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Double Dynamite

By Melville Shavelson

He won't get that raise.
McKissack just can't turn him down
so close to Christmas.
Look, what do you see in that guy?
He's got about as much future

as a snowman:

That's opportunity knocking.
This may be your last chance
to go out with a Yale man...
...who's the son of the president and
founder of the California Fidelity Trust.
Please go away.
Twenty branches,
\$ 10 million hanging from every branch.
- Bob, don't you ever give up?
- No, and I'm pretty too.
What a combination.
Money, rosy cheeks...
...money, flashing teeth...
...money, curly hair and money.
You see, Mr. McKissack,
with prices going up on everything, I...
- A recession is just around the corner.
- What?
I said, a recession
is just around the corner.
Just yesterday,
R.B. Pulsifer himself predicted it.
Uh, yes, I know. That's the reason
I thought it's time...
Dalton, how much business
went through your hands last month...
...at Window Number 4?
- Oh, about \$300,000.
- Three hundred thousand dollars.
That's quite a responsibility.
Most young men would be proud
of being trusted with such a vast sum...
...but you're not satisfied.
But it's not the money
that goes through my hands...
...it's what sticks to them.
- After all, on 42.50 a week, I...

- Forty-two-fifty a week?

You're a single man, young,
in good health.

- You are in good health, aren't you?

- Yes, sir.

- Sleep well?

- Mm-hm.

You eat three wholesome meals a day...
...you sleep better than I do,
you have work that you respect and enjoy.

- I only eat three meals a day.

- But, Mr. McKissack...

And I can't wear
more than one suit at a time.
And I don't mind telling you
that you got a suit on there...
...that looks a good deal
better than mine.

Haven't been on a buying spree,
have you?

I haven't been buying anything.

That's just the point.

I'd like to be able to buy things
now and then.

- What sort of things?

- Oh, things, to use.

After all,

I've been with the bank a long time now.

- And I'd like to get married too.

- Married?

On 42.50 a week?

Dalton, that doesn't make sense.

Oh, gee, Johnny, look at that kitchen.

Isn't it dreamy?

We better get lunch and hurry back...

...or we'll be dreaming up
a couple of new jobs.

Johnny, we could get a dime-store
wedding ring and get the furniture instead.
For a little over a thousand dollars...

...we could completely furnish an apartment
with rugs and draperies and everything.

Mibs.

We'd only have to pay a third down.

Oh, Johnny, look.
Two can live as cheaply as one.
In these times, honey,
one can't live as cheaply as one.
I love you, Mibs.
But a happy marriage
is based on security and a future.
And if we did get married,
how would we manage? I have nothing.
- How would we live?
- I'm sure something would come along.
Yeah, then we'd have to feed that too.
It's no use, Mibs. Without that raise,
we'll never have enough to get married on.
Darling, it isn't the end of the world.
Look, the sun's still up there,
big as life and twice as happy.
Sure. He doesn't work for the Friendly Bank,
and McKissack isn't his boss.
Oh, I'm so confused,
I don't know what to do.
- Why don't you rob the bank?
- Now, that's an idea, Emil.
Sure. I'll rob the bank,
and when they discover I'm gone...
...they'll leave a light burning
in my teller's window.
Take the case of Sam Schlemmer,
alias Benny the Beetle.
He wanted to get married
but had no money.
He stuck up the Chicago Merchants' Trust,
stashed away the loot and took his rap.
That was April 3rd, 1903. When he
got out of jail, his girl was waiting.
They left on their honeymoon.
- How long did she have to wait?
- Only 33 years.
- Some honeymoon.
- Can't have everything.
- I think that's a beautiful story, Emil.
Thank you, Mildred.
Incidentally, Johnny,
may I talk to you alone?

No. You still haven't paid me back
the 5 I loaned you last week.
Don't be too hasty. This is a sure thing.
I've got a horse going in the third so fast
that he'll win the second.

- No.

- He doesn't trust me.

I don't approve of betting on horses.
You don't approve of lots of things,
but lots of people do them.

We don't have much time.

Would you snap it up
and get me the merchant's lunch?
Typical bank clerk. No real merchant
ever ordered the merchant's lunch.

I've been telling you for years,
you've gotta learn to enjoy life.

Live dangerously.

I'll get you the pickled pig's feet.

I hate pickled pig feet.

- These have all had pedicures.

- The merchant's lunch.

No daring.

No imagination.

Typical bank clerk.

Mildred here, she's an adventurer.

- She loves pickled pigs' feet.

- The merchant's lunch.

- What's the matter? The wedding off again?

- Will you please get us the lunch?

- You're not getting any younger, you know.

- Our lunch, Emil.

And neither are you.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
Old time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

Then be not coy, but use your time
And while ye may, go marry.
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick, 1583.

Do we have to have poetry?

Why not? It goes with the lunch.

- What a character.
- He makes sense, though.
- Johnny?
- Yeah?

Have you ever thought about
what's gonna happen to you? To us?

- Are we just gonna go on and on and on?
- Who said we're just gonna go on and on?

Mibs, do you think I enjoy
handing out money to other people...

...and then spending all afternoon adding up
how much I handed out all morning?

I hate banking. I hate figures.

I hate addition and subtraction.

And I hate being an old maid.

Oh, baby.

I wish we could get married today...

...but without that raise, it...

Well, look, our combined
gross annual income is \$4212.25.

Before taxes.

You have it all figured out to the penny,
haven't you?

You've got your whole life planned
like a bank statement.

My father got married
when he was only making \$ 18 a week.

And steak was 9 cents a pound.

No, baby, it won't work.

It's too much of a gamble.

Well, what's wrong with gambling?

That kind?

What's wrong with taking a chance
and getting married...

...just because you love somebody
so much...?

What would we use for money?

You'll get lucky, Johnny.

Look at my uncle Julius.

He got married a pauper. Overnight,
he made a fortune in the lumber business.

- Overnight?
 - They discovered trees on his property.
- Emil, they want you in the kitchen.

Somebody must want you.

If you were half the man she thinks you are,
you'd marry this lovely girl right now.

Even if you had to live in a tree.

Remember, Johnny, a man in love
is never afraid to take the long chance.

The trouble with you
is you don't really love Mildred at all.

Maybe that is it.

Would a man who loved you
eat like that at a time like this?

No.

- I'm hungry. Is that such a crime?

A man who loved you,
like Sam Schlemmer...

...would rob for you, steal for you,
murder for you.

- Live in a tree for me.

- Exactly. But not Johnny. Oh, no.

What he's really thinking is,

"I've led this girl along for three years...

...and now that she's thinking of marriage,
how can I start a quarrel and get rid of her?"

- Now, just a minute.

- You're right, Emil. You're absolutely right.

If you listen to him,

you can't care for me.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may

Well, maybe I don't care.

Maybe Emil's opened my eyes

to something.

You and your combined

gross annual income.

I hate adding and subtracting too.

And I think that maybe you and I

just don't add up.

- Are you satisfied now?

- No, she didn't leave me a tip.

Well, aren't you gonna run after her
and beg her forgiveness?

- That was the whole idea.

- Peachy idea.

Maybe I don't wanna run after her,
because maybe I'm right.

She'll see it my way and realize
that I was only thinking of our future.
Alias Sam the Beetle.
Here's for my lunch.
It was good for a change. What was it?
Pickled pigs' feet.
Hey. Hey, what are you doing?
What's the big idea?
Go away, boy, will you?
Wait a minute.
Hey, Lefty,
get this Boy Scout off me, will you?
Come on, let's blow, Lefty.
- Are you hurt badly?
- No.
We'd better get the police and tell them
what happened.
- What happened?
- Two men were slugging you.
- I didn't see anybody slugging anybody.
- You didn't see...?
- Thanks anyway, son.
- But I just saw... There were...
- Look, I go this way...
- Come on, son.
There's a fellow named McKissack.
I gotta...
This is as far as I go. Come in.
I'd like to show my appreciation.
I'm awfully late.
If everything's all right, I'd like to...
Wait a minute, I'll see.
- How's it look, Max?
- All clear, boss.
There ain't a cop between here
and Santa Anita.
- Come in, son.
- What?
Come in, I'll make it right with you.
- Honestly, you don't owe me anything.
- Boss, what happened to you?
Three guesses. Step in, son.
I think I'd better run along.
I don't wear shirts anyway.

I said, step in. Didn't I, Frankie boy?

Yeah.

A late scratch at the fairgrounds.

Ballerina's Baby.

What happened to your kisser?

Who hit you, boss?

A couple of Chick Sloane's boys
tried to rough me up.

Think they can scare me out
before Santa Anita opens.

I'm gonna bust that two-bit syndicate
of his wide open.

I've got three sharp nags running today.
We're gonna ride them and ride them hard.
What if Chick gets wise?

He won't. I run classes for boys like him.
We'll bet everything we've got
in his horse rooms.

Not a dime in California
so we don't tip our mitt.

Chicago, Cleveland,
New Orleans, New York.

Get a line and keep it open.

Sit down, son.

Look, I work in a bank
and they'll wonder where I am.

Great. Keep them guessing.

Show them you're independent.

Joe, get over here in a hurry.

Yeah, Chick Sloane. I'll teach that rat
how to go broke in one easy lesson.

I wanna do something for you, kid.

Just name it.

Uh... Could you get me a telephone?

- I've had my order in for a year and a half.

- Sure.

Call me later, honey.

- Well, then, thanks very much.

- Wait a minute. That ain't enough.

Well, what's that?

- What does it look like, a blotter?

It's a thousand bucks for you.

Gee whiz.

- What are you drinking?

- A thousand-dollar bill.
I can't. You don't owe me anything like that.
I owe you plenty.
Chick Sloane's goons would've had me in a hospital if you hadn't come along.
I always pay off, kid.
What's the matter?
Don't you like money?
- Well, sure.
Can't think of a way to spend it?
Slip it under your pillow tonight.
You'll dream of something.
Oh, a thousand-dollar bill.
- I just remembered something.
What's that?
I don't drink.
And I don't want anything to do with anything like this.
I gotta...
Hold it.
Listen to me, son.
When I wanna show my appreciation, I expect cooperation.
Don't make it tough.
Let's say I'm lending you the grand.
Harry, you got Chicago?
Put 20 Gs down on Heavenly Queen.
You heard me, 20 big ones.
On the nose.
Chick Sloane's place on Dearborn Street.
All right, I'll take it.
It's probably counterfeit, but I'll take it.
- Now, please let me go back to the bank.
- Harry, make it 21.
Put 20 down for me and a grand for an old pal.
I work in a bank and I'm not allowed to bet on horses.
- Everybody's allowed to bet.
- They are?
It's in the constitution. Relax, kid.
You got a thousand bucks riding on Heavenly Queen.

Mibs.

Dalton's over an hour late.

You any idea where he's gone?

No, I just know where I'd like him to go,
but we don't have a branch down there.

Well, Old Man Opportunity knocks again.

- Say, would you like to go...?

- Yes.

Wait a second. How am I gonna learn
to be a wolf if you give in so easily?

Bob, please take me out tonight.

Think I'm the type
that takes out a girl that's engaged?

Yes.

All right, I'll pick you up at 8:30.

Where would you like to go?

Someplace where it costs
a dollar and a half for bread and butter.

Where the music's so expensive
that you can hardly hear it.

I wanna drink champagne
and Cointreau...

...and just anything
that you can't mix with cola.

I wanna dance and dance and stay out
so late that the neighbors will talk.

I wanna enjoy life.

I wanna live dangerously.

What an opportunity for a heel like me.

Four, five, six.

There you are, son, 6 grand.

Compliments of Chick Sloane.

That isn't my money.

Nobody loans \$ 1000 without collateral
and nobody gives away 6000...

...without a note,
co-signers and 6 percent interest.

This is a new kind of a bank.

With horses.

I loaned you a thousand, remember?

Now, look.

You're returning the loan, see?

You wouldn't be returning a G
unless I lent you a G.

That proves I lent it to you.
Now you can get the 5 grand you won,
and nobody can say boo and we're even.
Nobody hands out money
without wanting anything.
What's the matter, junior?
My money no good?
Well, I didn't mean to insult you,
but I don't want the money.
- Something wrong with you, kid?
- We ought to give this guy a saliva test.
Okay, okay, I'll take it.
That's right. Force yourself.
Yeah? Where? Okay.
Put 20 Gs on... Hold it.
Kid, how'd you like to turn that 5
into 25 more?
Oh, I don't think so.
I'd better get back to the bank.
Is?
Is this another sure thing?
- Figures don't lie.
- Impossible, Robert.
There hasn't been a shortage in your
father's bank or its branches in 32 years.
Look, there it is in black and white.
Seventy-five thousand dollars missing.
Seventy-five thousand...
All right, Robert, all right.
You better call the bonding company.
Have them investigate every employee.
Find out if anybody is living
beyond their means.
Speculating in the market, gambling or...
What a parlay. You're in the money, kid.
- You're in the money.
- There you are, son.
Your original 5 plus 25.
That makes 30,000.
Dollars?
Don't answer it.
- Scotty?
- Don't talk to him.
- Got it.

- Ignore him.
You're a pal, Scotty.
Stick with it. You bring me luck.
You got the golden touch.
I'll touch a dozen eggs for you tomorrow,
but I don't wanna bet any more now.
Yeah. We're shooting the roll
on Marcy Ford's Beetle.
- No.
- Take the line price.
- No, no.
- Yeah, this is it.
Seventy thousand for me
and 30,000 for my friend.
No, don't listen to him, no.
When I get through with Sloane,
I'll put a jockey on his back and ride him.
- No, no.
Sit down, kid.
If this comes in, you're loaded.
If it doesn't, I'll go out and get loaded.
- Relax.
They're off.
Fair Dealing is going to the front.
Sudden Riches is second.
Magilla moving up to third. Now
Sudden Riches moving up to the outside.
It's a boat race. Your horse is in.
At the half, it's Sudden Riches
taking the lead and drawing clear.
- Come on, Sudden Riches.
- You didn't bet on Sudden Riches.
- I didn't bet on?
- Into the far turn, there goes Magilla.
He's neck and neck with Sudden Riches.
Now it's Magilla in the lead.
- Come on, Magilla, come on.
- Not that plug.
And coming fast is Johnny-Come-Lately.
Finds racing room
on the inside and gets through.
Come on, J... Am I getting any warmer?
Then which horse am I betting on?
It's a driving finish.

Four noses on the wire, and it's Soris.
Soris wins it by a nose.
Soris.
What a horse.
Thirty-eight, 39, 40,000.
It's all the cash I have on hand, kid.
Drop by tomorrow for the other 20.
You mean I won?
This is all true? It's really happening?
Did you hear what he said?
It's happening.
We're gonna get married now.
Don't you understand?
Oh, that's wonderful. Thank you, mister.
I'll see you tomorrow. Thank you.
Wow! Now we can get a place of our own.
We'll have cows and horses...
...and chickens and quadruplets.
Wait till I tell Mibs.
Just wait till I tell Mibs.
Thank you. Thank you very much.
Thank you.
You're wonderful.
There really is a Santa Claus.
Hey, Emil. Emil.
Oh, I beg your pardon. Emil.
- Look.
- Johnny, you've robbed the bank.
Congratulations. I'll hide you in the kitchen.
As soon as it gets dark, head for the border.
Listen to me.
The first thing you gotta do
is blow town until this cools off.
If the bank issues a warrant,
I'll send it to the Automobile Club.
- They take care of everything.
- I didn't steal.
You got a rich uncle with
one foot in the grave and you tripped him.
I have no uncle. Stop being silly.
I wanna get you a coat.
You're gonna be my best man.
- Mibs and I are gonna get married.
- Where you holding the ceremony, Alcatraz?

All this money. I won it on the horses.
That's foolish, Johnny.
You don't bet on horses.
I don't, but I did.
I don't have to anymore.
You've been drinking.
Nobody in their right mind bets on horses.
- You bet.
- Never my own money.
- Only what I can borrow.
- I borrowed some.
It was loaned to me. A thousand dollars.
- Listen, Emil. Heavenly Queen.
- Six-to-one.
- Misery.
- Five-to-one.
- And Soris.
- Even money.
- Forty thousand and 20 more to come.
- How nice that would look...
...sewed in the lining of my coat.
I'm gonna give it to Mibs
for a Christmas present.
When she sees it,
she'll have a lump in her throat.
Maybe, but she'll certainly
have a lump in her stocking.
No more window shopping.
She can have anything.
Now you're talking. Live dangerously.
You've got it, spend it.
- Spend it all.
- All?
- It's only money.
- Emil, you didn't finish the floor.
I'm taking the day off, Mr. Baganucci.
If you have any objections,
call up the Waiters' Union and ask for Otto.
Good afternoon.
It's only money
It's only gold
But you can't get enough
Of the wonderful stuff
That you jingle or fold

It's only money
It fluctuates
But there's this thing about it
The poor schnook without it
The girls don't give dates
I love the artwork
The treasury sure does smart work
The nicest people we know
Are the people
Who get their faces on dough
It's only money
It's only dough
- And the people who crave it
- Who worship and save it
All come to know
You can't take it with you
When you go
And our bonding company
has relentless operatives.
They never give up.
It may take a year, 10 years, 20 or 30.
And sometimes the malefactor
waits a whole lifetime...
...and dies without ever having used
a single penny.
Keep the motor running.

McKISSACK:

found out, it is impossible to outwait justice.
If you think you can outwait them,
lay low until things cool off...
- Mibs.
... get that foolish thought out of your mind.
- We're gonna get married and quit our job.
- Mr. McKissack.
To heck with McKissack.
We're buying a ranch with quadruplets.
So we have to get married first.
John Dalton, you've been drinking.
And of all the times.
I bought you flowers and diamonds
and a mink coat.
And the top goes up and down.
Oh, to do such a thing. And you pick a day

when the bank has been robbed.

Well, I picked a day... Huh?

McKISSACK:

- Lead us to the culprit.

And let me make one more thing
absolutely clear to this embezzler...

...whoever he may be.

You will never have an opportunity
to enjoy your ill-gained fortune.

You will never have a chance
to spend one dime of our \$ 75,000.

That is why I say confess. Confess now.

Or face the possibility
of spending half your lifetime...

...behind the bars

of a federal penitentiary.

Quiet, quiet.

There's a shortage in the bank.

How much did you get this time?

Where's Mildred, tying up McKissack?

What courage. And I was telling you
to live dangerously. Oh, brother.

The man with the sunglasses.

He'll tell you how I got the money.

- And he'll tell Mibs, too, and McKissack.

- Johnny, listen to me.

The car's got a full tank.

You're facing south.

Step on the starter

and head for the border.

Oh, please, Emil,

you know very well I'm no bank robber.

All right. Hope you know

what you're talking about.

First horse room I've ever seen...

...where you could lose your shirt
and have it mended at the same time.

- You can't get in there just like that.

- No?

Uh-uh.

- What's that for?

- Signal.

Try the Morse code.

Let's use my system.
Yes? All our salesmen are out.
If you can tell me which shirt
you're looking for...
What happened here? Where are the horses?
I mean, the telephones.
What are these women doing here
without men?
- I beg your pardon.
- Wrong shirt shop.
- Look at her. No sunglasses.
- No, no. This is the place. I remember.
They had phones, and there was all kinds
of betting going on all over the country.
And that guy still owes me \$20,000.
Where's the man with the sunglasses?
Why, you're not wearing sunglasses.
And you're not even a man.
I'm glad you can tell the difference.
Emil, you know what they've done here?
They've changed the whole place around.
Honest, they did. Just three hours ago,
this was a horse room...
...and these ladies were men.
It's witchcraft. Please excuse him.
He just got in from the Pacific.
Hasn't seen a woman in years.
Max. Now you'll see.
Max, what happened?
Where is everybody?
Was it Chick Sloane,
or did the police get wise of the setup?
Are you addressing me, old chap?
You're not Santa Claus.
You're an impostor.
- All right, Johnny?
- Honest, Emil, this doesn't make sense.
Santa Claus was a lookout.
- Tell me you believe me. You do, don't you?
- Of course I believe you, Johnny.
- Now, will you do me one little favor?
- Sure. What?
Head for the border.
Yes?

Oh, hello, Mildred. Is Johnny in?
Mr. Dalton's apartment is the next one,
Number 2A.

Oh, thank you.

- What do you mean, "Is Johnny in?"

- Well, I just thought...

Do you think I'm in the habit
of entertaining people like this?

I know.

What kind of a girl do I think you are?
Anyway, I wouldn't invite John Dalton
in here if he were starving.

- Who is it?

It's me, Emil.

Oh. Just a second.

What are you here for, pal?

Got some information for you.

You can take a plane
and be in Mexico City in eight hours.
Now, look, Emil. I didn't rob the bank
and I'm not taking a plane to any city.
I don't know whether you did or didn't.
I've got an open mind.

- That's white of you.

- But I would like to be present...

...when you explain to J. Edgar Hoover
that you won \$60,000 on a shirt.

Never mind about that.

What did you do with the car?

Parked it in front of the police station.
You'll never get a ticket there.

Mibs. Mibs.

- She can't hear you through the wall.

What do you want now?

California concrete.

Mibs, let me finish telling you
exactly what happened this afternoon.

Not exactly.

Exactly wouldn't make a good story.

Embroider it a little.

Look, the man that I saved
took me into the shirt shop...

...and gave me one little drink.

And with one little drink,

you try to get me to marry you...
...with promises of ranches and diamonds
and... Shirt shop, my eye.
Look, it wasn't exactly
a shirt shop, Mibs.
It was a horse room.
I mean, it isn't anymore.
Never tell a woman.
She'll blab everything all over town.
You'll have your picture
in every post office by morning.
Shh! Be quiet.
And then he gave me a thousand dollars.
What was his name, Santa Claus?
No, no, Santa Claus was outside.
He was the lookout.
- He was watching for the cops.
- Oh, Johnny.
Keep quiet.
Richard Lovelace, 1583.
I don't wanna hear another word
out of you until you've sobered up.
And even then, I'm not sure that...
Quick, out the window.
Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Nice, dry climate.
That's her doorbell.
Why, I don't remember ordering anything
from McCray Company.
Look, this time of year, people sometimes
send other people presents.
It's a quaint old custom,
and I wish they'd cut it out.
Sign.
- Merry Christmas.
- Merry Christmas.
The mink coat.
Oh, I'd forgotten all about the mink coat.
Maybe she won't open it.
They usually put those stickers on it.
"Do not open till Christmas. "
A woman can smell mink
through 6 inches of lead.
- We'll have to tell her.
- Did I ever tell you about the Lavender Kid?

Told his own sister about a job he pulled.
She turned him in for the reward money
and bought herself a fur coat.
And that was only skunk.
- Well, Mibs wouldn't do a thing...
- Do you think she'd believe you?
No, I guess not.
Have you got a cold chisel?
- It's raining.
- That's her shower.
Splendid, now one of us can sneak in
and get the package.
Which one of us?
This should be mere child's play
for a man who robbed a bank.
- Emil, I told you I didn't rob the ba...
- Johnny, I believe you.
But I'm the only one in the world
who would.
Johnny?
- What?
Wouldn't you like to know
where Bob Pulsifer's taking me tonight?
No.
Well, I'll tell you.
He's taking me to Hollywood
to a very swank nightclub.
Keep talking. Keep her occupied.
I'll bet you'll be very thrilled
when he orders hamburger in French.
You're jealous.
Just because he spent four years at Yale.
Six years.
And at that,
he graduated magna cum nothing.
He's a wonderful dancer.
He could have learned that at UCLA.
Every girl in the bank
is just crazy to go out with Bob.
They'd have to be.
Well, anyway, he doesn't
go out and imbibe too freely...
...just because he's mad at somebody.
I did not imbibe too freely.

There was this alley and these three men.
And Santa Claus.
Don't forget darling Santa Claus.
All right, all right.
I got drunk and I was seeing things.
That's more like it.
And if you'd only been man enough
to admit that in the first place...
Johnny.
No, no, it couldn't have been.
More champagne. Fill it up, please.
Mibs, don't you think maybe you're living
a little too dangerously?
- Supposed to make you feel gay, isn't it?
- Yep.
Well, then, why doesn't it?
Little Mildred feels, hup, terrible.
Well, pretty soon,
you won't feel anything.
And then we'll see whether Yale really made
me a gentleman and a scholar, won't we?
- I don't like him a bit, you understand?
- Who?
- You said it.
- I didn't say anything.
But why do I keep seeing him
every time I look at you?
Him and his mink coats
and diamond rings and...
And go up and down and up and down.
He was gonna give them to me.
But he was drunk, you know.
Disgustingly, hup, drunk.
- What's that?
- Your dinner, madame.
Roast pheasant.
- Oh, I couldn't eat a pheasant.
Why not?
Oh, no, I used to feed them popcorn
at the zoo.
Oh, but, Mibs, look...
- You don't...
- But not this one.
You don't understand.

They used to come up to me
and I'd feed them.

And they were so cute,
and now you want me to eat it.

Oh, now, Mibs, please.

- I want pickled pigs' feet.

- Pickled pigs' feet?

- Under glass.

- Mibs.

What's wrong with pickled pigs' feet?

Just because they didn't go to Yale?

Oh, take it away.

- I wanna go home.

- No, what you need is something to eat.

- I'm not hungry.

- You're going to eat.

- Let me see that menu, please.

- Oui, monsieur.

Oh, my.

What Miss Goodhue

would like to have...

...is the viande hache champignons
en vin.

- Bien, monsieur, bien, monsieur.

- I'll bet you're ordering me a hamburger.

Oui, madame.

It is the specialty of the house.

Ohh. Hup!

Twenty-eight thousand.

Poor Mibs. What a dirty trick, leaving
an empty box under the Christmas tree.

- Twenty-nine thousand.

- Tsk, tsk, tsk.

Thirty thousand.

This was an inspiration.

They'll never think of looking here.

- Who heard of a cop taking a shower?

- Stop talking about the police.

It makes me nervous.

I jump every time I hear...

- Who is it?

Mr. Kofer. Open up, Dalton.

- It's my landlord.

- Tell him to use his own bathroom.

I must let him in. He's got a key.

See if he's got a sponge too.

Get rid of him.

- Well, hello, Mr. Kofer. What's wrong?

- I don't talk in the hallway.

Listen, there was a man here

asking a lot of questions...

...about you and Miss Goodhue.

- Really?

- A detective.

- You've torn my chair.

- A detective, you say?

Yes. I don't wanna have

any trouble with you.

I got a lot of tenants

waiting for these apartments.

- What have you done?

- What did he wanna know, Mr. Kofer?

- What did he wanna know?

- Mm-hm.

If you'd been gambling, spending money
and buying expensive things.

- Silly things.

- What did you tell him?

What did I tell him?

I told them that you didn't even pay
last month's rent.

Well, thank you very much.

That's nice of you.

My bathroom.

What are you doing to my bathroom?

- Well, I like this.

- You do? Well, join me.

Dalton, I demand an explanation.

Yes, sir. You see,

he happens to be a friend of mine.

Got in from the Pacific.

Hasn't seen a bathtub in years.

All right, Dalton, all right.

Whatever you're doing

that's bringing detectives around, stop.

Yes, sir. I'll try my best, sir.

- Good night, Mr. Kofer.

Good night.

- Did you get rid of him?

- Yeah.

We better find some other place
to hide the money.

I think we shrunk this one.

It's no use, Emil.

First time in my life I get any dough,
I can't use it.

Can't even quit my job without having the
bonding company detectives on my neck.

You are in a barrel of rice
with your mouth sewn up.

- Old Chinese proverb.

- Mm-hm.

Of course, you could hide it in your shoe,
hollow out the heel.

The Lavender Kid.

He got away with it for years.

- Kept it under his false teeth.

- I happen to have my own teeth.

We could fix that.

Look, Emil, I'm no Lavender Kid
or Sam Schlemmer, alias Benny the Beetle.

I won this money,
and Mibs and I are going to enjoy it.

I'm going to McKissack in the morning
and tell him the whole thing.

He may not believe me at first, but
the important thing is to tell him the truth.

- The what?

- The truth.

Oh, that old thing.

Look, Johnny,
if you tell McKissack that crazy story...

It isn't a crazy story.

Or is it?

Oh, Emil, what am I gonna do?

I've got the perfect solution.

This ought to get me off
with about 60 years.

You can't use this money, can't hide it,
can't deposit it in a bank.

It might be 50 years before you can
lay a finger on a penny of it, right?

Right.

Suppose I deposit it?

- You?

- In some little out-of-the-way bank.

- In whose name?

- Mine, naturally.

Naturally.

You know, Emil, I'm deeply touched
by your kind offer of assistance.

And I'm so grateful that you're willing
to take these tremendous risks...

...just to help me.

But somewhere way back in my mind,
there's a little voice that keeps saying:

"Dalton, don't be a schmo. "

Some out-of-the-way bank.

Think it over. I'm sincerely trying to help.

If you don't trust me,
who else can you trust?

Yeah, I guess you're right, Emil.

There's nobody else I can turn to.

- I better take the mink coat too.

- Well, do you have to?

Suppose the bonding company detectives
search the apartment.

I'll return it to the store in the morning.

Say, you'll be careful with the money,
won't you?

Don't worry about a thing.

I'll hide it in the apartment.

- Will it be safe there?

- Of course it will.

If I go out tonight,

I'll hire a sitter for my mattress.

Won't you step into my parlor?

I never,

never go into strange men's apartments.

- This is your apartment.

- It is?

- Mm-hm.

- Hm.

It is.

Guess I've got a right

to go into my own apartment, haven't I?

I don't feel very good.
This little piggy went to market, and...
What are you doing here?
Well, that remains to be seen.
And heard.
What's he doing in here?
- He lives here.
- Here?
Over there, on the other side of the wall.
- It's thin, you know.
- How thin?
Thin enough.
Very thin.
- Goodbye.
- Hello.
Hello is right.
Johnny, you're not mad at me, are you?
Because I went out with Bob?
You're not jealous, are you, Johnny?
No. Sleepy.
Johnny?
What's the matter?
Don't you love me anymore?
Kisses and tears
That's all our love is
It's nothing but kisses
And tears
You don't seem to need
The slightest reason
To chase the sunshine
And bring on the rainy season
Kisses and tears
It's up to you
If we laugh or we cry
Through the years
Unless you trust me
Whenever a doubt appears
Your future with me will continue to be
Kisses and tears
Kisses and tears
That's all our love is
It's nothing
But kisses and tears
When I kiss you

There is no reaction
You're too busy
With addition and subtraction
Kisses and tears
It's up to you
If we laugh or we cry
Through the years
Unless you trust me
Whenever a doubt appears
Your future with me will continue to be
Kisses and tears
Kisses and tears
- Kisses and tears
- Kisses and tears
Good night, Mr. Kofer.
He's been showering her with gifts.
There's your evidence.
We'd better pick him up
before he makes his getaway.
The bonding company
doesn't operate that way.
But they've got their eye on him.
He bought a new car too. They located it.
Registered in the girl's name.
Then what are you waiting for?
For Dalton to lead us
to the rest of that \$ 75,000.
If the bank is to recoup its loss, we've
got to make him think he isn't suspected.
Give him enough rope to hang himself.
I must caution you
not to mention this to anyone.
I don't know whether or not
you're handling this right.
Don't worry, Robert.
I've had my suspicions of Dalton
ever since he asked me for a raise.
And his conduct yesterday afternoon.
The guard told me he walked right out.
Right in the middle of my address
to the employees.
I got news for you.
I thought it was pretty dull myself.
Not one? Nobody answered the ad?

Yes, you better run it again. Thank you.

Hello?

Hello, Mr. Baganucci?

This is Johnny Dalton.

Has Emil come in yet?

Look, Mr. Dalton.

Yesterday, Emil tells me

he's taking a day off.

I haven't seen him since.

I'm waiting on tables myself.

Please don't keep calling me up.

It's a long walk to the telephone.

- Sorry, sir. The bank isn't open yet.

- It is for me. I'm Emil J. Keck.

- Who?

- I knew you'd recognize the name.

Young man, can you direct me

to the manager of this establishment?

Emil, you said some out-of-the-way bank

like Hollywood or San Diego.

- Better yet, Singapore.

- I thought it all over.

Where's the last place they'd look?

Right here.

But why all this?

I'm depositing \$30,000.

You don't do that in cotton worsted.

Emil, Emil.

Thank you, young man,

you've been most helpful.

And here's 10 cents for yourself.

See how careful I am with your money?

Who is it?

Good morning,

I've come to open an account.

McKISSACK:

Mr. Stander in New Accounts.

- Don't you want my money?

- What?

I'm a blunt man, McKissack.

I don't like your attitude.

- McKissack.

- "The Friendly Bank," it says.

Where's the friendship, the warmth,
the open hand and heart?
McKissack, you don't bubble.
Just a moment, sir. Just a moment.
I have banked in New York, Chicago,
San Diego, yes, even Singapore.
And there,
my funds have been welcomed.
Even small accounts of 50 or \$60,000.
Won't you sit down, sir? Right over here.
Have a chair.
Is it clean?
- Yes, sir.
Sit right down and have a cigar.
- Now, what can I do for you?
- Well, you can give me a light.
I'll be very glad to handle your funds
personally, Mr? Mr?
- Keck. Emil J. Keck.
- Keck, Keck.
Now, where have I heard
that name before?
Where do you eat lunch? Uh...
In all modesty, you're apt to hear it
mentioned wherever businessmen gather.
Here you are.
What?
I said, "What's your address?"
You asked me mine.
I'm only trying to get some information
on your assets.
Never mind my assets. How are yours?
- Hm?
- I'm trusting you with my money.
Seems to me
I'm the one who's taking the risk.
This bank was founded in 1903.
Here's our statement.
"Total assets, \$ 10,823,465.03.
Total liabilities, \$ 10,823,465.03."
Well, you're flat broke.
Well, that only means...
Are you trying to tell me I don't know
how to subtract? Get Pulsifer.

We never telephone.

It says on the window, "R.B. Pulsifer, founder and president. "

Why should I deal with middlemen?

I wanna talk to the boss.

- Mr. Pulsifer is in semi-retirement.

- Well, get him out of it.

He should be in his bank. How do I know he isn't absconding with the funds?

Who? Keck? Listen, McKissack,

I happen to be presiding...

...at a meeting of the Community Chest Committee, and I don't wanna be...

Large depositor? How large?

Put him on.

Business.

How do you do, Mr. Keck?

Glad you called.

Pulsifer?

Why aren't you in your bank instead of out playing golf someplace?

A likely story. I intended to deposit a considerable sum of money...

...but I'm beginning to have my doubts about your bank's solvency.

I've seen restaurants that are better run than your bank.

I assure you, Mr. Keck...

...the Fidelity Trust is the soundest financial institution in California.

Mm-hm. Then what's this story

I get from my sources...

...that you've discovered a shortage in your books?

Uh, I...

To be perfectly frank...

...there has been a malefactor tampering with our accounts...

...but the loss is entirely covered.

It cannot in the slightest way affect our standing.

How much is missing?

Oh, uh...

- About \$ 75,000.

- Glad it wasn't a large sum.
Still in all, when I inquired
about your bank's status...
...Mr. McKissack
should have not concealed that.
You should not have informed me...
...that this is the soundest
financial institution in California.
I would expect that much integrity
from a busboy.
Good day.
- Merry Christmas.
And a happy new year to you.
Johnny, we almost made a great mistake.
This bank isn't safe.
The owner is playing golf,
the manager won't answer questions...
...and there's a shortage of \$ 75,000
in their books.
I'm gonna take your money
and bury it in a baking can.
You better get out before Mibs sees you.
Now, give me the money.
McKissack is watching us.
I wouldn't put a dime in anything that
man's associated with. He's got shifty eyes.
Thirty-thousand dollars,
thank you very much.
- All of it?
- All of it.
Come, come.
- Well, it's only money.
- Yeah.
Will you sign right here?
All right, Emil. You're hired again.
But remember,
it's against my better judgment.
Thank you, Mr. Baganucci.
You're a kind and generous man.
No, it's not that. My feet are killing me.
Emil, answer him, please.
Hello? Yes, Johnny?
What?
- Pulsifer?

- He's coming over to see you...
...to hit you for a donation
to the Community Chest.
That won't be necessary,
I've already contributed generously.
Three dollars and fifty cents.
He thinks you're a millionaire, Emil.
Yes, he's chairman of the committee
and figures he can make a good touch.
McKissack told him you gave your address
as the Hunterton Hotel.
Hunterton Hotel?
Now, go over and register right away
and hurry.
Don't worry, I'm on my way.
- I'm taking the day off, Mr. Baganucci.
- What?
In the back of the broom closet,
you'll find my arch supports.
But, Emil...
Ta-ta.
Johnny?
You left the bank in such a hurry...
...I didn't get a chance
to invite you formally, but...
...well, I like surprises better anyway.
You won't have to eat
at Baganucci's tonight.
It's Christmas Eve, Johnny.
Johnny, Chinese food.
Hello?
Oh, hello. Miss Mildred Goodhue?
Yes, this is her. She. I mean me.
Well, this is Mr. Hartman...
...of the McCray Company
Complaint Department.
Would you mind telling us...
...just what you found unsatisfactory
about the mink coat we sent you?
Mink coat?
Well, now, according to our records,
it was ordered by Mr. John Dalton.
It was delivered yesterday,
and this morning it was returned.

And we...

Miss Goodhue?

Miss Goodhue?

Miss Goodhue?

Miss Goodhue?

It is the first of our \$3000 numbers
to prove unsatisfactory.

And we're interested in learning why.

- The fur was on the wrong side.

- What?

I like my mink on the inside of the coat.

Keeps you warmer.

Now, that's ridiculous.

Hello?

- Hello, is Johnny there?

- No, Johnny didn't come here for dinner.

Emil? Huh. How should I know?

I only pay him.

He comes and goes as he pleases.

He said something about

the Hunterton Hotel.

If you find him,

tell him something for me, will you?

First, the arch supports don't fit.

Second, I'm starting a union

for the bosses.

The bridal suite.

You had to rent the bridal suite?

What are you gonna do

with three bedrooms?

I don't know,

what does a bride do with them?

And this afternoon,

the Bank of America telephoned.

They wanted to know

if a check for \$ 1000...

...signed by Emil J. Keck was any good.

So naturally, I had to say,

"Why, of course.

Mr. Keck has ample funds on deposit. "

What's wrong with that?

They happen to be my funds.

What are they soaking you

for this layout?

"1928." Where did you get that?
Room service is very obliging.
How much for those?
Well, let's just say they're not
what this country needs a good one of.
What do you expect if I'm supposed to
be a millionaire? I've gotta get in the mood.
Eat, drink and be merry.
Because tomorrow,
we may be in the hoosegow.
And beside, my money may not last forever,
you know.
Exactly.
Ah, fill the cup
What boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet:
Unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday
Why fret about them if today be sweet?
But why do I have to supply all the sugar?
Johnny, listen to me.
Think of my side of it.
All my life, I've been advising my friends,
"Live dangerously. "
And what have I been doing?
Waiting on tables.
Do you realize I'm 50 years old...
...and this is the first time
I've ever tasted imported champagne?
Good, isn't it?
Stinks, but I'm gonna finish
every drop of it.
What am I supposed to do
while you sit around enjoying yourself?
Learn to stop worrying. We both know
you're not guilty of any crime...
...and eventually we'll prove it.
If only I could find the guy
with the sunglasses.
Say, I know a dame with sunglasses.
Would that do you any good?
Pulsifer. Hide in there.
- Emil.
- Hello, Nick.
What are you doing here?

I haven't seen you
since the last waiters' ball.
Boy, were you loaded.
I thought you knew,
my aunt in Connecticut died...
...and left me her entire fortune.
Gee, that's great. Now you can pay me
the 20 bucks you owe me.
Believe me, it's a pleasure.
- What's the matter? No tips?
- Here, get yourself a box of cigars.
You must be in the chips, all right.
But you'll run through it fast enough.
More champagne? Why?
Well, when Pulsifer gets here,
I can hardly offer him a root beer float.
If that's R.B. For the donation...
...remember, you are a millionaire
of very limited means.
- Hello.
- Emil...
- It's Mildred, she wants to come in.
- Mibs?
What'll we do?
Well, you're living dangerously. Live it.
Why didn't you knock?
All right, Mr. Keck, you might as well
tell me. What is going on?
I quit Baganucci
and got myself a better job.
You better get out
before my new boss comes in.
This suite happens to be registered
under the name of Keck.
- Keck?
- Hm.
Very common name.
It's English for Smith.
Look, Emil, I'm a big girl now.
I don't wear pigtales anymore.
- I'll bet you look lovely in them.
- Hm.
There's a few things around here
I have got to find out.

- Anything you ask.
- Who paid for that mink coat?
Uh, almost anything.
And all of this.
Where's the money coming from?
How is this possible?
There's a man here
who can explain the whole thing to you.
Johnny.
Mr. Keck, I'm R.B. Pulsifer Sr.
- Won't you come in, Mr. Pulsifer?
- Thank you, Mr. Keck.
You can call me Emil.
I don't like to trade on the family name.
- Will you sit down?
- Thank you.
I hope you don't mind
my dropping in on you like this, Emil.
Of course not.
It's much better than sitting here alone...
...waiting for some quiz program
to call you.
- May I get you any...? Something?
- Thank you, I'll have a cigarette.
Cigarette.
- There you are.
- Thank you.
- Take two or three for later.
- Oh, this'll do.
And I'll come right to the point.
Do you believe in charity?
Giving or receiving?
Emil, I like you.
You're not stuffy. You haven't let
your money go to your head.
It's been an effort.
- Champagne?
- Thank you.
Johnny, what are you two up to?
What can it possibly be
that you can't tell even me?
Okay, Mibs.
I'm gonna give it to you straight.
You remember the story I told you

about the shirt shop?

- You mean the one about the horses?

- It's all true.

I won \$60,000 betting on the horses...

...the same day

they found the shortage in the bank.

So I couldn't tell anybody about it,

don't you see?

And Emil has been helping me

keep it a secret.

Johnny, is that the best you can do?

You don't believe me?

You'll never regret

this generous donation of \$3000.

What was that?

- Something collapsed in the next room.

- Oh.

As I was saying,

it's this attitude of generosity...

...this friendliness, that has been the basis

of my success in the banking business.

Do you mind?

Incidentally, while we're speaking of it...

...do you mind my asking

what is your business?

- Pigs' feet.

- Pigs' feet?

Largest packers of pickled pigs' feet

in the country.

Wherever people eat,

you'll find Keck's feet.

- Good slogan.

- Thought it up myself.

Well, I'm sorry to run away,

but I have a dinner engagement.

I was hoping you'd have dinner with me.

I'd like to, Emil,

but I'll be in town until next week.

- How about Thursday?

- Thursday's fine.

We have meatballs and spaghetti

and a separate napkin to each customer.

You're a card, Emil.

What a rare combination.

A millionaire and a sense of humor.

- You don't know the half of it.

- Pickled pigs' feet.

You think I robbed the bank?

Oh, honestly, Johnny,

I don't know what to think.

Do you think I'm a thief?

Why, how could you po...?

I don't even wanna talk to you anymore.

I'm tired of pretending and hiding

and telling lies and of telling you the truth.

I stole it, yes. I took the money

from the bank with Santa Claus.

- Now, go ahead and go to the police.

Johnny.

Mibs.

Sit down, please.

Here, drink this.

After you hear what I have to say,

you'll realize you can't go to the police.

- Why?

- Because you're the criminal.

- Me?

- Johnny told me the whole thing.

How you wanted to get married right away

and how he couldn't afford it.

And how you threatened to leave him.

That poor boy, driven desperate

for the love of a woman...

...seized his opportunity

and robbed the Fidelity Trust Company.

Oh, Emil.

He did it for me?

Poor Johnny.

He loved me that much.

For bonnie Annie Laurie

He'd lay down and die.

Emil, this isn't another one

of your stories, is it?

This is the truth, isn't it?

If it isn't, may I drop dead on this spot.

- Mibs.

- Bob, I had to come to you.

Well, what makes you think

you're welcome?

- I've got my pride too.

- No, this is a matter of life and death.

Naturally.

You're not the first girl to discover
she couldn't live without me.

Here, let me take your coat.

Take it easy. Relax.

- Brandy?

- It's about the bank.

- About the bank?

- Mm-hm.

I'm not wasting my Napoleon brandy
on the bank's affairs.

Oh, Bob, you just gotta help me.

I can trust you, can't I?

I don't see why not.

Nobody ever has before.

I was just on my way to spend
Christmas Eve with Dad...

...but he can wait.

Well, all I wanted was to ask you
a question about an imaginary case.

Well, go ahead.

Suppose somebody had taken
some money from your father's bank.

- Yeah?

- Thousands and thousands of dollars.

But he wasn't really a thief.

Just a wholesome, red-blooded
American boy, a little playful perhaps.

See, somebody made him take this money.

She didn't mean to, but, well...

...she was always talking about marriage
and mink coats and diamond rings.

Just a wholesome,
red-blooded American girl.

But she would have married him
if he didn't have a cent.

So if she should get ahold
of some of this money...

...and she knew that she could get
this somebody to bring the rest of it back...

...could get your father to promise

not to send him to jail, please?
Well, I'd do my best...
...but first I'd have to see the money
to make certain it was being returned.
Oh, well, that's easy.
I've got it right here.
That's about \$20,000 exactly.
Here's some more.
Here's some more.
That's all.
What are you doing?
Calling the police
to arrest John Dalton for robbery.
- That's what I'm doing.
- I didn't say anything about Johnny.
- This is an imaginary case.
- Well, this is unimaginary money.
- Operator, get me the police.
- Please, you can't do that.
- I can, now, operator, get me...
- Don't arrest Johnny.
I'll do anything, anything.
What?
You used to like me, Bob.
Yeah.
I'll write you a letter.
- I'm even willing to marry you.
- Sure.
Marry?
You can't threaten me.
Hello, operator,
get me the police right away.
Mibs.
Get me the police right away, operator.
That's right.
Operator, for the 10th time,
will you get me the police, please?
Yes.
Hey, Mibs. That's my car.
Police! Hey! Police! Pol...
And is wanted for embezzling \$ 75,000
from the California Fidelity Trust.
Audit of books confirms identity.
The man, Caucasian, brown hair, blue eyes,

5- feet-10, wears elevator shoes...

...anemic-looking.

When last seen, was wearing ill-fitting suit,
well-padded at shoulders.

Resembles Frank Sinatra.

The girl, Caucasian, brown hair and eyes.

Height, 5'7". Weight, 135 pounds.

Extremely well-distributed.

They are in a Chrysler convertible,
license, 4F... Like in "fish. "... 1150.

Last seen heading south

toward Mexican border on Highway 101.

All units in vicinity proceed at once.

That is all. Rosenthal.

Oh, Johnny,

I don't care what you've done.

I just don't want them to catch you.

Mibs, this may come

as a great disappointment to you...

...but I didn't steal any money

from the bank.

- But Emil said...

- Oh, Emil.

They can't do anything to me.

I don't have to run away, Mibs.

What they're really after is the money.

And even if I were guilty,

they wouldn't touch me until they got it.

- Johnny.

- Mm-hm.

They've got it.

Stop the car, Mibs.

Look, I love you for what you're trying
to do for me, but it's no use.

And my Santa Claus story is true,
believe me.

All right, then, Johnny,
the man with the sunglasses.

No gambler's gonna stick his neck out
to save me.

Oh, Johnny, what are we gonna do?

All my life, I've been practical
and cautious, and look what it got me.

To heck with tomorrow, Mibs.

Let's get married tonight.

You mean me? Mildred Goodhue?

- Tonight?

- Now.

All right.

Okay, okay, break it up.

- Come on, get out of the car.

Come out.

Okay, I'm ready.

Hey, what's the big idea?

We're arresting Mildred Goodhue for
embezzling \$ 75,000 from the Fidelity Trust.

You are?

- They are.

- Oh, there's some mistake here.

That was my money

she gave Bob Pulsifer.

I won it on the horses,

only I can't prove it.

- You gotta arrest me.

- We know all about you.

You won your money

from Hot Horse Harris.

- Hot who?

- Everybody knows Hot Horse.

A bald-headed guy,

always wears sunglasses.

We picked him up a couple of days ago.

- Come on, you're going with us.

- But we're gonna get married.

We'll get you a cell with a double bed.

If you'll pardon the expression, gin.

I'll get it. Always ready to serve.

- What are you doing here?

- What are you doing here?

- Comes out even.

- Stop playing millionaire.

They got Mibs in jail.

They blamed the bank shortage on her.

Who is it, Emil?

Mr. Pulsifer, my name is John Dalton.

I'm only a teller,

but you gotta listen to me.

- Now, see here.

- Give him a hearing, R.B.
It's all a mistake about Mibs.
You can't have her thrown in jail
on Christmas Eve.
Why, she never stole a thing in her life.
Oh, now I know who you are.
The bonding company told me about you.
- You're the man who won all that money.
- That's what I came to tell you.
That was my money
that Mildred Goodhue turned over.
I don't blame you
for trying to protect the girl you love.
But I'm afraid you've been taken in
by that young woman.
You're not the first
to be deceived by a pretty face.
But I know Mibs.
I know that she wouldn't take anything.
For your information, Dalton...
...our audit of her accounts
shows a deliberate falsification of \$ 75,000.
- And figures don't lie.
- Figures don't lie.
But human beings do.
Two and two make four
no matter who gets hurt.
- Is that the way it is?
- It's there in black and white.
- The girl is guilty.
- How can you say she's guilty?
You don't even know Mibs.
Can't your arithmetic be wrong for once?
Can't your books be wrong?
Can't your bank be wrong?
Not this time.
It's been checked and double-checked.
- Ashtabula National Trust.
- What?
1902. Sent a teller to jail
for stealing \$ 14,000.
Fifteen years later,
they found the money...
...where it slipped into a crack

behind his cash box.
Maybe that is it. It could be.
That bank is so old
it's ready to fall down now.
Little Rock Security, same thing, 1928.
Certified check for \$50,000 missing.
Ten years after, found stuck
to chewing gum behind a filing cabinet.
- Come on, or I'll see you're sued.
Where are we going?
The bank. Maybe somebody there
has made the same kind of stupid mistake.
I don't hire people who make mistakes.
How do you know?
You haven't been there.
I keep in touch by telephone.
Where would I be
if I ran my business by phone?
Up to my neck in pigs' feet.
Things like that
don't happen in a well-ordered bank.
McKissack is one of the finest managers
in the country.
You've never met him.
I've seen his recommendations,
they were excellent.
Probably wrote them himself.
Mm. What have we here?
Bang, bang, bang.
- He'll hear from me in the morning.
- By telephone?
All this is absurd.
We're on a wild-goose chase.
Believe me, Mibs is being blamed
for something she had nothing to do with.
Someone must have taken cash
and concealed the loss in her book.
- Who?
- How far do you trust your son?
- Keck!
- No harm in checking.
Blood isn't thicker than money.
I placed my son here
to see that things are run efficiently.

Your son, sir, sits at his desk all day...
...shooting paper clips
at girls bending over the files.
Hm.
What have we here?
What was that?
Probably a mouse
in the Mortgage Department.
He'll never get a loan.
Well...
...I'm sorry, my boy,
but I'm afraid we're wasting our time.
The money is missing,
the shortage is in her books.
The girl is guilty. Two and two make four.
Simple arithmetic, Mr. Pulsifer.
But it doesn't always apply where
human beings are concerned, believe me.
No one will ever convince me
that Mibs is guilty of any crime.
- Things add up, Dalton.
- Sure.
Two and two make four.
- You try it. Go on, you try it. Go ahead.
- Impossible.
Try three and three. Let's make it tough.
There's the criminal.
Run for your life.
The machines are striking back.
Tomorrow morning,
your burglar alarm may spit in your eye.
You're who?
R.B. Pulsifer Sr., you nincompoop,
I own this bank.
I've never seen you around here.
If you'd take the trouble
to verify my statements...
My friend, here, Emil J. Keck,
the eminent millionaire, will vouch for me.
Him?
Why, he's a waiter
at Baganucci's Restaurant.
- I eat there all the time.
- Hi, Sam.

- I hurried right over. What happened?
- Breaking and entering, Mr. McKissack.
- Ever see this fella before?
- Never.
You idiot, I'm R.B. Pulsifer.
Now, I'll tell one.
You don't look anything
like that picture in there.
I did once.
Note the eyes. Dull, glazed, moronic.
Not only criminal, but tinged with insanity.
A Frankenstein.
Your unemployment insurance
paid up, McKissack?
John Dalton.
- Emil J. Keck.
- Dick Tracy.
Your father visit banks
in the middle of the night?
Not even in the middle of day.
The old man's lazy.
I hope he doesn't put us into bankruptcy.
Hey, McKissack, do you mind telling me
what's going on?
This imposter here is...
Dad.
That's some hunk of mink
you got there, lady.
- Oh, thank you.
- Yes, sir, \$3000.
Show him the ring, baby.
Fifteen hundred dollars for that ring.
And that car out there, 4000.
We're going on a honeymoon
around the world.
When we get back,
we're gonna settle down, buy a ranch...
...and grow the finest oranges
in California.
If we grow any bad ones, we'll put
Florida wrappers on them and ship them.
Yes, sir.
And I got Emil here to help me run it.
It'll take every cent we've got,

but it'll be worth it.
I won \$60,000,
and we're gonna enjoy every cent of it.
Sixty thousand.
Well, thanks a lot.
You don't know what a help you've been.
Wait a minute.
What newspaper is that going to be in?
Oh, don't ask me, I'm just a tax collector.
I represent the Bureau
of Internal Revenue.
I'll be seeing you.
Wear it, baby. Let's live dangerously.
Mr. Keck.
It's only money, it's only gold
But you can't get enough
Of the wonderful stuff
That you jingle or fold
It's only money
It's only dough
And the people who crave it
Who worship and save it
All come to know
You can't take it with you when you go