



Scripts.com

Dames

By Delmer Daves

I'm going to take the elevator.

- What floor is Ezra Ounce on?

- Why, the Ezra Ounce floor.

Take this elevator to the 25th floor
then take the special tower elevator.

- Oh, thank you.

- You're welcome.

I beg pardon,

which is the tower elevator?

- Did you wish to see Mr. Ezra Ounce?

- Yes, sir.

Have you an appointment?

- Yes, sir.

- Have you any identification?

Ezra Ounce is my wife's cousin.

Mr. Horace P. Hemingway

of New York City to see Mr. Ounce.

Mr. Horace P. Hemingway

of New York City to see Mr. Ounce.

- Send him up.

- Send him up.

- That way, please.

- Yes, sir.

- Pistol?

- Kidnappers.

Mr. Horace P. Hemingway

of New York City to see Mr. Ounce.

Mr. Horace P. Hemingway

of New York City to see Mr. Ounce.

- Send him in.

- Take him in.

Electricity.

Mr. Horace P. Hemingway of New York City

has an appointment to see Mr. Ounce.

Cousin Ezra, that is, Mr. Ounce,

sent for me to come from New York.

You are three and one-half minutes early.

This is the first time that Cousin Ezra...

...Mr. Ounce

has sent for me in 20 years.

March 8, 1912, you had

an appointment at 10:23 a.m.

You stayed four minutes.

Yes. He had heard that I'd had a baby.

That is, my wife, Mathilda, had it.
He wanted to add it to the family tree.

Girl. Name:

Weight:

Complexion:

Yes. Barbara took after me at first.
She was born bald.
She's got hair now.
- Fortunate.
- She's 22 now.
Twenty-two years, two months,
three days is correct.
Cousin Ezra wasn't very happy
about her being a girl.
Mr. Ounce does not approve of females.
I'm, that is, we're sorry
we couldn't have given him a boy.
It is time for your appointment.
Mr. Ounce is very particular as to
punctuality. Mr. Ounce is waiting.
Oh, thank you.
Electricity.
You told me the tire
would run 10,000 miles.
Now, what happened? It blew out.
I don't want a new tire.
I want my \$ 18.75. If I don't get it back,
I'm gonna sue you.
Cousin Ezra, it's been 20 years since...
He told me the tire
would run 10,000 miles.
What happened? It only ran 9998 miles.
It's dishonest. False representation,
that's what it is.
I don't want a new tire. Sounds eccentric
but I can afford to be.
I've got \$35 million.
You haven't got \$35 million.
You can't afford to be eccentric.
- What are you shaking your head for?
- I can't afford to be eccentric.

- That's what I said.

- That's what I mean.

Well, why didn't you say so?

Mathilda and Barbara

send their love to you.

- Barbara sends her love to me?

- Yes, Ezra.

Why should she send her love to me?

She's never seen me.

Well, she's seen your picture.

She's sending her love to my picture.

No, no, you see. We've told her,
that is, she knows all about you.

Sit down.

I've prepared a questionnaire. And if you
answer the questions to my satisfaction...

- Yes, Ezra?

...to my entire satisfaction...

...I may have an important
decision to announce.

Hemingway questionnaire.

Do you promise to tell the truth, the
whole truth and nothing but the truth?

I do.

Are you a moral man, Mr. Hemingway?

Well, I like to think so.

- Well, don't you know?

- Oh, yes, yes, I'm a moral man.

- Have you ever touched liquor or nicotine?

- Never.

Have you ever purposely sinned?

No, not much, on purpose.

Have you ever dawdled
with the idea of sinning?

Now, Ezra, you know I never dawdle.

- Answer me, yes or no.

- No.

- Yes, Mr. Ounce?

- Listen carefully, Horace...

...and you'll understand
my decision. The family tree.

Yes, sir.

This is the Ounce family tree.

Here's Mr. Ounce coming right up

out of the trunk.
This is Mathilda Ounce Hemingway...
...out on this limb.
You married this limb.
And this twig sprouting here
is Miss Barbara.
Show him the withered branches.
Mr. Ounce has looked with horror
on the rotten branches of his family tree...
...if I might use the term.
Bad banana in every bunch.
There is only one more living fruit
of the Ounce family tree...
...and that is bad fruit.
James Higgens, over here,
has succumbed to the stage...
...in defiance of Mr. Ounce's
known wishes in the matter.
James "Bad Fruit" Higgens, an actor.
And have you barred
said James Higgens from your home...
...pursuant to Mr. Ounce's memorandum,
January 13, 1930?
- I have.
- You'd better.
Very well, Mr. Hemingway. Mr. Ounce
has decided not to wait until he dies...
...before dividing his fortune.
He's going back
to New York with you tonight.
There he will liquidate \$ 10 million...
...and give it to your wife and yourself.
Ten million dollars.
What about it?
- That's very nice of you, Ezra.
- Yes, but if I find out you haven't...
...answered the questions truthfully...
- Ezra.
If I find your moral life is nothing
more than a snare and a delusion...
...I'll cut you off like a ripe banana.
Yes, Ezra, like a ripe banana.
James "Bad Fruit" Higgens.
Take a look at that.

Destroy this. He's no longer an Ounce.

Like to hear a little secret?

I love you.

Jimmy Higgins, why all this love
and affection? Have you got a job?

Do I have to have a job to love you?

No, but I'd like to hear both.

Well, I haven't got a job.

Nothing but love.

Thirty-four shows in New York
and not a one of them aching for me.

You'll get there yet.

You just keep trying.

Honey, a couple of boys
and myself are writing our own show.

You should have waited until Uncle Ezra
died before you went on the stage.

I'd have been playing old-man parts by then.

Besides, I don't want any of his money.

I only want to do the things I like,
and kiss the girl I love.

It doesn't seem right, our loving each other
like we do, being related and everything.

Related? We're 13th cousins.

- Thirteenth?

- Thirteenth.

- Say, is that bad luck?

- Nothing's bad luck, sitting here like this.

- Too hot?

- Of course not.

- That spot...

- So what?

It's a precious souvenir to me

- In love?

- In strong

With me? How long?

Oh, since you were about

Now, let me see

- 'Bout 8? 'Bout 10? 'Bout 12?

- No

- Well, when?

- I'll tell you very confidentially

When you were a smile

on your mother's lips

And a twinkle in your daddy's eye
I loved you then
I loved you when
You were a little tender sigh
When I was a babe in my mother's arms
I would wake up with a lonely cry
I cried for you
They never knew
They thought it was my lullaby
I gave up every little toy
I played no game
I was a lonely little boy
Until you came
The days flew apart
You were in my heart
And I waited for the stork to fly
When you were a smile
On your mother's lips
And a twinkle in your daddy's eye
No. That way.

Up.

Careful.

Oh, Barbara.

Barbara, guess what?

Cousin Ezra is on his way
from Buffalo with father.

- And he's gonna give us \$ 10 million.

- What's he gonna give Jimmy?

Don't you dare breathe that young
reprobate's name to Cousin Ezra.

My, your father has dreamed of this moment
ever since we were married.

That's all you've talked about
as long as I can remember.

But just think. Ten million dollars.

Oh, I can hardly wait to see
dear, dear Ezra.

I'd rather see Jimmy once
than that old ruin 10 million times.

Barbara, that's almost sacrilege.

Yes, and I wish Uncle Ezra would hurry
and get here so I could tell him so.

Barbara.

Laura, how could

you do this to Cousin Ezra?

Come on, get up.

Barbara will be glad to see you, Ezra.

Why not? And I've got some
good news for you and Mathilda.

While I liquidate \$ 10 million, I've decided
to spend about a month at your house.

Oh, that is good news, Ezra.

New York City reeks with sin, especially
the hotels. I wouldn't go near any of them.

Oh, you're right, Cousin Ezra.

And here's something else.

I shall take a second 10 million
to form the O.F. For the E. Of A.M.

- The what?

- The Ounce Foundation...

...for the Elevation of American Morals.

You can elevate a lot of morals
for \$ 10 million, Ezra.

New York City is a hotbed of vice.

We'll start with New York and work west.

- Very commendable.

- Mathilda can work south.

I'll give her the southern territory.

- Mathilda will appreciate that very much.

- Yeah?

She's always been interested
in reforming everything.

Ten o'clock. Past our bedtime.

Come, Horace.

Bulger. Bodyguard.

Stop that, you old rou, you.

Did you see her trip me? Come, Horace.

Shows you how careful one must be.

You're a good, clean moral man,
aren't you, Horace?

- Oh, yes, indeedy.

- Well, see that you remain that way.

We must prepare for the battle in New York.

Sleep well, Horace.

- Good night, Ezra.

- Good night. Come, Bulger.

- Oh, the wrong room.

- No, it isn't my room. It must be yours.

- No, it's not mine.

- Well, look.

- It is mine.

- Good.

What are you doing in my compartment?

I was with a burlesque show. We were stranded and laid an egg in Troy, see?

- I don't see it at all.

- It's very simple.

This is better than walking to New York.

- Y... You get out of here.

- Why? I don't snore.

Snore?

One, two, one, two.

One, two, one, two. Well, Horace.

I thought you were in bed.

No, I'm not in bed. I came out to get some air. You're not in bed.

My compartment was too small so I came down to exercise. It's good for you.

Stimulates the digestion, strengthens the corpuscles. One, two, one, two.

I've overdone it. Athlete's stomach.

Must go to bed, Horace.

Come, Bulger.

Well, here's your compartment, Horace.

This should've been mine.

"E" stands for Ezra. Do you get it?

- Good night, Cousin Ezra.

- Good night, Horace.

Oh, I thought there was a catch in this.

Indian giver, huh?

Get out of here,

I'll call the conductor.

Call him. I'll tell him we got on at Buffalo and that you got cold feet.

I'll make a scandal to shake this rattler off its tracks.

- Oh, no.

- I think I'll start screaming.

Oh, no, no, no. Stay right here.

Make yourself at home.

Wild horses couldn't keep me in here.

Mr. Hemingway.

Is there anything wrong
with your compartment?

Oh, it's full of rats.

I see.

I'm not a drinking man myself,
but I'm broad-minded.

Yes, sir. I had a cousin
used to see rats. Pink ones.

- Come on, you better go to bed.

- No, no, I refuse to go to bed.

Will you go quietly,
or must I call Mr. Ounce?

Oh, no, no. I'll go quietly.

Mathilda, I shall appoint you first-crusading
vice president of the Ounce Foundation.

Well, what do I do first, Ezra?

Well, first... First, we must
put our ear to the ground.

What do you mean, Cousin Ezra?

Oh, just snooping around.

Barbara.

- Well?

- And a good, good evening to you, miss.

- We don't wanna buy nothing.

- I represent the Empire Insurance Company.

- I have a little policy for you.

- We've got it. Go away, I got orders.

So have I.

I've got to see Mr. Hemingway.

Take your foot away from the door...

...and I'll tell him you're here.

- I'm coming in...

...if you don't mind.

I do mind. You stay right here.

I can hardly wait till you get back.

- I never saw such nerve.

- Laura, who was at the door?

One of them fresh insurance fellas,
ma'am. And he got in.

What company does he represent, miss?

- He says he's from the Empire of Buffalo.

- I'll get rid of him, Ezra.

No, just a moment, Horace.

He represents my company.

I like persistency. Show him into the sitting room. I'll interview him.

Laura, show him in.

Here I am.

Mr. Ounce says for you to come into the sitting room.

Well, what's this?

- Well, this is the sitting room.

- All right, I'll sit.

Do you realize that 65 out of every 100 people become paupers at age 50?

- No.

- It's the truth...

...and nothing can prevent it but life insurance.

And you, Mr. Hemingway,

do you realize that 65...

...out of every 100 people

become paupers at age 50?

- No.

- Do you?

- Do you?

- Yes.

The lady is right and nothing can prevent it but life insurance.

- Haven't I seen you someplace before?

- You haven't. That's why I'm here.

I want to give us a break.

My spies told me you'd be here.

- You are James Higgens.

- You are Uncle Ezra.

I've got a musical show that's a honey.

It's called Sweet and Hot.

- Get out.

- I got the show, you the dough.

- Get out.

- Now wait a minute.

We don't know or like each other, but this is strictly a business proposition.

- And you stand to make at least \$25,000.

- Horace, tell him to get out.

- You get out of here.

- Now you get right out.

- If you don't make money it's a good show.

- If you mention show to me... Bulger.
Bulger.
Bulger.
Bulger. Here. Put that gun away.
Put that gun away. And throw him out.
- Wait a minute.
- Throw him out. Throw him out. Out.
D.S. Oggle-wopple. D.S. Oggle-wopple.
D.S. Oggle-wopple.
- What does D.S. Oggle-wopple mean?
- Maybe he's hysterical or something.
Hysterical? He's a maniac.
- What's the matter?
- When I get excited...
...I get nervous indigestion.
Come over here and sit down.
Now you sit right down there, Ezra.
And keep quiet.
- We'll get you a drink of water.
- No. No.
Well, go get Uncle Ezra
some bicarbonate of soda.
- No.
- Wouldn't plain baking soda be all right?
No.
Well, then hold your breath
and count a hundred.
Have you ever tried holding your finger
to your upper lip, hard? Like this?
There's only one remedy.
- What is it, uncle?
- Dr. Silver's Golden Elixir.
- Made in Buffalo.
- I'll run to the drugstore and get some.
- Yeah, hurry, hurry.
- All right.
Call the drugstore, quick.
What's the matter? Don't you know
people have hiccups for weeks sometimes?
- Line's busy.
- Well, call another one.
Aren't there any other drugstores
in New York?
Do something.

Want me to tickle his feet?
He might start laughing.
I don't wanna hear
another word out of you.
Have you got
Dr. Golden's Silver Elixir?
Dr. Silver's Golden Elixir.
All right. He hasn't got it anyway.
Maybe if the gentleman would stick his
head upside down in a bucket of water.
You're fired. Go pack your things.
Very well, ma'am. And I hope the old
buzzard hiccups himself into spasms.
Get out. Get out. Ezra. Ezra.
That was a very dangerous
and silly thing for you to do.
He was my last chance. I've been to every
producer's office and couldn't get in.
- You got past our maid.
- I'll be an expert...
...at getting thrown out.
- Say, how'd you get out?
- Oh, I was lucky.
You gave Uncle Ezra the hiccups,
and I had to run for medicine.
- Well, I hope they haven't got any.
- Oh, you nasty man.
- Good evening, Barbara.
- Good evening.
Do you have Dr. Silver's Golden Elixir?
- What?
- Dr. Silver's Golden Elixir.
I haven't been asked for that
in 20 years.
I may have a bottle somewhere.
- I'll look.
- Thank you.
You know, Mother asked me
what D.S. Oggle-wopple meant.
Jimmy, I've heard you say that
over the phone so many times...
...I figured out that D.S. Meant:
Meet me at the drugstore.
But what does Oggle-wopple mean?

It's a long story. That was just to make it tough in case the folks were listening in.

Oh, I understand.

Here's your elixir, Barbara.

It's probably the only bottle in New York.

- Thank you. Charge it, please.

- Certainly.

- Want a sip?

- Thanks.

Good?

- Well, let's go.

- All right.

- So long, Eddy. See you later.

- So long, Jimmy.

Oh, my elixir.

You don't have to go right back home, do you, honey?

Gosh, it's the first night we've been together in months.

Look at that moon, sweets.

I wanna talk about the show and about us.

I can't concentrate on it, Jimmy.

All I can think of is Uncle Ezra's hiccups.

Now which would you rather do,

listen to Uncle Ezra's hiccups...

...or let me tell you

how much I love you?

- Where you gonna tell me, Jimmy?

- I could do it here, but I won't.

I gotta have background.

Okay, kid, come on.

How's this for background, sweetheart?

The sea, the moon and you.

- It's perfect, isn't it?

- Almost.

- What do you mean, almost?

- Jimmy, if your play was a success...

...we could choose our own

background always, couldn't we?

Success? Sweetheart, we've got

a million dollars right here...

...if I can get someone to back me.

Just listen to this.

This is how I feel about you.
My love must be a kind of blind love
I can't see anyone but you
And, dear, I wonder if you find love
An optical illusion too
Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or bright
'Cause I only have eyes
For you, dear
The moon may be high
But I can't see a thing in the sky
'Cause I only have eyes
For you
I don't know if we're in a garden
Or on a crowded avenue
You are here, so am I
Maybe millions of people go by
But they all disappear from view
And I only have eyes
For you
Gee, Jimmy, that's swell.
So are you.
My.
For heaven's sakes.
Ezra, please let me send for a doctor.
Don't wanna. I hate doctors.
Don't know what's keeping Barbara.
Well, are you comfortable?
Is there anything I can do?
Yes. Get me some elixir and get out.
Never had a woman
in my bedroom before in my life.
- But, Ezra...
- Get out.
- But I...
- Go on, get out.
Crown Drug?
I'll give you \$ 100
for a bottle of Dr. Silver's Golden Elixir.
And I'll give you 1000 bucks
if I ever heard of it.
Do something.
I've called up 500 drugstores,
and you ask me to do something.

Call one other one, quick.

My.

Hello? Star Drug?

I'll give you 500 bottles...

\$500 for a bottle of Dr. Silver's...

- Dr. Golden, Dr. Silver's Gold...

- Dr. Silver's Golden Elixir.

Dr. Silver's Golden Elixir.

I haven't seen a bottle

since the Spanish-American War.

Oh, get another number, quick.

Ezra.

There's not a drugstore

in New York that carries it.

Serves me right for coming without it.

Imagine no druggist in New York City

carrying Dr. Silver's Elixir.

Send to Buffalo.

Get a couple of cases. Don't stand there.

- But I...

- Do something. Get out.

Go on. Get out. Get it. Get the elixir.

How do I know where you get it?

What kind of a drugstore is this?

That's your business.

Oh, Horace, control yourself.

- I've called up every...

- Horace.

- Blankety-blank drugstore in this town.

- Control your language.

- Ezra might hear you.

- I don't give a...

Horace.

Barbara.

Where have you been?

- Staten Island.

- What for?

- Oh, for Dr. Silver's Golden Elixir.

- She's got it.

- Give it to me, Horace.

- Hurry up. Give it to him. Cousin Ezra.

- Come on, hurry up. Give it to him.

- Cousin Ezra, here it is.

That's it. The only thing that never fails.

- How many spoonfuls?
- Never mind. I'll drink it out of the bottle.
Goodbye, hiccups.
That stuff is magic.
I feel like a new man.
- Honey.
- Jimmy.
I got a date with a producer.
They're playing the songs.
- I need you for good luck.
- Okay.
Fine.
Boys, that's just what the theater needs.
It's fresh. It's young. It's good.
I like the songs. I like the book.
The whole thing is colossal.
- You'll accept it?
- For immediate production.
I'm going to give you my check
for \$5000, advance royalties.
Five thousand dollars?
Did you hear that?
- Oh, gee, that's swell.
- We're in. We're in. We're on the way.
There's your check, my boy.
Now if you will just
put your name to this...
...merely a release
of the property to me...
...while we're waiting for the contracts.
Now, I'll notify you when rehearsals start.
Will we get the regular percentage?
You don't have to be satisfied
with any usual royalties.
I'll guarantee you boys a straight
15 percent of the gross.
Mr. Todd, you don't know
how grateful we are.
Indeed. The only other playwright getting
15 percent is George Bernard Shaw.
Mr. Todd,
you're the swellest guy in the world.
My boy, you're youth.
Your play is youth.

And I always believe
in encouraging youth.
In fact I may almost say
that I was young once myself.
Well, you go right ahead and say it.
Nobody's stopping you.
Well, well, Mabel.
My, you're looking splendid.
I ought to. I spent
my last 200 bucks on this outfit.
- Know what I came back to New York in?
- In good health.
- In a coat and a pair of step-ins.
- Did you have to walk back?
It wasn't your fault that I didn't,
you bandit.
Well, Mr. Higgens,
I'll call you up later...
...since this is a personal matter.
- Personal my eye, I want witnesses.
One o'clock. I have a luncheon
engagement with my banker.
- Now, you'll...
- Fork over that \$57 back salary or I'll...
You'll have to see my lawyer.
Your lawyer. You four-flushing chiseler.
He sends me out in a turkey show
that folds up like an accordion.
He leaves me holding the bag,
stranded, broke in Troy.
Have you ever been stranded in Troy?
Have you ever even been there?
- No, no.
- No.
Well, buddy, what did that
look like to you?
It looks like you can't get
blood out of a turnip.
- Did he hook you too?
- No, he just...
...gave us a check
for \$5000 for our show.
Five thousand?
Pardon me while I have a convulsion.

Well, I'd like to meet my fellow sufferers. I'm Mabel Anderson.

This is Miss Hemingway.

And this is Johnny Harris.

And this is Buttercup Balmer.

And I'm Jimmy Higgens.

- Hello, Jimmy.

- Hello.

You're not related

to Horace P. Hemingway?

- He's my father.

- The sausage casing Hemingways?

- Yes, why?

- Oh, nothing.

Nothing. I just seemed to see a meal ticket coming over the horizon.

Jimmy, please. Let's get out of here.

No, wait a minute.

I'm getting an idea.

Yes, I've got it.

You say you've got a show?

Have you got \$20,000 to put it on?

I've got 17 cents and the clothes I stand in.

But there's life in the old girl yet.

Let's you and me go into a conference.

Beat it, Buttercup.

Come on, Johnny.

Miss Hemingway, if you please.

Goodbye now.

She's got a nerve.

My friend, what kind

of a show have you got?

It's a great musical show,

got the swellest songs you ever heard.

Is that a fact? Well, let me hear one.

I got one here I think you'll like.

It's called:

"Try To See it My Way."

Here we go.

Girl of my heart

Why should we start

Quarreling you and I?

That's a very bad beginning

Ending with goodbye
You're a bit wild
Simply a child
Wanting your own sweet way
So before you leave me
Count up to 10
While I say
Try to see it my way, baby
Don't break up a beautiful affair
- What are you smiling at?
- Isn't that a sweet song I wrote?
Why is he singing my song to her?
I guess that's the way a crooner works.
- tried to see it your way
Tried to understand your point of view
But I don't want to see it your way
'Cause your way means we're through
Let's both sit down and talk a while
That's all that I suggest
A word of love, a tender smile
And a kiss or two will do the rest
Your way is the last goodbye way
My way is the end of every tear
Won't you try to see it my way?
Try to see it my way, dear
- Well, what are they doing now?
- Maybe they're planning a double suicide.
- That's swell.
- Wait till you hear the rest of them.
There's a great part for you.
- Help me put the show on.
- All right. The show's on and I'm in.
All you've got to do is get me a private
interview with Horace P. Hemingway.
- Is that all you need?
- I'll get enough money...
...to finance Ben-Hur
with solid-gold horses.
- Let's shake on it.
- I'll raise you one. We'll kiss on it.
Barbara. The show's in. Mabel's done it.
I don't care what she's done.
And I don't care what happens
to your show or to you.

Oh, Barbara, Barbara...
Business before pleasure.
Wait, let's see if I've got it.
Yep, there it is. There's the backer
of our show, and there's the billet-doux.
Look out, Uncle Tom Hemingway, here
comes Mabel Legree a-cracking her whip.
Thus, my friends, we form tonight
the kernel of the nut which is to be.
That nut is the Ounce Foundation
for the E. Of the A.M.
Oh, thank... Thank you.
Thank you.
Those magic letters
signify so much to all of us.
What does it mean? My friends,
the elevation of American morals.
That's what it means.
The nut I refer to is going to be
a hard nut to crack.
We all know what a task lies before us.
You know what a task lies before you.
You know, you know and you know.
And if the O.F. For the E. Of the A.M.
Shall prevail, and it must prevail...
...every theater in our
wicked city shall be closed.
Mr. Horace P. Hemingway,
our vice president...
...will conclude the meeting.
Mr. Horace P. Hemingway.
All right, folks, our honored president
has declared war on the wicked.
Now if you'll just pick up the little
slips of paper which you have...
...we shall all join in the battle cry.
Rise, please.
Now, all together.
"The Ounce Foundation
for the Elevation of American Morals.
Who are we?
The Ounce Foundation
for the Elevation of American Morals.
Rah-rah-rah.

Ziss-boom bah.

The O.F. For the E. Of the A.M."

The meeting is dismissed.

Thank you. Thank you.

- I'm so glad you could come.

- Goodbye.

- Wonderful.

- The Ounce Foundation.

We are fathering... I mean, mothering
a great movement. Yes, indeed.

Good night. Thank you.

Don't forget the Ounce Foundation
for the Elevation of American Morals.

The Ounce Foundation...

- Is Jimmy there?

- No, he's out. Say, listen, Barbara.

We're writing in a little
dance tune for you.

- But where's Jimmy?

- Out with Mabel, digging up our financing.

Don't write any dance tune for me.

Write them for his Mabel.

I don't ever wanna see him again.

- Was I all right with the battle cry?

- Yes, yes.

- Thank you, Cousin Ezra.

- I was proud of you, Horace.

- Yes, it was a remarkable fine meeting.

- Oh, I was thrilled to the core.

- Me too.

- Let me see. Oh, it's 10:00.

Way past our bedtime.

Good night. Sleep well

so your loins may be girded for the battle.

- Same to you, Cousin Ezra. Same to you.

- Thank you.

- Good night, Horace.

- Good night, dear.

"Please don't mention
this unfortunate night to a soul.

Horace P. Hemingway."

You dreadful woman.

How did you get in my room?

Hello, Horace.

- You can't smoke in here.
- I am smoking.
Do I smell cigarette smoke?
Not in this house, Ezra.
Must be someone burning garbage.
Well, good night, Mathilda.
Good night, Ezra.
How did you get in here?
What did you want?
- Twenty thousand dollars.
- T... Twenty what?
Twenty thousand of these.
Twenty thousand dollars.
- Go away.
- Look, honey.
We've played this scene before,
we know how it goes.
Now please don't waste any time.
Give.
Every time I come into this room
I'm afraid of finding you.
I dream about it at night.
I wake up in a cold sweat.
Are you gonna quit stalling
or am I gonna start screaming?
- You wouldn't dare.
- Cousin Ezra...
- What was that?
- Sounds like it came from down here.
Horace?
Yes, Ezra?
Did you hear something just now?
No.
That was just the plumbing.
You mean that little:
"Ezra"?
Was that the plumbing?
Y... Yes, Mathilda.
Just a little wind in the pipes.
I've heard many a wind in many a pipe,
but never a sound like that.
Well, now, Ezra,
you'd better go back to bed.
Well, there's something amiss here.

I can feel it in my bones.

- Good night, Ezra.

- Good night, Mathilda.

- If you ever scream like that again...

- I'll never scream like that again.

Next time you'll hear me a mile away.

It won't sound like no wind in the pipes.

- What will you do?

- What'll you do, Horace?

Don't call me by my first name.

- Okay, P. P's your second name, isn't it?

- P stands for Peter.

All right, Pete, how about the 20 grand?

I feel another scream coming on.

You'd rather give me \$20,000 than

lose Ezra's 10 million, wouldn't you?

- How'd you know about that?

- A little bird.

W... Where you going?

- To tell Cousin Ezra what a Romeo you are.

- Oh, no.

I'll tell him about our night.

That we were train roommates.

- I'll show him your card.

- How much?

- Twenty-five thousand.

- You said 20 before.

- Why didn't you pay me before?

- That's every cent I've got.

- I'd cry, but I haven't a handkerchief.

- If I give it to you...

...will you give me the card,

let me alone?

- Need you ask?

- All right.

Plumbing, huh?

Wind in the pipe, huh?

- There.

- Twenty-five thousand.

All that fuss over a mere trifle.

You take my last penny

and call it a trifle.

- W... Who is it?

- It's Mathilda.

My wife. Come on, get out here.

- No, I won't get out...

- Here. No, I...

If she catches you in here, I'm ruined.

Come on, get in this closet.

Why... Why, Mathilda. It's you.

I'm your wife, Mathilda. Remember?

I... I was nervous.

I couldn't sleep.

- So you've been to bed?

- Oh, yes, yes, you see? That's... That's it.

Since when do you go to bed

with your pants on?

Well, you see I...

Suddenly I had a heart attack.

Yes.

- You know.

- If I don't, I'll find out.

That's the bathroom.

What do you suppose I thought it was?

The Bank of England?

- W... Where you going now?

- You'll find out.

- Goodbye, fatty.

- Conspiracy. Conspiracy.

Well, only a few weeks more
and the \$ 10 million is yours.

Providing you don't make me
change my mind.

Thank you, Ezra. Thank you very much.

You don't know

how generous you are, Ezra.

Now how about a bite of lunch?

Well, I do feel a bit peckish.

Oh, I know a real nice place
where we can get a healthful meal.

- Well, let's go there.

- Oh, yes.

Just a minute. Just a minute.

I found the first object for our
foundation to crush.

James Higgens is rehearsing a play on
Broadway entitled Sweet and Hot.

Just read that disgraceful item,

Horace. Read that.

"Sweet and Hot, Jimmy Higgins'
torrid musical comedy...

...springs from the fountain of youth.

Author, songwriters and actors
are all youngsters."

- Go on, go on.

- "Jimmy's backer is said to be...

...none other than a big businessman...

...who is very much interested
in the career of Mabel Anderson."

Well, it was horrible enough for Jimmy
to write such a terrible play...

...but any man who would
finance such an outrage...

...should be tarred and feathered.

The Ounce Foundation
shall run him out of town.

I myself shall give him
a scathing rebuke.

We'll attend the opening
of this production.

- And denounce it to the world.

- Will you excuse me?

A conference with a lot of big, sausage
casing men from Australia. See you tonight.

Not a word about our attitude
toward Sweet and Hot.

We must swoop down on them.

Oh, yes, Ezra, swoop down on them
like an eagle from the sky.

- Well, goodbye, Ezra.

- Goodbye, Horace.

- Goodbye, Mathilda.

- Goodbye, Horace.

You know Horace's heart and soul
is with the Ounce Foundation.

I know.

Say, that kid can dance.

Say, you'll do, kid. Go up
and get measured for costumes.

Oh, gee, thanks.

All right, girls, take it easy.

Say, that kid's got plenty of stuff.

Who is she?

I don't know. What name she give?

Joan Grey. Never heard of her.

She'll do till a better one comes along.

Okay.

All right, kids. Come on, places now.

Let's get set. Let's get started.

All right, Buttercup, hit it.

Hiya, pop.

Go away, go away.

Burn my clothes, if it isn't Romeo,
our financial backer.

I wonder what's on his mind. Come on.

- Well, well, Uncle Horace.

- Hello, Hemie.

James, a word with you.

- See here, young man...

- Congratulations, Horace, congratulations.

- On what?

- Defying Uncle Ezra and seeing our show.

I'm not defying Ezra.

And this show has got to stop right now.

Got to stop? Fat chance,

Uncle Horace, fat chance.

You young scoundrel. It's my money.

It was your money.

You're a credit to this country.

- You put a lot of people to work.

- Not this kind of work.

- If this gets out, I'm ruined.

- You'll take bows when the show opens.

This show is not going to open.

Stop it. Everybody, stop it.

This show is off, understand?

- You're all dismissed.

- Girls, girls. Don't pay any attention to him.

This show must not go on.

He's only our backer and we've already
got the money. Feed him to the lions.

Help. Help.

Let me go, let me go, let me go.

Back to rehearsal. Let's go, everybody.

Come on. Snap into it.

I'll call the police.

I'll have you arrested for assault.
Go ahead, Uncle Horace.
We'd be glad to get the publicity.
- Publicity?
- Sure. "Horace P. Hemingway...
...big sausage man in town...
...gives chorus girl \$25,000
to put on show...
...puts a lot of people out of work"...

- No, no, no.
Please don't do anything like that.
Go ahead and rehearse.
But promise me that Ezra
won't find out about me.
Now, don't you worry, because...
All right, girls. Come on, come on. Get
into it. Hit the deck. Let's see it.

- Barbara.
- Hit it, Buttercup.
- Barbara.
- My name is Joan Grey.
You go put on some clothes.
- I have them on.
- Why, that's disgraceful.
Barbara's just a visitor.
She's not in the show.
Oh, is that so?
You asked me to come to rehearsal,
and your dance director hired me.
I got in the show,
and I'm going to stay in.
Now, now, now, honey,
maybe your father's right.
You don't want me around, is that it?
Afraid I'll cramp your style
with your darling Mabel?
I've heard enough of this.
You get some clothes on.
I don't care what either of you say.
I'm free, white and 21.
I love to dance and I'm going to dance.
And if you fire me from this show,
I'll get a job in another one.
Wait till Ezra and Mathilda hear

about this. I'm ruined. Sunk. Lost.
Listen, you don't really
think we'd let Barbara...
...appear in a professional show?
Why, she can't. She's an amateur.
Helen Wills is an amateur in tennis.
- She can't play pro tennis, can she?
- I don't know, can she?
Why, of course she can't.
Now, don't you worry.
I can handle Barbara.
Besides, the show's a bit long...
...and we're gonna cut out
all the numbers that Barbara's in.
If Ezra ever finds out
anything about anything...
...he'll cut me off
like a ripe banana. He said so.
How's he ever gonna hear of it?
He always has his ear
to the ground.
Lot of newspapermen to see you
about the show, Mr. Higgens.
- This is the end.
- Now you go hide someplace...
...I'll take care of everything.
- Hi, Jimmy.
- Hello, Jimmy.
- Hi, boys.
- Who's this secret backer of yours?
Can't tell you just now, boys.
I get it. The more mysterious,
the more publicity.
You've got the right idea.
This is the one. Put it in the alley.
Here they come. Finally.
- Have you seen Barbara yet?
- Hasn't she shown up?
- Hasn't she even called?
- Not a peep.
I told you about amateurs.
She probably forgot it's the opening
and made another date.
- You know the opening number?

- Backwards.
Put on Barbara's costume.
If I drop dead from all this, play my part.
Come on, Mabel, we're late.
Hurry up, will you, Mabel?
Go ahead, hurry.
Hold that curtain. We can't start.
The leading lady hasn't shown up.
Okay, boss.
My, I'm so glad Barbara
didn't tease to go.
I'd never permit it.
She's much too young.
- Yes, yes, indeedy.
- Yes.
Bulger? Are your loins
girded for the battle?
The loins is ready to roar.
Are these gentlemen
capable and fearless?
Sure, they's the cream of the crop.
They understand my signal for action?
Sure, when you takes out
your handkerchief and waves it...
...they gives it the works.
- Right.
- Right.
Mathilda, Horace, forward.
Ezra, don't you think
you're going a trifle too far?
No, evil must be met with force.
Ezra Ounce is merciless when aroused.
Overture.
Come on, everybody, places, will you?
On stage. Everybody. Come on.
Curtain.
Ezra, have you discovered who is
backing this nefarious enterprise?
We find out tonight. Tonight is my night.
- W... Will you excuse me a minute?
- Gladly.
Now, hurry back, Horace.
I'll be right back. Yes.
Not yet, Ezra, the handkerchief.

You can't stop the show
before it's started.

Just a little excited, that's all.

- Ezra.

- Thank you.

Hey, I gotta talk to you.

You certainly picked a swell time.

Places, everybody.

- I mean it. This is serious.

- You're serious and I'm going daffy.

- Tell Mabel to step on it, will you.

- Mabel, step on it.

- This is the point.

- What is? Mabel?

No, this. Ezra's gonna give me
\$ 10 million tomorrow.

I'll give you a million dollars
if you don't open.

My first show on Broadway.

Is Mabel ready?

- Mabel, hurry up.

- I've worked, hoped, dreamed for this night.

I've aged five years

and lost 12 pounds at rehearsal.

I'm about to pull the curtain
on the most important thing...

...in my life and you come blubbering
for me to stop.

- Scram, will you?

- I'll give you two million.

I'll give you two seconds

to get out. Clear the stage.

Hurry on, girls. Plenty of pep now.

Give me a big smile out there.

On stage. Come on, hurry.

Come on,

get out of here, will you?

- Jimmy, I'm late.

- I'll say. Too late.

- Barbara, what are you doing here?

- I'm in this show.

You told me amateurs
couldn't play tennis.

- Who's asking her to play tennis?

- If you step out on that stage...
...you're no longer my daughter.
- We'll argue that later.
- I'm ready.
- She has on my costume. Take it off.
Sorry, I take orders from Jimmy.
Hello, Horace.
Jimmy, I couldn't sneak out
until after 8...
...and my taxi got caught in a traffic jam.
- Well, you didn't show. Mabel did.
- If you let her step on that stage, I'll...
- Get out of here, leave us alone...
...or I'll tell them
you're backing the show.
No, no, don't do that. I'll go.
Come on, get out.
All right, everybody, on stage. Come on.
I wonder what happened to Horace.
I hope the excitement
isn't too much for him.
He's so enthusiastic.
Oh, my.
Thank you.
Bulger, this elixir tastes a little strange.
That's the new triple-strength kind.
A case just came down
from Buffalo this afternoon.
Oh, I'm so sorry you don't like it, Ezra.
Who said I didn't like it?
Kill your house lights.
Get ready for the curtain.
Horace, where have you been?
There's nothing so dreadful about that.
Think so, Ezra?
Well, they're saving the worst
for later. Wait and see.
No nudity at all. I'm disappointed.
Agreeably, of course.
Barbara.
A fine "fishel" of kettle...
Kettle of fish. Your daughter.
Treachery in our own ranks.
Oh, Horace, the pity of it. Our daughter.

Our flesh and blood. A painted actress.
Quick, Bulger, a bottle of that elixir.
Excitement has unnerved her.
I don't feel so well myself.
Give me a bottle of...
I'll take one if you don't mind.
How can you control \$ 10 million?
You can't even control your own daughter.
Oh, Ezra, are you gonna
cut me off like a ripe banana?
A ripe banana.
I'm just a victim of fate.
'Cause I only have eyes
For you
- One seat, please.
- How many?
- One.
- There you are.
Got a couple in the balcony?
Well, you got the last two, mister.
And am I glad.
And I only have eyes for you
Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or bright
'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear
The moon may be high
But I can't see a thing in the sky
'Cause I only have eyes for you
I don't know if we're in a garden
Or on a crowded avenue
You are here, so am I
Maybe millions of people go by
But they all disappear from view
And I only have eyes
For you
Are the stars out tonight?
- He doesn't know if it's cloudy or bright.
- That's right.
'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear
The moon may be high.
- But he can't see a thing in the sky.
- Why?
'Cause I only have eyes for you
Now you don't know

if you're in a garden, do you?
Come on, answer me.
Or on a crowded avenue.
Be truthful. Never mind.
You're here, so am I.
Maybe millions of people go by.
- Yes, but they all disappear.
- Where?
From view
And I only have eyes for you
My love must be a kind of blind love
I can't see anyone but you
And, dear, I wonder if you find love
An optical illusion too?
Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or bright
'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear
The moon may be high
But I can't see a thing in the sky
'Cause I only have eyes for you
Yes, I only have eyes
For you
And I only have eyes for you.
Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or bright
'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear
The moon may be high
But I can't see a thing in the sky
'Cause I only have eyes for you
I don't know if we're in a garden
Or on a crowded avenue
You are here, so am I
Maybe millions of people go by
But they all disappear from view
And I only have eyes
For you
Very beautiful.
Very, very beautiful.
Oh, very, very, very beautiful.
Ezzy, you wouldn't cut off poor old
Horace like a ripe banana, would you?
No, Horacey, not like a ripe banana.
Like a ripe avocado.
Boys. Quiet.

- How we doing?
- We're doing all right.
- The customers love you.
- Do you like me?
- Do I what?
- Am I forgiven for being late?
Ask me if I like you again.
Do you like me, Jimmy?
Now ask me if I love you.
Well, do you love me?
- Ask me after the show.
- You think I won't?
I tell you, gentlemen. If I'm going to
put any money into this show...
...I want to be sure that we get
the best music possible.
You're absolutely right.
Great songs draw people into the theater.
The story's what's important. I don't put
in a cent until we get the best playwright...
Listen, nobody cares about the story.
People want songs.
Right, V.C. We've got
to get good snappy music.
You've got to have a great leading man.
You said it.
- Mr. McDonald of the Commercial Trust.
- Can't see him.
I tell you it's the story
that makes the show.
- No, sir, it's the cast.
- It's the publicity.
The music.
Gentlemen, please, please.
Just think for a moment.
Who writes the words and music
For all the girlie shows?
No one cares
And no one knows
Who is the handsome hero
Some villain always frames?
But who cares if there's a plot or not
When they've got a lot of dames?
What do you go for?

Go see a show for?
Tell the truth
You go to see those beautiful dames
Yes, sir
You spend your dough for
Bouquets that grow for
All those cute and cunning
Young and beautiful dames
Oh, dames
Are temporary flames
To you, dames
You don't recall their names
Do you?
But their caresses
And home addresses
Linger in your memory
Of those beautiful dames
- Yes?
- Mr. Earl Farroll to see you.
- Can't see him.
- Also Mr. George Hershwin.
Tell him, "Tomorrow." Now, gentlemen...
- Well?
- Miss Dolly Devoe to see you.
Show her right in.
- Miss Devoe?
- Yes.
- Come right in.
- Thank you. Kind of you to see me.
Oh, not at all. Yes?
- Miss Dubin, Miss Warren, Miss Kelly, Miss...
- Send them all in.
Come right in, girls.
Leave your addresses
My big successes
All depend a lot upon
You beautiful dames
As I was telling all those gentlemen
A while ago
That what do we go for
Go see a show for
Tell the truth
We go to see you beautiful dames
We spend our dough for

Bouquets that grow for
All you cute and cunning
Young and beautiful dames
Oh, dames are necessary
To show business
Dames, without you there would be
No business
Your knees in action
That's the attraction
And what good's a show
Without you beautiful dames?
Rehearsal tomorrow, 11:00
Be there promptly by then
Better set your alarm clocks for 9
At least no later than 10
Hooray for the Ounce Foundation
For the Elevation of Celebration. Hooray.
The O.P. For the E. Of the A.F.M.
Boys. Be quiet.
Those people are all staring at you.
Well, they couldn't be staring
at a better couple of men.
- He's getting ready.
- It won't be long now.
That creature's trying to lure you boys.
Impossible. I never even
saw her before in my whole life.
She's a very nice, friendly young lady.
Stop this show.
Keep going. Keep going, girls.
What's the matter? Girls, girls.
Oh, Ezra, you started it, now stop it.
I knew I should've stayed at home.
Quiet. Quiet.
Oh, Horace, get away from
those shameless women.
Oh, Mathilda, go away
and leave me alone. I'm in jail.
Silence.
Mr. Ounce, I've arranged to
get you out of this terrible jail.
Yes, but I don't wanna
get out of jail. I like it.
I never had a better time in my life.

But, Ezra, think
of the Ounce Foundation.
You know what I think
of the Ounce Foundation?
Phooey.

We'll get a million dollars' worth of publicity
out of this. The show will run a year.

Maybe we owe Uncle Ezra
a vote of thanks.

I'll offer him a job
as company press agent.

Say, by the way, I was going
to ask you something after the show.

Is it all right now?

You couldn't pick a better time
or a better place.