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Gold Diggers of 1935

By Manuel Seff

Now then, let me see.

Mr. Martin, is everyone here?

I believe so.

- Well, don't believe, be sure.

- Yes, sir.

- Bellboys?

- Here.

- Chefs?

- Here.

- Chambermaids?

- Here.

- Elevator boys?

- Here.

- Porters?

- Here.

- Floor managers?

- Here.

- Bartenders?

- Here.

- Telephone operators?

- Here.

Yes, sir, the entire staff is assembled.

Ladies and gentlemen,

as such I address you...

as the employees of this great hotel.

Our brief summer season

will start tomorrow.

You are here

to serve the most exacting clientele...

of any hotel in America.

In the world.

The Wentworth Plaza, as you know...

caters only to the most exclusive

and the wealthiest guests.

You are the temporary servants...

of those who demand

the most of their servants...

and yet...

some of you receive no salaries.

That is because

I could never begin to pay you...

what you will earn in honorariums.

I mean tips.

Some managers,

knowing the size of these tips...
would require you to pay
for your positions.
But I...
I like to see each and every one of you
derive the full benefit...
of your enterprise.
Now, remember our credo:
The guest is always right.
Keep that firmly in your minds.
Even though he's wrong,
the guest is always right.
Because he pays.
That will be all, thank you.
Remember, guys,
whatever the guests give you, I get 50%.
And if you hold out on me,
I'll take the whole works...
and no crap games
unless I'm in it myself, because...
Last year, one of my waiters
received such big fees...
he now operates a hotel of his own.
But remember, I get my percentage...
and also remember...
You come in direct contact
with the guests.
I do not.
Therefore, I expect a certain payment
from you...
in return for your
remunerative privileges...
and don't forget...
All tips go in here...
and remember,
I have eyes in the back of my head.
I have the key.
The tips are split even...
except in special cases
when I take two-thirds.
I suppose if a guest insults me
he's considered right.
My dear, you've been with me
two seasons.

That's long enough to know that
a hotel hostess cannot be insulted.
I rely on your splendid discretion,
as always.

I sometimes wonder if my discretion
can hold up under the wear and tear.
Curtis, it's good to have you with us again.
Thanks, Mr. Lamson.

Oh, Martin, did you get
that Prentiss reservation?

- Yes, this morning, sir.

- Fine!

How are the studies?

Still at medical school?

Yes, sir, I expect to have
my degree in about another year.

That's too bad for me.

The medical profession may gain,
but I lose an A-number-one hotel clerk.

Oh, you're very kind, sir.

And I suppose when it's Dr. Curtis,
I shall be losing you, too?

Well...

Yes, sir. You see,
being Mrs. Curtis is really a full-time job.

Well...

congratulations.

Name the first one after me.

Paging Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker, please.

Paging Mr. Baker.

Boy.

Well, here we are. Come on, Mama.

Come on, Ann. Hurry up, now.

Wait a minute. I forgot my purse.

That's the Prentiss family.

The old gal's worth \$10 million.

Just to show you my heart's in the right
place, I'll let you keep all she gives you.

- Gee! Thanks, boss.

- Wow!

- How do you do, Mrs. Prentiss?

- Oh, how do you do?

It's a pleasure to welcome you. I never
think our season is complete without you.

- Have you reserved the same suite for us?

- Of course.

Not at the same outrageous price, I trust?

The price is quite fair.

You people seem to think
that money grows on trees.

Yes, madam, that is...

we'll discuss it some other time.

I know you want to rest now.

- Rest? I can't rest at those prices.

- How do you do, Mrs. Prentiss?

- Oh, how do you do, young man?

- Nicely, thank you.

- And how are you, Miss Prentiss?

- So happy I can hardly stand it.

Well.

I know you.

You're the hostess, aren't you?

- I remember you from last summer.

- Do you?

I certainly do.

Humbolt!

The bell ending the first round.

I'll see you later.

We'll fight this out to a finish.

Humbolt, where are you?

You see, Mother...

last season that little lady told me
she couldn't swim...

- and I was just going to teach her when...

- When I took you home.

- I always know what I'm doing.

- Yes, Mother.

Yes, those two go in that room,
and those three in that room, yes...

and yes, those go in that room.

How many gallons of gas

did we use coming up, Humbolt?

- Twenty.

- Twenty!

- Is there anything else?

- Oh, yes, yes. If you'll just take this...

and have it changed,

and divide it amongst you.

I've got to hand it to you, Mother.
It takes a lot of nerve
to give four boys a quarter...
for carrying up 16 pieces of baggage.
How many times have I told you?
Just because I happen to be rich, I have
no intention of being imposed upon.
A dollar wouldn't have been any too much.
What? 75 cents more?
Have you any idea
of what the interest on 75 cents is...
- at 3.5%? Have you?
- No, Mother, I haven't.
Well, you just take this pad and pencil
and sit right down there and figure it out.
You know that I'm not good at fractions.
No, but I notice you're very good
at figures.
Yes, you might say that I'm a specialist.
Humbolt, how can you joke
about a thing like that?
- I joke about it because I enjoy it.
- Well, I don't enjoy it!
When I think of the grief you've caused me
with your three marriages...
- Four, Mother, four.
- Four!
To think of four horrible chorus girls
running around...
with the honorable name of Prentiss!
We must keep the name going.
And to think that I had to settle \$100,000
on each one of them!
Now what's a paltry \$400,000
between friends?
Oh!
Do you know the interest on that at 4.5%...
you bad, wicked boy? Do you?
No, of course, you don't.
Well, I'll show you!
\$400,000...
- 4.5%.
- Mother!
Don't bother Mother, darling,

while she's figuring interest.

Mother, I want some decent clothes.

- You want what?

- Some decent clothes.

Well, look at me. Is it any wonder that nobody ever talks to me or notices me?

Well, who do you want to notice you?

Men and boys. I want to have some fun.

- She's right, Mother.

- Humbolt, you've done enough damage.

Ann, I can't imagine you even thinking of other men when you're engaged.

Engaged to T. Mosley Thorpe,
the most eligible bachelor in America.

Eligible for what?

Oh, my dear child, you must be crazy.

Why, he has \$5 million more than we have.

I'll give you my interest in him
for 10 cents.

That will do, Ann.

Come on, Ma. Break down
and buy her some snappy clothes.

Please, Mother.

Go to bed, both of you,
and stop bothering me.

I'd give a \$100
if you children would behave.

- \$100?

- Well, \$35.

How do you do, Westbrook?

- How do you do, McManus?

- And how is Mr. Thorpe?

- Mr. Thorpe was never better.

- I certainly am delighted to hear that.

- Boy, get Mr. Thorpe's luggage.

- Yes, sir.

Welcome to the hotel, Mr. Thorpe.

Westbrook, where is Mr. Thorpe?

I say, Mr. Thorpe is not in the car.

- Where is he?

- That's what I'm asking you, Westbrook.

He must have missed me.

Oh, here's Mr. Thorpe now.

How do you do, sir?

Say, what happened to me?
You must have got out
when we stopped to get gas, sir.
You never stop the car while I'm in it.
- Let that be a lesson to you.
- Yes, sir.
- Did I discharge you last night?
- Not to my recollection, sir.
Oh, excuse me.
Hello.
Oh, you bad boy.
How do you do, Mr. Thorpe?
- How do you do?
- Your rooms are all ready for you, sir.
That's fine. And my boxes, did they arrive?
- We put them in your room, sir.
- Oh, and I want a stenographer.
I'm writing a monograph on snuff boxes.
Very important dictation.
I'll send one up
in just a few minutes, Mr. Thorpe.
Yes, a stenographer
and a cheese sandwich on rye.
If you will kindly follow me, sir.
What'll it be, sir?
- I'll have a room and a bath.
- This is the cigar counter, sir.
I'm sorry.
That's all right, miss. Don't apologize.
Anyone's liable to make a mistake.
- Mr. Thorpe, the elevators are this way.
- What are they doing over there?
This way, Mr. Thorpe.
Fine, put them up here.
- Can I help you, sir?
- No, no, I'll take care of these.
Aren't they beautiful?
- Well, what are they?
- Snuff boxes.
- What?
- Snuff. Snuff.
Snuff was first used in the 17th century.
In the 18th century, it was universal.
It's a mild stimulant

and an excellent germicide.

It's been known to kill thousands
and thousands of germs.

- Yes, sir.

- Yes. Try some.

- Oh, no, thanks.

- Oh, go on. It's better than a tonic.

Where will I put it?

Well, you can put it...

I would suggest putting it in your nose.

Just an amateur, just an amateur.

See, it's almost a lost art.

Now, it requires years of great skill.

Now, you watch me.

Watch me, please.

It's like...

It requires...

I won't need you anymore.

Pardon me.

But why can't I go on the beach
with Humbolt?

You shall go on the beach, but not
with Humbolt. Mosley will go with you.

Some fun!

Now, don't forget, Ann. I want you to be
very warm and affectionate to Mosley.

Don't disturb me. I'm working.

Oh, Mosley, dear, so nice to see you back.

We could hardly wait till you got here,
could we, Ann, dear?

- No, we could hardly wait.

- Oh, hello. I've been working on my book.

- Oh, Mosley, haven't you made a mistake?

- A mistake?

Yes, well, you kissed me
and shook hands with Ann instead of...

I was thinking of my book.

But I have a present here for Ann.

Oh, a present. Aren't you kind, Mosley?

Isn't Mosley kind, darling?

Yes, Mother.

His kindness positively bowls me over.

The gold and silver snuff box
continues to be...

the typical gift of sovereigns
to those whom they delight to honor.

- Oh, isn't it lovely, darling?

- Too sweet for words.

It embraces the art and craft
of the gold- and the silversmith.

Do you think you could tear yourself away
from your work long enough take a swim?

No. I must finish my monograph
by the end of the summer.

- But, Mosley, we thought that maybe you...

- No, I'll work till my brain gets fogged...
then I'll join you later.

- But think, maybe just...

- Mother, I'm going for a swim.

- Mosley, dear... Just a second, darling.

- I must work.

- Oh, is this Mr. Mosley Thorpe's room?

- Yes. Yes.

Thank you.

I beg your pardon.

Did you send for a stenographer?

Yes, and a Swiss cheese on rye.

Have you got it with you?

- No.

- That's strange. Sit down.

Thank you.

Do you know anything about snuff boxes?

No, not very much.

Well, you will

before I get through with you.

Shall we begin now?

Oh, yes. Every moment is precious.

Will you have a pinch of snuff?

No, but I'd just as soon join you
in a chew of tobacco.

Oh, Mosley. Ann, here's Mosley.

Am I thrilled.

I came to a stopping place.

My brain got fogged.

I thought I'd come and look you up.

- Well, I'm glad you did. Very glad you did.

- Thank you.

I'll leave you two little lovebirds alone.

Well, bye-bye.

Bye-bye.

- Nice weather we're having.

- Yes, yes indeed.

- Not so hot as last year.

- You don't say.

No.

Are you enjoying yourself this summer?

Oh, I'm just dizzy with all the excitement.

Oh, don't overdo it. Don't overdo it.

- Well, I'll try not to if you say so.

- No.

You know,

when my monograph is published...

it will occupy three 600-page volumes.

It will establish me as the world's greatest authority on snuff and snuff boxes.

- Do tell.

- Yes, it is rather breathtaking.

What's the matter, Ann?

- What's the matter, Ann?

- You, you're the matter!

Have I said anything to hurt your feelings?

You don't have to.

Just looking at you is enough!

You're not a man! You're a mummy!

A mummy filled with snuff!

Calm yourself, my child.

I won't calm myself and I'm not your child!

Take your hands off me.

Go on, get out.

Go back to your silly monograph!

- Go on! Go on and get out!

- What is the matter?

Why, this child must have eaten something that disagreed with her.

Put her to bed with a hot water bottle.

That'll be more fun than I've had in ages.

My mood for writing is completely gone.

My brain is more fogged than ever.

- You said it.

- I'm going out for a walk.

- Ann, what ails you?

- Mosley. I'm fed up to here with him.

Mosley is a man of honor.
He'll make you an admirable husband.
Maybe he will,
but if I'm going to be married to him...
I want to have a little fun first.
Don't you think
you're being unreasonable, Ann?
Not at all. Why can't I have a little fun
like other girls have?
Like you had?
Well, of course...
Of course, your father
was a bit different than Mosley.
- Of course he was. And so are we.
- Ann!
Oh, Mother, break down.
You know it's only fair.
If I let you have fun this summer...
will you promise to marry Mosley
in the fall without a protest?
Yes, I promise.
- Well, then...
- Mother, you're a darling!
And can I do anything I want to
when I want to do it...
as long as
I don't disgrace the family name?
All right, but I do think that
you should have a...
Oh, my goodness. See who it is, Ann, dear.
- Oh, good evening.
- Good evening.
Oh, good evening, young man.
Did you speak to the manager for me?
Yes, Mrs. Prentiss.
That's what I called about.
Mr. Lamson says that
he cannot reduce the rate of this suite...
and sends his regrets.
The criminal!
He's trying to put me in the poorhouse.
That's what he's trying to do.
And \$15. \$15 for dinner tonight.
It's nothing short of highway robbery.

It's a shame the way everyone tries
to take advantage of you.
Oh, you've noticed it, too?
Yes, Mrs. Prentiss.
Well, I'll show them.
I'll ban the hotel restaurant.
I'll cook all my meals up here
on my electric iron.
Why don't you try
Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe in the village?
They have an eight-course dinner there
for 65 cents.
- With dessert, too?
- With everything.
Well, that's much more like it.
Thank you,
thank you very much, young man.
Thank you. Good night.
- Good night.
- Just a moment.
You're an honest, serious,
intelligent young man, aren't you?
Well, Mrs. Prentiss, I do try
to be serious and, honest, yes.
Well, I've been keeping an eye on you,
and mind you...
mind you,
I'm a very good judge of human nature.
And I consider you entirely trustworthy.
You're very kind, Mrs. Prentiss.
Would you like to earn \$500?
Of course! Who wouldn't?
Well, I'd like a trustworthy young man
to take my daughter to...
Please, Mother!
To teas and dances
and the social functions...
she may wish to attend
for the rest of the summer.
And I don't know of anyone whom
I'd rather trust her with than you.
Well, I'm sorry, but I don't go in for that.
I'm sure you can find
plenty others that will.

Probably I could, but not the type I want.

You see, I want someone

who'll consider this...

purely as a business proposition.

\$500.

That would nearly pay my expenses

at medical school next year.

- Did I say \$500?

- Yes, Mother, you did.

Well, I thought I said \$450...

but, of course, if I said \$500, \$500 it is.

Well, I'm sorry, I can't do it.

If you're worried about

your professional standing...

we might say

that you're a distant relative.

- Could I let you know in the morning?

- Of course.

And I'm sure that you'll accept it

after you've slept on it.

- Thank you. Good night.

- Good night.

Good night.

Mother, how could you?

I've never been so humiliated in all my life.

Well, my dear, you started this.

You said you want to have some fun
this summer.

All right, you can. But with protection.

In other words,

she wants to give me \$500...

just to chaperone her silly daughter.

I'm not the type.

If you ask me,

I think it's a great opportunity.

- Are you kidding?

- Certainly not.

You want to get ahead, don't you?

Surely, but I don't want to be a nursemaid
to some insignificant chromo.

Ann Prentiss isn't so bad.

It's the way she dresses.

Besides, it means some ready cash.

And what's more, a valuable social contact

that never did any doctor a bit of harm.

I suppose not.

The more cash we put by,
the sooner we can get married.

Isn't that right?

I can't argue with you there, dear.

I think that's a very wise decision,
young man.

So do I.

Mr. Thorpe, are you sure
you have no objections?

Certainly not. I'll be able to finish
my monograph without any distractions.

- Many thanks.

- Now, about a schedule.

After luncheon, maybe a little walk,
and then a game of Ping-Pong.

Oh, no schedules, Mother.

I'm gonna do what I want
whenever I want to.

- Why, Ann!

- Well, that was the bargain.

And the first thing I'm going to do
is get some decent clothes.

I'm sick and tired

of looking like Little Orphan Annie.

What's the matter with your clothes?

- Your dresses are always trim and neat.

- Yes, like burlap bags.

- Come on, Mr. Curtis.

- Yes, with pleasure.

Now remember, young man,

\$500 for the job, and no extras.

No extras. Not even a sales tax.

A- shopping we will go

A- shopping we will go

Heigh-ho the merry-o

To spend your mama 's dough

- Well, I'll see you later.

- Oh, no, you got to go with me.

No, I've never been shopping
with a woman.

That makes it even, 'cause I've never been
shopping with a man.

- Come on.
- Now look, you don't understand.
I don't know anything about shopping.
I'm studying medicine.
Well, I'm telling you,
I won't be any use to you at all.
But at least you can help me decide
what's what.
Now look, wait a minute.
Now, if we were sweethearts...
But we're not.
I realize that, but I mean
if we were sweethearts...
I'd have the good right
to tell you what's what.
- Oh, yeah?
- Yeah.
And then when you'd go shopping,
why, I'd go along and I'd even dare to...
Dare to what?
Well, I'd...
I'd dare to sing you this song
Whenever you go shopping
To buy a dress that's new
Honey, I'll keep my eye on
The dresses you try on
'Cause I'm going shopping with you
When you go to the jeweler
To buy a gem or two
On your fourth little finger
A ring's gonna linger
'Cause I'm going shopping with you
Lots of shoes and stockings
And plenty of new chapeaux
That's what I could go for
For the cute little baby
Inside those clothes
You go and pick the cottage
I'll put the mortgage through
Honey, I don't know whether
We'll move in together
But I'm going shopping with you
Where's your basket?
I'm going shopping with you

Let's go to the beauty parlor.

- But why?

- I need my face redone.

If they paint you, they're silly.

They can't paint a lily.

But we'll let them try it for fun

- We must go to the grocers.

- To the grocers?

I might need an egg or two.

Then I'll bring home the bacon,

or am I mistaken?

About going shopping with you?

We can build a nest with sweet kisses

And then someday

Maybe we'll be blessed with

In the pig Latin language

An aby-bay

I'll buy the baby blankets.

- What color?

- All trimmed in baby blue?

Okay.

Then I'll be right behind you

'Cause let me remind you

That I'm going shopping with you

In the basement

I'm going shopping with you

Well, here we are. Where do we go first?

There!

- Would you like these?

- Would you like to try them on?

- Would you like to take a walk?

- You step in, I'll step out.

- How do you like them?

- They're all right, but I like you better.

- How much are those mules?

- \$22.

I'll bet your mother would

get a kick out of them.

Joke. Yes.

Mademoiselle, that brings out

all the charm in your personality.

I hope I can do as well.

L 'Air Stade, mademoiselle.

We blend it especially for the blond type.

- Like it?
- Ought to be great with ginger ale.
A real bargain, miss, for only \$12,000.
- I'll take it.
- Fine. Is there anything else?
Yes, some smelling salts for her old...
Her mother.
Hey, what is this? A shortwave set?
- No, permanent.
- Oh, yes.
Lots of shoes and stockings
And plenty of new chapeaux
That's what I could go for
For the cute little baby
Inside those clothes
Behold the finished product!
Behold a dream come true!
But I feel apprehensive
It might be expensive
To always go shopping with
That's Mother
Good evening.
Well?
I distinctly remember telling you
never to serve that man again.
I'm sorry, Mr. Lamson,
but he walked into the dining room...
Stupid! That's what you are, stupid.
For my horse.
Mr. Nicoleff, this must stop! I can't permit
you to charge any more meals.
- Either you pay when you are served...
- Silence!
- What?
- I said, silence!
No more silly chatter from you.
Nicoleff is not satisfied with the food.
Well, really?
Do you call this muck caviar? Taste it!
I order vintage champagne. What do I get?
Vinegar filled with gas. Taste it!
Am I or am I not paying
for first-class service?
That's just it, Mr. Nicoleff.

- You are not paying.
- And I am not getting service.
The orchestra. Why is it not playing?
How do you expect the soul of Nicoleff
to expand without music?
Now, let us discuss this matter calmly.
Nicoleff is always calm.
Calm, but indignant.
Why? Why do you write me such letters?
Why do you insult a man of my caliber?
That's no reason to be insulted
just because I ask you to pay...
a week in advance.
You, a common hotel manager, asks me...
Nicolai Nicoleff,
to pay a hotel bill in advance!
We are both men of the world. You know
I know you never paid a bill in your life.
I leave. I pack. Not one more minute
will I spend in this fourth-rate hotel!
If you'll just be calm, we might arrange
something about your bill.
What did you say about the bill?
I would like to remain.
This place is very good for my liver.
Mr. Nicoleff, you have a great reputation
as a theatrical producer.
I am the greatest theatrical producer
of the past 500 years.
Continue.
Mrs. Matilda Prentiss just arrived,
you know, the widow of H.P. Prentiss...
the flypaper king.
Blatantly, vulgarly rich.
Disgustingly rich, and she puts on
a musical show here every season.
A benefit for the milk fund.
I don't like milk.
It occurred to me that on my
recommendation she might engage you...
as director of the show.
My dear friend, if she combed
the entire world with a fine-tooth comb...
she could never find such a director.

Well, of course, this job wouldn't be high art, not what you're used to. Popular stuff, you know. Who are we to laugh at popular music? It is the very heartbeat of America. She'd probably pay \$2,500 for your services. \$2,500? That is no laughing matter. My liver could spend several weeks in the sea air. And I'd be sure you would be able to pay your hotel bill when you wanted to leave. I accept. Not for the money... but for the great ideal, popular art! And anything over the \$2,500 I could get you... we split between us. What? That is dishonest! But I do it. Mrs. Prentiss... Mr. Schultz is the greatest scenery and costume designer in the world. Yeah, that I admit. Well, he looks expensive. Now leave that to me. Nicoleff takes care of everything and wastes nothing.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

If he says it, I wouldn't even trouble to argue about it. Well, that's very comforting to hear, because last year... the costumes and scenery cost me \$218... but that won't happen again.

- Only \$218...

- Yes.

Why, my dear Mrs. Prentiss, that's chickens' food. You can't put on a Punch and Judy show for \$218. Now, don't worry about the costs. Everything will be small and cheap.

Well, I'm glad we all understand that.
Now the time has come
when I got to say something.
Yes, you are right, only I will say it.
Well, you're both too hard to understand.
That is because he talks with accent.
My friend speaks very bad English,
that's the trouble.
You must excuse it.
You'll pardon me, gentlemen,
but that's the telephone.
And remember,
everything is to be small and cheap.
Say, I got no more time to waste
with this hummingbird.
Small, cheap scenery I don't build.
You brought me up here
on a wild duck hunt.
No, now listen.
Forget everything that she told you.
Nicoleff will need a gigantic, tremendous
production with exquisite costumes.
We are willing to spend money like water.
We! You're willing to spend her money,
but is she?
Nicoleff can take care of everything,
including her.
Now, wait a minute. This time remember,
I got to get my money.
- Lf I don't...
- Well, when did I never pay you?
The same time
you never paid everybody else.
Now why drag personalities
into this thing?
I don't want to drag in any personals,
but paying when my work is done...
that's something I got to know about.
Now remember, my commission is
20% of everything we take her for.
- Remember.
- I forgot it already.
Fifteen percent is the best you get.
You crook!

Is there no honor among people?

Nineteen percent,

or Nicoleff buys from somebody else.

Seventeen and a half percent

is my last word.

Oh, isn't it awful! Isn't it tragic!

- What is tragic?

- I'm dying! I can't stand it!

- Somebody is dead?

- Oh, worse than that!

My bankers just phoned me

that the Honeywell Rubber Company...

has reduced its dividend

from 60 cents to 40 cents...

and I have the misfortune

to own a million shares!

That's terrible.

Look, you got my sympathy.

I almost wish I owned them

instead of you.

- Now, don't...

- Oh, don't do that!

Let me see. \$6,438,000.

Oh! My income has been reduced a third.

I must cut my expenses to the bone...

to the very bone.

Gentlemen, the show is off.

I can't afford it.

Madam, with those few words,

you have broken my heart.

I don't feel so good myself.

This is a darling boat.

Mr. Lamson lets me use it

whenever I want.

He does?

You know, I like going to the village

much better this way than by car.

All right. We'll always go this way.

- Did you like the movie?

- Very much.

Swell, we'll go again.

They change the bill next Thursday night.

- How about it?

- I'd love to.

- Don't tell me that's a radio.
- All the comforts of home.
Does it play or is it just along for the ride?
Well, it plays if it's in the mood.
- It's in the mood.
- Nice tune.
Everything's sort of nice tonight.
- I wish we didn't have to go straight home.
- Why do we?

Well, it's 9:

Well, that's all right. Mother's never
really happy unless she's worrying.
Suppose we dare stop and look
at the stars for a couple of minutes?
I can't think of a better way
to spend a couple of minutes.
Okay, we'll stop.
Just look at all those stars.
Millions of them. So clear and lovely.
Dick, I feel poetic.
Now that you've mentioned it...
I've been feeling a little poetic
the last few days myself.
Since when?
- Do you want to know the truth?
- Of course I do.
Well...
since you and I got to know each other.
That's the sweetest thing
anyone's ever said to me.
Twilight comes swinging
Out of the skies
Night winds are singing
Their lullabies
Music brings romance
That's what it's played for
That's what the night
Is made for
In my song of love
The moon above makes the music
The words are in my heart
My lips may be afraid
To serenade you tonight

But the words are in my heart
Roses red
In rhythm are swaying
And like my heart
They're tenderly saying
My dear, I love you so
And even though I can't say it
The words are in my heart
I like that song.
You're not saying that
just to be polite, are you?
Of course not. You know...
that's the first time anyone's
ever sung to me like that before.
Well, it won't be the last time.
"The words are in my heart."
Oh, if that were only true.
Well, it could be, perhaps.
Perhaps?
- Well, then you're not sure.
- Are you, Dick?
My dear, I love you so
And even though I can't say it
The words are in my heart
At the sound of the chime...
it will be exactly three seconds
before 10.00.
Ten o'clock? Your mother will fire me.
If she does, she'll have to fire me, too.
We better go home.
Hold on. Here we go.
\$20,482,000 at 6%.
Waste more money on charity shows
when I'm practically a pauper...
and my dividend's cut on a million shares.
The \$20-million pauper.
- That's a tragedy.
- Yes, it is a tragedy.
But it could be worse.
Sure, you might be a \$40-million pauper.
Poor Mosley has two million shares.
At least I'm not alone in my grief.
Nicoleff has a brilliant idea.
You say that your dividends

have been reduced one-third?

Yes.

Beautiful and simple.

You reduce your guarantee one-third.

You guarantee two-thirds of the show...

and I will convince Mosley Thorpe

to guarantee the other third...

making three-thirds!

What a brain!

What a mathematics!

But, gentlemen, I can't afford it.

But think, madam, it is for charity.

Sure. And listen,

anything you spend for the show...

you can take out of your income taxes.

Why, yes. Yes, I can, can't I?

Well, all right then.

Then the next step is to interview

Mosley Thorpe.

As we say in the theater,

the show must go on.

Right.

No. You stay here. Talk to her.

Talk to her about the income tax.

Don't let her change her mind.

Mrs. Prentiss, you see,

if you take out from your exemptions...

twice as much

as you put into your income taxes...

and then subtract a different...

You take...

What's the matter?

She's humming again!

If I'm not greatly mistaken,

the use of snuff will be generally revived.

- You get that?

- Yes.

Speaking of being generally revived,

how about time out for a little snifter?

I never indulge in alcohol. No.

A nice cold bottle of champagne

isn't really alcohol.

What was it? The 17th or 18th century?

- Where were we?

- Just where we started.

Now, about the future of snuff.

Is there any future in snuff. Question mark.

Oh dear, I don't feel very good.

My throat's getting dry.

Well, go to the window

and take a deep draft of fresh air.

My poor old mother

used to get these dizzy spells.

Nothing would help her

but a glass of champagne.

- Can I get you a glass of water?

- I don't need a chaser.

I need a drink!

Don't come in just yet!

You are Mr. Mosley Thorpe?

Yeah.

Your secret is my secret.

My lips are sealed.

- Why, I tell you, it's all a mistake.

- Certainly.

- We are no longer schoolboys.

- No.

Now is an excellent time

to discuss a little business.

You can guarantee two-thirds of

the expenses of the annual charity show.

But I have no interest in shows.

My life is devoted to snuff.

And beautiful women.

The lady fainted. I couldn't let her fall.

- She fainted...

- Why, certainly.

We are both men of the world.

I can put you down for two-thirds?

Otherwise, we are both talking

about the same thing.

Well, I guess you've got me.

- Well, the bargain is sealed, my friend?

- Yeah.

My brain is befuddled with all this.

- I'm going out for a walk.

- Certainly.

Wait a minute. Where's my cut?

What cut?

Listen, baby, you wouldn't have got
to first base without my phony faint.
This is an honest business transaction.

- I don't know what you are talking about.

- Come on, come on. Give!

Not one cent will I give you.

Say, did he agree to put up
one-third of the money?

Because, listen, if he did, Mrs. Prentiss is...
positively in the bag
for the other two-thirds.

How do you like that? The old lady's
in for two-thirds and so is Mosley.

Idiot, you talk too much with your mouth.

Two-thirds and two-thirds
is four-thirds in any country.

Well, that's the way I figure it.

And, personally, I wouldn't play ball
unless I get one-half of the fourth third.

You see that I get 19% of what you
get for the costumes and scenery.

That's all you got to worry about.

- The extra third was my idea.

- I get one-third of that extra third...
or I go right to Mrs. Prentiss and spill.

Now, that's right. That's fair enough.

Give her one-third
of the fourth third that I get half of...
and then split the rest with me. It's easy.

- You don't have to even figure it.

- Thieves! Bandits! Cutthroats!

I'll show you who's a cutthroat,
you swindler!

You cannot insult Nicoleff!

The split goes three ways
and don't you forget it!

- I get one-third...

- You insult Nicoleff!

I'll show you who's a swindler,
you cutthroat!

I don't care for you!

I don't care who you go to!

Operator. Operator!

There's some lunatics screaming
in the room just below mine.
Tell the manager they must stop
at once or I shall leave the hotel.
You both ought to be in jail!
I got to get one-half of all the thirds
she's got coming to her!
You are a thief!
Listen, if you don't pay me right now,
I'm going to see Mrs. Prentiss.
Wait, wait. I make a fair offer.
A fair offer from you is an impossible.
To prove that I am not greedy...
she will receive 10% of the fourth third.
I'm seeing Mrs. Prentiss!
Now, listen to rosin. Reason.
Don't be in such a hurry about it.
I believe in live and let live. We make it 15.
Ja, and remember...
one-half of that comes out
of your half of the fourth third.
It's cut three ways or no dice.
- Whatever it is, I get my cut.
- Hello, Mr. Lamson. How do you feel?
I feel like making some money.
Now, we got to have a fifth third.
Who is this?
I'm the fellow that gets 25% of anything
anybody gets around here.
Another robber. The house is full of them.
And besides,
one-half of all he makes over \$2,500.
That's your hard luck
because I get one-third of a third.
Well, that only leaves me
one-half of a third.
- And I get one-fourth of one-third.
- Say, wait a minute.
If we split it up any more,
we got nothing but splinters.
Vampires! You are draining
the blood from my heart!
Your heart? Your heart?
Pardon me. Wrong room.

I'll show you!
Will you stop that noise?
All I ask is...
It's been a grand evening, Dick.
Thanks so much.
- Gee, Ann, l...
- What?
Well, I certainly like my job.
I like it, too.
- See you tomorrow?
- Bright and early.
- Good night.
- Good night.
Ta-ta, sweetheart.
I'm so happy, I feel like a bird.
Flutter, flutter.
Okay. I'll see if I can find you some worms.
Good night, Humbie!
Good night, my dear.
I'm a bird. I'm a bird.
I'm so happy, I am a little bird.
I'm a little bird.
\$80,000 at 4.5%. \$80,000...
Mother, I'm in love again.
That's the last straw!
You bad, wicked, naughty boy.
Shame on you! Shame on you!
Mother, what's the matter?
It's Humbolt, he's driving me crazy!
He's in love again!
- Mother, control yourself.
- I can't control myself.
This is going to cost me another \$100,000.
Me for bed. See you in the morning.
- I'm going to phone my...
- Mother!
Why, hello, Mother.
- Arline, I've broken the news to Mother.
- What did she say?
She started throwing things at me.
That's alright. She always does.
It's a very good sign for us.
In other words, she didn't really
disapprove or she'd have shot you.

Let's not talk about Mother.

Let's discuss us.

- For instance?

- Well, our marriage, our honeymoon...
our first moments alone.

I've never been so in love in all my life.

Arline! Arline!

Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

Honey, the set-up's all wrong. I haven't...

Well, I haven't the right
to love you the way I do.

Now, don't tell me
you're frightened over...
such an unimportant thing
as Mother's money.

No, it isn't that. It's...

Well, then what are you so upset about?

My agreement with your mother.

Looks like I'm going to break it again.

Shall I help you?

Hello. Little worried about your new job?

Arline, I hardly know how to say this...

but I'm afraid I've done you
a pretty dirty trick.

Old Devil Conscience
knocking at your door?

I guess that's it.

- You and I have been...

- Don't fret about me, dear.

Well, we're engaged and...

And I've decided that
we're not cut out for each other.

That it would be better for us both
if we end up just pals.

Arline, you're not doing this
just to help me out?

Don't be so conceited, you mug.

Maybe I've met someone I like better.

You deserve the finest man in the world.

Till he comes along, I'll take a rich one.

- Here's wishing you all the best.

- Many happy returns.

After I say that line, what do I do?

You kiss me.

Yeah, it says so right there
in black and white.
Well, as long as it's in black and white.
- Is that right?
- Swell.
- Go to the head of the class.
- Ann Prentiss!
It's all right, Mother, we're just
rehearsing our parts for the show.
They are the only two who seem to grasp
the principles of acting.
Yes, well, it didn't look like acting to me.
- Mrs. Prentiss...
- Of course it was, Mother.
Why, you don't think
we'd do that in public, do you?
Well, I don't know, I'm sure.
You've changed so much lately.
Mr. Nicoleff, I rely on you...
to see that my daughter
does not rehearse too much.
Gee, thanks a lot, Nicky.
What you doing?
Looking for some more
black and white kisses.
Please, everybody!
Take your position for the dagger dance!
Take the first position
for the dagger dance!
Everybody, quickly!
You remember the first position?
Commence.
Wait! Wait! Do not commence.
Where is Mr. Prentiss?
Please! Who does not understand English?
Where is Mr. Humbolt Prentiss?
Yes, yes, absolutely.
Do you really?
Double crisscross my heart
and hope to die.
- Mr. Prentiss.
- I'm here.
Well, that's just it.
You are here when you should be there!

- We need you to rehearse.
- Can't rehearse. I lost my dagger.
Don't you draw a knife on me.
This is serious business, Mr. Prentiss.
Come on.
Stick around, stick around.
Mr. Prentiss, take your position!
Now rehearse!
More tempo this time. Commence.
Isn't that a peach of a tune? So barbaric.
Did I have lunch today?
Yes?
Mosley.
I'm in the middle of
a very important chapter.
Mosley, I think that you're neglecting Ann.
If you take more of an interest in my show
then you could see her every day.
But I am interested in your show, Mrs. P.
No, I mean more of an active interest.
Didn't you write the lyrics
for your class show at college?
Just a mere whim and a fancy of youth.
Well, I just found out that rehearsals
can be very, very important.
Now, why don't you write a song for us?
Then you can come
to rehearsals every day.
Perhaps I might. My brain is
a little foggy from too much thinking.
Well, you see,
writing a song would help relax you.
Now get along with it.
I'll dash it off in a few moments. Most of
my big hits were done just like that.
- Excellent, Mosley. I'm counting on you.
- Yes.
Birds in the trees.
- You look so cute doing that.
- I bet you say that to all the boys.
No, you look much better
than any of the others.
I could do this lots better,
but I'm frightened.

He's got me scared to death
with that meat ax he carries.

You!

Writing a song is
a rather amusing diversion.

- Yes, from snuff.

- Yes, snuff.

Snuff is not to be sneezed at.

Did you hear what I did?

I made a joke of it.

Snuff is not to be sneezed at.

Mr. Thorpe, you're such a wit.

Yeah, I do say

rather clever things occasionally.

- Yes.

- Now, about this song...

shall we write something new
and something dashing?

Let's not. Let's write a beautiful love song.

A love song...

How do you get such good ideas?

I'm inspired by being with you.

- Call the girl Betty after me.

- Betty. Betty.

Yes, that's very good. Betty, Betty...

my darling, Betty. Yes.

- Now what rhymes with Betty?

- Spaghetti.

Spaghetti.

No, that's not the proper mood
for a love song.

Well, it might do for an Italian love song.

Yes, it might at that, yes.

My darling, spaghetti... Betty.

So. Gracefully, like a swan.

The very quintessence of grace.

Like a swan.

A swan. Not like a geese!

Like a swan!

Hasn't anybody here ever seen a swan?

Well?

We have swans

on our estate just outside of Philadelphia.

- Like that?

- Yes.

That is a Philadelphia swan.

Come, quickly.

Everybody, on your feet.

From the beginning.

Commence!

There you are, Mr. Thorpe.

There's the lyric for your new song.

- I'm certainly proud of you.

- Well, I'm rather proud of it myself.

Listen to it.

"Love is all that matters after all, dear.

"Nothing else, dear. Nothing else but you."

Very good. Very good.

"Just a kiss, a squeeze, a sigh,
and you, dear.

"Tell me that you'll marry me, please do."

It gets better as it goes along.

Very, very good.

"Let me put the ring
upon your finger, Betty.

"You and I will be one instead of"...

Well, what became of the spaghetti
I had in here?

- You took it out.

- Did I? Yes, I guess I did.

"My heart melts
as your sweet kisses linger.

"Nothing matters, dear.

Nothing but love and you."

It's wonderful. It's wonderful.

It's one of the best things ever I wrote,
if I do say so myself.

It's simply marvelous. You know,
it keeps running through my head.

They say that's always the way
you can tell a good song.

Songs used to keep running through
my head until I had my sinus operation.

I wonder if you'd autograph a copy to me.

I've quite a collection
of famous autographs.

Sure. My uncle used to collect autographs.
Those and field mice. Yeah.

There you are.

I'll never forget you for this, Mr. Thorpe.

Good heavens, 4:

- Thursday.

- Thursday?

I usually have my hair cut on Wednesday.

I've lost a day.

What's the matter with me?

Will there be anything else today,

Mr. Thorpe?

No, that's all today.

We'll continue with the snuff

first thing in the morning.

Got to get my hair cut.

Mosley, darling.

A haircut's not all you're going to get.

I'm in the money

The skies are sunny

I'll get a lot of what it takes to get along

Oh, yes. There you are.

And, Mr. Hubbard,

I'm sure you'll enjoy the show.

Mrs. Wood, right in the center.

Everything's right in the center.

Oh, \$50, I can't change that.

- Lf you think I'm going to spend \$50...

- Well, I shall look you up...

right after the show.

Remember, everything's

in the sacred cause of milk.

Next, please.

What did I tell you? It's a sellout.

- The name of Nicoleff still draws them in.

- At \$25 a throw.

Looks like baby's all set

for a new pair of shoes.

Yeah? Well, before you start shoeing

any children around here, I got to be paid.

Sold out! \$7,500!

More money than I've ever taken in before.

I do hope the grounds are well-policed,

because I'm a little uneasy...

carrying so much money around with me.

Yeah? Well, let me hold it for you.
Now, no thief would never suspect
poor little me of all that cash.
Let me put it in the hotel safe.
A safe to a burglar
is like a bottle to a corkscrew.
Let me hide the cash.
I got on a money belt.
I'll put it right here, next to my heart.
Madam, permit me to assist you.
Nicoleff takes care of everything.
But on second thought,
I think I'll take care of the money myself.
Oh, that reminds me, Mrs. Prentiss,
speaking of money.
Here is my scenery and costume bill
for the production.
Dirt cheap, and cheap dirt, at that.
Well, I'm very glad to hear that,
Mr. Schultz...
because I'm too busy
to bother with incidentals.
I'll pay your bill and the ushers
out of the petty cash.
Mosley! If you'll excuse me
just a second, please.
So now I'm an incidental
with petties and ushers.
Have you told her yet
how much money she owes me?
- That is of small importance.
- Small importance?
\$40,000, small importance?
Look here, Nicoleff, for not much
longer will I be bounced around...
from post to pillar!
Mosley, I must speak to you.
I want you to keep the total receipts,
\$7,500.
I know I can trust you, Mosley.
I'm really touched by this confidence,
but this...
I'm glad you're touched,
but just as a matter of form...

would you mind signing a receipt for me?

- Anything to oblige a lovely lady.

- Thank you.

There we are.

Now, I'll meet you at our table later on.

I have 1,001 things to do

before the curtain.

Very well.

Hi, there, Mosley.

That's a lot of beautiful cash

you've got on your hip.

I don't see why my cash

should concern you.

- No?

- No.

Toss that mastermind of yours

into high and listen.

I'll make you an even swap.

Your lyric, autographed to me

with love and kisses, for that bankroll.

- I don't quite catch on.

- Well, you will very soon, darling.

Now look, the words to the song

on your own writing paper...

addressed to me and signed by you...

make it look as though

you proposed to me.

Ridiculous. I just gave you my autograph.

Well, I only wanted your autograph

to make it all legal.

Now, I'm a man of the world.

I know a bluff when I see one.

It may sound like a bluff to you...

but it's money in the sock

to me and my lawyers. Have a look.

Are you by any chance

trying to blackmail me?

Mr. Thorpe, such talk.

All I'm trying to convey is that

Scofield, Winthrop, Green and Hazen...

haven't lost a suit

since breach of promise was invented.

The shysters!

They haven't got a leg to stand on.

Darling, you've given them
as many legs as a centipede.
Now how about it,
will you settle out of court?
Certainly not.
You were my stenographer, nothing more.
Okay, Mosley, old snuff.
I gave you your chance.
I'll see you in the tabloids.
Dick, can you help a fellow? I'm lost.
Which one of these doghouses is mine?
Honey, I think you're over there
around the corner.
Thanks, pal.
Miss Shaw, why are you not ready?
I just this minute got off duty.
So, my cast is late
because she has to sell cigarettes.
Hurry, I help you dress quick.
Remind me after the show
to slap your face.
Nicoleff never forgets.
- Who is it?
- It's me, honey, how're you doing?
Well, just a minute. All right.
- Say, aren't you dressed yet?
- Well, not quite.
Well, look,
we go on in a couple of minutes.
- You're not nervous, are you?
- Well, not while you're here.
What is this?
Every time I see you two, you're kissing.
Well, you always catch us
when we're rehearsing.
I've stood enough of this nonsense.
It must stop at once.
Mrs. Prentiss, you might as well
realize this now.
- Ann and I are going to be married.
- Married? How perfectly ridiculous.
I'll have you run out of the hotel.
I'll have you run out of the state...
you male gold digger!

My darlings, in two minutes
you carry the glory of Nicoleff...
to a distinguished audience.
Neither my daughter nor this person
will appear in the show.
I just found them
rehearsing another love scene.
- But this is madness!
- Maybe it was, but it isn't anymore.
But you cannot take
my leading lady, my leading man!
- We will have to put off the show!
- Well, if we have to, we have to.
This is the end! This is the end!
Then you will give me back the \$7,500
so that I can reimburse the audience.
You mean,
we have to give the money back?
It is the only thing remaining to be done
before Nicoleff commits suicide!
But can't you replace my daughter
and this man?
Impossible, madam, on such short notice.
Well, if it's a question of
returning the money...
of course I shall allow them to appear.
Madam is glorious.
Nicoleff lives again.
Stop chewing on my fingers.
Hurry, my children,
the music approaches the cue.
I'll allow you to play, but on one condition.
And that is that you marry Mosley
immediately after...
- this evening's performance.
- I won't. I won't marry him.
- You'll do exactly as I say.
- I won't marry that quarter-wit.
I wouldn't if he were...
We'll discuss this matter after our number.
I'll tell you right now,
there is nothing to discuss.
You will marry Mosley tonight.
Mosley, something terribly unfortunate

has occurred.
Yes, it's all a terrible mistake.
I'm glad you take it that way,
but you and I will rectify it.
Yes. How did you find out about all this?
I know everything
that's going on around here.
I hope you're not provoked at me.
No, you've been
merely weak and vacillating.
- Yeah.
- But we're going to change all that.
Twilight comes swinging
Out of the skies
Night winds are singing
Their lullabies
Music brings romance
That's what it's played for
That's what the night is made for
In my song of love
The moon above makes the music
The words are in my heart
My lips may be afraid
To serenade you tonight
But the words are in my heart
Roses red
In rhythm are swaying
And like my heart
They're tenderly saying
My dear, I love you so
And even though I can't say it
The words are in my heart
My dear, I love you so
And even though I can't say it
Come along, Mosley.
We have no time to lose.
Why not?
Because you've got to tell Ann
you're going to marry her right away.
Then I better call up my tailor
about getting a new blue suit.
Mosley, you exasperate me at times.
Show Ann that you're in earnest. Be firm.
Do you think you can?

- I'm almost positive, yes.
- Simply sweep her off her feet!
Well, don't you think
that's a trifle undignified?
Stop quibbling, Mosley.
I know a justice of the peace
who will marry you for \$2...
if you get there before midnight.
We must get there before 12:00
because I go to bed at 11:00.
Here he comes now. Beat it.
Get behind that tree.
- Mr. T. Mosley Thorpe?
- Yes, the Third.
I'm Haggarty of the Boston Daily Express.
- That's an evening paper, isn't it?
- Sure, but...
I'm not interested in evening papers.
I read the morning paper.
Do you know Scofield, Winthrop,
Green and Hazen, the law firm?
I know a Mr. Hazen, but he's a contractor.
He built the biggest fish market
in Cincinnati.
- How are you?
- Yeah, but we got a hot tip.
Now, I understand this law firm is gonna
pack a heavy breach of promise suit...
against you, for a Miss Betty Hawes.
What about it?
- Why, I never even heard of her.
- Why, Mosley Thorpe.
She was your stenographer. I smell a rat.
No rat, just some letters,
then I got my hair cut...
went out and got a shave.
As I understand it, you're going to claim...
that you were dictating a song.
But she's going to prove
that you asked her to marry you...
or words to that effect.
- Now, if you'll come clean...
- It's a conspiracy!
I'm an innocent bystander, a victim.

I've heard enough!

You contemptible coward.

Engaged to my daughter and lollygagging
around with a public stenographer.

Can I be blamed because I can't typewrite,
and must dictate?

- So you were dictating, were you?

- Yes, I was...

You were working, were you?

- Let's grab this thing, quick.

- You wolf in sheep's clothing!

If I ever find you near my daughter
again I'll have you arrested.

Writing about snuff, were you?

You menace to innocent women!

You viper!

Let it go.

- Thanks a lot, Mr. Thorpe.

- Yeah.

- We'll see you on the front page.

- Yeah.

- Give me my money.

- Why, I don't understand you.

No more lies, Mr. Thorpe.

I very foolishly entrusted \$7,500 to you.

Will you give it back to me

or shall I charge you with grand larceny?

And if one dollar is missing,

I shall send for the police.

- Why, Mrs. P, do you question my honor?

- There is your receipt.

Now I am getting angry.

A joke is a joke, but when my honor...

And speaking of honor reminds me,

I have a real man in the family.

I shall have Humbolt

give you a good thrashing.

Don't forget I used to be pretty good

with the gloves myself. See?

I shall forbid Humbolt to use gloves

when he thrashes you.

Humbolt, if you have a spark of manhood

in you, here's your chance to prove it.

What's up, Mom?

Mosley Thorpe has been revealed
in his true colors.
He's trifling with your sister's affections.
- No.
- Yes!
And I want Humbolt to thrash him
within an inch of his miserable life.
- With pleasure.
- That's my boy speaking.
- But I've got to finish the show first.
- Well, immediately afterwards then.
- After that I'm going on my honeymoon.
- Honeymoon?
Did I hear you say "honeymoon"?
Yes, Mother, I was married yesterday.
Meet the missis.
I'll go mad!
Yes, don't worry, Mother.
I'll take care of Mosley.
Come on, put them up.
I'll lick 10 men like you. I'm not afraid
of you or your whole family. Put them up.
- Were you talking to me?
- What?
Hello, how are you?
Here he is, boys!
Mr. Thorpe! Just a minute, Mr. Thorpe!
How about a statement here?
What about this
breach of promise case, Mr. Thorpe?
You gonna marry Miss Hawes or pay off?
Did you write your love letters in rhyme?
What do you think of Casanova as a lover?
I'm through with love.
I'm through with love forever. Forever!
Go get him, boys.
He stole all the soap boxes in the hotel.
What a story!
Come on along and listen to
The lullaby of Broadway
The hip-hooray and ballyhoo
The lullaby of Broadway
The rumble of the subway train
The rattle of the taxis

The daffodils who entertain
At Angelo's and Maxie's
When a Broadway baby says good night
It's early in the morning
Manhattan babies don't sleep tight
Until the dawn
Good night, baby
Good night
Milkman's on his way
Sleep tight, baby
Sleep tight
Let's call it a day
Come on along and listen to
The lullaby of Broadway
The hi-dee-hi and boop-a-doo
The lullaby of Broadway
The band begins to go to town
And everyone goes crazy
You rock-a-bye your baby around
Till everything gets hazy
Hush-a-bye
I'll buy you this and that
You hear a daddy saying
And baby goes home to her flat
To sleep all day
Good night, baby
Good night
Milkman's on his way
Sleep tight, baby
Sleep tight
Let's call it a day
Listen to
The lullaby
Of old Broadway
Good night, baby
Good night
Milkman's on his way
Sleep tight, baby
Sleep tight
I'll call it a day
A table for two
A lady divine
A rhapsody blue
A bottle of wine

Then you'll listen to a siren's song
Come and shuffle along
Come and dance
My sweetie may not let me
Come and dance
Why don't you come and get me?
Come and dance
The band is gonna go to town
Come on and let's go crazy
We'll turn the whole town upside down
Till everything gets hazy
Come along with us and dodge the sun
Until the early morning
We've got to get in all our fun
Before the dawn
Look out, baby
Look out
Baby, come and play
Watch out, baby
Watch out
While we swing and sway
Listen to the lullaby of old Broadway
Come along and listen to
The lullaby of Broadway
The hi-dee-hi and boop-a-doo
The lullaby of Broadway
The band begins to go to town
And every one goes crazy
You rock-a-bye your baby around
Till everything gets hazy
Hush-a-bye
I'll buy you this and that
You hear a daddy saying
And baby goes home to her flat
To sleep all day
Good night, baby
Good night
Milkman's on his way
Sleep tight, baby
Sleep tight
Let's call it a day
Listen to the lullaby
Of old Broadway
- Everyone's after my money.

- I'm all ready, darling.
You won't get one penny
of my money, young man.
Neither will my daughter.
I'll leave everything to the milk fund.
That's splendid. I'll think of you
every time I drink a milkshake.

- You ought to be ashamed of yourself.
- I haven't got time. I'm too happy.
- Well, good luck, Mother.
- Good luck?
You marrying a penniless adventurer.
Humbolt already married.
My dividend's cut.
Mosley a cad. And that fearful
scenery man threatening to sue me.
A fortune lost in that show.
That awful, dreadful show.
That's been the cause of all my troubles.

- Chin up, Ma. It might be worse.
- It couldn't possibly be.
- Yes, you might marry Nicoleff.
- Go away, I can't see anyone.
Wait, please do not go!
Something important!
- Honored madam.
- Will you stop biting my fingers?
This has been the most pleasant
engagement of my career.
May I present to you
a tiny token of my esteem?
Well, what is it?
A priceless solid silver fruit dish,
given to me by the Grand Duke Alexis...
after seeing my production of
Midsummer Night's Dream...
- with an all-Eskimo cast.
- Well, thank you very much.
Hello. What?
Wait a minute. I'll ask her.
It's the hotel jewelry store. Mr. Nicoleff
just bought a silver fruit dish...
and charged it to your account,
and the jeweler wants to know...

if it's all right.

I beg your pardon, madam, a luncheon
engagement with Max Reinhardt.

You wretch! You scoundrel!

And that'll cost you \$500
and seven years' bad luck.

- Mother.

- There, there, there.

- Mother, you all right?

- She'll be fine in a minute.

- Just an acute case of Nicoleff.

- Where am I?

You're here with us. We'll take care of you.

Well, if I'm going to start fainting
in my old age...

I may as well have a doctor in the family.

Think of all the money

I could save in medical bills.

English