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Here Come the Co-eds

By John Grant

- Thanks for the lesson.
- No, thank you for the lesson.
- Slats, why aren't you at work?
- Sis, I'm waiting for the boss.
- You been fired again?
- Certainly not.
I want him to give you a raise
for the publicity I got you.
Now, look... "Molly McCarthy,
Miramar Instructress says,
'I'm saving money to go to Bixby,
the college of my dreams. ''
- You see it?
- I've seen nothing else for three days.
"Hello, Miss College.
What do you hear from Einstein?"
What's wrong with that?
Why, I'll publicize you
right into the bright lights.
Or into a padded cell. Why don't
you mix truth with your publicity?
This is nothing but the truth.
Look at that.
I found out there really is
a college by the name of Bixby.
I found it out, on the level.
Where are you going?
Home, before you publicize me into
playing shortstop for the Brooklyn Dodgers.
Wait a minute,
that's not a bad idea.
I'll break every front page in the country
with that story, or my name is not...
- McCarthy!
- Oh, hello, boss.
- Gold-bricking again, huh?
- No.
- Then you're still working here?
- I hope so.
- Then get to work.
- Okay.
Make sure your pal gets to work too,
or you're both fired.
Okay, boss.

- Dance, Mr. McCarthy?

- Yes, surely.

Is Mr. Quackenbush working
this evening?

He's around some place.

I don't know where.

- Hello.

- How do you do?

- Let's sit this one out.

- Sit it out?

Thank you ever so much!

Sit down.

You know,

I really don't like dancing,

because it's nothing

but hugging set to music.

- What don't you like about it?

- The music.

Oh, my!

Ah-ha!

You snake in the grass.

You wolf in sheep's clothing.

You...

at last, I've found you!

You're the rat who lured

my wife away from me!

I'm going to teach you a lesson

you'll never forget.

And as for you...

you are no longer my wife.

- No longer your wife?!

- Yes.

I never was your wife!

Huh?

Why, you...

Remarkable resemblance!

I could have sworn

you were my wife.

Boy, do I feel silly!

How do you think I feel?

May I apologize

on the floor?

Yes.

Why don't you apologize to me?

I'm on the floor.

What in the world are
you into now? Come on.

Come over here. What are you
doing? What's wrong with you?

You tell me you're
too tired to dance.

As soon as my back is turned,
you start playing in the sand.

Never mind that. Now stop
this nonsense and get to work.

- Hello, Mr. Quackenbush.

- How do you do?

Shall we dance, or would
you rather sit this one out?

I sat the last one out.

Let's dance. Thank you.

Ah-ha!

You home wrecker!

For weeks, I've tried to find you
and now I've caught you two together.

How dare you try to steal
my wife away from me, huh?

Did he try
to steal your wife?

You know he tried to...

Well, you look
just like my wife.

Oh, I beg your pardon.

It's all a mistake.

I regret it exceedingly.

Shall we finish
this dance?

Yes.

I hope you don't think
I'm drunk.

It's quite all right.

I'm a little potted myself.

What, again? Didn't I tell you not
to play in the sand? Now get up.

Get up on your feet. Didn't I
tell you not to play in the sand?

- Who's playing in the sand?

- You!

Listen here to me.

I'm not playing in no sand.

- What were you doing?

- Bad eyes.

- Now it's bad eyes.

- Not me... some crazy guy around here.

Every time the guy sees me with
a girl, he thinks it's his wife.

- So what? - He says to me,
like this, he says "Ha-ha!

You're the snake
in wolf's clothing.

You're the wolf in the grass.

How dare you steal my wife
away from me?!"

- What are you ta...

- You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

- Stealing this little fellow's wife!

- Madam, madam!

Whoo,

are you "destructful. "

- Who was she?

- That must be that crazy guy's wife.

- Ah-ha!

- That's him.

Man:

Hey! What happened here?

Now, if you say, "Ah-ah,"

I'll knock you down again.

Hey, wait a minute.

You hit the boss.

Let's get out of here.

Come on, come on.

All right, break it up.

Break it up here.

- Wait a minute, we'll take this car.

- It don't belong to us.

What's the difference?

Get in there. Go ahead.

Go ahead, go ahead, go ahead.

Start it up.

Hey, come back with that car!

Boy, I'm glad

we got out of that jam.
I hope we can get this car back
before people miss it.

Dispatcher:

Calling cars 11, 12, 14 and 15.
Cars 11, 12, 14 and 15.
Be on the lookout for car 13.
It has just been stolen.
- Mmm.
- How do you like that?
Somebody stole a police car.
I feel sorry for that chump.

Dispatcher:

of the men who stole the police car:
Number one... medium height,
slender, blue eyes;
number two...
short, fat and stupid.
- A couple of chumps.
- Yeah, we don't know 'em.
Blow your horn
and get around that taxicab.
Uh-oh, must be a fire.
- Fire?
- The siren's on. Somebody's coming I guess.
- Come on.
- I don't see any fire.
- I pulled over a little bit anyway.
- Well, all right.
Get around that taxicab,
will you, please?
Here comes
the fire department again.
Wait a minute. You're the one
that stole the police car.
Me?
Yes.
- I stole a police car?
- This is a police car.
- This is? See you later.
- You're going to drive this car!
Now drive it back.

The police will understand.

You sure the cops

are gonna understand?

- They'll understand.

- Then you drive it.

- I... come here.

- Quit it!

- Drive the car. Go on, drive the car.

- How can I drive?!

- Drive the car, go ahead.

- How can I drive?!

Drive the car.

Go on, will ya?

There you are, you got it.

Here's the wheel over here.

Come on!

Go ahead.

Look out...

look out where you're driving.

- Pardon me, gentlemen.

- Go on, beat it. We're busy.

- We brought your car back.

- I haven't got time to listen to that ki...

it's them!

Grab them!

Wait a minute.

What's going on here, men?

These are the men

that stole our police car.

No, no, no, we didn't steal

it. We took it by mistake.

Didn't we bring it back? Doesn't

that prove that we're honest?

I can see that. Most men would

have run away. Release them, boys.

Oh, no, not until we pay for

the gasoline we used.

- That won't be necessary.

- Chief, we insist.

After all, we used your gas.

We want to pay for it.

Very well.

Measure it, Flanagan.

- Measure it, Flanagan.

- Yes.

Measure it!

About a sixth of a gallon.

Oh, a sixth of a gallon.

Well, I think I have enough
here to cover that, thank you.

- There you are, Chief.

- Thank you.

It's a pleasure to meet fine
conscientious citizens like you.

Thank you, Chief.

- Have one of my cigars.

- Thank you.

By the way, just a minute. Tut-tut.

Have one of my matches.

- Thank you.

- Excuse me, please.

Have a match.

That's it. That's the idea.

Fine smoke, right?

- Hurry up, Oliver!

- But what will you boys do?

That's all right.

We'll get along.

We'd better get along right now!

- Cops!

- Out the fire escape!

- Oliver! Oliver!

- Come on!

Oliver! No!

Out!

Oliver, there's
no fire escape there!

I just found that out!

Hurry up, Oliver.

All right, all right.

Take it easy. Take it easy.

Are you all right?

Get up on your feet.

Quick, hide!

Come on, hurry up!

- Miss McCarthy?

- Yes?

My name is Benson...

Dean Benson of Bixby College.

May I come in?

Why, yes.

Thank you.

I read the magazine article
about your ambition and I...

- How do you do?

- **All:**

This is my brother, Mr. McCarthy,
and his friend Oliver Quackenbush.

- How do you do?

- Mm-hmm.

This is the dean.

The who?

The dean.

Dean.

Dean?

Dean.

Did you ever pitch
for the St. Louis Cardinals?

No. As I was saying, Miss McCarthy,
I read the magazine article
and I'm here to award you
the Bixby Foundation Scholarship.

- I'm afraid I can't...

- Wait a minute. What is it worth?

Well, it covers the tuition
and registration fees,
room and board,
and all necessary expenses.

- **Both:**

- Oh, no, I won't!

You see, Slats and Oliver
just lost their jobs
and we're sort of dependent
on each other.

I couldn't possibly
leave them.

That's very loyal of you.

What sort of work do you do?

Practically anything...

creative, executive.

I don't know whether
this would interest you,
but the school does need
two assistant caretakers.

- **Both:**

- See here!
- The job pays room and board.
- Room and board!

You want us just to work
for room and board?

Both:

We'll take it!
Splendid! I'll expect the three
of you at Bixby tomorrow afternoon.

- We'll be there!
- Bye.

I should have asked him for passes
for the football game.

They don't play football there.

That's a girl's college, Bixby.

There's two or three hundred
girls up there.

- Two or three hundred girls?
- Sure!

At Bixby?

Yeah.

Girl's school?

Mm-hmm.

- We're gonna be the caretakers?

Just you and I? - Mm-hmm.

- Caretakers for two or three hundred girls?

- So what?

Diane, where's Benson?

Where's he hiding?

- Well, isn't he in his office?

- No, he is not in his office.

You know his hideouts. You

know where he goes. Where is he?

Now, I tell you, Dad,

you run along,

and when I find him,

I'll have him phone you.

Phone me nothing!
Have you seen this?
"Miramar Molly
Gets Bixby Scholarship. "
- Yes, isn't it splendid?
- Splendid?
To give Bixby's one scholarship
to a Miramar Molly?!
That's what the dean said.
Why should we continue to waste it
on girls able
to pay their own tuition?
You act more like
your mother's mother every day!

Diane:

Larry! Shh!
Get back, get back!
- Well, what's up?
- Dad's blood pressure!
Found out about
the McCarthy Scholarship, hmm?
Well, I might as well go
and have it out with him.
No, Larry,
wait till he cools off.
I don't believe in
dodging trouble.
Well, please...
for my sake?
I say... you, there!
Just a minute!
Just a minute! We don't want
you in the picture!
There's not going to be
any picture!
That's what I said... there ain't gonna
be any picture with your face in it.
Will you let me alone? I'm
Chairman of the Board of Regents!
- Then go get a chair and sit down!
- Come here, you!
You come down from there!
You come down from there I say!

We're not going to have
anything like this here at Bixby!

You're coming down
off of there, that's all!

Now you come down!

- Take your hands off that girl!

- Give me those films!

Wait a minute!

Give me back my camera!

Johnson!

Throw them out!

I'll have you
in Juvenile Court!

Gentlemen, gentlemen,
what's the meaning of all this?

More vulgar notoriety,
that's the meaning of it!

I caught this "Miramar Molly"
with these magazine photographers.

They're not photographers. This man
is her brother. That one is his friend.

I hired them last night
as caretakers.

- Yes, we didn't mean any harm.

- Well, perhaps not.

But anyway, I want these films
destroyed! Get rid of them, Johnson.

- Right.

- Give me those!

Johnson, show your
new assistants to their quarters.

Assistants, huh?

We'll have no more of your cheap
publicity tricks here, Miss McCarthy!

- You won't have...

- Will you show Miss McCarthy to the dormitory?

Yes, indeed.

This way, Miss McCarthy.

And as for you,
young man...

Suppose we hold our discussions
in my office?

- Very well.

- This way, Mr. Kirkland.

Hello, chubby.
Excuse me, you dropped
your handkerchief.
Get dirty.
Better pick it up.
Hi, pudgy.
Excuse me.
Look,
no flirting around here.
If you pick up a girl's
handkerchief, you're fired.
Hey, you're too rough.
Hello, butterball.
You're new here, aren't you?
My name's Patty.
What's yours?
Never mind, you can
tell me some other time.
See you later.
She's cute.
As head of the Board of Regents,
I demand that our sacred
traditions must be upheld.
Our old methods, our tried
and proven methods...
Are antiquated, and the condition
of Bixby when I took over proves it.
Not one modern course,
not one up-to-date method.
Not one-fourth the enrollment
needed to meet expenses.
And may I ask
who has met those expenses?
Who has carried overdue
mortgages for 20 years?
You have.
But if you'd just let me
make this a real school...
Bixby was good enough
for my mother.
And her mother.
And her mother's mother,
and her mother's mother's mother!
Come on.

This is
the caretaker's quarters.
You should get a caretaker
to take care of it.

That's just
what you're for.

- Get busy and clean up.
- Okay.
- Come on, get busy.
- Hey, you.

There's only one reason
why I don't punch you in the nose,
and that's because
I'm bigger than you are.
I'm bigger than you are.
That's a better reason.

Get to it!

Now get busy.

What are you doing?

What are you doing?

- Broom.
- Go ahead. Here.

What a mess.

Ahh! Not in there.

Put it in the wastepaper basket.

Hey, Slats.

What?

Hold that.

Hold it easy.

What are you doing?

Thank you, again.

What are you doing?

The man said clean up
the place, didn't he?

I'll clean this room up.

You come here.

You go in the kitchen
and wash the dishes.

Why don't I take the dishes and
throw them in the spare room?

- Go in the kitchen! Wash the dishes.
- All right!

Go ahead in there.

What are you doing?

What are you doing now?

Go into the kitchen
and wash the dishes.

Go ahead.

Slats! Slats! Slats!

- What are you doing? What are you doing now?

- Get me out! Get me out!

There you are.

What are you doing in there?

Get out of there. Get out of that.

If you want to wash your face, why
don't you use the sink over there?

- I mean, after all...

- Never mind. Get on the job and clean up this place.

Get that grease spot off that
wall and wash those dishes...

I won't, I won't, I won't!

I will.

- Take care of that pan under the icebox. Get with it!

- I just wanted to be stubborn.

When I said, "I won't, I won't," I knew I
was going to say, "I will. " I usually do.

Window was closed.

Fresh water.

Good fresh water.

Hey, Oliver.

Hey, Oliver,

if we can hold onto this job,
we'll be in the dough in no time.

- I'm in it now.

- You're in the dough?

I'm wearing it.

What are you doing now? What are
you doing now? What is this here?

- What did you do?

How'd you get into this?

- Slats!

- Wait a minute!

What did you get into now?

Get this thing off your feet.

Get this thing out of the way.

- Look at this mess.

- Now, wait a minute!

Quiet. All right,

put 'em back. Put 'em back.
Put 'em back.
Put 'em back there.
That's it.
All right, put 'em back
where they belong.
Here, I'll help you.
Hold on to me.
Get down.
Go on, get down.
Come on.
Come on, get down.
Get down!
Look at this mess you're into.
Throw those away.
Throw 'em away. Tell me,
what's the matter? What is it?
Lookit... molasses, glue.
Gimme that. Gimme it.
- Oh, good.
- There. Now, look at this.
Huh?
Look at this.
- Well, let's both wear one.
- Never mind that.
Gimme that one.
Gimme that. There you are.
- Huh?
- Look what you did.
Yeah.
Take that.
Get a load of this mess.
Hold it. Hold it. I'll get
you out. I'll get you out.
Get it off.
There you are.
- Now take a hold of this.
- Okay.
Hold on to it!
What a mess.
- Hey!
- What's the matter?
Well, get it...
get it off.

I don't know what
I'll ever do with you.

Always getting me
into trouble.

You're always doing something
that's all... get rid of it.

Throw it out...

- Hey...

- Here, wait a minute. Wait a minute. Turn around.

- I can't get the legs open.

- Turn around.

- I can't get my legs open.

- Turn around! I'll straighten you up.

- No, no! Look!

- There, all right.

- There you are, here. Hold it.

- Hey!

Never mind that.

Take this off.

Get it off the pants!

- Turn around.

- Get my hand off the pants!

My hand off the pants!

Hold still.

Oh, good.

Put that... put that down!

Turn around.

Here, I'll get you out of that.

There you are.

Look at this mess.

- That's good.

- Well... look at this here.

What are you doing?

Now, look.

Now, listen.

- Don't get any on my face 'cause I don't go for it.

- Go wash those dishes.

Look at this mess.

Ah! Wash the dishes.

Slats!

Do they sing like this
every night?

Yeah... they're in a rut.

It's perfect... the whole

college, the girls... everything.
You should have seen it last semester
before Benson gave it a facelift...
no athletics, no make-up,
no singing, no nothing.
The dean really did a job
around here.
- He's nice, isn't he?
- Hmm. Remind me to ask Diane.
Diane? Oh.

All:

Someday
We will remember
This night of nights
All filled
with sweet memories
We'll remember
how the stars danced in the sky
You will recall
touching the moon
And so will I
Oh, somewhere
Out of the nowhere
We'll close our eyes
And be here over again

Woman:

Forever and ever
We'll keep
this night tucked away

All:

Remember, remember
Remember again

Woman:

Someda-ay.
You've just got time to clean
this room up before class.
That's all I heard for two weeks
is, "Clean this up, clean that up,"
"Scrub the floor,"
"Wash the dishes," "Do this,"

- "Mow the lawn and rake up the leaves. "
- All right.
- While all he does is shoot dice.
- How do you know?
I found these in his room.

- **Girl:**

- Hey, hide those dice.
Hurry up. Hide 'em!
Oliver, I'm sorry I couldn't
keep our date last night.
Are you mad at me?
Oh, Oliver, speak to me.
What can I do to make you
accept my apology?
Of course I'll kiss you.
Oh, gee, I'm late.
See you later. Goodbye.
What're you doing?
What's the matter?
What's the matter?
Hey...
did you swallow
those dice?
Come on, you guys,
quit stallin'.
- What's the matter with him?
- He swallowed your dice.
My dice!
I paid two bucks for those dice.
I could roll a seven
any time I wanted to!
- All right!
- I'm gonna get 'em out of you if I have to choke 'em out.
Stand up there.
Stand still!
- What's the matter?
- Hold still.
Mm-mmm.
Six.
- Bet you five bucks I can make it.
- That's a bet.
- Put it down there.
- Slats, what're you doing?

Quiet! Come here.

- Slats!

- Get in there. Get in there. Hurry up.

Get in there.

Get in there.

- Turn around and hold still.

- Now, let's see.

Two threes!

I made it the hard way!

What do you think of that, hey?

Marvelous! Let it ride, go ahead!

- Okay.

- Put it down. Cover it all.

- I'm the only one ridin'. Up and down the joint.

- There you are. Come here.

- Oh, no, no, no.

- Wait a minute... hey!

I want a better shake

than that for my dough.

- Now, look!

- Come here! Come here!

- Ahhh!

- Get up here on that table!

That's it.

- How do you operate this thing?

- I'll operate it.

You're gonna operate on who?

Now, cut it out!

- Get down!

- Mama!

Slats, no more.

I can't take it, Slats!

Get your feet together.

Slats! Slats!

Get me off, Slats!

No!

I'm afraid, Slats.

Get me off!

Get up. Get up.

- I win.

- Boxcars.

That was very entertaining,

Professor,

but just what does that

teach the other pupils?

Miss Carroll, will you please analyze
the composition you just heard?

Starting the first movement,
moderato,
the second movement is lento,
tres passione,
with the sixth bar played
espressivo.

The balance of the composition
is interpreted as indicated,
namely, en glissant,
ad libitum, rubato
avec beaucoup d'expression,
and allegro molto vivace,
with a cross indicating
pizzicato with the left hand
and a chromatic scale glide
with one finger.

I'd like to hear our scholarship
student repeat that description.

Will you please,
Miss McCarthy?

- Well, I...

- Go ahead, Miss McCarthy, repeat that statement.

Well...

well, beginning with the first
movement, moderato,
the second movement is lento,
tres passione,
with the sixth bar played
espressivo.

The balance of the composition
is interpreted as indicated,
namely, en glissant,
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avec beaucoup d'expression,
and allegro molto vivace
with a cross indicating
pizzicato with the left hand
and a chromatic scale glide
with one finger.

Remember to break fast
when I fake to the guard.

How can I break fast
when my bustle's dragging?
You want a real workout,
try guarding that McCarthy.
Where'd you learn
to play like that?
She said something
about the YWCA in Brooklyn.
I'll have to hand it to her,
she certainly makes the team click.

- Where's Diane?

- She's in the rain.

Diane!

Here!

You better get up
to the dean's office fast.

- Your pop's trying to make Benson expel Molly.

- He can't force him to do that.

Maybe not, but he says he'll withdraw his
financial support unless she gets thrown out.

Ohh.

What's the dean saying?

When I left, he was still saying
no, but you better get up there.

If he cans Molly,
we got no basketball team.

And if he keeps her,
we got no school.

I'm sorry, girls, we were trying to
get cleaned up before anybody came in.

Girl:

go right ahead.

We're going to write
some jokes for the school play.

Jokes? I wish we had a couple
of jokes to give you.

What do you mean
you wish you had a couple?

I said...

- I got a joke.

- You've got a joke?

- A brand new one I wrote myself.

- Where did you get it?

I wrote it.

Aw, stop.

- Yes, I did, Slats. I did.

- You wrote a joke?

It's brand new. I'd like to tell it to the girls. They'll like it.

- Is it brand new?

- Maybe they can use it.

- That's a good idea.

- The only thing is...

I tell this one by myself.

I don't need you.

That's all right.

But you say it's brand new?

- Yeah.

- Nobody's ever heard it?

No, and I tell the story while you keep your mouth shut.

It's about a whale, a ship, and Jonah.

- And it's brand new?

- Very brand new story, yeah.

Now once upon a time, there was a whale.

- What kind a whale?

- And this whale was...

What kind of a whale?

- A plain everyday whale.

- A wh... all right, I'm sorry.

How do I know

what kind a whale?!

What do you think I do,

go around with whales or something?

- Don't try and make a fool out of me in front of the girls.

- Go ahead.

- A plain, everyday whale, that's all!

- So it was a whale.

- How do I know what kind of whale?

- All right.

- The whale was in the ocean, he was...

- What ocean?

- Wait a minute, I mean...

- Go on, pick out an ocean. Go ahead.

- That's immaterial to me.

- All right, The Immaterial Ocean.

Aw, come on.

The whale was in the ocean
and minding his own business.

- But he was followin' a ship.

- What ship?

- And this ship is...

- What ship?

- A ship that swims in the water.

- You mean a swim ship?

Yeah.

Oh.

The whale was followin'
the swim ship because he...

who ever heard of

a swim ship?

I asked you to keep
your mouth shut, didn't I?

- You're telling the story.

- You're getting me mad!

Wait a minute.

When do we laugh at this thing?

They're laughing before they're
supposed to. Don't laugh now.

- I didn't say nothin' yet.

- Go ahead, let's hear it.

The whale, she was hungry, and
Jonah was the captain of the boat.

He didn't want

the whale to capsize the boat.

- What?

- To capsize the boat.

- Capsize?

- Because, yeah, he didn't...

- You know what that means?

- I don't put words like that in stories
if I don't know what they are. He didn't
want the whale to capsize the boat.

- What does it mean?

- Capsize?

- Capsize.

- That's a big word.

Well, what does it mean?

You know what it means.

- Sure. That's a...
- What does it mean? What does capsized mean?
- It's a nice word.
- What does it mean?

Capsized?

Capsized.

- It's six and seven-eighths, seven and a quarter... - All right, go ahead.

He didn't want the whale to six and seven-eighths the boat...

- All right, go ahead.
- See?

Captain Jonah was captain, and he was afraid of throwing passengers, so he figured the only thing he could do was throw over the barrel of...

the whale a barrel of apples.

- What kind of apples?
- And...
- What kind of apples?
- Apples that grow on a tree.
- There's all kinds of apples...

Baldwin apples, there's... - Crab-apples!

- Tell the girls that. - So he threw him over a barrel of crab-apples!

- Take it easy, take it easy.
- He's got me mad at you kids now.

After the whale ate, the whale was still hungry and Jonah figured he'd throw the whale over a stool.

What kind of a stool?

- Who said that?
- I did. In case you asked me.

He threw him over a three-legged camp-stool.

The whale ate the apples and the stool and was still hungry. His appetite had not been appeased. Don't ask me what that is.

- I don't know.
- I won't ask. Go ahead.

After the whale ate the apples and stool, the whale was still hungry,

and Captain Jonah figured the only way to save his passengers and boat is to sacrifice himself.

And he did.

He threw a beautiful jackknife dive into the mouth of the whale.

The whale ate Captain Jonah and the apples and the stool and then swam away.

- Three years later they caught that very same whale...

- Listen, Oliver...

...they cut him open and what do you think they found?

Oliver, wait a moment.

Not now. Not now.

He says something

and then I tell you the funny joke.

Wait a minute, Oliver,
just a minute.

You're not coming up here this afternoon in front of these girls, and try to give them for their little play a joke... an old wheeze... about the time they caught the whale, and they cut him open and there they found Jonah seated on that stool selling those apples three for a nickel, are you?

Wait a minute.

That's not the story you...

no, no, no. No, I'm

sorry, it couldn't be that, because, that's right, he promised us it was a brand new joke.

He wrote it himself,

so it couldn't be that.

because every schoolboy knows that joke.

I'm sorry, I interrupted.

Go ahead.

You tell the girls what they found when they cut the whale open.

Now, wait a minute, please.

Give Oliver a chance...

after all, he wrote this himself.
If you girls can use it
in the play, go right ahead.
Go ahead.
Tell the girls what they found
when they cut the whale open.
Don't laugh, girls.
He'll blame me for this.
I thought it was
a build-up to that old joke,
but every little schoolboy knows
that. He wouldn't tell that.
He wouldn't dare tell that one. Go
ahead. You know the answer, don't you?
Huh?
What's the matter,
don't you feel good, hmm?
Well, you go ahead
and tell the joke
and then we'll go inside
and clean the other room.
Go ahead. No, no, here.
Tell it right here.
Oliver... look, Oliver...
hey, Oliver...
Oliver, is something wrong?
- Now, come on, Oliver,
I didn't mean any harm.
Oliver! Was that the joke you
wanted to tell these girls, hmm?
Boys! Boys, here's
a note from Molly!
A note? What is this?
Hey, get a load of this...
"Dear Slats and Oliver,
am leaving Bixby.
If you're ready to leave too, meet
me at the front gate at 8:00 tonight.
- "Signed, Molly. "
- She can't leave.
Wait a minute, if she's leaving,
she must have a good reason.
And I'm going with her!
I'm going with you, too.

Oliver, aren't you
gonna kiss me goodbye?
Yes, Patty.
Patty, the time has come
to say goodbye.
Patty, the time has come
to say goodbye.
- Patty, the time has come...
- You just said that.
You shut up. Goodbye.
I feel just like Donald O'Connor!
Let's play house
Let's play mister
and missus
My main reason
for this is
There'll be chances
for plenty of kisses
Let's play house
Let's play games
I think that would
be chummy
Golf, or maybe gin rummy
Let's play bridge
and we'll both be the dummy
Let's play games
Let's quote
from Mother Goose
And we'll find
rhymes that fit
Like Mary had
a little lamb
And darling, you are it
Oh, let's play house
I'll bring flowers and "con-dy"
I think that would be "don-dy"
Guys like me
sure come in mighty "hon-dy"
Let's play house
Let's play show
Let's not act too suburban
I look well in a turban
- I'll be Boyer
- And I'll be Miss Durbin

Meet me by the gas pipe
Let's play school
Let's start out
with subtraction
You'll get
plenty of action
I think figures have
such an attraction
Let's play scho-ool
Folks in a storybook
Are just like you and me
So I'll be Red Riding Hood
And the wolf
is what I'll be
Well, let's pretend
Let's get
very light-hearted
Let's go
places uncharted
Let's go back
to the first thing we started
Let's play house!
Whooo!
Whoo!
Slats?
No, it's Larry.
Oh.
You can't
run away like this, Molly.
- Why not?
- Because I won't let you.
- My mind's made up.
- I know.
Diane and Patty told me what you
must've overheard in the shower,
but I won't let you throw away your
scholarship because of Kirkland.
That has nothing
to do with it.
Well, hasn't Bixby come up
to your dreams?
Dreams?
You mean
that magazine article.

That was Slat's dream,
not mine.

He made up the whole thing
for a publicity story.

- You're joking.

- That's why I came here.

Slats said we could get
more pictures, more publicity.

Since we can't, well,
that's that.

I see.

No, I don't see.

Why, that doesn't fit at all
with your good grades
and your interest
in your work.

And it fits far too perfectly
with Kirkland's blow up.

Well, after I came, I did
sort of fall for the school.

Enough to walk out
to save it, hmm?

There's no sense staying if being
here means Kirkland'll close the place!

I thought that was it.

And that's just why you must stay.

Don't you understand? If you go,
Kirkland will think I've given in to him.

If he thinks I've given in once, he'll
expect me to give in all the time.

Everything I've planned
for the school will be banned.

I didn't see it that way.

Neither did I...

not until I realized
how much I'd miss you.

We'd better be getting back.

You could do all those things if it weren't
for Kirkland and his stuffy traditions?

I'd like to think that I could.

- We go this way, I believe.

- I go that way.

Unless you want Miss Holford
to catch you sneaking

a runaway girl into the dorm.

- You go that way.

- May I have my bags, Dean Benson?

It's Larry,

outside of office hours.

May I have them, Larry?

- Goodnight, Molly.

- Goodnight.

She's very attractive,
isn't she?

I guess I inherited it
from father...

the habit of thinking that everything
would turn out exactly as I'd planned it.

- Diane...

- Don't say anything, Larry.

Remember, whatever happens,
I'm on your side.

Just 100 more students and their tuition
will make Larry independent of Kirkland.

That's where I come in. What
this school needs is publicity.

We've got to tell the world
how happy you are here.

That would make
every girl want to go to Bixby.

- But I promised...

- Wait, if we only had the pictures I took when you first arrived.

- I got 'em. Yeah.

- You've got 'em? Where?

Come here. Over here.

I took 'em

out of Johnson's room.

Oh boy, what a lucky guy

Benson was when he hired us.

I think we ought to talk
to Larry about this.

Quick! Hide!

- Under the bed!

- No, here, in the closet!

- In the closet. Quick!

- Hurry, get in.

Don't say a word.

I'll... wait a minute. Come here.

What're you doing in there?
Get out. Get out of there.
Go answer the door.
But the door
didn't say nothing.
- Go see who's at the door.
- Okay.
Where is she? Where's Molly?
- Molly? I don't even know the girl.
- Here I am.
Huh!
Hm-hm-hm!
You're in a jam.
Miss Holford knows you're out
and Johnson's out snooping
around for you.
If you're caught here, the boys'll
be fired and you'll be expelled.
Johnson's on his way here!
Wait a minute.
Don't get excited.
Get her out the window,
I'll stall him off.
- Put that in your pocket.
- Okay.
No, not Oliver!
Help!
No!
Well, if she ain't in there,
why won't you let me in?
Everything's in a mess.
Oh, it is?
Yeah.
After me telling you guys
to keep everything clean?
We washed all the dishes and
we can't do a thing with them.
Wait a minute.
Take it easy, take it easy.
Boy, can you imagine Mr. Johnson if
he ever found a girl in this room?
- Yeah, well, I'm a girl.
- I know it.
- Out the window.

- Ohh!
- Hurry up!
- I can't, there's not time.
Under the bed!
Under the bed!
- Not you, me!
- Quick, duck.
I said I was coming in
and I'm coming in.
Mr. Johnson! Oh boy.
Ohh.
Fancy meeting you here.
Now, you see?
Miss McCarthy is not here.
- Is she, Oliver?
- Oh no, Miss McCarthy was never here.
- No.
- Get out of the way.
Maybe she ain't, but I've got
a hunch she's coming here.
Then why not stick around
and see?
Why don't you sleep here
all night?
- Oh, no, Slats!
- Hey, that's a good idea.
Sleep here all night,
if you wish.
I'll sleep in the living room
on the couch.
Slats, never mind, I'll sleep
out there. You sleep in here.
- Oh, no, no, no.
- I'm trying to tell you...
No, no, no. Oliver!
No, you see, he's afraid
to sleep by himself.
Every night I have to look under the
beds to make sure there's no one there.
- I'll do that for you tonight.
- Wait a minute!
Left hand, please, left hand.
Give me your left hand.
What're you doing?

He loves to dance.
I meant to tell you.
I like to dance
before I go to bed.
All right, all right.
Go ahead, pack in, boys.
I'll sleep outside.
Pleasant dreams.
Okay.

Johnson:

getting late. Get undressed.
Oh no. Wait a minute.
What're you gonna do?
Put these under the bed.
Not under this bed.
Mr. Johnson, let me polish them.
I'll clean 'em. First thing in the
morning, I'll give you your shoes.
You don't want to go out
with dirty shoes, do you?
All right,
I'll take this bed.
No-oo, not this bed,
Mr. Johnson, please.
This one over here. Go ahead, Mr.
Johnson, it's a much better bed.
It's a very hard bed on this side.
This is a very good bed.
The mattress is wonderful.
It's down... the whole thing.
Down! Down! Down!
Down! Do-own!
Mr. Johnson,
I made a mistake.
Will you please take
the other bed?
Why?!
I think you'll sleep better.
Please take the other bed.
They both look alike to me.
I know, but it's
a much better bed.
I know you're gonna

love this here one.

Whoo!

Mr. Johnson, Mr. Johnson!

Not this bed.

I think that my first choice
was the best one.

Why don't you make up
your mind?!

Don't forget it!

Make up your mind, you!

I'm gonna go to sleep with you,

Mr. Johnson,

and I'll put on

my pajamas.

Thank you.

- Hey!

- Get your head in there!

Hey, you, get out!

Get out!

- What's the matter?

- I'm gotta get you out.

Get... get out!

Help!

Get out! Hurry up!

Get out!

Out! Out!

Out! Get your...

Hey, what's

this "out" business?

I was trying

to get your head out.

It was hurting.

I'll never get any rest in...

What happened to my shoes?

What did you do

with my shoes?!

I want my shoes!

I want my hat.

I mean, good night.

- Get a load of Kirkland. Why, the old wolf!

- Open it up, Patty.

- Yeah, let's see the rest.

- Okay.

Oh, stash it.

Here comes Romeo.

Get Diane and Molly and bring them to the furnace room, will ya?

Yeah.

Oh, Mr. Kirkland, swell publicity.

And a nice picture of you.

You mind your own business, will you?

- Oliver, the furnace room, quick!

- Okay.

- Oliver, hurry up!

- All right!

- Gee, gimme a chance.

- Yeah, give him a chance.

- I just said that.

- Oh, that's where I heard it.

How are we gonna find out what's going on in the dean's office?

- That's as simple as A, B... what comes after B?

- C.

See? I tell you what you do.

Come here.

Now, look, this is my secret.

Don't tell anybody, nobody at all.

All I got to do is turn this on.

Follow me. Come here.

Kirkland:

magazine cover make a fool out of me,

but it's a disgrace

to all Bixby.

The dean's office.

Benson:

you and the school appear refreshingly human.

Attaboy, Larry.

And this scandalous notoriety

was prepared with your approval?

Certainly not. But I do think it's

going to prove a real help to the school.

I'll tell you what's going to

prove a real help to the school...

now, today...

the expulsion of Miss McCarthy,
and your resignation as dean.
You forget that my contract runs
till the end of the school term.
You mean you intend to hold
the regents to that contract?
For the good
of the school, yes.
Very well, young man, you'll be
a dean without a school.
I will demand the delinquent
mortgage payments immediately.
By the end of the week,
I'll close the whole school up.
And I'll keep it closed
until your contract expires.
- You wouldn't dare!
- Oh, wouldn't I?!

You just wait
till Monday and see.
Isn't there any way out?
Not unless we can raise enough
money to pay that mortgage.
Is there \$20,000
in the house?
- We could take up a collection.
- I have \$1.80 in my piggy bank.
- I know the kids'll chip in.
- I'll tell you what we can do...
if we can raise a lot of money,
we could bet on a horse race.
Yeah, all we need is a sure-fire
horse, guaranteed to pay 100-to-1.
I know a basketball
game that'll pay 20-to-1.
- Our team against Carlton?
- Mm-hmm.

At 20-to-1, we'll only have
to raise \$1,000.
- \$1,000? That's a lot of money.
- You can say that again.
Okay.
\$1,000 is a lot of money.
This ought to bring in enough

money to bet on the basketball game.
I hope so.

All:

Woman:

One look at you
And all my dreams
came true

All:

How could there be
A greater love for me?

All:

There was a time...

Woman:

I used to lie on my pillow

All:

Drifting along on a star
But now I find

Woman:

I don't rely on my pillow

All:

I don't care
if I never dream again
Since I found you
There's
no more dreamin' to do

All:

Oh-ahh...
Oh-ahh!
It's good for you.
What is this?
Oyster stew.
- Any oysters in it?
- Certainly not.
Whoever heard of an
oyster stew with an oyster?

- I'm afraid of oysters.
- Go ahead and eat it.
Not with a fork... spoon.
What are you doing?
I think there's
a wild oyster in there.
- What are you talking about?
- There is, Slats.
Oh, stop. Look at that.
There's no oysters in there.
Go ahead and eat your stew and behave
yourself. I'm reading the paper.
Okay.
What are you doing
over there?
What's the matter with you?
Shh, quiet.
Would you stop splashing?
What are you doing?
Oh, wipe yourself off.
Here they are.
Hello, Oliver.
- How much money did you get?
- \$504.82.
Isn't there anyone who'll bet
40-to-1 on Carlton?
- 20-to-1 is the best we can get.
- We've got to promote another 500.
Yes.
Here.
Hear what I have to say.
I mean...
Hey, wait a minute. I've
got an idea. Don't go away.
McGurk!
Hiya, Slats!
Well, you're good
for sore eyes.
Say, are you still wrestling
for those big purses, tiger?
Nah, not me.
I'm workin' for Murphy now.
That's me,
the Masked Marvel.

I'm making enough dough
to buy me banana fudge sundaes.

Is that you?

Hey, wait a minute.

How would you like

to make \$500?

- 500 bucks?

- Now, don't get excited.

What do I have to do?

I am not gonna wrestle

that big guy.

- Yes, you will.

- No, I won't!

- Yes, you will!

- No, I won't!

- I said you would.

- I won't.

You're a coward.

All right,

but I'm a live coward.

- Come on, let's get...

- Where's Honest Dan?

- He's not in here?

- Say what're you two doing in here anyhow?

Doing? Oliver here is going
to wrestle the Masked Marvel.

- Oliver you're going to...

- Get up!

- You want to ruin your hat?

- I'm gonna make a bet on this.

Hey, did you hear that?

Shut up!

I told you to stay away
from those soda fountains.

- Hiya, Dan.

- Strangler Johnson, am I glad to see you!

- Are you still in good shape?

- Sure, why?

I'll give you \$50 if you'll
be the Masked Marvel tonight.

- What's the matter with him?

- He ate too many banana fudge sundaes.

You mean I'd get to wrestle
that little guy across the hall?

Yeah.

Give me that mask.

- I'm not gonna wrestle the Masked Marvel!

- Why not?

I'm scared!

Why?

He's as big as a bull.

Well then,

wrestle him like a bull.

Look, just walk into that arena

like a matador,

jump into the ring

like a toreador,

and wrestle him

like a picador.

And they'll carry me out

like a cuspidor.

Come on, get this off...

I am telling you, Slats,

I am not going to wrestle him.

He's too big!

- I won't.

- You will.

- I won't!

- You will.

I won't... he's too big!

I don't care how big he is.

He don't scare me.

- **Man:**

- You know...

Oliver! Oliver! My hero!

Here's a rabbit's foot

for luck.

The rabbit had four of 'em...

it didn't do him any good.

Ha! Don't worry,

I'm right behind you.

Feel that.

Yeah, feel that.

That's enough, let go.

- What's the matter?

- Let go, you're squeezin' too tight!

Well, good luck! Ooh.

Oh, come on, get in the
ring, get in the ring.
All right, all right.
- See that?
- Don't worry about a thing.
What are you doing?
Get over here.
Come over here and sit down.
Come over here
and sit down.
Now get with it.
Go ahead.
What are you doing
down there?
Ladies and gentlemen,
presenting the Bixby Bulldog,
Oliver Quakenbush!
- I don't want to wrestle.
- Quiet, everything's all right.

Announcer :

the champion of all champions,
the Masked Marvel!
If the Masked Marvel
is defeated,
the Bixby Bulldog
will receive \$1,000.
Come here, come here,
come here, come here!
- Did you see what he did?
- It's all right. All right.
Take it easy, take it easy.
Listen, everything is fixed.
Don't worry about a thing.
You are going to win this match.
What do you mean,
everything's fixed?
Shh. It's all in the bag.
I've arranged for everything.
Why do you wait
until now to tell me?
Because you've got too big a mouth.
You'd went and splattered it all over.
Now listen, we've got to win

this \$1,000 for the school.

We've got to have it. It's up to you to get in there and do it.

It's all fixed,

he won't harm you in the least.

- Is that masked guy in on it?

- Sure he is.

- He knows it's all fixed?

- Certainly he does.

- And this match is gonna help Patty?

- Why, it'll save the school.

- Get your hands off me. You're talkin' to a wrestler.

- Attaboy, now you're talkin'.

- Easy! Take it easy.

- For Bixby!

That's it, for Bixb... oooh!

For Bixby.

- Take it easy.

- All right, take it easy.

Attaboy, go out there

and give it to him.

- Come on.

- Take the coat.

- All right. Go ahead.

- For Bixby.

Throw out your chest,

throw out your chest.

- How far?

- All right, throw it out.

- I'm not through with it yet.

- Throw it... all right, go ahead.

- Attaboy. Look at that.

- Don't bruise me.

Announcer:

Come on, let's go.

- Gentlemen...

- Yes, sir.

...this is going to be a clean wrestling match.

- You can't hit

in the stomach like this.

- You can't gouge the eyes like this.

- Oh no, no... cut it out!

And you can't use
the elbow like this!
So get to your corner
and come out wrestling.
Slats! Slats!
Slats!
- Oliver, are you hurt?
- Don't worry, it's all fixed.
Where's Sla-aats?!
Oliver, now you've got him!
You would've had him.
Hello?
Oliver, It's for you.
- Tell 'em I'm all tied up!
- All right.
You win.
I'll disqualify you if you don't
keep your head out of the ropes.
You're on top now, Oliver.
Oliver, play fair!
Thanks very much.
Hello, Mr. Johnson.
Oliver,
get up off that floor!
Oliver, now get up
off the floor.
Listen, now don't be...
Boy, am I in a mess.
Now you've got him, Oliver.
Floor him, Oliver!
The winner!
Oh! Ollie!
So you're permitting
competitive athletics?
- Another violation of tradition.
- That's right.
Final gesture of defiance
before I close the school, huh?
I don't think you'll
close the school, Dad,
thanks to those girls
and the caretakers.
- What's that?
- There's one thing you've accomplished, Mr. Kirkland.

Your attitude has given Bixby more
real spirit than it's ever had before.

Hooray for our side

Sure as shootin' we are
rootin' for the right side

You know

we never give up

You know we never
give in

And if we lose instead of win,
we'll still be wearin' a grin

Hooray for our side

We'll be fightin', fightin',
fightin' all the way

Let the foe be strong,
let the foe be tall

Just don't forget
the bigger they come

Kaboom!

The harder they fall

Our team is our pride

So a-rickety-rixby,

here's to Bixby

Hullaba, hullaba, yay!

For our side hooray!

- You want to bet money on Bixby?

- Yeah, what odds?

Against Bixby, 20-to-1, on anything
from backgammon to baseball.

20-to-1?

I got \$1,000 I want to bet on Bixby
to beat Carlton in the basketball game.

- \$1,000? That's a
lot of money. - Mm-hmm.

Go on, Dan, take it.

Okay, it's a bet, 20-to-1.

- He accepted it.

- So what?

- Now, I got to bet.

- That's what we want.

Look you, you have the money

over at the game,

because as soon as it's finished,

the big payoff must come.

I'll be there.
What was that?
Nuts.
Hm-hm-hm!
All right!
Hm-hm-hm... hm!
Here, here, here,
come on.
That's makin'
an easy \$1,000.
There's something
you don't know.
Bixby has
a pretty good team.
Why did you talk me
into covering a grand?
There's something else
you don't know.
That Carlton coach and me
are just like that.
And I'm going over
to Carlton...
Hooray for our side
Sure as shootin' we are
rootin' for the right side
You know we never give up
You know we never give in
And if we lose instead of win,
we'll still be wearin a grin
Hooray for our side...
Good afternoon,
ladies and gentlemen.
This is Bill Stern
speaking from Carlton College.
And now we bring you today's
longshot sports event...
the unknown, unheralded,
girls basketball team from Bixby,
as they attempt to upset the undefeated
conference champions from Carton!
While the teams are
taking their last warm-up shots,
I think it's about time for me
to run down the starting line-up.

For Bixby, at right forward,

Molly McCarthy.

At left forward,

Hortense Harris.

At center...

- She's great. You know, Patty...

- Huh?

she's almost as good

as Daisy Dimple,

the world's champion girl

basketball player... almost as good.

- We're gonna beat you! We're gonna beat...

- Shh! Quiet.

That's the third basket in a row

for this fast-breaking Bixby team.

Bixby... six,

Carlton... nothing.

You said they'd be here

before the game.

That's what they told me.

What's the meaning of this?

Excuse us, grandpa, but we've

got to get to Carlton College quick.

- You going that way?

- As a matter of fact, I am.

- We're going with you.

- Oh, you're going with me.

Nice. All right.

Stern:

with the amazing Bixby team

leading by as score of 20-16.

Across the floor, where the Bixby

stands are really jumping,

their band and glee club

are preparing

some between-the-halves

entertainment.

Let's switch down

to our floor microphone.

Patty:

Hoy, hoy, hoy,

whatcha waitin' for?

Joy, joy, joy,
gave a how do you do
Now that Friday's gone,
it's 10-to-1
There's a lot of fun
in sight
Jumpin' on Saturday night
- We're behind you
- Hi, hi, hi, Mr. Boogie man
Try, try, try,
jivin' if you can
My, my, my,
what's the matter with you?
If you're in a fix
and want some kicks
You'll be higher
than a kite
Jumpin' on Saturday night
We'll make
a gay heyday of it
That's the way of it
Blue days are taboo
We'll make a right,
bright night of it
Don't lose sight of it
There's plenty to do

All:

Are you ready?
Boy, boy, boy,
don't you want to shout?
Hoy, hoy, hoy, how you
makin' out?
Joy, joy, joy,
knows a lot about you
When you hit the track,
you're jumpin' jack
Just be careful
where you light
Jumpin' on Saturday night!

All:

I!
X!

B!
Y!
B-I-X-B-Y!
Bi-iixby!

Crowd:

Bixby! Bixby! Hooray!
Here you are, my dear.
- Sit right here, Dad, I've saved the best seat for you.
- Thanks.
Hey!
- Look at those big amazings.
- Amazons.
They dwarf the other girls. There's
not one of them less than 6 feet tall!
They're giants, or maybe
I ought to say giantesses.
Remember, we'll get
that McCarthy girl first.
She's number three.
- Are you all right, Molly?
- Are you all right, Molly?
- I'm okay.
- Take care of her, Oliver.
Our best player. Okay.
I'll take care of her.
Molly McCarthy's leaving
the floor limping badly.
Oh, that's a terrible break
for Bixby.
Molly's been the sparkplug
of their team.
The horn blows
and the game goes on.
Anymore of that rough stuff,
I'll forfeit the game to Bixby.

Stern:

is knocked out cold.
That last basket counts.
Carlton's now in the lead,
22-20.
They're carrying
the referee out,

and Lucille Walters, the Bixby
center who was hurt on that same play.
This surprise Carlton team
is big and rough... very rough!
There're no substitutes left
on the Bixby bench
and no referee!
I wonder what Bixby will do now.
The coaches are talking it over
in front of the Bixby bench.
Anybody you want
is okay with me.
Slats, go in and referee
the rest of the game.
But we have
no more substitutes.
Oh yes we have... me.
- Can you dribble?
- No, but I can drool a little.
Oo-oh!
- Don't run with it, give it to somebody.
- Here!
- I don't want it!
- I don't want it either.
This game is for big girls,
not for little girls like me!
Right here! Attababy!
I got it. I got it.
Come on, Mable, attagirl!
Those last eight points
were practically given to Carlton
by Bixby's substitute center,
who is probably the worst
basketball player I've ever seen.
- What do I do with it?
- Throw it away.
Okay.
Oliver, you threw it
in the wrong basket.
Oh, Oliver! Oliver!
Oliver, are you all right?
Oh, my head.
Who are you?
- Why, I'm Patty.

- Pleased to meet you.
- Who are you?
- I'm Slats.
Never saw you before in my life.
My head, my head!
That bump must have
knocked him wacky.
- Who am I?
- You're O...
You're Daisy Dimple, the greatest
girl basketball player in the world.
I am?
Yeah.
Then on with the game.
On with the game!
- Let's go.
- Positions, girls, positions!
It's in! It's in!
This amazing girl has just made the
score 28 for Bixby to Carlton's 30!
The game's nearly over.
Another basket'll tie the score.
And Bixby ties the score
at 30 to 30.
There are only seconds
left to play.
That substitute center's
unbelievable,
incredible, impossible!
She's a one-girl tornado.
Come on, out of that.
Come on, get up!
Up. There we are.
Hello, Patty.
Hello, Slats.
- Hello, Daisy.
- Daisy, my name is Oliver.
- No, no, your name's Daisy.
- I'm a boy!
My name never was Daisy.
Well, it is now.
Oh, did I hurt you, Oliver?
Who are you callin' Oliver?
My name is Daisy.

Please.
Positions, girls, positions!
Everybody, positions!
Hm, Oliver.
Never heard of the boy.
My head! Whoo!
What do I do?
Hey! throw it to me, Oliver!
Me, Oliver! Throw it!
And Carlton wins 32-30.
I won't tell you how,
you'd never believe me.
Lois, Louise... I mean,
I didn't mean to lose the game,
because I did my best.
Patty...
I tried hard.
Slats, I didn't mean
to lose the game.
I...
Everybody thinks
I wanted to lose the game.

Dan:

when you saved me all this dough.
The little guy thought
he was going to be a hero.

Johnson:

everything was in the bag.
Well, here's the payoff.
- Slats!
- Where'd you get that money?
I stole the money and I'm gonna wind up
in jail, but at least I'll save Bixby.
Come on! Come on!
Step on it, grandpa,
those guys have our dough.

Man:

Say, what am I, a taxi?
Look at the big fish hook.
Fish hook? That's the
anchor. That goes overboard.

- Get up.

- Oliver:

Now look what you've done...
headin' us right back into trouble.
Come on, help me raise this
sail. Come on, come on, come on!
Never mind. Sail the boat.
Come on, lift it up. Hurry up.
What are you pushing me
out here for?
There's more room over there.
What are you trying to do?
Break that boom? Come on in here.
Out of the way!
Get out!
Will you watch out?
Look out!
Look out! Slats!
Silly drivers!
Out of the way!
Slats, pull me in!

Johnson:

Hey, watch where you're going!
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Get it out!
Oh! Oh!
That hurts! Whoo!
Stay on the road! Keep it on
the road! Keep it on the road!
What's the matter?
Get 'em off, get 'em off.
What's wrong with you?
After all...
What's the matter with you?
Just a little more, Slats.
Come on, Slats.
Well, we saved the school.
- There's your money, Dan.
- That's not your money. That belongs to the boys.
- But Carlton won.
- Oh no, they didn't.
They had a professional team

playing for them... the Amazons.
Well, he played for Bixby,
and he's a ringer.
Five ringers to one,
the game is forfeited to Bixby.
You heard that...
five ringers to one.
- Hey, that's my dough!
- Ahh!

Woman:

Where's our dough?
Here's your money, Oliver.
- Here's the money, Slats.
- Here's the money, Dean.
Here's the money,
Mr. Kirkland.
Well, right back
from where we started.
Rickety-rixby,
here's to Bixby
Hullaba, hullaba, yay
For our side
Hooray!
Hooray, hooray!
Hooray for Kirkland!
Hooray
for Kirkland!
You shouldn't be
cheering for me.
Do your yelling for the man
who has taught me
what real school spirit means...
Oliver Quakenbush!

Crowd:

Hooray! Hooray!
Hooray!
And may I add,
well done, Oliver,
well done.
It certainly is.
Our team is our pride
So a-rickety-rixby,

here's to Bixby
Hullaba, hullaba, yay
For our side
Hooray!