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Go West Young Man

By Mae West

Have you ever seen the stars
On a typical tropical night
Have you ever seen the stars
That would dance while guitars
Would invite
Romance in the night
Have you ever been kissed
On a typical tropical night
Have you ever been kissed
While two arms that insist
Hold you tight
What a thrilling night
In the dark a sigh is heard
Love needs no light
You can never say no
On a typical tropical night
You can never say no
'Cause your heart tells you so
And you're right
Always you think of her. I will not let
this Americano woman take you away from me.
You mean more to me
than anything in the world.
I've hardly
known you but an hour!
You may kiss my hand, and
tomorrow, perhaps, you may kiss me.
Until tomorrow.
A millionaire planter
and an embassy officer.
Zara, you're doin'
pretty good for yourself.
I thought I told you to leave that key
the last time you were here.
You do not think you can
discard Rico so easily, do you?
If necessary, I'll have
to do it the hard way.
Rico, you're through,
through as an old tomato can.
Oh, that is it, huh? Well, I
am not going to give you up!
Now or ever.
Don't be stupid!

If you'll take my advice, you'll go back to
your wife while you're still in good condition.
That is fine advice after you have
spoiled me for all the other women.
You was spoiled
when I got you.
Women have pampered you all
your life. Rico, you're no good.
Besides, you lied to me.
You said you were single.
And I loathe liars. No man can
support a wife and me at the same time.
Someone's gonna get the short end of
the deal, and, honey, it's never me!
Where is that man?
That-That officer?
Why, he left. He had to leave
sometime. Oh, you sent him away?
No, he left under
his own power.
Look at me! Don't louse
me up. Give me a light.
Isn't she wonderful?
Uh-huh.
Listen, Rico, where I
come from they call this...
'pulling a fast one on you,
givin' you the business.'
Why don't you make yourself scarce?
I'm betterin' myself.
Very well, Chiquita.
Let us make an end-
An end for the two of us.
What do you mean?
If I cannot hold you in my arms any longer,
no one else will ever get the chance.
Well, why don't
you shoot?
Oh, you can't do it!
You know you can't.
Oh, what am I doing?
What am I doing?
That's what I'm trying to figure
out. Oh, my darling, I love you.

[love you.!

Zara, who is this?

Who is this man?

Why, I've never seen
the man before in all my life.

Why, Zara!

Get outta here!

Very well. I will go.

Let me tell you something.
She will do the same thing to you
as she has done to me. Get out!

Zara, what was
that man doing here?

Philip-

Philip, darling, I-

You haven't answered me.

Why did you come? I told you-

I love you. How can you
expect me to stay away?

Day after day I waited for you,
and when you didn't come, I-

Zara. Zara, darling!

Why do you stare at me like that?

Surely this man hadn't-

Zara.

It's true, Philip.

I don't ask forgiveness.
I'm not worthy of it.
But when you're gone,
remember me kindly sometimes...
for just a brief moment...
when April comes around again with
its blue skies and sudden showers.
Remember that April woman
who drifted into your life...
as casually as the summer cloud
drifts over a green field...
and then drifts on again.

Now, go, Philip. Go!

Ladies and gentlemen, we have persuaded one of
the most glamorous personalities of the screen...
to come here so that you, in the
spirit that is characteristic of you,
may pay tribute in person to what you

have, heretofore, only seen on the screen.
I have the honor
and the distinct pleasure...
of presenting the reigning
queen of the cinema,
Miss Mavis Arden.
Remember me kindly
for just a brief moment...
when April comes around again
with its blue skies and sudden showers.
Remember that April woman
who drifted into your life...
as casually as a summer cloud
drifts over a green field...
and then drifts on again.''
And that, my dear friends,
was The Drifting Lady.
But it was not, please believe me-
It was not the real Mavis Arden.
I often say to my producer,
Mr. A.K. Greenfield,
president of Superfine Pictures, Inc.-
'A.K., I say'-
I always call him 'A.K.'
[says to him, [say,
'A.K., please, oh, please,
'let me play a part
that expresses the real me,
'a simple, unaffected country girl...
who finds her happiness
in a garden and a swimming pool.''
But Mr. Greenfield always says,
'No, no, Mavis,
you are a great artiste,
and it wouldn't be fair to
deprive the world of your genius.''
So that is why I play these fascinating
sirens you seem to like to see.
But, oh, I'm such
a different person, really.
Beneath all this glitter, Mavis Arden
is a very human person like yourselves.
[f you, my dear public,
could only come up and see me...

in my little 'Eyetalian'
villa in Hollywood,
I'm sure you'd be disappointed
in the dullness...
and simplicity of my life there.
I know it's cruel
to disillusin you this way,
but I have to be honest, and you
must take it in the right spirit.
Now, my dear friends, [want to thank
you for your kind appreciation...
and accept through me the thanks
of my dear producer,
A.K. Greenfield, president of Superfine Pictures, Inc.
- great fellow.
And now, my dear friends,
I want to say good night.
A thousand good nights!
And tell all your friends
I said, 'Good night.'
Sorry, gentlemen, but Miss Arden cannot
see all of you. Her time will not permit.
You may go in, my friend...
and you... and you-
Why all those old guys?
Why not some of those good-looking
ones? It's part of my contract.
Miss Arden isn't supposed to marry for
five years. Why make the job tough for her?
Okay, you sir.
I'm sorry, but Miss Arden-
I'm Francis X. Harrigan.
That's too bad.
I beg your pardon!
We handle Miss Arden's
admirers alphabetically.
I'm just now getting into the
B's. Novel idea. I'll wait.
Well, thanks. That's fine.
You were a big hit tonight,
Miss Arden.
Yes, there was a great crowd
out there, full of politicians.
I felt I was putting a bill

before Congress.

Let him in.

I just heard from A.K.,
your dear producer.

What have I done now? What's
he sore about? Nothing.

And incidentally, I've never
noticed his being sore at you.

Well, perhaps that's why he's the
producer, and you're just the press agent.

You mean I'm practically
your slave. You are not.

Slaves are generally useful.

Your next personal appearance
at Harrisburg ends the tour.

Then back to Hollywood,
back to your 'Eyetalian' villa.

I tell you at every performance
it's 'Italian.'

If they can't spell it, how do
you expect me to pronounce it?

We'll be leaving

for Harrisburg in an hour.

Better hurry with your packing, Jeannette. The car will be right down
- Oh, no, we're not.!

I'm going out tonight
with a friend of mine.

With whom? Harrigan.

He's runnin' for Congress.

I haven't seen him since

I played Chicago with the Follies.

Oh, no, you don't!

Now, wait a minute. Every time I make a date we're
either leavin' town or rehearsin' or somethin'.

Jeannette, get me my
black gown. Yes, miss.

My job is to keep you stainless as a
lily... and I don't mean a tiger lily either.

This one, miss?

Yes.

Oh, but why don't you wear that
white gown? I said the black one!

I think you're lovely
in that white one.

Now, listen! When I say-
Oh, I am, huh?
All right, the white one.
Where are you going
with that ward heeler?
To the Palace Roof,
and don't you be a heel.
Don't worry. We won't even be seen. I'll
get a private dinin' room or somethin'.
I say you won't. I'm running this show,
and I'm running it till the tour is over.
You're not going to hand me the same bill
of goods you handed your last manager.
What are ya gonna do about it? Phone
Greenfield. Tell him what I think about you.
And if you don't think
I'll tell him-
Hello? Get me
Hollywood, California.
Granite-3200.
Mr. Greenfield.
You're a great star
and can't risk a scandal.
Your private life has
got to be an open book.
It is. I'm just lookin'
for someone to read it.
Hello?
Hello, Mr. Greenfield?
This is Morgan, A.K.
I'm in Washington.
Listen, I've got
some bad news for you.
Your favorite star is about to step out
with some politician here.
I've tried to keep her out
of the limelight with men.
[f she doesn't do what [tell her,
you cancel her contract.
That right? Right.
Don't think [won't.!
Right.
Right-hand man, huh?
Right. Right. Right. Say, I

could have you fired like that.

- If that's the way you feel about it, why don't you?

- I don't know.

I talked it over with myself last night,
and we both went to sleep.

Say, haven't you got some letters
to write or something?

Good idea!

A little wire to A.K.
wouldn't hurt a bit.

Do that.

It'll keep you amused.

I could like that guy if he
wasn't so hard to get along with.

Palace? Matre d', please. Yes, thanks.

Mavis, this is
a positive thrill.

I always say, 'A thrill a day
keeps the chill away.'

Hello? Yes.

This is Francis X. Harrigan.

I'd like a quiet little table
on the Roof for tonight.

Just two. And alone.

You know, seclusive.

Someplace where
we'll be alone.

Hello, hello. Amalgamated
Press? Well, listen.

Mavis Arden is the guest of nominee
Harrigan at the Palace Roof tonight.

The press is invited.

Hello, Operator.

And the reportorial staff of the
Unin News Service is invited.

Palace Roof.

Okay, we'll cover the story.

Hello, Paramount News?

Well, here's a hot one for you.

Mavis Arden, the movie star,
and Francis X. Harrigan...

are inviting the press to meet them
at the Palace Roof tonight.

You ought to get

some great pictures.

Well, I'll say one thing for these stars

- They're not under contract, and they can stay out as long as they want.

It's great to be with you

again, Mavis darling.

I haven't had much time for
romance since I last saw you.

I've devoted myself entirely
to my career. So have I.

But sometimes I do hear
the call of the irresistible.

Don't you?

Yes.

But in two hours you'll be on your way
to Harrisburg, going out of my life again.

That's in two hours from now.

Me too.

Oh. No.

All right.

Something seems to tell me

I'll be going to Harrisburg.

Well, phone me before you leave.

I'll be stopping

at the Penn Harris Hotel.

You know, darling-

I know nothing. You tell me.

That's fine.

Now, will you give us one with your arms
around Miss Arden? What is this? What is this?

Did you-

No. Did you?

How about a story for my paper? How long
have you known Mr. Harrigan, Miss Arden?

- When is it going to happen, Miss Arden?

- Happen? Why, nothing's gonna happen.

Mr. Harrigan and I are friends, just friends. Aren't we, honey

- Uh, Mr. Harrigan?

Huh? Yeah. Yeah, sure. I was just
recalling the time in Chicago-

Why, I don't really believe the public
would be interested in that, Miss Arden.

What? Not interested in politics?

Oh, Miss Arden, I was only jesting.

Uh, give us a break here,

will you, fellow? Okay.

- Have you any particular platform, Miss Arden?

- Well, the one I act on.

- Well, haven't you any political

views? - Well, let me see. I-

Why, of course you have, Mavis.

Tell them the one about more marriages. You know. Tell them that one.

Hmm. Just a mouse

studying to be a rat.

What a platform.

Marriages? Sure, let's have it.

- Tell us the whole story.

- Don't crowd me, boys. Don't crowd me.

What I think the country needs

is more marriages, more happy homes.

Look at the millions of lovely girls wasting their lives in factories, shops, offices and restaurants, just because millions of men can't afford to marry them.

When April comes around again, with its blue skies and

- What's gonna become of the country?

- What can be done about it?

- The state should make it possible for them to marry.

Endow matrimony the same

as we endow hospitals and colleges.

Give every unmarried girl a dowry and provide every young couple...

with a home, furniture,

radio and 'Eyetalian' villa.

- And a baby grand?

- That depends whether you can play or not.

Oh, but, Miss Arden,

I don't think that-

You take him, boys. He knows his campaign better than I do.

Pardon me, boys.

All right. See ya later, boys.

Is that gonna be your campaign, Mr. Harrigan?

Do you agree with Miss Arden?

Well, I-I- Can we quote you in connection with Miss Arden's statement?

Well, of course I think- Well, as my constituents have so often said, I feel that I-

Laugh that off.

I- I hope the interview
was satisfactory, gentlemen.

'Mavis Arden advocates
increased matrimony.

Francis X. Harrigan
endorses her views. ''

People will think I've gone crazy.

'Hollywood and Washington unite
in launching new campaign. ''

Great grief!. And then these pictures
of us taken together. I'm ruined.

Cummings, I want you to take
a letter of protest at once.

Send it to all the newspapers. Yes, sir.

Now, let me see.

To the editor-

Dear sir,

In the interest of justice I must protest
against the misleading statements...

that have been printed about
Miss Mavis Arden and myself.

Why, Francis, you old fox.

What do you mean, old fox? I suppose you've
seen the papers about you and Miss Arden?

I certainly have! I suppose
everybody has seen the papers.

And if you think you can come here
and gloat over me, Andy Kelton-

What do you mean,
gloat over you?

I suppose you're going to try and pretend
that you didn't realize what you were doing.

But you can't fool me.

It's the cleverest political move
you ever made, Francis X. Harrigan.

Cleverest?

Why, the old-maid schoolteachers' vote alone
is enough to swing a presidential election.

Well, of course. And with Mavis Arden
behind you with her national reputation.

Why, say! Well, I

- I'm glad you approve of my little plan, Andy.

Excuse me, sir, if you want this letter to

the newspaper to get off in the next mail-
Never mind that letter! Cancel the
letter. Have my bags packed right away.

Uh, and remind me to call the Penn
Harris Hotel at 8:00. Yes, sir.

You going away, Francis? I've got a little
business in Harrisburg that I have to take care of.
More marriages.

Huh. It's not a bad idea at that.

If you're not fired when we get back
to Hollywood, my name ain't Mavis Arden.

Well, think you can find out what's wrong
with this silver-plated perambulator?

If I did, I couldn't fix it. She's got the
toolbox full of hair wash and cold cream.

Careful, my lad. Surely you don't
expect the ''talk of the talkies''...

to ride around the country
in a common domestic model.

What would her public say? Then they
should've imported an interpreter for the car.

It's intolerable, simply intolerable!

This is a fine state of affairs.

A.K. shall hear of this,
I promise you.

He pays you all exorbitant salaries
for the sole purpose of protecting me...

against these petty annoyances,
and this is the result!

I pay \$20,000 for a car, have it
made to order, upholstered to order,
design the color scheme myself,
and now it won't go.

- What's the matter with this screwy thing?

- I don't know. He don't know.

Don't know? But you must
know! I pay you to know!

I never heard of anything so-
Intolerable.

Intolera

- Don't interrupt me! What are you gonna do? Just stand idly by?

I'm not standing idly by. I'm
looking for a place to telephone.

Telephone! If you ask me,

you framed this thing yourself.
But, Mr. Morgan-
You stay with the car.
'And the state...
should make it possible...
for them to marry. ''
Period.
''[t should-
E- N-D-O-W...
matrimony''-
Whew.
'Give every unmarried girl...
over 25...
a D-O-W-R-Y. ''
Mr. Clyde,
now, what is D-O-W-R-Y?
It means if you marry a girl over 25
years of age, she would get so much money.
She? Don't I count?
You're a man.
That ain't my fault.
Sounds to me like
a play for publicity.
Didn't she do that
in another picture?
I could near swear I'd seen her
in that same thing before.
She was a South Sea native
or somethin'.
Oh, no, Miss Kate, she never
played anything like this before.
Well, all right.
Then what happened?
And then she's on a yacht with a rich
banker. I don't know how she met him.
You know how they cut
pictures these days.
But, anyhow, he keeps
pestering her, so she stabs him.
Impulsive, I'd call her. Oh,
it was wonderful, Miss Kate.
Then when Miss Arden made
her personal appearance-
My goodness me! I thought

my heart was just gonna stop.
Movieland magazine gave her first
place last month in the ''It'' contest.
It! Thank goodness I was born
before the days of movies and ''It.''''
Well, didn't they
even have ''It'' then?
They had ''It'' all right, but they
didn't photograph it and put it to music.
Oh.
My eggs! I want my eggs. You understand?
Oh, Professor Rigby, I'm so sorry
- Bah!
Oh, go stuff yourself a duck,
ya old fussbudget.
They're looking at me!
What did you say, sir?
They're looking at me. I ordered them
turned over. You heard what I said.
Mrs. Struthers! Mrs. Struthers! Oh, oh!
Mrs. Struthers.!
Why, I'm so sorry, Herbert.
I'm the oldest boarder here, and
they're taking advantage of the fact.
What's the trouble,
Herbert? That's the trouble!
They're staring at me.!
Oh, now, Gladys, you know that Mr. Rigby doesn't
- I'll have them fixed right away.
If she went to bed nights instead of running
around with that muscle-bound Clyde Pelton-
What's stirrin'?
Nothing.
Well, quit bawlin' then. Professor Rigby
is talking to Mrs. Struthers about me.
Let him talk.
Gladys!
Now, see here, Addie.
Keep your place, please.
I can't have a star boarder
like Mr. Rigby upset...
because one of my employees wants to waste
her time talking about a mere movie star.
Mere? Why, the papers are full of

- And who cares?

See here, Gladys. I will not tolerate delays of my boarders... just because you want to stand around talking about a public figure.

Public figure?

Nobody's public that wants babies.

Katherine!

Aw, shucks!

She just got through tellin' me things I never knew myself.

Go on. Get him some coffee before he yells himself hoarse.

Nothing seems to matter to you. Your home, your social standing, your pride - nothing!

What pride? What social position?

We're runnin' a boardinghouse, ain't we?

I think that's

very unfair, Katherine.

It's an economic condition, solely.

Why, do you think that for one moment, if I had any money, I'd allow Bud Norton to have that disgraceful gasoline station... in front of a home that once entertained the leading socialites of Pennsylvania?

Oh, you and your moss-bound ideas.

Aunt Kate! You mustn't talk to Mother like that.

Oh, it's all right, my dear.

Nobody cares about me.

What I think or what I do.

But it's all right.

I leave you two alone for a minute, and bang, you're at it again.

If it wasn't for Bud helping us out with his filling station, it would be pretty hard going for us, I can tell you.

Oh, I don't know.

You don't know?

Then what're you

hanging around him for?

You goose!

Why do you suppose?

We'll be able to send for the car right
away, sir. We just fixed the truck.

It's working swell now.

Good!

Now may I use
your telephone?

Sorry, sir.

It's out of order.

How far is it to
Harrisburg? Ninety miles.

Isn't that just dandy?

No phone, 90 miles, and I've got a
personal appearance with Miss Arden at 8:00.

You mean- Is Miss Arden in
that broken-down car? I hope.

You mean Miss Mavis Arden,
the great movie star?

I wouldn't be surprised. Oh,
boy! Nicodemus! Nicodemus!

Nicodemus, come on!

Come on, Nicodemus!

It was kinda loud,
wasn't it?

That is Carl Hudnut's Orchestra.

I was just trying to pick up the oboes-
I know 'em.

They're all oboes.

Yeah, Jack Benny had that joke
Sunday night.

- Somethin' I can do for you?

- Are you the proprietress?

No. Just Aunt Kate. Addie!

Addie!

Coming, Katherine.

Can we stay here while
our car is being fixed?

There's a lot to be said for the
old horse and buggy yet, ain't there?

You said it. May I?

If it's a good cigar, you may.

Folks around here

smoke whip handles.

Addie, this gentleman wants to know if his party can stay here till he gets his car fixed.

Why, yes. Yes, of course. I have Miss Arden, the movie star-Mavis Arden?

I'm sorry.

Gladys!

There's another hotel down the road about a mile. Oh, nonsense, Katherine.

Mavis Arden, the movie star, in person.

I'm positively thrilled.

I've just the room for her.

With the loveliest petunias growing outside the window.

And a beautiful hand-carved bed brought from England by my grandfather.

You see, I'm really not a boardinghouse mistress. An economic condition.

Well, I'll- I'll just get the room ready.

Come, come, Gladys.

Are you Mr. Arden? No, no. My name's Morgan.

Morgan? Not by any chance - No chance whatsoever.

J.P. and I come from two distinct families.

Officially, I am Miss Arden's counsel for public relations.

Yeah, I expect she has a good many too.

Well, I can see that you aren't exactly buried out here in the country, are you?

No, just waitin' around to be, I guess.

Now, tell me what a public relations whatever-it-is really is.

Well, I believe I'm the last one in captivity.

You see, Miss Arden is very attractive and temperamental.

Yes, I read somewhere that she's very

susceptible. That's one name for it.
So, the studio sends me along to see
that she doesn't ''suscept'' too easily.
Oh, yes.
You see, Miss Arden's contract won't
permit her to marry for five years.
My job is to see that she
doesn't break that contract.
Lucky you have a sense of humor.
Humor and patience and...
a knowledge of the alienation
of affection laws of every state.
You don't say. The rooms are ready
now, in case you'd like to look at them.
Excuse me.
Hey, you, come on.
Fix this, will ya?
Well, if this ain't
a surprise.
Who'd have thought I was gonna see
you again right here, face-to-face?
Boy, you were swell in that
show last night, Miss Arden.
Boy, you sure were! And were
you grand in Puzzled Peacocks.
Oh, gee. Oh, gosh.
Oh, gee. Oh, gosh.
Don't you think we could discuss this
better after you get us out of here?
- Say, we sure could.
- Mr. Clyde. Mr. Clyde.
I got 'em together
amongst one another.
Boy, will Gladys be glad when
she hears about this. Come on.
And in that big cave scene,
boy, was I scared!
I thought they were
gonna kidnap you sure.
And I bet they would have,
too, if it hadn't been for-
Pigs!
Hello, Joe.
Miss Mavis Arden,

the big movie actress.

She's back there in the car.

Ya mean the one in that picture,

Love [s Such A Selfish Thing?

Yeah, that's the one.

- Hiya, Bill! Mavis Arden, the big movie star!

- A big movie star.

Hi, Andy. Mavis Arden, the big
movie star. She's in the back.!

Mavis Arden?

Turn on that radio

for a change.

They're coming!

They're coming!

They're coming right now!

They're coming

down the road right now.

Come on! Mavis Arden!

Come on, everybody!

In my time women with hair like that
didn't come outside in the daylight.

Keep back. Keep back.

Bah!

Mavis-

A.K. was right when he said we were
making pictures for a lot of maroons.

We welcome you, Miss Arden. We hope your
stay at the Haven will be a happy one.

Oh, I'm sure it will be.

If I could just have a moment's rest,
then I'd be so glad to meet my public.

Come, Morgan.

Mavis, please.

Don't 'please' me.

You think I'd walk 6 miles

- What am I supposed to do? Sit around this terrible dump?

Why, a ghost would be willing
to haunt this place for nothin'.

I wouldn't stay here
if it was embroidered in jewels.

My dear, I'm sure you don't want these good
people to get the wrong impressin of you.

Oh, my dear, dear friends.

What must you think of me?

My tragic, tragic
temperament.

This tour has been just one
intolerable thing after another...

and we artists-we artistes-
we live on our emotions,
you know. How true.

You must forgive me.

Why, that's all right. I've been
sort of on edge myself today.

I assure you, I had no
intentions of casting-
Aspersions. Aspersions
on your lovely home here.

No, indeed. Miss Arden
is quite overcome by it.

Why, it's charming,
but too, too charming.

And your interior is just as
picturesque as your exterior.

Miss Arden has had
a very trying day.

Well, let me get you
a nice hot cup of tea.

Tea?

Yes, you know, tea.

Oh, tea. Oh, that would be simply divine,
but I don't want to put you to any trouble.

Oh, it's no trouble at all,
my dear. No trouble at all.

Gladys, get Miss Arden a cup of tea. Oh!

Well, hurry up.

Oh, yes.

Charming girl. Uh, Miss
Arden, I want you to know...

Mrs. Struthers
and-and Aunt Kate.

Mrs.

- 'Miss,' young man! 'Miss' Kate Barnaby.

I'm glad to meet you.

This is my great-niece, Joyce.

- Miss Arden, this is indeed thrilling.

- Thank you so much.

It's all so lovely,

so very lovely.

I've often said to my producer, A.K. Greenfield,
president of Superfine Pictures, Inc.-

'You know, A.K.,' I said,
'if I ever build another house,
it's going to be one of those simple little
colonial cottages,' just like this one of yours.

- That's exactly what I want.

- Oh, Miss Arden, thank you. Thank you so much.

And I have a lovely quiet room with a
nice soft bed and a private bath for you.

Why don't you go up and lie down,
and I'll serve your tea up there?

Then you can drink it in comfort
and have a nice rest.

Your maid's taken
your things up already.

Oh, she has, has she?

Well, it does sound tempting, just
to relax for a tiny moment.

And now if you'll allow me to talk to Mr.
Morgan alone, please, for just a moment.

Why, of course.

Come along, Joyce. Katherine.

Don't get sore, Mavis. Do you think I'd
have planned that marathon for myself?

You'd jump off a 10-story
building into a bottle of ink...

if you thought you could keep me
from gettin' to Harrisburg tonight.

Ya figure I got a lotta phone calls coming
in. Ya think I'm gonna meet that guy Harrigan.

Well, I am. I'm gonna meet
him if I have to fly there.

Well, that's one way your public
hasn't seen you. Don't be funny.

I'll lift it up.

Just put it under.

Easy. Okay.

Mmm. What large
and sinewy muscles.

Where is that room
they got here for me?

And I got here before I discovered

I'd left my briefcase in Washington.
If you'll go get it, I'll see to it
that it's worth your while.
Sure, Mr. Morgan. Boy, you
don't know how you make me feel.
Let him in.
Yes, madame.
Mavis, you look
charming. Don't I always?
Yes, but particularly so now.
I suppose it's the country air.
Mmm. Well, we'll be
leaving in the morning.
Why the hurry? I like it here.
In fact, my type should get
better acquainted with farm life.
And here's something else
that may upset your plans a bit.
The young man you saw
through the window-
The young man with the large
and sinewy muscles...
has just left
for Washington.
Why, you cheap-
Keep it up. I'd like these country folk to
get a load of their favorite star in action.
- Clyde just got back from Gettysburg with the
coil, Mr. Morgan- - [thought you went to Washington.
[intended to, but Clyde
wanted to go, so [sent him.
Would you mind
coming down to the car?
Yes, and as far as I'm concerned, Morgan,
you can keep goin' down and down and down.
Miss Arden's in her
room, I suppose? Yes, sir.
She's gone upstairs to rest.
If I were you, I'd try to discourage
any ideas she may have of coming outside.
The people here tell me that the
weather has been terrible for colds, and-
I wouldn't want Miss Arden to
injure her voice. You understand?

Yes, I think I do, sir.

I thought you would.

Thank you, sir.

I think it's practically a miracle that you're right here in this very room, and I saw you only last night in Washington.

It's the most thrilling thing that's ever happened to me.

Really? Well,

that's very sweet of you.

You say he owns the gasoline station?

He helps support the house too.

Married, I suppose?

Not yet, he isn't.

Further talk would be a waste of time. [beg your pardon, ma'am?

I was just saying, if you'll just set down the tea, I'll try and drink it.

Oh, how silly of me, standing here holding this tray all this time.

Why, you must think

I'm an awful ninny.

No, my dear, not at all.

Shall I pour it for you?

No, I'm quite capable of doing that myself.

You've been very good to me. Now-

Miss Arden, I promised

I wouldn't annoy you,

but I was wondering-

Would you be kind enough to do something

- Autograph a picture?

- Why, yes. How did you guess?

- I sort of sensed it.

One's senses become very keen in my professin.

I've got a beautiful picture of you over in my room. I'll run and get it.

Lovely, but don't run, my dear.

You might fall and get hurt.

I'll be here for some time, I'm afraid. Oh, this is wonderful!

Golly!

And she told me if I bring her some tea this afternoon she'd give me an autographed picture.

Just think of that, Joyce. An autographed picture from Miss Arden.

Why don't you get a block of fresh cement? Maybe you could get her footprints.

You mean like at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood?

I read about that.

Do you think she would?

No, silly, I was only joking.

How does it look?

Oh, Joyce, that's lovely!

My sister'll be crazy about it.

Say, do you know, this morning she told me that she's gonna name the baby after Miss Arden.

Mavis Dacket. Isn't that too cunning for words?

Why don't you go on and get your dishes done? All right, Joyce.

Mr. Morgan-

Huh?

Do you think there's a chance for me in the moving picture business?

Well, I don't know.

I understand that Superfine Pictures, Inc. is looking for a new stenographer.

Oh, I don't know how to typewrite.

I only got as far as 6-B.

Oh, well, then, of course, you want to be an actress.

Mr. Morgan.

Mr. Morgan. Now, look.

Falling in love again

Never wanted to

I've got it! Baby LeRoy.

Oh, no.

Zasu Pitts.

Now, Mr. Morgan, you're just teasing me.

I can take off Zasu, but that was Marlene Dietrich.

Oh, I see. Can you take off

the four Marx Brothers?

You mean all at once?

Well, gradually,

if it will be any easier for you.

No, but I can practice.

That's fine.

You practice very hard, and then maybe I'll talk to you again before we leave for Hollywood.

Oh! Oh, Mr. Morgan. Oh!

That's just ducky!

Ducky?

Oh, Mr. Morgan, I'm sorry, but Miss Arden - She has, huh?

Not yet, but she's going to.

I told her about the weather, and she said that wouldn't bother her any...

because she was much better at pantomime anyhow.

She's using pantomime, eh?

Oh, hello.

Mmm.

Nice and cool this afternoon. Is it?

I'm sorry I don't carry spare parts.

But of course not.

I wouldn't expect you to.

I'm terribly grateful for what you've done. For what I've-

Oh, that's all right. It's really an honor, you know, to be of service to you.

You think so? That's sweet, real sweet. Oh.

You know, you remind me of someone I know. I do?

Just who is it? Well, I have a brother in New York.

Lots of people get us mixed up.

His name's Ed- Ed Norton.

No, I've never been in New York.

Have you ever been in Hollywood?

Hollywood?

No, but I'd sure like to go.

Why, you mean you'd like to get in pictures? Acting?

Yes. No, it's the mechanical part
of the movies that interests me.
How they hitch up the sound to
pictures and all the technical details.
Yes, it's marvelous, but
too, too marvelous. Yeah.
Well, I think I could do it a
whole lot better. Is that so?
I've always been crazy about machinery
- autos, radios and all that junk.
You know, put things together and
take 'em apart. Yes, like ''Einstein.''
Oh, I'm not that good, no.
You never know.
I've been working on a new
principle of sound recording.
I think I got something.
Mm-hmm. Oh, that's lovely.
What is it? Oh, it's
probably not worth a darn.
Don't be modest. Modesty never
gets you anything. I know.
Show it to me. It's all pretty
technical. You wouldn't understand.
You don't know what an
understanding person I can be,
especially when it's...
in connection with pictures.
Why, it's my life.
Now, won't you tell me?
Of course, you know the principle of
synchronization of sound and pictures,
alternating currents of light that vary
with the intensity of the electrons?
Oh, yes. Yes, indeed.
Good.
Now, my idea is to utilize
the theory of the stroboscope.
The what?
The stroboscope.
Oh, yes. Of course.
That is, the loudspeaker makes one vibration
for every time light passes the photo cell.
You could use an oscilloscope

for that. Why not?
No reason at all. You could.
That would take care of the rotating,
vibrating or oscillating movements...
which are apt to blur
under direct illumination.
I think this sketch shows it
plainly. Oh, you draw beautifully.
Oh, this is just rough.
Now, look here.
You see, this line here represents
the direction of the light ray-
My, that's a cunning
little line, isn't it?
And, uh, where
these two lines cross-
You know, you have
beautiful hair for a man.
Well, it's thick anyway.
Wash it a lot- that's the secret.
They tell you not to wash it,
but that's an exploded theory. Oh.
And where
these two lines cross-
Mm-hmm.
It's hard to explain on paper.
Why, you're doing beautifully.
I couldn't draw a straight line myself.
I tell you, I-I got a model
in the workshop,
the one I've been working on,
if you'd like to see that.
In the workshop, huh? Oh, I'd
just love to see your model.
One hears such terrible things
about these movie actresses,
but I saw at once
that she was a real lady.
Bah!
Is this workshop very far away?
Not that it matters,
'cause I adore walking in the country.
No, it's just
a few steps more.

Mr. Morgan!

Mr. Morgan.

They-They say

I was very good.

In fact, they said that I was
putrid. I'm glad to hear that.

To arms! To arms.

The British is comin'.

What are you talking about?

I was in the third act.

The third act of what?

What I was gonna
tell you about.

I was Paul ''Devere.''

You were Paul Revere?

They lightened me up. Well, let
them lighten you up. I'm busy.

Hmm.

Wait a minute. I ain't sayin'
nothing. I didn't say a thing.

I didn't open my mouth.

This fellow, Paul Revere.

Wasn't he the guy that roused the neighborhood
and told them the British were coming?

Do you know he was.

I ride my horse to death,
a part of him be.

To arms-

Splendid!

How would you like to be Paul Revere
in real life? For 10 bucks, I mean.

Well, there it is.

Mmm.

Isn't it lovely? Mrs. Struthers built
it for a garage in more optimistic times.

Why, it's marvelous.

Hmm?

- I can tell at a glance it's going to be sensational.

- That isn't the invention.

That's just the insides
from an old phonograph.

Oh, of course. How stupid of me.

Well, you see, I've never seen the
''infernal'' organs of a phonograph before.

I'll have to darken the room a bit.
Do you mind?
Why, no. Go right ahead.
This is the invention.
Oh, so that's it.
My, it looks quite
revolutionary. Frankly, it is.
What about all those little things around it?
Do you think you'll ever be able to explain it?
I'll try to explain it to you
a little more fully.
I'm afraid I didn't make myself clear
outside. I'm sure it's much clearer now.
I hope it speaks for itself.
Yes, let it speak.
You and I can have a nice
little talk in the meantime.
Mavis Arden, the movie star,
is at Mrs. Struthers!
Mavis Arden, the movie star,
is at Mrs. Struthers! Come on!
Mavis Arden is at Struthers.
Miss Mavis Arden,
the movie star-
Mavis Arden, the movie star,
is at Mrs. Struthers!
Mavis Arden's down at Mrs.
Struthers. Mavis Arden!
You see, I've synchronized
light and motion.
The shutter which controls the light beam revolves
at the same rate of speed as the fan blades.
They synchronize and become one,
which makes it appear
that the fan is standing still.
But my only trouble now
is to stabilize those speeds.
Well, that's it.
Why, why it's stupendous!
And I can be of great
assistance to you.
I can't tell you the number of men
I've helped to realize themselves.
Well, now, say, that's-

I don't know how to thank you.
Well, don't bother
with that now.
I've kept you a pretty long time.
Not long enough, perhaps.
Well, anyway, I think we'd
better start back to the house...
or they might think
I've run off with you.
Would you,
if you had the chance?
Well, I
- Well, we'll go into that later, hmm?
Mmm, hay.
What?
I said 'hay.'
Mmm. Reminds me of my first picture, The
Farmer's Daughter. Do you remember it?
Well, it sounds familiar.
Oh, that's the one where I start out on the
farm and then wind up singing in a nightclub.
Then, disillusioned, I go back
to the farm in the end.
It was a lovely story. I
felt very sincere in it. Mmm.
I love it.
Come on, you girls.
Over you go.
I wonder who that is.
That guy.
That's what you get
for being famous, Miss Arden.
Don't run! Don't rush! Don't
trample me! You'll all get a picture.
Buddy, line 'em up
over there, will ya?
Come on, get in line.
Come on.
Mavis, here's a fine place
to work. Quit shovin' me!
Come on, kids. Step up.
Don't push me.
Thank you, Miss Arden.
What were you doing in the

haystack? Looking for a needle?
No, a four-leaf clover.
Oh, isn't that pretty?
Ah, you're crazy. I went in to show
her my invention. You had no right to.
No right to? What do you think
I am, a cigar store Indian?
I only wish I'd met
a cigar store Indian first.
So that's the way it is, is it? You can
take it any way you want and like it.
We've never had any Casanovas in our
family, and we're not gonna start now.
What're you trying to tell me? That I fell for
- For what?
Uh, Miss Arden?
That proves it!
Well, if I remember correctly,
you called her a hussy.
Yes, and you said she was
public. Now we're both right.
Well, anyway, Bud's old enough to
know his own mind. Not in an emergency.
You just want to get rid of him, that's
all. You oughta be ashamed of yourself.
I came to you because I thought
you were a gentleman, Mr. Morgan.
Now that I see you are not,
I intend to place this matter...
in the hands of certain people
in Gettysburg,
who will demand
and get immediate action.
I tell you again, and you must
believe me, Professor Rigby,
Miss Arden was out there
hunting four-leaf clovers. Bah!
Bah to you, sir! Nature never made
a sweeter woman than Miss Arden.
A lady. A lady at birth.
A lady now.
She comes from one
of the finest families...
of New Guinea.

Oh, please, Mavis,
you've got to listen to me.
This fellow Rigby
means business. So do I.
Please, please be serious.
Give him five minutes with the scandal
sheets, and you'll hear from A.K.
For doin' what? Oh, for rolling a
hoop, playing jacks with the kiddies-
I did nothing. I have a chance
for a pleasant little tte--tte.
I only borrowed the guy.
I know, but- but Rigby is-
Oh, after you get through
with me, I'm Lucrezia Borgia...
with a cup of poison in each hand,
a death at every glance.
I'm not interested. But you'd
better think of your reputation.
Well, you think of it. That's what you're being
paid for. Good heavens! What else am I doing?
Rigby's in his room
right this minute...
putting on his other pair of pants,
getting ready to go to Gettysburg.
Stop him!
How can I stop him?
Steal his pants.
Oh, be serious!
Mmm. Sitting Bull.
Not bad for a guy
that's been sittin' all his life.
Bah!
I'm terribly sorry. Sorry
about what, my good man?
Yes, yes, to be sure-
What?
I'll tell you what I'm
sorry about, Professor Rigby.
I only wish I were you.
You what?
If I could only
- No, that couldn't be. I'm her manager.
Her manager. Supposedly the

finest manager in the world.

I don't understand.

Why, the idea.

Why, Crawford Slipmingle is one
of the finest actors in the world.

Crawford Slipmingle?

He's the man I want her to put
in her next picture.

But do you know
what she said to me?

She said that you are the perfect type to
play that particular part in her picture.

I? Oh, a thousand

pardons, Professor Rigby.

She wanted me to come to you and
ask you if you'd make a screen test.

Splendid actor,
you probably are.

She's usually right,
confound it.

'To be, or not to be-
That is the question.'

Long distance.

Hello, Washington.

Yes, Harrisburg's ready for you now.

Go ahead, please.

Hello. Hello.

Penn Harris Hotel.

- I want to talk to Miss Mavis Arden.

- Are you the gentleman who left the message early this evening?

I'm sorry. Miss Arden isn't
here, but hold the wire.

I'll see if the desk has any information.

Desk clerk, has Miss Arden checked in?

No.

Say, did you see this?

What? Why, she was
kidnapped this afternoon.

Can you imagine the nerve,
kidnapping her in broad daylight?

Kidnapped?

Kidnapped! Kidnapped?

Hello. Hello, Operator.

Get me the police department. Yes.

Hello. Bronson?

Yeah, sure. The chief of police.

Hello. Hello, Bronson?

Repeat. Washington Police
calling all cars.

Number 817. Number 817.

The disappearance of Mavis Arden,
the motion picture star, has been reported.

A town car of foreign make.

California license plates.

3- W- William-5.

Number 3W5.

Can you beat that? And I seen her
only last night in Drifting Lady.

Ahem.

I heard the music and-

Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Arden.

I'm using it to adjust
my invention.

I thought I'd turned it down
low enough so nobody'd hear.

But, my dear, I love it.

Go right ahead with your work.

Well, I

- I won't even know you're here.

I'm afraid it's kind of chilly down here.

You won't catch cold, will you?

Cold? Why, I don't know
the meaning of the word.

At home I lie about
with hardly anything on.

Well, I suppose you can
get used to hardly anything.

My, isn't that a divine tune?

Don't you adore dancing?

Yes, I do.

Oh, uh, what do you intend doing
with it, after it's complete?

What do I intend to-

Oh, you mean this.

Well, I guess an inventor never thinks about
that sort of thing. What would you suggest?

Oh, I've been seriously
thinking about it.

The invention, I mean.

I wouldn't be a bit surprised if it would revolutionize the whole picture business.

Do you really think so? Why, I know so.

But you'll have to take it to Hollywood.

Oh, not a chance.

I don't sell enough gasoline out of those pumps of mine to buy a ticket to the state line.

But you don't have to.

[don't what?

I'm going to take you to Hollywood myself. Hey, wait a minute.

Oh, yes, I am.

I've talked it all over with Mr. Morgan,

and he thinks it's positively a marvelous idea, and so do I.

I'm going to have you meet all the big executives in Hollywood.

Why, they'll just thrill at your invention.

Hmm. Why, you'll be making so much money, you won't know what to do with it.

Oh. Lovely music, isn't it? To Hollywood.

Do you like to dance, honey?

Boy, wouldn't that be a break?

Never, never, never!

I wouldn't make up with Bud Norton if he was the finest man in the world.

- That's what he is, and you know it.

- I do not know it. I-

Oh, Aunt Kate, I love Bud, but- I'm crazy about him.

Only now, it-

But now what?

My pride.

Huh! Your pride?

You mean your family's pride.

Now, you listen to me.

You want Bud, but you're not willin' to fight for him.

I had my chance once,
and I was too proud to fight.
Even now, when I think about it,
it does somethin' to me inside.
You've got to work for love, just like
we've always got to work to earn a livin'.
And if this woman's got somethin'
that's takin' him away,
you find out what it is
and add a little bit to it.
If the goin' gets too tough,
sock below the belt.
Sometimes you just
have to do it.

Mmm.

Oh, you like my perfume?
Oh, so that's what it is.
Parlez de L'amour.

Which means,
'Speaking of love.'

Oh, perfume is
a wonderful thing.

Why, do you know, they make
it out of the darnedest things?

Horses' hooves, potato
peelings and coal tar and-

Why, do you know there are over
600 by-products of coal tar?

Well, I always say, 'Science is
golden' or something like that.

You mean, 'Silence is golden.'

Yeah, golden-

18-carat, you know.

Mmm. Moonlight and music.

It does seem a shame
to let them go to waste.

You know, I was saying
to the moon...

just the other night,
'Wouldn't it be grand...

if I should find
my one delight?'

I was saying to the moon

Love can't be so far

Never thinking
you would soon
Be standing where you are
Oh, I just stood
and stared at you
I could hardly contain myself
Then I tried to explain myself
But all the time you knew
When you stepped into my life
[t was opportune
Just as though you heard
What I was saying
To the moon
I was saying to the moon
Just the other night
Wouldn't it be grand
if I-
Oh, honey, forget that. Come on,
take a little 'relaxitive.' Hmm?
Such music.
You know, I
- I'm really not a very good dancer.
Uh, just take
two steps forward, dear.
Lovely!
You underrate yourself.
Opportune
Flash! Mavis Arden,
beautiful motion picture actress,
was reported kidnapped tonight while en
route from Washington, D.C., to Harrisburg...
on a personal appearance tour.
The police have been notified and an intensive search is
being conducted for the glamorous star of Drifting Lady.
He's a kidnapper. He's
a kidnapper. He's a what?
Him in there. He kidnapped Mavis
Arden. It says so over the radio.
We gotta get a gun! We gotta get
the police in Gettysburg. Come on.
But if he's kidnapped her, why don't she
say something? Why don't she do something?
Maybe he threatened her life if she does.
Maybe he's gonna throw acid in her face.

What'll we do? Come on,
come on. I know what to do.
Mmm. You're not very romantic,
are you, dear?
Well, I guess I haven't
had much time for it.
But I feel you could be
if you let yourself go.
That's what I'm afraid of.
You know, honey,
it isn't often I get a chance...
to talk to someone
who understands.
You don't know
- You don't know how I'm suffering for my career,
all because Mr. A.K. Greenfield,
president of Superfine Pictures, Inc.,
loves money.
Money.
What does it get you?
Well, it seems to have gotten you pretty
nearly everything a girl could want-
automobiles, jewels
and swell clothes.
What do they matter,
when I've missed the one thing
in all this world that really counts-
love.
The tender, honest love of some
simple man who understands me.
And here
I've been practically a slave,
chained to a five-year contract
that forbids me to marry.
A slave to A.K.'s greed
for gold, gold!
Hmm. It does seem terrible
when you put it that way.
If only I could meet someone
before it's too late.
Mmm. Someone like you.
Me?
Why, you can't mean that I-
I'm nobody. I haven't

anything, not a thing.
Honey, you've got everything.
Everything my dream man
needs to make me happy.
Do you mean that?
Look into my eyes
and read the truth.
Yes, your eyes.
It's sort of hard to tell
what color they are. It's like-
It's like what? It's like
the water in Miller's Pond.
In the winter, with the sky overhead, it's as blue as
- as anything.
And in the fall, when the leaves
turn, it's sort of gray-brown.
And your hair-
What about my hair?
It reminds me of golden corn
tassels waving in the sun.
I- I've never seen hair like it,
outside a magazine.
Oh, I guess I'm talking
like a fool.
No, you're just divinely sweet,
and I'm kinda crazy about you.
Do you mean that?
Do I? Why-
Listening to the music?
No, Aunt Kate, I was just
working on my drawings.
Well, keep right
on working.
- Miss Arden heard the music and came down to listen to it.
- Oh, a music lover.
Well, then, we can all sit
down here and enjoy it together.
Perhaps we had better turn it off.
We seem to be disturbing everybody.
Oh, don't. It isn't often we get a
chance at any nightlife in this house.
Hmm. Maybe you don't give it
a chance to develop.
Aunt Kate, don't you think

it's kind of late for you?
Not too late, I hope.
The Night Owl Serenaders come on at

2:

At 2:

[t's almost that now.
Oh.
I really must be going.
I'm usually in bed at this hour.
This must be one of your off
nights. I'm beginning to think so.
In fact, I'm sure of it.
Oh, don't go. I thought we could have a nice
visit while we were listening to the music.
Well, I'm sorry.
You spoke of cooking at dinner.
Have you tried this new way of
cooking spinach? You take your spinach-
You take your spinach. I
don't need any. Good night.
Well, Mr. Morgan,
what are you gonna do about it?
If you ask me,
I think you've been lying.
I think you're in on this scheme to take
Bud away, just so you can steal his invention.
And I say you should
mind your own business.
If Bud Norton wants to go to Hollywood,
let him go. Isn't that so, Mr. Rigby?
Well, I-
You keep out of this.
But Addie here
- I'm talking to Mr. Morgan. Shut up!
Now then, Mr. Morgan-
Dear Auntie Katie-
Huh! Mavis Arden isn't such a bad sort.
If she's a little hard-boiled, well, she's
had to be hard-boiled to get where she is.
She kept on going up until
suddenly she found herself...
a pampered, glamorous celebrity

with the whole world at her feet.
It's a wonder she's kept her head
as well as she has.
Naturally, she's affected sometimes.
There are darn few of us who wouldn't be.
But underneath it all,
all the glitter-
She has a heart of gold.
Well, I guess I just can't help making a noise
like a double truck ad in a movie magazine.
But I more than half
mean it, at that.
Come on, Mavis, forget about this
fellow. It's for your own good.
You know you've fallen
for him. What about it?
Well, aside from the question
of your contract, there's Joyce.
Oh, I figure that's just a school-day
romance. I played that part too.
No, it's deeper than that. All right,
all right. Don't try to sell it to me.
You know that chap's invention
probably isn't worth a nickel.
Yes, and it might
be worth a million.
Mavis, this is the first time I've ever
known you deliberately to hurt anyone.
You're going to break his heart.
And you're going to break hers too.
They're crazy
about each other.
So what?
I'm only interested
in his invention.
- Besides, I've a right to my feelings too.
- Well, that's different.
These two may never be rich or amount
to much, but they've got each other.
They have each other...
and before long-
You didn't seem to-
What's that?
You know what that is, Mavis.

[don't understand.
You mean the girl is-
Yes, Mavis.
This morning she broke down
and told me everything.
Hmm. Some fine
goings-on around here.
Oh, now don't be that way, Mavis. We
haven't the right to cast the first stone.
Maybe you haven't, but I got the right to
cast the Rock of Gibraltar if I want to.
And I thought she was
a simple country gal.
She was, Mavis.
That was her undoing.
They're just babes-
babes in the woods.
Yeah, well, they should've
kept outta the woods.
I thought you'd be more
understanding than that, Mavis. More-
Do you remember your picture,
Purity and the Maiden?
Do I remember? Why, they held it
over at Paramount for 10 weeks.
Well, Joyce reminds me so much
of the girl you played in that-
A country girl deceived
by her own innocence.
Yes, it was a beautiful part.
I always felt it had more of the real
me in it than anything I've ever done.
And do you remember the scene where
she meets the man who deceived her?
He thinks she's gonna bawl him
out. Instead, she forgives him.
She says-
Yes, I know, I know.
I've learned through pain
the joy of perfect understanding,
because suffering has taught me
to be big enough to forgive.
I was marvelous
in that part.

That's because it was
the real you speaking, Mavis.
And now that you
know the truth-
the tie that binds this boy and girl
together-you can't take him away from her.
I ain't taking him away! You
and your evil-minded innuendos!
I suppose the rest of the world would
be satisfied to believe the worst of me.
I'm afraid so, Mavis.
The world is your public.
It does seem terrible to sacrifice Buddy's
future just because of foul-minded people.
You can still help him.
Leave me. I must have
a moment or two alone-
A moment or two to
'commute' with myself.
I know you'll do the decent
thing, Mavis. Get out!
There ain't been any scandal
yet. You can thank me for that.
But now, if you let him go
without fightin' for him,
you oughta be trounced
with a wet willow branch.
There's nothing I can do. It's
too late. Aw, fiddlesticks!
Mr. Morgan, did she
- did she listen to you this morning? Did she say she would?
What she says doesn't mean a thing.
It's what she does that counts.
She hasn't made a move yet.
Well, I'm all ready.
Bud, I'd like to talk to you
for just a moment. Why, sure.
You must be brave, my dear.
- I won't be able to take you with me to Hollywood after all.
- Oh!
Now,
don't look at me with those
great bewildered eyes.
Don't make it too difficult for me.

Someday you'll understand, perhaps.
But what's happened? I
haven't done anything, have I?
You haven't done anything, my dear,
and nothing's happened. Only that our-
Our little interlude
has ended. Our what?
I mean, it's ended.
But I don't understand.
You see,
I'm a creature of whims,
and this plan was one of my mad, mad
whims that I've decided to forget.
Why, Miss Arden, I
- Oh, why you're taking it so bravely, so splendidly!
You must try and forget me.
Forget you? How could I?
If you can't, then remember me
kindly for just a brief moment.
When April-when October
comes around again...
with its blue skies
and sudden showers,
remember that strange October
woman who drifted into your life...
as casually as a summer cloud
drifts over a green field...
and then drifts on again.
Of course, it is disappointing,
but still I suppose it's the only-
Oh, be careful!
I'm sorry.
Why, it'd break Gladys's sister's heart
if her baby didn't get this sweater now.
Who did you say? Gladys's sister.
She's got the cutest baby you ever saw.
Well, Mavis, we're
all ready. You dirty-
Come on, hurry!
Come on!
There he is! There's the man
that kidnapped Mavis Arden.
What is this? Take your
hands off me. Kidnapper?

What do you mean, kidnapper?

I'm her press agent, you fools!

- Listen, tell these fellows who I am.

- With pleasure.

Why, he's a wolf
in wolf's clothing.

That's enough for me, ma'am.

All right, take him out.

Thank heaven I found you in
time, Mavis. He'll pay for this.

Kidnapping is a federal offense, and
if he doesn't hang, it'll surprise me.

Hang? You mean they really
believe he kidnapped me?

Well, didn't he? Why, no,
I thought this was a joke,
and you were paying him back
with one of his own tricks.

Oh, uh, just a minute, Officers.

I'd like to explain.

You don't have to explain anything
to me now. What a chump I have been!

Now, listen, Morgan

- Don't 'Morgan' me. I'm through as your press agent.

I wasn't checking and double-checking
on you just because I was loyal to A.K.

Well, maybe I was when I
first took the job, but...

I got to like you because I
thought you had some feeling.

Then [found [liked you
even more because you didn't.

Oh, you did, huh?

Mmm.

Oh, uh, do you boys mind...
stepping inside
for just a moment?

Now listen, honey-

You'll probably laugh at me
when I tell you, Joyce, but-

What, Bud? I believe
she had a case on me.

What's your name?

Mrs. Struthers.

What kind of a place is this? Oh!
Your lips were made to kiss.
Hmm, that's what I use them for.
But for me only. From now on,
there'll be no other men.
Why, men are my life.
Oh, yeah? A.K. shall hear
of this, I promise you.
Mmm!