
-No, Happy Dale.
Well, you've come to just the right house.
-Do sit down.
-Dale.
"D" Iike in "dig," when you dig a lock.
That's right.
"A" Iike in "arsenic." Got that?
Is there always this much noise?
He doesn't live with us.
I can see the headlines now. Please.
I'd like to see the room.
I don't think I'll like it.
The room's upstairs.
Won't you try a glass of our wine
before we start up?
Never touch it.
Well, we make this ourselves.
It's elderberry wine.
Elderberry?
I haven't tasted elderberry wine
since I was a boy.
-Thank you.
-Operator!
I don't want the Happy Dale Laundry!
I want the Happy Dale Sanitarium!
Sanitarium! Sanitarium!
Yes, like a broken record!
-Have your own elderberry bushes?
-No, but the cemetery's full of them.
Well, skoal.

Hello, operator! What's taking so long?
It's only across the river!
I could swim it faster!
Yes!
Hello! Hell--
What--
What, they're busy?
Busy?
They're busy and you're dizzy!
No, I'm not drunk, madam,
but you've given me an idea!
Darling, I'm nervous. Don't do that.
Not that.
Get out of here! Do you want
to be poisoned, murdered, killed?
They're nuts!
You're telling me!
Look, you can't do things like that!
Now I don't know
how I can explain this to you...
...but it's not only against the law,
it's wrong.
Oh, piffle!
It's not a nice thing to do.
People wouldn't understand.
He wouldn't understand.
What I mean is....
This is developing into a very bad habit!
Who? Happy Dale Sanitarium?
That's amazing, operator.
Happy Dale?
Let me talk to Mr. Witherspoon, please.
Mr. Witherspoon speaking.
How do you do, Mr. Brewster?
How are you?
Mr. Witherspoon, do you--
I'm fine, thanks. How are you?
Do you remember our conversation about
committing my brother to Happy Dale?
You do? Well, we want
to commit him there immediately.
Oh, dear.
Oh, dear. That's too bad.
Well, I'd hoped we wouldn't have him

for some time yet.
We have several Theodore Roosevelts
at the moment...
...and it would lead to trouble.
Well, now, if he thought that--
Mr. Brewster, we're a bit short
of Napoleons at present.
Bonaparte. And if--
Oh, I see. Of course.
Well, if your mind is made up. Yes.
Have you had the papers drawn up?
No, but I'll do it now
and call you as soon as I have them.
Thank you, Mr.-- What?
All right. Thank you, Mr. Witherspoon.
Another Roosevelt. Oh, dear.
Now listen, I'm going to Judge Cullman's,
but I want you to promise me something.
Well, we'd have to know what it was first.
I love you both very much.
You know I'd do anything for you,
don't you?
Yes, dear.
I want you to do one thing for me,
like good girls.
What do you want us to do?
Don't do anything.
I mean, don't do anything!
Don't let anyone in the house
and leave Mr. Whosit where he is.
Get off that thing. I can't talk to you....
I can't concentrate.
I wouldn't want anything
in the world to happen to you.
What on earth could happen to us?
Well, darling....
Anyway, you'll do that little thing for me,
won't you?
Where's my hat? There it is.
-But, Mortimer.
-What?
We were planning to hold services
before dinner.
-Couldn't that wait until I get back?

-You could join us in the hymns!
Yes, darling, I'll sing with you,
I'll dance with you, anything.
Remember, don't let anybody in the house
until I get back.

You promise?

Good.

What?

Stop that. What is it?

Mr. Hoskins' hat!

-Do you still want me to wait?

-Yes! Call me a cab!

-Hey, cab! Here you are.

-Don't open it. I'll sit with you!

Yeah, that's right.

I can go faster that way. Sure.

Wait a minute! What am I doing?

Fancy getting nice Mr. Hoskins' hat
all mussed up.

Shame! Such a nice hat.

You know, Mortimer didn't seem
to be quite himself today.

Oh, well.

What were you saying about Mortimer?

I think I understand why
he seemed so upset.

Why?

He's just been married.

I believe that always makes
a man a little nervous.

Yes. The poor dears.

I'm so happy for Elaine.

Abby!

If Mortimer's coming back for the services,
we'll need another hymnal.

There's one up in my room.

I'll go, dear.

We promised Mortimer
we wouldn't let anyone come in.

It's two men,
and I've never seen them before.

-Are you sure?

-Yes.

-Let me look.

-You look.
-Do you recognize them?
-No, they're strangers to me.
We'll just have to pretend
we're not at home.
Come in, doctor.
This is the home of my youth.
As a boy, I couldn't wait to escape
from this house.
Now I'm glad to escape back into it.
Yes, Johnny, it's a good hideout.
The family must still live here.
I hope there's a fatted calf
awaiting the return of the prodigal.
A fatted calf?.
Johnny, I'm so hungry.
Look, Johnny. Drink.
As if we were expected.
A good omen.
Who are you?
What are you doing here?
Aunt Abby. Aunt Martha.
It's Jonathan.
You get out of here!
I'm Jonathan, you know.
Your nephew, Jonathan.
No, you're not.
You're nothing like Jonathan,
so don't pretend you are.
You just get out of here.
I see you're still wearing
the lovely garnet ring...
...that Grandma Brewster
bought in England.
And you, Aunt Martha,
still the high collar...
...to hide the scar
where Grandfather's acid burned you.
Why, his voice is like Jonathan's.
Have you been in an accident?
My face.
Dr. Einstein is responsible for that.
He's a plastic surgeon.
But I've seen that face before.

Do you remember when we took
the little Schultz boy to the movies...
...and I was so frightened?
It was that face.
Take it easy, Johnny. Take it easy.
Don't worry. The last five years,
I give him three different faces.
I give him another one right away.
That last face. I saw that picture, too...
...just before I operated. I was intoxicated.
You see, doctor, what you've done to me?
-Even my own family think I'm--
-Johnny, Johnny!
You are home in this lovely house.
You know...
...how many times he tells me...
...about Brooklyn, about this house
and about his aunts...
...he loves so much?
They know you.
Please tell him so.
Jonathan...
...it's been a long time.
Bless you. It's good to be home again.
We mustn't let what's on the stove
boil over.
If you'll excuse us for a moment, Jonathan.
Unless you're in a hurry to go somewhere.
Where do we go from here?
You know, we got to think fast.
The police got pictures of that face.
I got to operate on you right away.
We got to find someplace.
We got to find someplace
for Mr. Spenalzo, too.
Don't waste any worry on that rat.
But we got a hot stiff on our hands.
Forget Mr. Spenalzo.
But, Johnny, we can't leave
a dead body in the rumble seat.
You shouldn't have killed him.
Just because he knows something
about us, what happens?
We come to him for help

and he tries to shake us down.
Besides, he said I looked like Boris Karloff.
That's your work, doctor.
You did that to me.
Please, Johnny, take it easy.
We'll find some place
and I'll fix you up right away.
Yes, tonight, but I have to eat first.
This time, I want the face
of an absolute nonentity.
Yes. I know exactly what I'm going to do.
You see, I'm going to take this piece here
and lift it up--
Be careful about the stitches this time.
You leave that up to me.
I'll give you nice ears and--
-You were careless last time.
-And new stitches.
And on the eyes I'll do a Schmidt.
That's my specialty.
-I take it together like this--
-Leave the eyes alone.
Leave the nose alone.
Poor Teddy.
I imagine it's for the best.
"Ours not to reason why, ours but to do--"
Sign right here, please, Judge. Excuse me.
Right there.
Sometimes I think,
with the world in its present chaotic state--
Yes, we'd all be better off at Happy Dale.
I sign here as next of kin, don't I?
Only last week I created a mild sensation...
...at the Bar Association, when I said--
Goodbye. Good luck, Judge. Thank you.
Tell Martha and Abby I'll be over this week.
I've been feeling rather lonely.
No! Never tell them
you've been lonely. Never!
-Why, I don't--
-Judge!
Tell me, are you a drinking man?
Why, no. I never indulge.
Good! Then you'll live longer.

Of course a little wine now--
No! For heaven's sake, no wine!
I may be committing the wrong Brewster.
Well, I'm sure you both want to get
to wherever you're going.
My dear, sweet aunties,
I'm so full of your delicious dinner...
-...I'm unable to move a muscle.
-Yes, it's nice here.
I found it!
Gentlemen, be seated.
Here it is, gentlemen.
The story of my life, my biography.
Here's the picture I was telling you about.
Here we both are.
President Roosevelt and General Goethals
at Culebra Cut.
That's me, General, and that's you.
My, how I've changed!
That picture hasn't been taken yet.
We haven't started work on Culebra Cut.
We're still digging locks.
And now, General, we will both go
to Panama and inspect the new lock.
No, Teddy. Not to Panama.
Maybe some other time, Mr. President.
Panama is a long ways off.
-Nonsense! It's just down in the cellar.
-The cellar?
We let him dig the Panama Canal
in the cellar.
-General Goethals?
-Yes, sir.
As President of the US, Commander
in Chief of the Army and Navy...
...and the man who gave you this job...
...I demand that you accompany me
on the inspection of the new lock.
I think it's time for you to go to bed.
I beg your pardon. Who are you?
I'm Woodrow Wilson. Go to bed.
No, you're not Wilson.
But your face is familiar.
You're not anyone I know now.

Perhaps later, on my hunting trip to Africa.
You look like someone
I might meet in the jungle.
I think, perhaps,
you had better go to bed, Teddy.
He and his friend want to get back
to their hotel.
General Goethals, inspect the canal.
All right, Mr. President, we go to Panama.
Bully, bully! Follow me, General.
It's down south, you know.
Well, bon voyage!
I must correct your misapprehension.
You talked of our hotel.
We have no hotel. We came here directly.
This is not your home,
and I'm afraid you can't stay here.
Dr. Einstein and I need a place to sleep.
You remember that, as a boy,
I could be disagreeable.
It would not be pleasant for any of us if....
I don't have to go into details, do I?
Perhaps we'd better let them
stay here tonight.
Come here. Quick.
I forgot to tell you...
...Doctor and I are turning Grandfather's
laboratory into an operating room.
We expect to be very busy.
-Down here, what do you think I find?
-What?
The Panama Canal.
And it just fits Mr. Spenalzo.
See the hole he's digging.
Four feet wide, six feet long.
He just fits!
You'd think he knew
we were bringing Mr. Spenalzo along.
That's hospitality.
Rather a good joke on my aunts.
They're living in a house
with a body buried in the cellar.
How do we get him in here?
Yes, we can't just walk

Mr. Spenalzo in through the door.
We'll get the car and after they're in bed,
we'll bring him in through the window.
Bed.
We're moving the car behind the house.
You'd better get to bed.
The car is all right where it is
until morning.
I don't want to leave it in the street.
That might be against the law.
What are we going to do?
We're not going to let them spend
more than one night in this house.
What would the neighbors think?
People coming in here with one face
and going out with another.
What are we going to do
about Mr. Hoskins?
Mr. Hoskins!
It can't be very comfortable
for him in there.
And he's been so patient, the poor dear.
I think Teddy had better take
Mr. Hoskins downstairs right away.
General Goethals was very pleased.
He said the canal was just the right size.
Teddy, there's been
another yellow-fever victim.
Dear me!
This will be a shock to the General.
No, we must keep it a secret.
A state secret?
Yes, a state secret.
Promise?
You have the word of the President
of the United States.
Cross my heart and hope to die.
Now, let's see.
How are we going to keep it a secret?
Teddy, I think you'd better get back down
into the cellar.
And then...
...when I turn out the lights,
when everything's dark here...

...you come up and take
the poor man down to the canal.
Now get along.
And we'll come down later
and hold services.
-Where is the poor devil?
-In the windowseat.
It seems to be spreading.
We've never had yellow fever there before.
I've never even seen Mr. Hoskins!
My goodness! That's right, you were out.
You just come right along
and see him now.
You know, he's really very nice looking,
considering that he's a Methodist.
We're bringing the luggage through here.
Your room is waiting for you.
You can go right up.
I'm afraid we don't keep Brooklyn hours.
You two run along to bed.
But you must be very tired. Both of you.
-And we don't go to bed this early.
-It's time I came home to take care of you.
Take the bags upstairs.
For the instruments, I'll come back later.
Good night.
Now, we'll all go to bed.
I'll wait until you're up
and then turn out the lights.
Run along, Aunt Martha.
Just off the laboratory, Doctor.
-All right, Aunt Abby.
-I'll be right up.
Now! Turn out the lights.
Aunt Abby.
He's all right, Johnny.
I'll open the window.
You go round and hand him through.
But he's too heavy for me.
You go outside and push,
and I'll stay here and pull.
And then together we take him
down to Panama.
All right. We must be quick.

I'll take a look around outside the house.
When I tap on the glass,
you open the window.
Yeah.
It's dark in here.
Where am I?
Here I am.
Who left this open?
Okay, wait a minute. Hand him over.
Now I have him. Allez, up!
Now, wait a minute.
You lost a leg somewhere.
Help me. He's so heavy.
Now I have him. Now I got him.
-Be careful.
-But his shoe came off.
Help me. He's so heavy.
Now I've got him!
Johnny, somebody's at the door.
Go open, quick.
I'll manage Spinalzo. Go, quick!
Mortimer!
Aunt Abby!
Aunt Martha!
Who is it?
Is that you, Teddy?
Who are you?
I'm Elaine Harper. I live next door.
What are you doing here?
I came here to see my husband, Mortimer.
Why did you say your name was Harper?
It is Harper. I mean, it's Brewster.
I'm not very used to it.
I'm a brand-new Brewster.
Doctor!
It's all right. It's okay.
Maybe you'd better explain
what you're doing here.
We happen to live here.
You don't live here.
I'm in this house every day,
I've never seen you before.
Where are Martha and Abby?
What have you done to them?

Perhaps we'd better introduce ourselves.
May I present Dr. Einstein?
Dr. Einstein?
A surgeon of great distinction.
And something of a magician.
-I suppose you'll tell me you're Boris--
-I am Jonathan Brewster.
-You're Jonathan.
-You've heard of me?
-Yes, they talk about you.
-What do they say about me?
Just that there's another brother
named Jonathan, that's all.
That explains everything.
Now that I know who you are...
...I'll just be running along
if you'll kindly unlock the door.
"That explains everything."
Just what do you mean by that?
Why do you come here
at this time of night?
I just thought I saw Mortimer drive up.
I suppose it was you.
You thought you saw someone drive up?
Yes. Weren't you just outside?
Isn't that your car?
-You saw someone at the car?
-Yes.
-What else did you see?
-Just that, that's all!
I see. Is that why you came over here?
No, I came to see Mortimer.
But if he's not home, I'll run--
-You've given two names.
-You're hurting me!
I think she's dangerous.
No visitors. It's going to be
a private funeral.
-Tell these men who I am!
-That's my daughter, Alice.
No!
Don't be a tomboy.
Don't play rough with the gentlemen.
Charge!

Doctor, the cellar.
Let go of me!
Let go of me!
What's the matter?
What's happening down there?
What's the matter?
What are you doing there?
We caught a burglar, a sneak thief.
Go back to your room.
-We'll call the police.
-I'll handle this. Go back to your room.
Do you hear me?
Don't answer that.
Don't answer that!
Where's Teddy? Is he upstairs?
Never mind that now, darling.
What are you doing
with your best clothes on?
Holy.... What's that?
What's that thing that looks like
a cigar-store dummy?
-It's your brother and Dr. Einstein.
-Didn't I tell you not to let anybody in?
-Who did you say it was?
-It's your brother, Jonathan!
-I've come back home, Mortimer.
-What?
I've come back home, Mortimer.
"I've come back home, Mortimer."
Listen, it talks!
Yes, I talk.
Mortimer, have you forgotten
the things I used to do to you...
...when you were tied to the bedpost?
The needles under your fingernails.
-Mortimer, he--
-Wait a minute.
Holy mackerel!
It is Jonathan!
I'm glad you remember, Mortimer.
Yeah, I remember.
How could I forget you?
Where'd you get that face? Hollywood?
Don't you two boys start quarreling

the minute you've seen each other.

We invited Jonathan

and Dr. Einstein to stay.

-What?

-Just for tonight.

No, I'm staying here tonight.

-In fact, I'm staying here from now on.

-What about me?

There's no room for anybody else here.

Please, just a moment.

So take that little squirt and beat it!

Where's Teddy?

I've got to see him right away.

We don't take up much room.

Johnny can sleep on the sofa,

and I'll sleep on the windowseat.

Nothing to....

Windowseat?

Certainly not on the windowseat.

I'm going to sleep on the windowseat.

I'll sleep on the windowseat from now on.

Now look.

Now, be a good fellow.

Here's \$10. Go out

and haunt yourself a hotel.

Mortimer, you know what I do

to people who order me around.

Mr. Spenalzo.

What?

What's going to happen to Mr. Spenalzo?

We can't leave him here

in the windowseat.

Doctor, I've completely lost track

of Mr. Spenalzo.

Wait! Who's this Mr. Spenalzo?

A friend of ours Johnny was looking for.

Don't bring anyone else in here.

Now, beat it!

It's all right, Johnny.

While we are packing,

I'll tell you about him.

I'll take care of you, Mortimer,

in just a little while.

How do you like that?

The guy stays away for 20 years
and picks tonight to come back.
Elaine, what are you doing here?
-Mortimer!
-What's the matter, darling?
-I almost got killed.
-Killed?
Aunt Abby, Aunt Martha!
No! It was Jonathan!
He mistook her for a sneak thief.
-Oh, that.
-It was worse than that.
He's some kind of a maniac.
I'm afraid of him.
Darling, don't worry about it.
I'm here now. Forget it.
We were married today,
we were going over Niagara Falls...
...your brother tries to strangle me,
a taxi's waiting...
...and now you want to sleep
on a windowseat!
Windowseat. Witherspoon.
-You'd better run along home.
-What?
Go on home like a good girl.
I got things to do.
-But--
-Please.
Operator?
Get me Happy Dale 2-7-0, please.
But didn't you hear what I was just saying?
Your own brother Jonathan,
he was trying to strangle me!
-Please! This is important!
-That?
Mr. Witherspoon?
This is Mortimer Brewster.
Yes, Mr. Brewster.
Well, I don't understand you.
-He was going to kill me!
-Wait, I can't hear the man.
Well, look.
I've got the papers all drawn up.

I know it's late, but come down here
and get my brother immediately!
Please, darling.
By the way, you've had the papers signed
by your brother and the doctor, of course?
By the doctor?
Oh, holy mackerel! I forgot the doctor!
Please, be quiet! Can't you see
I've got to get a doctor?
What kind of a doctor? A family doctor?
You can take your honeymoon,
wedding ring, taxi, windowseat...
...put them in a barrel,
and push them all over Niagara Falls!
Thank you, darling. Thank you.
Why don't you come down here anyway?
While you're getting here,
I'll get Teddy's and the doctor's signatures.
I'll get both signatures.
Yeah, well, come right away.
What's the matter with her?
Let me sit down.
Let me think about this thing.
Doctor, Teddy, signature....
Hoskins!
Ye gods! There's another one!
Aunt Abby! Aunt Martha!
-Come in here!
-We're busy.
No, you come in here now!
Yes, dear, what is it? Where's Elaine?
Didn't you promise not to let anyone in?
-Jonathan just walked in.
-I don't mean Jonathan!
I don't mean Dr. Einstein!
Who is that in the windowseat?
We told you. Mr. Hoskins.
It is not Mr. Hoskins!
There!
Who can that be?
-Are you saying you've never seen him?
-I certainly am.
This is a fine how-do-you-do!
It's getting so anyone thinks

he can walk in!
Don't you try to get out of this!
That's another one of your gentlemen!
How can you say such a thing?
That man's an impostor.
And if he came here to be buried
in our cellar, he's mistaken.
You admitted you put Mr. Hoskins
in the windowseat.
Yes, I did.
This man couldn't have got the idea
from Mr. Hoskins!
-By the way, where is Mr. Hoskins?
-He must have gone to Panama.
-What? You buried him?
-Not yet.
He's down there
waiting for the services, poor dear.
We haven't had a minute,
what with Jonathan in the house.
Oh, dear.
We've always wanted
to hold a double funeral.
But I will not read services
over a total stranger!
A total stranger. How can I believe you?
There are 12 men down there,
you admit you poisoned them!
Yes, I did. But you don't think
I'd stoop to telling a fib!
What do you think has happened?
"A fib! "
This may interest you, Mortimer.
I've decided that we're staying.
And I've also decided that you're leaving,
and I mean now.
Listen, handsome. I'm in no mood
to debate the question.
Are you getting out,
or am I throwing you out on your ear?
I've led a strange life.
Martha, you come straight along here.
You just look and see
what's in that windowseat.

No. Don't....
Let Aunt Martha see
what's in the windowseat.
Aunt Abby, darling, I owe you an apology.
I've got some very good news for you.
Jonathan is leaving.
And he's taking Dr. Einstein
and that cold companion with him.
Listen. You're my brother,
you're a Brewster.
I'll give you a chance to get away
and take the evidence with you.
You can't ask for more than that.
Well?
All right, in that case,
I'll have to call the police.
Don't reach for the telephone.
Remember, what happened
to Mr. Spenalzo can happen to you, too.
Spenalzo?
I knew he was a foreigner.
Put down that telephone.
Officer O'Hara!
I saw the lights and thought
you might have sickness....
You got company? Sorry I disturbed you.
-No! Come in.
-Yes, do come in.
Come right in, Officer.
This is our nephew, Mortimer.
-Pleased to meet you.
-Glad to see you.
-And this is another nephew, Jonathan.
-Pleased to make your acquaintance.
Your face is familiar.
Haven't I seen a picture of you?
I don't think so.
-I'll be running along.
-Why? Stay until my brother leaves.
I got to ring in, Mr.--
Are you "the" Mortimer Brewster,
the writer and dramatic critic?
Yes, why?
What a break for me! I'm a playwright.

I'm working on a play now.
You are? Well, well, well!
-Maybe I can help you with it.
-Would you? What a break!
I get wonderful ideas,
but I can't spell them.
I can spell like the dickens.
Constantinople?
Let's go into the kitchen.
You can tell me all about it.
Couldn't you whip up a sandwich?
I hope you don't mind
eating in the kitchen, Officer O'Hara.
And where else would you eat?
See you in a moment.
This is your last chance.
I'll keep O'Hara busy
to give you a chance to get out.
All three of you:
you, Dr. Einstein and Spenalzo.
If you don't leave here, I'll introduce
Officer O'Hara to Mr. Spenalzo.
My play takes place in--
I'll be right with you, O'Hara.
Right with you.
Just give me one moment.
Now get going! All three of you.
This affair between my brother and myself
has got to be settled.
But we've got trouble enough as it is.
Come, let's go.
We're not going.
We're sleeping right here in this house.
What? With a cop in the kitchen
and Spenalzo in the windowseat?
That's all he's got on us. We'll take
Spenalzo and dump him in the bay.
After that, we're coming back here.
Then if he tries to interfere--
No, no, Johnny. No, please.
We've got a wonderful setup here.
We can make a fortune.
Two old ladies as a front.
Only Mortimer stands in our way.

I never did like Mortimer.
Please, take it easy. Please!
Doctor, you know
when I make up my mind--
When you make up your mind,
you lose your head.
Look, Brooklyn ain't a good setup for you.
Okay, Johnny. Okay!
Take the instruments and hide them
in the cellar. Move fast.
-You don't know what goes on in Brooklyn.
-I don't know.
-My mother was an actress.
-Legitimate?
Of course. She was my mother.
-Excuse me.
-Peaches La Tour was her name.
-Come quick!
-What's the matter?
-You know that hole in the cellar?
-Yes.
Well, we got an ace in the hole.
It's no fly-by-night idea.
I worked on it for 12 years.
Well, rehash it. I'll be back in a minute.
-Swell.
-I like the first act.
I didn't tell you the first--
I thought I told you....
Yes, Mortimer.
What are you doing still here?
I thought I said beat it.
We're not going.
-You're not going?
-No.
You stay out of this.
All right, you asked for it.
-Officer O'Hara?
-Coming.
If you tell O'Hara
what's in the windowseat...
...I'll tell him what's in the cellar.
Cellar?
There's an elderly gentleman down there

who seems to be very dead.
-What were you doing there?
-What's he doing there?
Now what are you going to tell O'Hara?
Your aunts want to hear the rest.
Shall I bring them in here?
You can't do that now.
You'd better ring in.
The heck with ringing in!
I want to tell you the plot.
You can't tell me
in front of those two fellas.
Lowbrows, huh?
Let's go where we can be alone.
I'll meet you there later.
How about the backroom at Kelly's?
Fine place. Bohemian atmosphere.
Genius at work.
You ring in and I'll meet you at Kelly's.
Why don't you both go down in the cellar?
That's all right with me.
There's a much more literary atmosphere
in Kelly's, I assure you.
This opening will kill you.
I'm waiting to be born and the doctor--
The doctor!
Look, you ring in and I'll see you later.
You won't stand me up, will you?
This is a great play.
-I'll see you down there.
-Can't wait!
Doctor, doctor.
Where are those papers? There they are.
You're smug, aren't you? You think
you've got it over me. You haven't.
You think I'm afraid to tell about Spenalzo
because of Hoskins. Well, I'm not!
The moment I get Spenalzo....
The moment the doctor signs,
I don't care who knows about Hoskins.
And you better feel the same way
about Spenalzo. Yes, Spenalzo!
-Where are you going?
-To the doctor's. Where do you....

When I come back,
I expect to find you gone. Wait for me!
We'll wait for him.
Did he look guilty!
Well, Martha,
I think we can start the services now.
We thought we heard you leave.
Perish the thought, dear aunties.
That was just Mortimer.
And speaking of services...
...will you make us some coffee
while we take Spenalzo down to the cellar?
No, Jonathan.
You've got to take him with you!
There's a friend of Mortimer's downstairs
waiting for him.
-A friend of Mortimer's?
-Take his feet, Doctor.
Mr. Spenalzo and he
will get along fine together.
They're both dead.
He must mean Mr. Hoskins.
Mr. Hoskins?
You know about what's down there?
Of course we do.
And he's no friend of Mortimer's.
-He's one of our gentlemen.
-Your gentlemen?
Yes. And we won't have
any strangers buried in our cellar.
-But Mr. Hoskins--
-Mr. Hoskins is no stranger.
Besides, there's no room for Mr. Spenalzo.
The cellar's crowded already.
Crowded? With what?
There are 12 graves down there now.
Twelve graves.
That leaves very little room
and we're going to need it.
You mean, you and Aunt Martha
have murdered 12--
Murdered? Certainly not.
It's one of our charities.
Why, what we've been doing is a mercy.

So you just take your Mr. Spenalzo
out of here.
You've done all that...
...right here in this house
and buried them in the cellar?
That's wonderful, Johnny!
We've been chased all over the world...
...and they stay right here in Brooklyn,
and they do just as good as you do.
What?
You got 12, they got 12.
I've got 13.
-No, Johnny, 12. Don't brag.
-Thirteen.
There's Mr. Spenalzo.
Then the first one in London.
Two in Johannesburg, one in Sydney,
one in Melbourne...
...two in San Francisco,
one in Phoenix, Arizona.
Phoenix?
-The filling station.
-Filling....
Three in Chicago and one in South Bend.
That makes 13.
You cannot count the one in South Bend.
He died of pneumonia.
He wouldn't have died of pneumonia
if I hadn't shot him.
You cannot count him.
You got 12, they got 12.
The old ladies is just as good as you are.
They are, are they?
Well, that's easily taken care of.
All I need is one more.
That's all. Just one more.
And I've a pretty good idea who it is.
I'm a lucky man to have caught you
at home, Dr. Gilchrist.
This is most irregular.
I'm sorry to have dragged you out of bed,
but only you can help me.
I know Teddy blows bugles,
but I can't commit a man just on that.

If you'd talk with him...
...I'm sure you'd be convinced.
Here's the house I--
-There goes Hoskins.
-Who?
What? Did I say....
-You better wait.
-Here?
I'll bring Teddy out.
I wouldn't want to alarm the old ladies,
seeing a doctor.
-You wait here.
-In the cemetery?
It's Halloween.
The pixies won't be out till after midnight.
Make yourself comfortable.
Pull up a tombstone. I'll be right back.
-Hey, \$22.50!
-What?
\$22.50!
Oh, yes, looks good on you!
Not the suit, the meter!
"Looks good on me." \$22.50.
-Did you give him a 21-gun salute?
-Yes, with a Maxim silencer.
Five more bucks and you'll own it.
No, thanks. It wouldn't fit me.
-Mr. President, may I present--
-Dr. Livingstone!
-Livingstone?
-That's what he presumes.
The doctor would like
to have a few words with you.
Certainly. Welcome to Washington.
Arlington is beautiful
at this time of year, is it not?
Yes, indeed.
Well now, that's that.
It gives me a chance to rest.
So far, so good.
Not so good.
Do you or do you not love me?
How can you say such a thing?
Darling, of course I love you.

-Do you?

-Yes, darling.

Then why have you been treating me
the way you have?

Darling, I love you so much,
I can't go through with our marriage.

Have you suddenly gone crazy?

I don't think so,
but it's only a matter of time.

Darling, would you want to have children
with three heads?

You wouldn't want to set up housekeeping
in a padded cell.

-What are you talking about?

-Well, I don't quite know.

I probably should have told you this before,
but you see...

...well, insanity runs in my family.

It practically gallops.

Just because Teddy's strange,
that doesn't mean--

No, darling. It's way back before Teddy.

This goes back to the first Brewster
who came over on the Mayflower.

You know how in those days
the Indians used to scalp the settlers?

He used to scalp the Indians.

Darling, that's ancient history.

Doctor, I'll run for a third term,
but I won't be elected.

That'll mean the last of the Roosevelts
in the White House.

-That's what you think.

-Of course, if the country insists....

Darling, all this doesn't prove a thing.

Look at your aunts.

They're Brewsters, aren't they?

They're the sweetest,
sanest people I've ever known.

Well, even they have their peculiarities.

What of it? So your family's crazy.

So you're crazy.

That's the way I love you.

I'm crazy too, but kiss me.

No, no. I....
Goodbye, Ambassador.
I've enjoyed this little talk very much.
Anytime you're in Washington,
drop in to see me at the White House.
-Those papers.
-Go away. Papers!
-I'll commit him to any place.
-You will?
I've just been appointed
Ambassador to Bolivia!
You see? Didn't I tell you?
Don't worry about that.
Just go on signing the papers.
Thank you.
All right! We'll find out
whose house this is!
I'm warning you, you better stop it.
There's no use doing what you're doing.
It'll just have to be undone.
Aunt Abby, go to bed!
It's a terrible thing to do to bury
a good Methodist with a foreigner.
Where have you been?
Getting some papers signed.
Is Teddy in his room?
What is the matter with you?
Running around getting papers signed
at a time like this.
Martha and I are going for the police.
Police!
Wait!
-You can't go for the police.
-Oh, no?
You know what Jonathan's doing?
He's putting Mr. Hoskins
and Mr. Spenalzo in together.
All right, let him.
This is all fixed up nice now.
Nice and smooth like a lake.
The President will be very proud
of his Panama Canal.
Bed feels good already.
You know, we didn't get any sleep

for 48 hours.
You're forgetting, Doctor.
If Jonathan and Mr. Spenalzo
aren't out this house before morning...
...we're going for the police.
I'll get them out, I promise!
-Then you get the wedding silver.
-Remember, no police! No police!
Look, go to bed, will you?
Get out of those clothes!
You look like a double blackout.
My brother, Mortimer.
I just heard him upstairs.
No! I am tired.
You forget, I got to operate
on your face tomorrow.
You are going to operate tomorrow,
Doctor.
But tonight we are taking care
of Mortimer.
But Johnny, not tonight! I'm sleepy.
We'll do it tomorrow. Or the next day.
Look at me, Doctor.
You can see that it's got to be done,
can't you?
Yeah, I know that look.
It's a little late to dissolve our partnership.
Okay, Johnny. Okay, we'll do it.
But the quick way, huh?
The quick twist like in London.
No, Doctor. I think this calls
for something special.
I think, perhaps, the Melbourne method.
Not the Melbourne method, please!
Two hours!
And then when it was all over, what?
The fellow in London was just as dead
as the fellow in Melbourne.
Don't do that, Mr. President.
But I cannot sign anything
without consulting my Cabinet.
This must be secret.
A secret proclamation? How unusual.
Yes, it's the only way

we can outsmart the other fellow.

-Who's the other fellow?

-That's the secret.

Oh, I see!

Very clever.

A secret proclamation

has to be signed in secret.

-Of course, Mr. President.

-I'll put on my signing clothes.

You already have them on, Mr. President.

So I have. Wait here.

Hey, Mr. Brewster.

What is it, mice?

-You get out of this house.

-Can't you see I'm busy?

Thank you, Mr. President.

What a load off my mind.

Boy, could I use a drink!

-Get out of here, will you, please?

-What? Speak up. I can't hear you.

Johnny's in a bad mood. Get out!

-Stop underplaying. I can't hear you.

-Please listen to me. Get out.

Stop all this! What are you doing?

Look, Doc-- Are you really a doctor?

Yes, Heidelberg, 1919.

Heidelberg?

How'd you hook up with Jonathan?

I tell you later about that, but you go now.

Please listen to me.

Stop it, Doctor!

You get out of here!

Look, when Johnny's in that mood...

...he's a madman. He's a maniac!

And then things happen. Horrible things.

-Get out of here!

-Will you stop it?

Stop telling me about Jonathan,

I'll take care of him.

You take care of yourself.

Get going, little fellow.

-What's that? Wait.

-My schnapps.

-I could use that.

-That's mine.
Please. Only for dramatic critics.
You beat it before things start popping
around here.
But, look, Mr. Brewster, please.
You've just been married.
You have a nice little wife waiting for you.
Please go now.
Please.
Don't those plays you see all the time
teach you anything?
Don't get me on the subject of plays!
I've got to wait for Mr. Witherspoon.
At least people in plays
act like they got sense.
Did anybody in a play
ever act like they got intelligence?
-How can somebody be so stupid?
-You ought to have my job.
When you get out of prison, have yourself
wheeled to the Garrick Theater.
There's a play that's so bad,
it'll still be running when you get out.
There's a man.... Now listen to this.
He knows he's in the house with murderers
and should know he's in danger.
He's even been warned to get out.
And does he go?
No, he doesn't. He stays!
This fellow doesn't even have sense
to be scared or to be on his guard.
The murderer even invites him to sit down.
-What do you think he does?
-I don't know.
He sits down!
He deliberately pulls up a chair
and he sits down in it.
Isn't that great?
So there he is,
all waiting to be trussed up and gagged.
What do you think they tied him up with?
The curtain cord.
Curtain cord?
But didn't he see him get it?

No. The silly chump sits down
with his back toward the murderer.
All he has to do is look around,
but does he? No!
See, brother Heidelberg,
in a play or even in a movie...
...a fellow never sees or hears anything.
That's right.
But what does he do?
The big chump sits there.
This fellow's supposed to be bright.
Now get a load of this.
Look at the attitude.
Large as life! He sits there
waiting to be tied up and gagged.
The big dope!
You were right about that fellow.
He wasn't very bright.
Yes, Mortimer.
I've been away for 20 years.
But never, my dear brother,
were you out of my mind.
In Melbourne one night, I dreamt of you.
The more you struggle
the more you strangle yourself.
Later on, you may consider that a blessing.
Now, Doctor...
...we go to work.
Johnny, for me, the quick way. Please.
-This must be an artistic achievement.
-Please.
After all, we're performing
before a very distinguished critic.
Please!
All right. Let's get it over with.
But I cannot see this without the drink.
Pull yourself together.
But I can't pull myself together
without a drink.
You remember when we came in,
there was some wine.
And then they took it.
Where did they put it?
I found some wine.

Here, I'll split it with you.
We both have a drink before we operate.
I am so happy that we don't have
to operate without a drink.
One moment, please.
Where are your manners?
Yes, Mortimer.
I realize now that it was you
who brought me back to Brooklyn.
We drink to you.
To my dear, dead brother.
That idiot!
-He goes next. That's all. He goes next!
-Not Teddy! Please!
-We'll get to him later.
-You won't at all!
We have to work fast. The quick way.
The quick way, yes!
If it has to be, then the quick way.
I'll help you.
The colonel has to quit blowing that horn.
It's all right. We're taking
the bugle away from him.
I'd better talk to him myself.
Where's the lights?
You stood me up!
I've been waiting for you
for over an hour at Kelly's.
-What happened to him?
-Nothing.
He was explaining a play he saw and
that's what happened to a man in the play.
I see.
Did that really happen in a play you saw?
How do you like that?
You can't trust nobody.
They practically stole that from my play.
In the second act, just--
Maybe I'd better start at the beginning.
Yeah, sure.
You've got to hear the plot!
My mother's making up.
Like a flash, out of a clear sky...
...the door opens and a man

with a mustache comes in.
He says, "Miss Peaches La Tour,
will you marry me?"
That's the first scene. My mother doesn't
say they're married. That's the surprise!
What a kick!
Twenty-five years pass.
Well, in the meantime, there's me.
Growing into a magnificent specimen.
So what do I do?
I join the police force and become
one of New York's finest.
I'm cleaning out a crooked laundry, see?
Little do I know it...
...but a dope fiend with a knife is after me.
I'm in great danger.
It's getting you, ain't it?
I can see it in your eyes.
You ain't heard nothing yet.
All of a sudden, a fire breaks out.
What an effect!
Firemen rush in and who's leading them?
Mayor Fiorello La Guardia!
What's the matter with him?
-Probably your play put him to sleep.
-What?
-I personally like it very much.
-It's probably over his head.
-Where have I seen that face before?
-No, please.
The scene changes. It's an evolving stage.
I'm walking along my beat, casual-like...
...when a guy that I'm following,
it turns out he's following me!
Don't let nobody in.
I figures I'll outsmart him.
-There's a vacant house on the corner.
-Johnny, the cops!
I sees the door handle turn,
so I pulls out my gun...
...braces myself against the wall and I says:
"Come in! "
Hello, boys.
-What the Sam Hill's going on?

-Sarge, this is Mortimer Brewster.
-He's going to help me write my play.
-Do you have to tie him up?
Report in. Why didn't you ring in?
The whole force is out looking for you.
Right in the middle of the second act.
Did they send you here?
No, we came to warn the old ladies.
-The colonel blew that bugle again.
-I heard him.
The neighbors are phoning in.
The Lieutenant's on the warpath.
He says we've got
to put him away someplace.
Now, who the heck is this?
Mr. Brewster's brother.
My play put him to sleep.
That's the one that ran away.
So he came back.
Brophy. Get me Mac.
Have you got yourself in a mess!
You're two hours overdue at the station.
I better let them know that I found you.
It wasn't that bad, was it?
Tell the Lieutenant he can call off
the big manhunt. We found him.
At the Brewster house.
Shall we bring him in?
All right, we'll hold him right here.
The Lieutenant is on his way over.
So I've been turned in?
All right, you've got me.
I suppose you and my stool-pigeon brother
will split the reward.
Yes, reward!
Now I'll do some turning in!
Wait a minute, Mr. Brewster.
You think my aunts are sweet,
charming old ladies, don't you?
Well, there's 13 bodies buried in the cellar!
Yes, 13.
Be careful what you say.
Your aunts are friends of ours.
-I'll show them to you.

-Don't make trouble for them!
Never mind, Mr. Brewster.
Leave him to me.
-Come down to the cellar.
-Wait a minute.
Thirteen bodies.
I'll show you where they're buried.
-Go to the cellar with him.
-Yes, come to the cellar.
Well, look, do I have to?
Maybe I don't want to go down
to the cellar.
Go on down the cellar with him!
Now, please. I'll tell you
the rest of my play later.
-Go on down the cellar with him.
-Do I have to?
Look at that puss.
He looks like Boris Karloff.
Don't! Sarge!
Look out, Pat!
-Look out!
-He's got a gun.
I got him, Pat. Look out!
Fight. Go on and fight.
That's enough, that's enough.
Everybody off.
Pat, look out!
Amazing.
Such a fine day, too.
All I did was cross the bridge
and I was in Brooklyn. Amazing.
Don't bother me now.
You could use this in the third act.
I got something better. Let me tell you--
I'll see you later.
The papers are all signed. What do I care?
Go ahead, fight.
I'd better call and see
if Witherspoon has left.
Telephone.
I'll get every one of you!
I hate cops. I'll brain the first one
that comes near me!

A little higher, brother.
Thank you very much. That's fine.
Don't do that, please.
Get him, Pat.
That won't have any effect.
I've tried it before--
It did. Isn't that amazing?
Oh, dear. Wish I could relax like that.
-Witherspoon.
-Come in.
What has occurred?
Never mind!
Didn't I tell you I'd handle this?
Well, Lieutenant!
-We were just acting in self-defense.
-What happened? He put up a fight?
This isn't the one who blows the bugle.
-This is his brother who tried to kill O'Hara.
-All I said was he looked like Boris Karloff.
Boris.... Turn him over.
Kind of think he's wanted somewhere.
You "kind of think
he's wanted somewhere"?
If you guys can't look
at the circulars we put up...
...you can at least read
short detective stories.
Certainly, he's wanted. In Indiana!
He escaped from the prison
for criminally insane. He's a lifer.
That's my brother.
That's the way they described him.
"He looked like Karloff."
Why'd you knock him out?
He tried to get us to go to the cellar.
He says 13 bodies are there.
Thirteen bodies in the cellar...
...and that don't tip you off
the guy's from a nuthouse?
Thanks, pal.
About my not ringing in, I want to--
Where have you been all night?
Don't tell me.
I was right here writing a play

with Mortimer Brewster.
You're going to have
a long time on that play.
You're suspended.
Now go on. Report in.
Bring him to and find out
where his accomplice is.
The guy who helped him escape.
He's wanted, too.
Here.
I've been after these guys for 48 hours.
Nothing to eat. No sleep.
No wonder Brooklyn's in the shape it's in.
With flatheads like you on the force.
Falling for a story like that!
Thirteen bodies buried in the cellar.
But there are 13 bodies in the cellar!
-Who are you?
-I'm President Roosevelt.
-What the blazes is this?
-He's the one that blows the bugle.
Howdy, Colonel.
Colonel, you've blown your last bugle.
Get this guy out of here.
Dear me! Another yellow-fever victim?
All the bodies in the cellar
are yellow-fever victims.
No, Colonel. This is a spy.
We caught him at the White House.
Take him out and bring him to.
I want to question him.
-Questioning of spies is my department.
-Hey, you, keep out of that.
You're forgetting that as President
I am also head of the Secret Service.
Who are you?
What's your name?
Usually, I'm Mortimer Brewster.
But I'm not myself today.
You're his brother. Look, no argument.
He's got to be put away.
No arguments, Captain. No arguments.
Just a minute, take it easy. Read this.
Teddy's going to go to Happy Dale tonight.

-I'm waiting for Mr. Witherspoon.
-As long as he's going someplace.
He's scaring the neighbors with that bugle.
And that cockeyed story
about 13 bodies being--
I've been without sleep for 48 hours.
I'm liable to think anything.
I know just how you feel.
There's people dumb enough
to believe that.
Last year there was a crazy guy,
started a murder rumor.
I had to dig up a half acre plot
before I could prove--
-What's this?
-What's the matter?
-These papers aren't any good.
-Why not?
He signed it Theodore Roosevelt!
-Is your taxi engaged?
-Losing dough every minute. Any offers?
I'm Mr. Witherspoon of Happy Dale
Sanitarium, I have come to get a Brewster.
I would like you to drive us back
to the sanitarium.
I knew this would end up in a nuthouse!
We like to think of it as a rest home.
Mr. Brewster?
Mr. Witherspoon is here.
Supposing the spy steals this document
and finds the name Roosevelt on it.
Think what that would mean
to the safety of the nation!
-No, it's chicanery.
-What is this? Come on!
-He's come to. He's ready to talk.
-Hold him till I get there.
Let me explain. The name Brewster
is code for Roosevelt.
-Code for Roosevelt?
-Take the name Brewster.
Take away the "B" and what have you got?
-Rooster.
-And what does a rooster do?

-Crows.
-It crows! Where do you hunt in Africa?
-On the veldt!
-There you are! "Crowsveldt."
Ingenious! My compliments
to the boys in the code department.
That's all right! Do that again for me.
Never mind! Give me that pen.
This is fun.
Now, all I got to get is Witherspoon.
I'm so glad to see you.
You will take good care of Teddy?
-Best of care of him.
-That's fine.
And no wagon when he leaves.
Why? To take him away? Never, never.
Taxicabs. We always....
I have one waiting now.
It means a great deal to me.
You will personally see
that Teddy's happy at Happy Dale?
-He'll be very happy at Happy Dale.
-That's good.
You know, I sometimes envy
some of our patients, secretly.
You do? It must be a nice place.
I've never been there.
You never can tell.
This is a particularly happy moment
for me tonight.
-I've never met a dramatic critic before.
-The woods are full of them.
I have here something that will explain
what we're trying to do.
-A pamphlet about Happy Dale?
-No, it's a play.
Something I've been working on.
It's a dramatization of many incidents
that have happened at Happy Dale.
Captain! Captain!
I want you to read this carefully.
I want you to be just as harsh as you like.
I shan't mind, you know--
Captain, this is Mr. Witherspoon.

He'll be very happy at Happy Dale.
-Come, my boy.
-What is this?
No, you got it wrong.
This is Captain Rooney.
The police?
I'm sure! Here are the papers, all signed.
Now you can take him away.
I'll be in my office vetoing some bills.
Mr. President, I have good news for you.
Your term of office is over.
-Is this March 4?
-Practically.
Let's see....
Now I go on my hunting trip to Africa!
Well, I must get started immediately.
Is he trying to move into the White House
before I've moved out?
Who, Mr. President?
Taft!
No, this isn't Mr. Taft.
It's Mr. Witherspoon, your guide to Africa.
Bully! Bully!
Wait right here.
I'll bring down my equipment.
Happy man.
Goodbye, Aunt Abby, Aunt Martha.
I'm on my way to Africa.
Isn't it wonderful?
Charge!
It's all right, I've got it.
Oh, dear.
And Happy Dale is full of staircases.
You've come to meet Teddy, haven't you?
No, he's come to take him.
Teddy's been blowing his bugle again.
No, he can't go now! We won't permit it.
We promise to take his bugle
away from him.
-We won't be separated from Teddy.
-I'm sorry.
How can you allow this? You promised.
Brewster's got nothing to do with this.
The law is the law!

Teddy's committed himself
and he's got to go.
-If he's going, we're going, too!
-Yes, you'll have to take us with him.
Why not? Why not, indeed?
It's sweet of them, but impossible.
We never take sane people at Happy Dale.
These little sane people will get lost
in the shuffle. You could arrange that.
Just put them in
and they'll get all mixed up.
Too dangerous. Dissension, jealousy.
Now, let's be sensible, ladies.
Here I am wasting my time
when I could be doing some serious work.
There are still murders
to be solved in Brooklyn.
It ain't only his bugle blowing.
Things are going to get worse.
We're liable to have to dig up your cellar.
Our cellar?
Teddy's been telling around
there's 13 bodies buried in the cellar.
There are 13 bodies in our cellar.
What?
Yes. You just ask our nephew, Mortimer.
Charge!
Isn't that amazing?
You behave yourself.
You know very well there are
Certainly there's 13 bodies in the cellar.
And there are hundreds more
up in the attic, Captain!
-What is this?
-You mustn't mind Mortimer.
-How about it?
-I'll be right there.
He's been a little strange all day.
Right now I wouldn't know what is
and what ain't strange anymore.
-I'll look in that cellar.
-I'll tell you what we'll do.
I'll bring my bodies from the attic
and you get yours from the cellar...

...and we'll get them all together,
and we'll send them to Happy Dale.
No, you wouldn't have to dig.
The graves are all marked.
-We put flowers on them every Sunday.
-Flowers?
Sure, I put neon lights on mine.
Humor them, humor them.
Smile.
There's one down there, a Mr. Spenalzo...
Hasn't got it yet.
...who doesn't belong here
and has to leave.
-But the other 12 are our gentlemen.
-Your gentlemen?
You'd like mine better.
None of mine are gentlemen.
-You mustn't mind him at all.
-He got married today.
"There is a Happy Dale far, far away
"There is a Happy"
He got it. It's amazing.
Don't you think you can find room
for the ladies?
Just the ladies?
Just the ladies!
-How about it?
-They'd have to be committed.
Teddy committed himself. Couldn't they?
-All they have to do is sign the papers.
-Certainly.
If we can go with Teddy,
we'll sign the papers.
Where are they?
I have them, ladies, right here.
Sign them up, will you?
I want this all cleaned up.
I'm going out to talk to that spy.
Maybe I can understand him.
Thirteen bodies in the cellar.
Ladies, if you'll sign right here.
-Here?
-Yes, please.
It's on the right-hand side there.

I'm really looking forward to going.
The neighborhood here has changed so.
Yes. Especially since they won
that old pennant thing.
Oh, dear, I'm so sorry.
We've overlooked something.
It's absolutely compulsory that we have
the signature of a physician.
A doctor.
Dr. Einstein! Come here
and sign some papers, please.
-Good night.
-Come here, Dr. Einstein.
-A doctor?
-Yes.
Dr. Einstein almost operated on me earlier.
Come along, Doctor.
Now, here. Just sign right here,
please, Doctor.
-Were you leaving, Doctor?
-Yes, please.
Aren't you going to wait for Jonathan?
I don't think we go to the same place.
Hello, Mac. We picked up that guy
that's wanted in Indiana.
His accomplice's description is
on the circular, on the desk.
Read it to me, will you?
About 40.
Five-foot-three.
One hundred and forty pounds.
Pop eyes.
Talks with a German accent.
Poses as a doctor.
Okay, Mac. Thanks.
It's all right. The doctor
has completed the signatures.
That's great!
Thanks, Doc.
You've done Brooklyn a great service.
But Dr. Einstein!
-Now, Mr. Witherspoon--
-You're Witherspoon, I'm Brewster.
It's contagious, yes. It's your turn.

-Don't play games--
-You sign.
You sign as next of kin.
Why didn't you say so?
I'm all confused. Don't mind me.
Mr. Witherport.
-Spoon.
-Here.
Come up and pack my duffel.
Duffel?
Pack his duffel. He's President, you know?
And bring along my bugle.
President.
Don't charge!
We're really very worried about something.
Now, darling, don't be worried.
-Me too, Mortimer.
-Well, of course, darling.
You'll both be very happy at Happy Dale.
We're very happy about the whole thing,
but that's just it.
We don't want anything to go wrong.
Will they investigate those signatures?
-They won't look up Dr. Einstein--
-But it's not his signature, dear.
-It's yours.
-Mine?
You see, you signed as next of kin.
-What's wrong about that, darling?
-Martha, you tell him.
Well, dear.
-What, dear?
-You're not really a Brewster.
-What?
-Your mother came to us as a cook.
And you were born
about three months afterwards.
And she was such a sweet woman
and such a good cook...
...we didn't want to lose her.
So brother married her.
Your real father was a cook, too.
He was a chef on a tramp steamer.
You mean I'm not really a Brewster?

-Darling!
-Don't feel so badly about it.
I'm sure it won't make any difference
to Elaine.
Where are you? Can you hear me?
I'm not really a Brewster!
I'm the son of a sea cook!
It's true! I saw them. It's true.
It's true! There are 13 bodies down there!
But I saw them--
What's all this screaming about?
-But I saw them--
-It's way past her bedtime.
Quiet!
-But, Mortimer--
-Goodbye!
-'Bye.
-Goodbye, darling!
-What is all this?
-They're going on their honeymoon.
They're off to a flying start.
I really did see--
You'll own two cabs!
I mean the meter!
Oh, Mortimer.
We're going to Niagara Falls.
Call me a cab, dear.
Yes, love.
But, Mr. Brewster!
I'm not a Brewster.
I'm a son of a sea cook.
Charge!
I'm not a cabdriver. I'm a coffeepot!