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At Long Last Love

By Peter Bogdanovich

Gentleman.
Some gentleman.
I wouldn't talk if I were you.
That's one thing I am not, thank God.
What?
You.
What?
You, you big weasel. I'm not you.
Thank you. You have
such a way with words.
Don't.
What?
Touch the lights.
Oh, yes, I keep forgetting.
You love dark rooms.
Yeah?
Like a bat.
I'd rather be a bat than a duck.
Hmm. Thought I was a weasel.
You are a weasel and a duck.
Rather intriguing combination, I'd say.
What?
Never mind. You're too drunk
to follow anything intricate.
Oh, yeah? Where are you going?
Home.
To mother.
On the next train.
Oh, that's sweet.
All I do is just take a few drinks
to unwind from the show...
Unravel, you mean.
Come again.
No, I don't believe I will actually.
I'm rather bored with the whole thing.
You're bored.
Good night.
Why do you think I drink?
Good-bye.
Oh, what an exit.
Theatricality, my dear,
is your department.
Oh, wait a minute.
I gotta write that down someplace.

"Theatricality, my dear,
is your department."
Very clever.
Clever.
With a million neon rainbows
burning below me
And a million blazing taxis
raising a roar;
Here I am
Above the town
In my pet
pailletted gown
Down in the depths
On the 90th floor
Mmm!
While the crowds at El Morocco
punish the parquet;
And at 21, the couples
clamor for more
More! More! More!
I'm deserted
and depressed
In my regal eagle nest;
Down in the depths
On the 90th floor
When the one
you thought you wanted
Wants ms mother
What's the use of swank
and cash in the bank galore?
Why, even the
janitor's wife
Has a perfectly
good love life
And here am I;
Facing tomorrow
Alone in my sorrow
Down in the depths
On the 90th floor
Oh, God.
All right. I'll
see you and raise you 40.
That's too damn rich for me. I'm
out. Aw, Willie, you're no sport.

I'll see that.
And you're a sap.
So am I, I guess.
I'm in.
Now it's up to me. That's right,
Johnny boy. Cost you 40 to stay in.
I don't know. Don't tell
us you're shy suddenly.
Don't be a sore loser, Willie.
It's unbecoming.
I don't see what you're
so cheerful about. Shh!
This guy's a one-man crash.
Shush yourself.
I bet.
Yeah, you always do.
All right, here they are.
Tens and kings.
Two pair, ace high.
I could've beat that.
Yeah, so can I.
Three boys and two little girls.
Didn't I tell you I was a sap?
What do you got?
None of your business.
Well, Mr. Spanish?
Oh, I'm sorry.
Uh-oh. Here it comes.
Okay, save the apologies.
Let's see what you have.
Now don't be a sore loser.
Two of these.
My girls.
And three of these.
My goodness.
I'm sorry.
I love this guy.
I think we'd better quit-
He's been sorry all night.
Before my wife wakes up
and shoots me.
I'm tired of being a masochist.
Gentlemen.
Hey, I know what you mean. Gentlemen,

when my heart is sick, I've got a remedy
that does the trick.

You win.

No. Gentlemen.

Gentlemen.

Whenever you are blue,
I advise you to try my remedy too.

Just say...

Tomorrow

Your trouble will be done

tomorrow

Your victory will be won

tomorrow

We're all gonna have fun

'cause there ain't gonna be no sorrow;

Tomorrow

That's right. We won't
be playing you tomorrow.

Yes, yes, tomorrow

It's all gonna be grand

tomorrow

You'll start leading the band

tomorrow

We'll live in a new land

I say this to myself in Venice,
and here I am.

You should've stayed in Venice.

See ya, Murray.

Because there

Ain't gonna be no sorrow

tomorrow

Ciao.

Ciao yourself.

Still low, Harry?

Nobody wild about Harry?

Ooh, ooh, ooh!

Ooh, domani.

Eh, domani.

You're sure gonna meet

The one you'll adore

God forbid.

I got enough troubles as it is.

Your heart gonna beat

as never before

It'll stop.
No, it's all
gonna change
From darkness to dawn
Mmm, Barney Google here.
Ah! Why do you squeal
and feel so darn bitter?
You'll score
like a Yankee hitter;
The Dodgers are winning.
Tomorrow,
the season will be spring
Tomorrow,
the birds will all sing
Tomorrow,
Signor Cupid will be king
So there ain't
gonna be no sorrow
Tomorrow
No. Why borrow even
a small cup of sorrow?
Instead, get in your head,
mo caro.
That there ain't gonna be
no sorrow tomorrow
No, no, there ain't gonna be
no sorrow
For you and me
Tomorrow
Aah!
What did you say?

Quarter to 6:

A quarter of 6:

In the morning.
It's still dark out.
Yes, ma'am, but it's lightenin' up.
I think you should
have your watch fixed.
I will, ma'am,
just as soon as I get one.
Good mornin'- I mean,
good night, Miss Carter.

Good night.

Quarter of 6:

Better not be quarter of 6:00.

I told that goon to get me back by

- Oh!

These are going back.

I told Beth they pinch.

It's like wearing two vises.

Vise? Two vise.

So, where did she put that thing?

Oh, no.

It is quarter of 6:00.

I wonder,

which is the right life?

The simple or the nightlife?

When, pray, should one rise?

At sunset or at sunrise?

Which should be upper;

My breakfast or my supper?

Which is the right life?

Which?

What?

No. "Which."

If the wood nymph left the park,

would Park Avenue excite her?

Would the glowworm trade her spark

for the latest Dunhill lighter?

Here's a question

I would pose

Tell me which

the sweeter smell makes

The aroma of the rose

Or the perfume

that Chanel makes?

Or this letter the hotel sent?

Oh

Which is the right life?

The simple or the nightlife?

I don't know.

I don't know.

This says

we are being thrown out,

so somethin' is wrong.

When, pray, should one rise?
At sunset or at sunrise?
Well, when you figure it out,
call me, huh?
Which should be the upper;
My breakfast or my supper?
Which is the right life?
Which-
Beth!
What time is it, Rodney?

6:

6300?

Hmm.

I'm sick of 6:

Sir?

Why isn't it 7:

or even 8:

Well, it was just 5:00
recently, sir,

and 6:

and 8:

I'm sure there's a logic
to that somewhere,
but it's just too tiring
to think about.
Yes, sir.
After hunting all over
for pleasure
With some measure
of success
Are you singing to me, sir? No.
I was just singing to myself.
Yes, sir. Go right ahead, sir.
I've decided the pace
known as rapid
Leads to vapid
nothingness
And Fm;

Tired of betting, tired of sporting,
tired of flirting, tired of courting
Tired of racing, tired of
yachting, tired of loafing
Tired of rotting
Tired of dining, tired of wining
Tired of tea-ing
Tired of being tired
fired, '(wed
Oh
Won't somebody care
For a poor young millionaire?
Mr. Pritchard.
Don't stop, Rod.
I just need a little air.
Sir, wouldn't the window suffice?
Please don't slow down.
If you knew what blues meant,
you'd find me amusement.
Well, I've tried.
I've tried.
Step on it, Rod.
God knows I've tried.
I've had every thrill
From a Rolls-Royce
to a Ford
And there's no concealing
the fact I'm feeling
Bored, bored
Bored
Haven't seen you in a long time.
Such a child.
What a lovely little tie.
Is it a boy or girl?
A girl? You should dress
her differently. Harold.
Yeah. Such a doll.
Look at her eyes.
Yeah, a little doll.
Harold.
Give me the children.
Harold! Oh.
Oh, Harold, turn that off.
Oh, would that I could, ma'am.

Oh, it's the sun.
The sun it is.
Give me the sun, Mother.
Aren't we looking pretty today?
Thank you.
I need a refill and a cab.
Ah, some refreshment
and a conveyance. Yes.
You're in my way.
You wanna get killed?
Ooh, there's one. Taxi.
You're sure you wouldn't like
to get back in now, sir?
Oh, I think I look
rather striking out here.
What?
Striking.
Yes, I know, but-What? Uh-oh.
Taxi!
Gracious, you're heavy.
I'm awfully sorry.
What the hell were you doing,
anyway, hanging onto that taxi?
Are you all right, Miss O'Kelly?
Oh, it sobered me up anyhow.
Mr. Pritchard, are you hurt?
No. I landed on something soft.
Hmm. I like you. Thank you. Would
you like to have a drink on that?
Sir, I'm afraid the car isn't so fit.
Oh, really?
What's the matter?
I don't smoke.
She doesn't smoke.
She doesn't smoke.
I knew that.
Now, who's this?
Rodney James.
He used to drive for me.
Very funny.
Hello, Rodney.
A pleasure.
He's very formal.
Yes. He tries to compensate for me.

What's your name?
Kitty O'Kelly.
I don't believe that.
Well, I know what you mean.
But the real one's
Kathy Krumm with a "K."
How would that look in lights?
Crummy with a.
What would you be doing
in lights anyway?
I'm a singer.
Oh.
What do you do?
Nothing. I'm an heir.
What?
Well, that's not a taxi.
Nope.
That's your car.
Yep.
Look what I did to it. That's all right.
I got a couple of others.
You do?
Mm-hmm.
What kind? Just like this one.
I can't tell 'em apart.
I like you more and more.
Thank you.
Is that why you call this one
MOP III?
No, actually, that's me.
You're the third MOP?
Yeah.
You ever get bored?
Never.
Rodney.
Sir!
Call a cab.
Excuse us.
Excuse us.
Hurry up! It's starting.
I hope we miss it.
Oh, will you stop badgering me?
I'm not badgering you.
We're lost.

I'm making sense.
Oh, where do we Beth, bet?
What'd you have in mind, honey?
"Beth, bet"? What?
Beat it, Morris.
You ain't cute.
Oh, yeah? Well, dames don't belong
down here no way. Come, snooks.
Aw, go suck an egg.
I can't see a thing.
I wish you'd wear your glasses.
Where are we going?
Straight ahead.
Oh!
Bettin' our last \$300 is no way to
make ends meet. I always win at games.
They probably won't take our bet anyway.
They'd better.
They don't know us. Unless you'd
rather sleep in the park tonight.
They have to know you.
That's ridiculous.
The horses are approaching the gate.
Stand here.
Is this the line?
You don't know nothin' about betting
or racing-Oh, stop crabbing!
Crab, crab, crab.
I'm not crabbing.
Tell them to hurry up.
I'm not crabbing.
Tell them to hurry up.
No.
Hmm!
Yes?
Yes.
I'm in an awful hurry.
May I get ahead of you?
For you, anything.
Thank you.
Except this.
Except what?
Yes? I'm betting
also on this race.

I don't like to miss my chance.
I have lucky feeling today.
You're Italian. Mmm.
Venetian.
Every Italian I've ever met is rude,
inconsiderate and selfish. Brooke.
Perhaps because they are not
used to women who are spoiled.
Yeah, in Italy, we don't have.
Elizabeth, call the police.
They don't come around where there's
betting, honey. It ain't legal.
Hey, Spanish. They're
at the gate. What'll it be?
1,000. Ladies' Day to win.
I hope you lose.
Spanish. 1,000.
Grazie. Ciao.
The flag is up.
What did he say?
What are you giris doing here?
We were drawn by your magnetism.
Uh-huh. Now don't be rude
to the man, Elizabeth.
Which one, sir, do you think will win?
I ain't a seer, lady.
What? He says he ain't a seer.
And he certainly ain't no "sir."
Mmm, tough cookie, huh?
You wanna start somethin'?
How about Cot-ton Ball?
Cotton Ball. That's a nice name.
Pays 20-to-1.
I'll take it.
Put that away. You want
to get us all locked up?
It's real.
Put that away!
Look. \$300.
No cash. No cash.
Look, kid, I can't take your bet nohow.
I don't know ya.
I'm Brooke Carter. Oh, nice to meet ya.
So long.

Beth.
You better take her bet, wise guy,
if you know what's good for you.
Yeah?
Yeah.
This is... Sleep Out Louie's dame.
Carter?
That's right.
That's right.
Carter. 300. Cotton Ball.
You wanna put it on his nose?
Yeah, yeah.
What?
Are you sure you don't
wanna try Ladies' Day, honey?
Valentino looked awful positive.
You mean positively awful.
That's it, girls.
They're off and running!
Who is Sleep Out Louie?
Beats me.
At the start, it's Chuck-a-luck.
Blue Boy in second.
Jumper is third.
Ladies' Day is drawing up.
Pumpkin Pie and Texas Moon.
It's Chuck-a-luck with the lead.
Blue Boy moving up to second.
They're going into the first turn.
It's Chuck-a-luck in front by a length.
Blue Boy is second.
Jumper is third.
Ladies' Day moving up to fourth.
Pumpkin Pie, Texas Moon
and, at the rear, it's Cotton Ball.
Oh, that Cotton Ball.
That's a nice name.
You bet on Cotton Ball?
We certain-We certainly did,
and he's going to win.
Chuck-a-luck in front by two lengths.
Blue Boy is second.
And Ladies' Day is now
moving up fast on the inside.

Pumpkin Pie, and here comes Cotton Ball.

Where? Where?

Right there.

Going into the far turn,
it's Chuck-a-luck in front.

We hate you. Come on, Cotton Ball!

Move it!

And Ladies' Day is moving up
very fast on the outside.

Turning into the stretch,
it's Chuck-a-luck and Ladies' Day.

They're neck and neck.

Come on, Chuck-amen!

No, it's Ladies' Day.

I'm sure.

It's Chuck-a-luck and Ladies' Day!

And Ladies' Day moves ahead.

It's Ladies' Day by a head!

The winner!

Chuck-a-luck was second.

Pumpkin Pie was fourth.

Jumper was fifth.

Blue Boy in sixth.

And here comes Cotton Ball.

Oh, look at him.

Well, good-bye, ladies.

Tomorrow, everything
will be better.

Well, at least we know
who Sleep Out Louie is.

Who?

Nobody.

Mmm.

Come on, snooks.

We have just enough change
for the subway.

Never been on the subway.

Oh, you'll love it.

Well, folks, there's Cotton Ball.

Guess he was hungry.

Come on, cheer up.

Something will come up.

Maybe we'll hear from your mother.

Fat chance.

Yeah, well, I keep telling you you
gotta be more polite to folks. Hmm.
That guy was probably
some rich Italian count or something.
Would've been a lot smarter than bettin'
on Cotton Ball, being nice to him.
That's a revolting thought.
Yeah?
Yeah.
Well, listen...
Buongiorno!
Okay, watch me.
You are hitching hike?
Hmm?
Hitching hike.
Oh, of course. We always
hitching hike after we lose.
Sort of a penance.
Ah.
And what do strong, handsome
Venetians do when they win?
Whatever the ladies desire.
The subway. The subway.
Well, how about a little hitch
for two sore losers?
No, just one.
I gotta see a man about a dog.
Oh.
Beth.
You know, snooks,
three on a match and all that.
Yeah, it will be my pleasure
to drive you.
You ain't kiddin'.
At words poetic,
I'm so pathetic;
That I always
have found it best
Hmm?
Instead of getting them
off my chest
To let 'em rest
unexpressed
You mustn't do that.

I hate parading
my serenading
And I'll probably miss a bar;
That was good.
But if this ditty
is not so pretty;
At least it'll tell you
How great you are
You're the top.
You're a Waldorf salad
You're the top
You're a Berlin ballad
You're a baby grand
of a lady and a gent
You're an old Dutch master
You're Mrs. Astor;
You're Pepsodent
I've never been so bad.
You're romance
You're the steppes
of Russia
You're the pants
Pants?
On a Roxy usher;
I'm a lazy lout that is just
about to stop Oh, don't stop.
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
you're the top
Oh, thank you.
Your words poetic
are not pathetic; No?
On the other hand,
boy, you shine Oh.
And I can feel after
every line Yeah?
A thrill divine
Down my spine
Now, gifted humans
like Vincent Youmans
Might think that your song is
bad Oh, what does he know?
But for a person
who's just rehearsin'
Well, I gotta say

this, my lad
You're the top.
You're an Arrow collar;
You're the top
You're a Coolidge dollar;
You're the nimble tread
of the feet of Fred Astaire
That's nice.
You're an O'Neill drama
You're Whistler's mama
You're Camembert
Camembert.
You're a rose
You're Infemo's Dante
You're the nose
The nose?
The nose.
On the great Durante
Oh, yeah.
I'm just in the way;
As the French would say,
De "trop"
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
you're the top
You're the top.
How can you sing?
I'm dizzy.
You're a dancing belly;
You're the top
You're a hot tamale
You're an ngel
You're simply too,
too, too diveen
You're a Botticelli
You're Keats
You're Shelley
You're Ovaltine
Aw.
You're a boon
You're the darn
at Boulder
You're the moon
Really?
Over Mae West's shoulder

I'm a nominee
Of the G.O.P.
Or GOP;
But if, baby, I'm the bottom
You're the top
Mopsie!
You Okay?
I don't get enough exercise.
You know that?
No?
No.
You're the top
You're the Colosseum
You know the Colosseum?
Mm-hmm.
You're the top
You're the Louvre museum
You're a melody
from a symphony by Strauss
You're a Bendel bonnet,
a Shakespeare sonnet
You're Mickey Mouse
You're the Nile
You're the Tower of Pisa
You're the smile
on the Mona Lisa
I'm a worthless check,
a total wreck, a flop
But if, baby,
I'm the bottom
You're the top
You sing.
Oh, yes.
You finished?
Tonight, we go to El Morocco.
My mother's always had
a weakness for Latins.
And you?
I haven't had that weakness.
No, no?
My mother's in South America.
And your father?
My father isn't in South America.
Ah, your mother and your father...

You remember the crash?

Oh, yes.

I come to America
to make success.

And the day

I come from the boat, crash.

Well, you're doing all right.

Yes. Today, I'm very rich.

How rich?

Oh.

That rich?

Your father in the crash...

crash?

Phfft!

So, what you do?

You have no money.

That was the silly part
of the whole thing.

Daddy thought we were broke,
but he just didn't know Mother.

He didn't know your mother?

Not too well.

I see.

She had about a million dollars
hidden around the house. My goodness.

Goodness

had nothing to do with it.

Gary Cooper. Yeah.

So what happened to your mother?

She went down to South America.

And she left you no money.

Ah. Oh, a little, and she
sends more every so often.

But lately, it hasn't been so often.

In fact, we haven't heard from her
in three months...

except for one postcard from Rio
that just said, "Ole! Love, Mother."

But then you must
need some money.

No, I don't.

Oh, you don't?

But my hotel does.

Your hotels need money.

Well, they must because they
keep asking me all the time.
Well, this is terrible.
That's just what I tell them.
I fix now this problem for you.
Oh, will you?
Of course. I'm Venetian.
Well, you're more than that.
Yes.
I'm Communist.
Well, be that as it may...
You're the top
You're Mahatma Gandhi
You're the top
You're... Napoleon brandy;
Oh, Napoleon.
Yeah, you're the purple light
of a summer night in Spain
Italy. Scusi.
Shh!
You're the National Gallery
You're Garbo's salary
You're...
Yeah?
Cellophane
Oh.
You're sublime
You're a turkey dinner;
You're the time of
that Derby winner No.
I'm a toy balloon
that is fated soon to pop
But if, baby,
I'm the bottom
You're the top
Curtain's going up!
Curtain is going up!
Curtain's going up!
The curtain is going up!
Thank you. Would you mind terribly
checking this with our other things?
I'll do it for you, handsome.
Take the night off.
Anytime you say, kiddo.

Excuse me.
Um...
Excuse me.
Thank you.
Excuse me.
Thank you.
Excuse me.
Thank you.
Excuse me.
Thank you.
Excuse me.
Thank you.
Oh, my, look at that.
Look at what?
What's the matter?
Nothing really.
I'm afraid that one of you
is in one of our seats.
Nonsense. There's two seats.
One for each of you.
Yes, but the ones I bought
were together. See?
Six and seven.
You're in seven.
What's wrong with that one?
That's nine.
You're being very literal. It's
not for me. It's for Rodney.
He cries at shows.
Sometimes I have to hold his hand.
Or I become uncontrollable.
He becomes uncontrollable.
Well, I wouldn't want
to break anything up.
Shove over, Spagnoli.
Thank you.
Hmm!
Oh, fine. Now I've got
King Kong in front of me.
Huh? Ah, yes.
Look what you've done.
What?
King Kong's wife.
Oh. Oh, dear.
Can you see the stage?
Not at all.

You have taken the only seat
from which anything is visible.
I hope you enjoy the show.
Allow me. Shall we?
What's the matter? It's an old children's
game. It's called musical chairs.
Huh? We're switching again, junior,
'cause you got such terrific: seats.
This gentleman's gonna switch
with that-gentleman. Excuse me.
Now, before this modern idea
had burst;
About the women
and children first;
The men had much more charm
than they have today
And if only one
of that type survived
The very moment
that he arrived
I know I'd fall
in a great big way;
I can't imagine
being bad
With any Arrow collar ad
Nor could I take
the slightest joy
In waking up a college boy;
I've no desire
to be alone
With Rudy Vallee's
megaphone
So when I'm
saying my prayers
I say
Find me
A primitive man
Built on
A primitive plan
Someone
With vigor and vim
I don't mean the kind
that belongs to a club
But the kind that has a club

that belongs to him
I could be
The personal slave
Of someone
Just out of a cave
The only man
who will ever win me
Has gotta wake up
the gypsy in me
Find me a primitive man
Find me
A primitive man
Kathy Krumm.
Shh. She's not so bad.
No, Skee-zix.
That's Kathy Krumm.
You know her? Sure. We went
to school together. P.S. 122.
You went to P.S. 122?
Shh.
Trouve moi
Un homme primitif
Trouve moi
Un garçon naïf
Ah!
Hey!
Trouve moi
un homme primitif
Follow me.
This way. This way.
Hello. Hello.
How'd you like the show?
Sensational. Sensational.
Sisters.
Mm-hmm.
Hi, gorgeous.
Hello there.
Oh, boy. An American Indian.
Hey.
Congratulations.
I don't know this girl.
You don't know this girl?
I've never seen her.
Hi, Mopsie.

You don't know these girls.
Well!
Oh, thank you.
Scusi.
Excuse me. 'You.
Oh.
Shh.
Who is it?
Shh.
Mopsie! Was I good?
Oh! Thank you.
I have another surprise for you.
You do?
Mm-hmm.
Oh, he's very cute.
No, not him.
Behind you.
Kathy Krumm,
you're a nasty girl.
Brooski!
P.S...
1-2-2!
1-2-2! And...
Hurrah for the
orange and blue
To 1-2-2
we will ever be true
She gives us the knowledge
to send us to college
Hurrah for the
orange and blue
Come in here!
Look at you!
You look absolutely gorgeous!
What about the time that Mr.
Petrovich. Don't you dare.
Made a pass at you in the gym-Stop.
It was the locker room.
After that game? That game
was in the locker room.
I can't stand it!
[Giggling]
I haven't thought about that.
Neither have I.

But isn't he the one that
started calling you Brookski?
You're right.
I'd forgotten all about him.
Ooh, was he mean.
Mr. Spanish.
Yeah?
I've been thinking. You remind me of
someone I'm really quite fond of.
Yes? Who?
Me.
Si. Mike and I,
they look alike.
Yeah, except you look better.
Oh, no. I prefer you.
Oh, you're too kind. Would you
care to dance? That's a good idea.
Do you mind if I lead?
My pleasure.
Listen to Mutt and Jeff.
We can't talk for two minutes...
Two hours.
And a half.
Not counting the car ride.
It's been years and years.
I thought you didn't smoke.
I don't.
Lots of terrible things have happened.
What about that time in biology?
Would you yield for a question?
We'll consider it.

About public:

Brookie there.
Neither could the school.
Mother thought I was getting spoiled.
So she took me out of Miss Hopkins's.
And into 1-2-2.
Hurrah for the orange and blue
And then what happened?
Nothing. Mother was right.
I was spoiled.
After one year, boing-
back I went to Miss Hopkins's.

What's it mean, boing?
She got kicked out.
My mom couldn't afford it, so we
didn't see each other much after that.
Why don't you guys
go take a walk or something?
We did that.
Twice.
Then go tie your tie.
You too.
Sir, you're not in fashion.
Thank you very much
for pointing that out.
You're quite welcome.
It's the fashion, George.
I know, but Mildred
is so out of touch.
I am not.
She is not.
What are you doing, lady?
Hands off of my husband.
It's the latest fashion.
I think we'd better dance
before they throw us out.
Yeah. Okay, spaghetti.
Let's go.
Canals. And it's so nice.
If you're
ever in a jam, here I am
Yeah. You've got it.
If you ever need a pal,
I'm your gal
If you ever feel so happy;
You land in jail,
I'm your bail
It's
friendship, friendship
Just the perfect
blendship
When other friendships
have been forgot
Ours will still be hot;
Lah-dle-ah-dle-ah-dle
Dig, dig, dig.

Whee!
If you ever lose your way,
come to "K"
I'm getting tired of this.
If you're ever in a flop,
call for MOP
Oh, MOP.
By the other hand
If you ever take a boat
and get lost at sea Yes?
What?
Write to me
It's friendship,
friendship
Just the perfect
blendship
When other friendships
have been forgit
Ours will still be it
Lah-dle-ah-dle-ah-dle
Chuck, chuck, chuck.
Oh, that's cute.
Thank you.
One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight, and...
Hey, you wanna spend
Sunday on the Sound?
Oh, would you, Brooke?
He's got a terrific house.
Well, I'd have to get some clothes.
Me too.
And Beth.
Lead off, Mr. Spanish.
Yeah!
If you're ever down a well,
ring my bell
Choc-chem!
If you ever catch on fire,
send a wire
I Will, I Will. Yeah?
If you ever lose your teeth and
you're out to dine, borrow mine
It's friendship,
friendship

Just the perfect
blendship
When other friendships
have ceased to gel
Ours will still be swell
Lah-dle-ah-dle-ah-dle
Hep, hep, hep.
Whee!
I'm coming! I'm coming!
I'm coming. Well, hurry up.
We've been waiting all night.
Oh, Brooke, it is late.
It is not.
This will make it earlier, Beth.
I'm Mike Pritchard.
How do you do?
Well, I don't mind if I-Where did you
find him? He goes with Kathy here.
Remember my old friend Kathy?
I told you about her.
Oh, that little girl from public: school.
Well, I grew, if you don't mind.
You got good taste too. He's
just someone I ran into.
I like your friend.
And she's single too.
Oh, really?
Thanks a lot.
Any more at home like you?
Mercifully not.
You're just jealous. Well, what
do they call you, big boy?
Rodney James.
Rod.
That, I'm afraid, is the diminutive.
Well, I bet you ain't.
Get in here, John.
Bravo
You missed three rounds, John.
Four. Four. Four.
Oh, that's right, Mertle.
Guzzle it, you old drunk.
I must say that bird
drinks like a fish.

Thank you.
Broke, you drink too?
Brooke.
Brook.
No. Brooke.
Si. Bruke.
No wonder you never
invited me to your place.
Oh, dear.
If they ever
black your eyes
Put me wise
Yeah.
If they ever
cook your goose
Turn me loose
If they ever put a bullet through
your brain, I'll complain
It's friendship,
friendship
Just the perfect
blendship
When other friendships
go up in smoke
Ours will still be oke
Lah-dle-ah-dle-ah-dle
Cluck, cluck, cluck.
Smell, smell, smell!
No. I'm driving.
Oh, come on.
Oh, come on, Rod. You've only had one.
Yeah, Rod.
That is not my name.
I am simply not a "Rod."
Thank heaven.
Open wide.
Whoo.
If you ever lose your mind,
I'll be kind
Isn't he sweet? Yes.
If you ever lose your shirt,
I'd be hurt
There's a switch.
If you're ever in a mill and get

sawed in half, I won't laugh
It's friendship,
friendship
Just the perfect
blendship
When other friendships
have been forgate
Ours will still be great;
Lah-dle-ah-dle-ah-dle
Goo, goo, goo.
Bravo!
If they ever hang you, pard,
send a card
If they ever cut your throat,
write a note
You have my word.
If they ever make
a cannibal stew of you
Yeah?
Invite me too
Oh, it's friendship,
friendship
Just the perfect
blendship
When other friendships
are up the crick
Ours will still be slick
Lah-dle-ah-dle-ah-dle
Zip, zip, zip.
Woof, woof, woof.
Quack, quack, quack.
Tweet, tweet, tweet.
Peck, peck, peck.
Push, push, push.
Hip, hip, hip.
Put, put, put.
Give, give, give.
Take, take, take.
Rod.
Rodney.
Right.
Ah, Rodney.
Is she safe?
Sir?

Did she get home safe? I
thought she was with you, sir.
Who?
Miss Carter.
No Miss Carter.
Little Annie Orphan.
You mean the figure
in the comic?
Of course. She has been trying to return
to her Daddy Warbucks for three weeks.
He is not her real daddy
because she is orphan.
She has no mama, no daddy.
She has no eyes either.
Yeah. It's a symbol.
Ah. Well, sir, I haven't
had a look yet.
Why don't you look for yourself?
Oh, grazie, grazie. Is there
anything else you'd like?
Oh, no. Grazie.
Thank you. It's enough.
Whatever you say, sir.
Leaping lizards!
Sir?
Leaping lizards.
She always says "Leaping lizards."
How eloquent.
See, ma, she no home.
I'm sorry to hear that.
Yeah, tomorrow.
I shall say a small prayer.
Thank you!
You are very gentle.
Thank you, sir.
What?
Oh, never mind.
Don't just stand there.
You look like a nervous turtle.
Another reptile.
Huh?
How does one tell, I wonder,
when turtles are nervous?
Well, they stay in their shells,

Rodney ol' James.
Well, that is not the case
with this turtle. No, huh?
No, he was simply amazed that anyone who
could swill so much liquor of an evening...
could possibly arise
so early in the morning.
I love the way you talk.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Coffee's hot.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Those for Miss Carter?
Yep.
An eccentric breakfast,
I dare say.
Oh, she don't eat 'em.
She don't-uh, doesn't?
Nope.
Well, what does she do with them?
She puts 'em on her face.
I see. Silly of me to ask.
I made some fresh orange juice
in the icebox, if you want it.
No, thank you.
I don't believe I'll eat
or drink for several days.
What do you all do around here
to pass the time?
Oh, many things.
Like?
Well, there are several
splendid horses in the stable.
A large pool, a tennis court,
a skeet range.
Mr. Pritchard also plays poker,
football...
Oh, I love football.
All that contact.
Madam, please,
keep your distance.
I was just gonna get
some orange juice for Miss Brooke.

I'm sorry.
You're an old grouch.
That's true.
You can put the coffee down now.
Isn't there anything you like to do?
Yes, there is.
What?
Sleep.
I bet you mean sleep too.
Yes, I do.
But are you fond
of riding, dear?
Kindly tell me if so
Yes, I'm fond of riding, dear;
But in the morning, no;
No?
No.
Well, are you good
at shooting, dear?
Kindly tell me if so
Yes, I'm good
at shooting, dear
But in the morning, no;
When the dawn's early light
comes to crucify my night
That's
the time when I'm in low;
Are you fond of
wrestling, dear?
Kindly tell me if so
Yes, I'm fond
of wrestling, dear;
But in the morning, no
No, no?
No, no, no, no, no;
Have you got everything?
Yes.
Shall we go amongst 'em?
I think we had better.
Can you do the crawl, my dear?
Kindly tell me if so
I can do the crawl, my dear;
But in the morning, no;
When I, as Gunga Din,

bring his bromo seltzer in
That's the time when
I'm in low
Do you use
the breaststroke, dear'?
Kindly tell me if so
Yes, I use
the breaststroke, dear
But in the morning,
no, no No, no?
No, no, no, no, no;
Rod, is that you?
Yes, sir.
What are you yelling about?
Just seeing if you're up, sir.
Have you got my fizzy?
Right here, sir.
What shall I do
with Miss O'Kelly's coffee?
She's gone for a walk
or something equally bizarre.
I'll drink it.
Yes, sir.
Morning, Beth.
Hi.
Bye.
Are you fond of poker, dear?
Kindly tell me if so
Yes, I'm fond of poker, dear;
But in the morning, no;
Beth? Yeah.
Do you have it all?
Yeah.
Thanks.
Can you fill an
inside straight?
Kindly tell me if so
I've filled plenty
inside straights
But in the morning,
no, no No, no?
No, no, no, no, no
What are you gonna do?
Meditate.

Can I watch?
No. Go away.
Okay. But, Rod...
Rodney?
Yes.
I'll see you in the afternoon.
Ooh-ooh.
Buongiorno.
Hiya.
Brooke is up?
I think she's down.
Is bad?
I'd say it's a four-cucumber day.
That's bad.
It ain't good.
Well, I try.
Well, "boner fortunier."
Oh.
Brooke.
Brooke.
It's me-Johnny.
No kidding.
Brooke, you are angry.
Brooke, I'm sorry
I didn't tell you the truth.
But it's only a little lie.
I become very rich very soon.
Maybe tomorrow.
Okay, okay.
I'll see you later.
Let me wake up now.
Yeah, I go.
Brooke.
What?
Little Annie Orphan no home yet.
Brooke? Did you hear
about Little Annie?
Leaping lizards.
Yeah.
I see you later, Mia Cara.
Is it in marble;
Or is it in clay?
Is what I thought
a new Rolls

A used Chevrolet?
Is it a sapphire
Or simply a charm?
Is it real fire
Yeah.
Or just a false alarm?
Is it today's thrill;
Or really romance?
Is it a kiss on the lips
Or just a kick in the pants?
Is it the gay 906\$
Cavorting above?
Or is it
At long last
Love?
Talking to yourself?
Uh, yeah, a little.
Nice day.
Belissima.
Oh, that's Italian. Ah,
for the day and for you.
Well, I think I'll go get
a cruller or something.
Ciao.
Yeah. Auf Wiedersehen.
Ah, Kathy.
Hmm?
Little Annie Orphan no home yet.
No, huh?
What about Dick Tracy?
Oh, still the same.
Is bad.
Sure is.
Yeah.
Yeah.
Well.
Is it the rainbow;
Or just a mirage?
Will it be
tender and sweet
Or merely massage?
Is it a brainstorm
In one of its quirks?
Or is it the best;

The crest
The works' ?
Is it for all time
Or Simply a lark?
Is it the Lido I see;
Or only Asbury Park?
Should I say thumbs down
And give it a shove?
Or is it at long last
Love?
Talking to yourself?
I was just thinking
about... things.
Anyone I know?
No.
Well, don't go away.
I'm just gonna...
Okay.
Be right down.
Is it an earthquake
Or simply a shock?
Is it the good
turtle soup
Or merely the mock?
Is it a cocktail
This feeling of joy?
Or is what I feel
The real McCoy?
Have I the right hunch
Or have I the wrong?
Will it be Bach I shall hear
or just a Cole Porter song?
Is it a fancy love
We're thinking of?
Or is it at long
Last
Love?
Oh! Hoo-hoo!
Rodney!
Rodney?
Oh, I'm sorry.
I've got alcohol in my eyes.
Well, that's an original way to drink.
No. Shaving alcohol.

You shouldn't drink that at all.
I wasn't drinking it.
Could we continue this
conversation later? Gladly.
Thank you. Could I ask you
one question before I go?
No.
What's that all over your face?
Smallpox.
Thank you.
Why don't you go shave?
I Will.
Is it a breakdown
Or is it a break?
Dee, Dee, Dee, Dee
Is it a real porterhouse
Or only a steak
What can account for
These strange pitter-pats?
Could this be the dream
The cream, the cats'?'
Is it to rescue
Or is it to wreck?
Is it an ache in the heart;
Or just a pain in the neck?
Is it the ivy you touch
With a glove?
Or is it at long
Last
Love?
I wonder what'll happen.
Hey!
Hey!
No!
Get yourself a scotch, Alfred.
Huh?
That's okay. That's Mabel.
My mother.
Touchdown!
I win.
Mother, you're always spoiling it.
I said no tackling.
We're not gonna have any tack...
I hate this game.

I've always hated this game.
Really, Kitty.
You're getting awfully butch.
I don't know what came over me. Not
to mention this other young lady.
Hi. I'm Brooke. I'm broken.
My back is broken.
I'm sorry!
He's always complaining.
Michael, if you're going to play
with pros, you have to be prepared.
Yes, Mother.
Now, who's this?
I'm Johnny Spanish.
I bet you are.
No, Mabel. That's his name.
I love it!
Now cut that out.
He goes with her.
Lucky me!
Oh, well, if that's your type.
You can have him, Mrs. Pritchard,
but he's all show.
Oh, yes.
Call me Mabel, dear. I don't like
to be reminded of my husband.
Sure.
Tea, Mrs. P.?
Perfect timing, Rodney.
Where would you like it?
Well, where am I now? I'd say you
were in the middle of the backyard.
Well, I think I'll have my tea
in the middle of the backyard.
Very good, madam. See how she
makes decisions? Just like that.
Who's your playmate?
Oh, that's Elizabeth.
Now, please, madam,
don't encourage her.
I'm his shadow.
You see what I mean.
Oh, now, Rodney.
You're blushing.

That's a first.
Is he blushing?
I've seen him blush before.
He's blushing.
You can spare us
the sordid details, Michael.
Could we change the subject?
Well, Rodney, you and
Elizabeth run off and play.
We can manage the tea.
Oh, yeah.
Oh, couldn't I stay?
We're never alone.
I know what you mean, dear.
Madam, that is unfair.
Well, Rodney, let's face it.
You are no pushover.
Oh, hear, hear.
Well, all right. Stay.
Have a drink.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Rodney, you're such a tiger.
I see you still haven't
shaved that silly thing off.
Do we have to talk about it now?
Don't you like his mustache?
She hates it. He only grew
it to look like Rodney.
Well, he's my idol.
He's mine too.
Oh, go away!
I see I'm still the only one
currently unattached.
You'll all have to come to the club dance
with me tonight, help me pick someone out.
Absolutely out of the question.
Michael.
Hi, Mabel.
Hello, handsome.
Hello, madam.
Your mother looks
beautiful tonight. Yes.
Who's that stick

she's dancing with?
Captain Craig.
I don't know what he's captain of.
That's what they've always called him.
Maybe it's his first name.
I knew a guy called Sergeant once.
Possible.
They don't like
tip-tap.
They don't like anything.
I think if a bomb fell right outside,
they'd just give you that look
and go right on dancing.
Oh, of course.
Didn't you know?
Yes? When you're
out in smart society;
And you suddenly
get bad news
You mustn't show anxiety
No?
And proceed to sing
the blues Hmm.
For example,
tell me something sad
Something awful
Something grave
And I'll show you how
a Racquet Club lad would behave
Okay.
Have you heard
the coast of Maine
Just got hit
by a hurricane?
Well, did you evah?
What a swell party
this is
Perfect! Have you
heard that Uncle Newt;
Forgot to open
his parachute?
Well, did you ever;
What a swell party
this is Precisely!

It's great, it's grand
It's wonderland
It's tops, it's first;
It's DuPont, it's Hearst;
What soup
What-a fish
That meat
What a dish
What salad
What cheese
Yes? Pardon me One
moment, please
Have you heard
that poor, dear Blanche
Got run down
by an avalanche?
Well, did you ever?
What a swell
party this is
Have you heard Mrs. Cass had three
beers and then ate the glass?
Well, did you ever?
Hmm. What a swell
party this is
Any bets?
Just go ahead.
Have you heard
it's in the stars
Next July
we collide with Mars?
Well, did you evah!
What a swell party this is.
Have you heard
that poor old Ted
Just turned up
in an oyster bed?
Well, did you evah!
What a swell party
this is
What daiquiris
What sherry, please
What Burgundy
What great Pommery
What brandy. Wow!

What whiskey.
And how!
What gm and what beer
Will you sober up, my dear?
Have you heard
Professor Munch
Ate his wife
and divorced his lunch?
Well, did you evah?
What a swell party
this is
Help!
Coraggio!
Would you, old man?
Of course.
Have you heard
that Mimsie Starr
Just got pinched
in the Astor Bar
Well!
Swell party.
Michael, what are you doing?
Have you heard
that Captain Craig
Breeds termites
in his wooden leg?
Michael Oliver Pritchard!
What a swell
party this is
It's fun, it's fine
It's too divine
It's smooth, it's smart
It's Rodgers, it's Hart;
What debs
What stage,
What gossip
What gags
What feathers
What fuss
Just between
the flour oi us
Michael, you are incorrigible!
Lilly Lane has
lousy luck

She was there
when the lightning struck
Well, did you ever!
What a swell party this is.
Bye, Mom.
Bye, Mabel.
Mrs. Smith
in her new Hup
Crossed the bridge
when the bridge was up
Well, did you ever!
What a swell party this is.
I believe I need a drink.
Hey, Spanish.
They're deserting us.
I see. Let's go. I'm with you, John.
Excuse us.
It's fun, it's fresh
It's post depress
It's Shangri-la
It's Harper's Bazaar
Oh, what domes
Que! Chic
Those pearis, they're
the peak Oh!
What glamor and
what cheer
This will simply
slay you, dear
Kitty isn't paying calls
She slipped over
Niagara Falls
Well, did you ever?
What a swell
party this is
Yeah?
Yeah.
And Johnny's
rather scatterbrained
He dove in
when the pool was drained
Well, did you ever?
What a swell
party this is

Is that thing itchy?
What thing?
The thing on your lip.
Oh.
No.
Not at all?
Well, when it's growin' in.
Mm-hmm.
A little.
Kiss me, you fool.
On. Right.
Michael? Brooke!
Did you hear something?
No.
I hate to tell you
what I think it was.
Then don't.
All right.
Brooke? Michael!
I don't hear a thing.
Well, I do.
It's your mother.
Oh.
Well.
Yes, Mabel.
Where are you?
Oh.
Hi.
We were just looking for Kitty and John.
What a coincidence.
Oh, have you seen them?
Yes. They just left.
They left?
Right.
Where'd they go?
Back to the city.
Gee. They didn't
want to disturb you.
Oh, they didn't?
No.
But we weren't doing
anything... special.
Were we?
I can't think of anything.

Mmm. Kitty has
a matinee tomorrow,
and Mr. Spagnoli indicated there was
a rather heavy card game scheduled.
Oh.
I see.
Well, you may take the car.
The captain's going to show me his
lighthouse. See you in a day or so.
Good night.
Good night, Mom.
Good night, Mabel.
Could you please turn the station?
Can you find another station?
All right.
Take it easy.
But why so gloomy are we?
The night is beautiful.
You are beautiful.
I'm beautiful.
You ain't bad.
Huh?
I have idea.
Oh, I bet you do.
I'm no Boob McNutt.
And I'm no Dumb Dora.
Si. You know,
I prefer Blondie .7
Oh, I know.
Oh, no! No.
What's your idea?
They make us unhappy?
We make them unhappy.
How do we do that? They make us jealous?
We make them jealous.
Give them some of their own
medicine, you mean. Of course!
We are seen everywhere.
We hold hands. We kiss.
We-
Uh-huh.
What do you think?
I think this is
a very original pass.

No, it's not a pass.
No.No, no.
Si. It's just sort
of a show we put on?
Doesn't mean anything?
No.
No.
Do we rehearse?
If you like.
Hmm.
This show could be a hit.
You're such
a Ne plus ultra creature
What was that?
French.
That if I had your photo
I couldn't pick
my favorite feature
I like you so in Toto
Latin.
Oh, thank you.
In every way,
from every angle
You're the bangle
I long to dangle
Very convincing.
I'll say that much for you.
Or from basement to roof
From Wagner opera
to opera bouffe
Go on. I love it.
I love it!
From alpha to omega
What?
Oh.
Yeah.
From alpha to omega
I thought you said "alfalfa."
You were made for me
"From alpha to alfalfa."
You are nice.
You know that?
From left hooks
by Dempsey

To Braddock's uppercuts
From Jericho to Kokomo
Not to mention
from soup to nuts
Is this part of the show?
From Journal
until Mirror
I'm not so good on that turf.
From coast to coast
Oh, I don't know about that.
From Juliet to Norma Shearer;
You're what I like
the most;
Yeah?
Yeah.
And from morning
until evening
Will you stun yourself
with wine?
Certainly.
Till from alpha to omega
You are mine
Here we are!
Yeah.
Here we are.
Will you be needing
anything else, sir?
No. Ta-ta!
Hmm.
No, you can go to bed, Rod.
Good night, Rod.
Good night.
Never gets that right,
and he never will.
I don't know why
he keeps trying to do it.
Once a week we have it, and I have
to pick it up and dust it off,
put it on the shelf.
Ridiculous actually.
Guess who!
The bride of Frankenstein.
Oh, how'd you know?
I have a sixth sense.

Gracious.
I got dressed just for you.
Undressed, you mean.
Oh, now,
don't be vulgar, Rodney.
Where do you think you're going?
With you.
I'm simply going
to park the car.
I love parking.
I don't know.
I feel a little guilty.
So I've noticed.
You could have
a great career
Hmm?
And you should.
Only one thing stops you, dear.
Too much money.
You're too good.
If you want a future, darling,
why don't you...
get a past?
'Cause that fatal moment's
coming
At last;
We're all alone
Want a drink?
No chaperone
Can get our number
The world's in slumber;
Let's
Misbehave
There's something wild
About you, child
That's so contagious
Let's be outrageous
And misbehave
When Adam won Eve's hand,
he wouldn't stand
For teasin'
He didn't care about;
Those apples
out of season

Oh.

Mmm.

They say that spring
Means just one thing
To little lovebirds
We're not above birds
I feel a sudden urge
to sing

Huh?

The kind of ditty
that invokes the spring
So control
your desire to curse
While I crucify
the verse
This verse you've started
seems to me

Yeah?

The Tin-Pantithesis
of melody
So spare me, please, the pain.
Just skip the damn thing
and sing the refrain.

Mi-mi-mi-mi

No, no, no, no;

Do-re-

Take it away
The night is young
And the skies are clear
So if you want
to go walking, dear;

It's delightful

It's delicious

It's de-lovely

I understand

the reason why

You're sentimental

'Cause so am I;

Are we?

It's delightful

It's delicious

It's de-lovely

You can tell at a glance
What a swell night

this is for romance
You can hear
dear Mother Nature
Murmuring low;
"Let yourself go"
So please, be sweet,
my chickadee
And when I kiss you,
just say to me
It's delightful?
Mm-hmm.
It's delicious
It's delectable?
It's delirious
It's dilemma
It's de-limit
It's deluxe
It's de-lovely
Come on!
Where are we going?
Take a dip!
Take a dip?
In the pool.
How exciting.
Hey. Katerina.
[Giggling]
Ah! Katerina!
Oh.
Winded?
Oh.
What are you doing?
I dance.
I didn't know you could dance.
Yeah.
You see?
I don't think I can do that.
Try it.
Watch out.
Bene.
See?
Yeah. Of course bene.
The night is young.
You are young.
Grazie.

From cotton plowed under;
Ba-Ba-Ba-bam
From Benzedrine
to Ovaltine
Not to mention
from go to stop
That's my house.
Ah, that's your...
From corn muffins
to Triscuit
From fat;
To thin
From Zev
to the young Seabiscuit
I'll bet on you to win
And will you beat me
and maltreat me
And bend
my Spanish spine?
Certainly;
From alpha to omega
Last one in's a rotten chicken!
Whoo!
I'm a rotten chicken.
Whoa.
The knot is...
Ah, swell.
So we take a few hours off to eat
the wedding cake It was your idea.
It's delightful
Oh!
It's deli-
It's de-lovely
It feels so fine
to be a bride
How's the groom? Well,
he's slightly fried
It's delightful
It's delicious
It's-I can't swim.
Oh!
To the pop of champagne
Off we hop
in our plush little plane

Till the bright light
from the darkness
Cozily calls
Niagara Falls;
All's well, my love
Our day's complete
And what a beautiful
bridal suite
It's de-reamy
It's de-rowsy
It's de-reverie
It's de-rhapsody;
It's de-regal
It's de-royal
It's de-Ritz
It's
It's de-lovely
Madam, please.
This is my room!
Oh, tell it to the marines.
The marines?
I love your p.j.'s.
You'll have to excuse me.
I was just... doing the books.
Are you good
at figures, dear?
Kindly tell me if so
Yes, I'm good
at figures, dear;
But in the morning, no;
Do you do
double entry, dear?
Kindly tell me if so
I do double entry, dear;
But in the morning, no, no;
Yes, yes
No, no
Yes, yes;
No, no, no, no, no;
Yes. Mmm.
We're on the crest
We have no cares
We're just a couple
of honey bears

It's delightful
It's delicious
It's de-lovely
All's as right as can be
Till one night
at my window I see
An absurd bird with a bundle
hung on his nose;
Get baby clothes.
These eyes of mine
are filled with joy;
The nurse appears
and cries, "It's a boy!"
He's appalling
He's appealing
He's a polliwog
He's a paragon
He's a Popeye.
He's a panic. He's a pip.
It's getting late!
And while I wait,
my poor heart aches on
Why keep the brakes on'?
Let's misbehave?
I feel quite sure
un peu diamour
Would be attractive
While we're still active
Let's misbehave
You know my
heart 'vs true
When you say you
for me care
Somebody's sure to tell
But what the hell
Do we care?
They say that bears
have love affairs
And even camels.
Mm-hmm.
We're merely mammals
There you go, Frank.
There you go, Frank.
Yay!

Did you see that?
Of course I saw it.
Didn't take them very long, did it?
Nope. First pitch.
How do you know she pitched?
Huh?
He might have done the pitching.
Remember Casanova? He was Italian too.
Ollie, what are you
talking about?
What do you mean what am
I talking about?
I'm talking about our two friends
over there.
Giving the ball game
some pretty stiff competition.
Well, good for them.
What's wrong with that?
Johnny's a swell guy,
and she's a peach.
I just wish they weren't
so angry at us.
You mean you knew that was going on?
Nope. But I'm glad.
You are?
Mm-hmm.
Makes me not feel so bad
about stealing her boyfriend.
You're strong, you know that?
Mm-hmm.
All gone.
Hey, that's a good idea.
We'll let them see us.
What?
You're jealous? Oh, don't be absurd.
Me jealous?
You are!
I am not.
You thought she'd be
pining away for you.
I certainly didn't have
any such thought.
Now just be quiet
and watch the ball game.

Hey, Ollie. That reminds me.

What?

Did you hear about the horse that could
pitch and field as good as Babe Ruth?

A horse?

It's a joke.

Oh, that's funny.

It's not finished yet.

Oh.

This horse could pitch
and field, you see,
so the manager
asked his trainer...

He said, "Can he bat?"

Oh, that's very funny.

It's not over yet. It's the
longest joke I've ever heard.

If you'd be quiet, I could finish it.

Well, go on. Finish it.

All right.

The manager says,

"Can he bat?"

And the trainer answers, "Whoever
heard of a horse that can bat?"

Yeah? Go on.

Oh, forget it.

Kill him! Kill him!

Hit him on the head! Kill him!

Yes! Go!

Kill him! Kill him!

What?

I'll be right back.

All right, Ollie.

Excuse me.

Excuse me. Excuse me.

Oh!

'Saw

You-

Ah, yes.

Excuse me.

Johnny, what happened to you?

Our show is a very big success.

It is?

Oh, very big.

I think we close tonight.

Oh.

Johnny Spanish-wonderful chap.

And he's in love with you.

That's what he told me.

Mm-hmm.

And Kitty and I-Well, she makes me laugh.

Anyway, Johnny and I-Well, we decided to make it up between us.

I hope you're very happy together.

No, seriously.

He's got a big poker game or something over in Staten Island tonight, and this time he's positive his ship is gonna come in.

Mm-hmm. Like the Titanic.

And he's gonna call you tomorrow.

Hmph.

He doesn't hold anything against us.

As a matter of fact, he feels...

Why don't you just come out and say what you mean?

Well,

as Dorothy Parker once said to her boyfriend...

Fare thee well

Mm-hmm.

As Columbus announced when he knew he was bounced...

It was swell, Isabelle

Swell

Yeah, but... As Abelard said to Heloise

Don't forget to drop a line to me, please

You mean- As Juliet cried in her Romeo's ear;

"Romeo, why not face the fact, my dear?"

Sure.

It was just one

of those things
Just one of those
crazy flings Mm-hmm.
One of those bells
that now and then ring
Just... one of those things.
That's right.
It was just
one of those nights
Just one of those
fabulous flights
A trip to the moon
on gossamer wings
Just one of those things
Taxi!
If we'd thought a bit
about the end of it
Take me home. When we
started painting the town
We'd have been aware
that our love affair
Too hot...
not to cool down.
So good-bye, dear,
and amen
Here's hoping
we meet now and then
It was great fun
But it was just one
Oi those 'Mugs
I wonder which is which.
Excuse me?
No, I won't.
Now, really, Elizabeth.
I don't see why you
continue to blame me for the actions
of my employer.
After all,
it's none of our affair.
You watch your words, junior,
unless you want a fat lip.
I didn't mean-I know what you meant.
You know what he meant, don't ya?
Don't exert yourself, Mertle.

She's probably hungry. I'll take
care of my bird. Thanks a lot.
All right.
Just drive, curly.
Just drive.
Right through there, boys.
Hello.
Are you here? It's Johnny. No!
That's what I thought.
She says she's not here.
No kiddin'.
Brooke, he says he's won
a half-a-million-dollar pot!
"Congralutations."
She says, "Congralutations."
He wants to know
if you want to help him spend it.
I'm not here.
She's not here.
Okay. Sorry, Johnny.
Good-bye.
Okay. The show's over, boys.
Beat it.
You look like you ain't et in a week.
Ain't ya hungry?
Huh?
Did you see the paper?
Your pal bought
a new horse for Kitty,
but Rod says she's not
answering her phone neither.
Yeah, I thought you'd like it.
Well, I got a reaction anyway.
I'm glad to see you ain't blind yet.
Order more champagne.
Oh, come on, honey!
Ain't you had enough?
No guy is worth this.
What guy?
I'm just an "alhocolic."
All right.
Well, I'll order some more up for you,
but first I gotta wash up a little...
and feed Mertle.

She's starving.
I'll be right back.
Take your time.
Take your time.
Newspapers.
People buying horses.
It's disgusting.
Silliest thing I ever heard.
Newspapers are.
Oh.
My story is much too sad
to be told
But practically
everything
Leaves me totally cold
The only
exception I know
Is the case
When I'm out on
a quiet spree
Fighting vainly
the old ennui
And I suddenly
turn and see
Your fabulous
Face
I get no kick
from champagne
Mere alcohol
doesn't thrill me at all
So tell me,
why should it be true
That I get a kick
out of you?
Some get a kick
from cocaine
I'm sure that if
I took even one sniff
That would bore me
terrifically too
Yet I get a
kick out of you
I get a kick
every time I see you

Standing there before me
I get a kick
though it's clear to me
You obviously don't
Adore me
I get no kick in a plane;
Flying too high
with some guy in the sky
Is my idea
Of nothing to do
Yet I get a kick
Out of you
I'm coming!
Hold your horses!
What?
Telegram for Miss Carter, madam.
I'm a "miss" too, wise guy.
Oh. No slur intended.
Oh. No tip neither.
Beth, you could have
given him a dime.
Snooks, we ain't got a...
I can't see very well,
but isn't your mouth hanging open?
Honey, it is a miracle.
Listen.
"Dear Brooke,"
"Have today wired your bank
one million unsullied American dollars."
"Will write soon.
Love, your sullied mother."
What the hell
does "sullied" mean?
That's British for "Ole."
Oh.
Come on. Get up.
Why?
'Cause we are going to
that old "400" dance tonight.
We are not!
Yes, we are.
I'm tired of you mopin' around.
I haven't got anything to wear!
You've got

a million dollars, dummy.
What's a million dollars
without love?
It ain't hay, Snooks.
Come on, children. Come on.
Tony will be-
Could you please help?
Come on, Alexander.
We'll go home soon.
Mommy!
No!
This is very cute.
Miss?
Oh, do you want this?
You got it.
Excuse me, miss.
Could you come over here, miss?
Brooke, you've gone bananas.
It ain't hay, Snooks.
Brookski?
Kathy!
I'm so sorry.
I ruined everything.
Oh, no, no. It's not your fault.
We can't blame a soul.
I can think of
a couple of heels.
You don't hate me?
Are you kidding?
P.S...
1-2-2!
Oh, come on, you two.
Cut it out.
Trouble is, nobody ever learned you
the facts of life. Shove over.
When Mummy
in her sixteenth year
Was dreaming of romance
a lot
She thought
that she was Guinevere
And every boy
Sir Lancelot
Sir Lancelot.

Guinevere.
Come on in.
This is free.
But now that Mummy's
more mature
And knows her way about
She don't believe
in "Vive l'amour"
For Mummy's found out;
Most gentlemen
don't like love
They just like to
kick it around
Most gentlemen
can't take love
'Cause most gentlemen
can't be profound
As Madam Sappho
In some sonnet said
A slap and a tickle
is all that the fickle male
Ever has in his head
Most gentlemen
don't like love
They just like to
kick it around
So just remember;
What?
When you get that glance
What is this?
A romp and a quickie
Oh!
Is all little
Dickie means
When he mentions romance
That's right.
Take that!
And that!
In every land, children
What?
They're all the same
Yes.
A pounce in the clover
Then when it's over

"So long and
what is your name?"
Follow me!
Up. One, two, three, four
five, six, seven, eight.
Most gentlemen
don't like love
They just like to-
Most gentlemen
Can't be profound
So if your boyfriend
some fine night should say;
He'll love you forever;
Part from you never
Just push mm
out oi the hay
Yeah!
'Cause most gentlemen
don't like love
We've been in love
And we know what
we're talking about;
Oh, to our woe
We have found out;
Let's hear it!
They just like to slap it;
They just like
to squeeze it
They just like to
bounce it around
They just like to
Kick it around
Hey, Brooke. Let's go for a walk.
Yeah, okay.
Beth, you'll see about the stuff?
Oh, sure. You two go ahead.
Hello?
Get me Murray Hill 4-1599, please.
Charge it to Brooke Carter.
Hello, Rod?
Now listen very carefully,
meathead.
Ridiculous.
I feel better already.

I mean, let's just go back.
And we're gonna dance with
a different sucker every dance.
And flirt with them all.
Make 'em all suffer.
Yeah.
Yeah.
He can't even speak English.
I know.
He reads the funny papers.
I know.
Gambles like a fool.
I know.
He snores.
I know.
He loves me.
I know.
Well, he's completely irresponsible.
I know.
And terribly lazy.
I know.
He drinks much too much.
I know.
He snores.
I know.
He loves me.
I know.
Isn't it silly?
The gods who nurse this universe
think little of mortals' cares
They sit in crowds
on exclusive clouds
And laugh
at our love affairs
I might have had
a real romance
If they'd given me
a chance
I love him
But he didn't love me
I wanted him
But he didn't want me
Then the gods
had a spree

And indulged in
another whim
Now he loves me
But I don't love him
I told this tale
with its weary wail
To several devoted wives
Really?
They said, "You're young
You have simply sung"
"The story of
all our lives"
So maybe
there are couples here
Who have had
the same career
You loved him
But he didn't love you
You wanted mm
But he didn't want you
Then the gods
saw you two
And indulged in
another whim
Now he loves you
But you don't love him
There they are.
Come on.
You two go ahead.
Hmm? Oh.
Of course.
Beat it, junior.
Yes, sir.
Well, it took you long enough.
Are those other two bozos here?
Of course.
What are you doin'
in the mornin'?
What did you have in mind?
From being merely
a necessary luxury;
And someone sympathetic
to have about; Mm-hmm.
Why, now you're nearly

a luxurious necessity
I couldn't imagine
ever living without
Oh, yeah?
I suppose I could somehow
struggle through Mm-hmm.
But I hate to picture myself
without you
Flummery.
It's all flummery.
Picture Henry Ford
without a car;
Picture heaven's firmament
without a star
Picture Fritzy Kreisler
without a fiddle Tsk, tsk.,
Picture poor Philadelphia
without a Biddle
Picture Central Park
without a sailor
Picture Mr. Lord
minus Mr. Taylor;
Mix them all together
and what do you got?
Just a picture of me
without you
Picture Ogden Nash
without a rhyme
Picture Mr. Bulova
without the time
Picture Staten Island
without a ferry
Picture little George Washington
without a cherry
Picture brother Cain
without his Abel
Picture Pritchard here
minus Mother Mabel
Mix them all together
and what have you got?
Yes? Just a
picture of you without me
Oh, no.
Picture Paul Revere

Without a horse
Picture love
in Hollywood
Without divorce
Yeah.

Picture Barbara Hutton
without a nickel
Picture poor Mr. Heinz, my dear,
without a pickle

Picture a good
cigar without Havana

Picture Huey Long
less Louisiana

Mix them all together
and what have you got?

Just a picture of me
without-

You without

Me without

You without me

Me

Just a picture of me
without you

Change partners!

She is lovely, no?

She is lovely, yes.

I think she is more lovelier now
than ever I see her.

Yep.

Isn't she beautiful?

She sure is.

I think she's more beautiful now
than I've ever seen her.

Mm-hmm.