

The Lady Eve Script - Dialogue Transcript

{ Whistling }

[Birds Chirping]

Once a day is plenty.

Just a couple of flies, a sip of milk

and perhaps a pigeon's egg on Sundays.

I certainly will, Professor.

Keep her warm as you get farther north,

and let her out of her box to play.

I certainly will, Professor.

Tell Dr. Marzditz I have named

her Columbrina Marzditzia.

And this is only the beginning of

what I am bringing out when I come out.

I'll do that,

and I want to tell you...

I want to tell you how much I've enjoyed

being on this expedition with you.

If I had my way, this is the way

I'd like to spend all my time,

in the company of men like yourselves

in the pursuit of knowledge.

So long, Lulu.

I'll send you a postcard.

[Birds Chirping, Animal Hooting]

Good-bye, Charlie. If you get a chance

to come back, this is where we'll be.

Give my affectionate

salutations to your father.

Thank him for making the Pike expedition

possible and, I hope, a success.

- I will, Professor.

- Good-bye, my boy.

- Good-bye, Muggsy.

- So long. Don't take no wooden money.

- Good-bye, Sparky.

- Good-bye, Charlie.

- Bye, Mac.

- Good-bye, Charlie.

- Bye, boys.

- So long, "Sarlie."

- So long, gang.

- So long, Muggsy.

{ Whistling }

Be careful of the traffic.

You haven't dodged any in a long time.

And be careful of the dames. You've

not dodged them for a long time either.

- You know me, Mac, nothing but reptiles.

- That's right, my boy.

[Mac]

Good-bye.

{ Horn Blowing]

{ Gurgling, Whistling]

{ High Whistle]

There he is!

[Bobby Whistle Blowing]

[Woman] You'd think he'd have a

bigger yacht than that if he's so rich.

- That isn't a yacht. That's a tender.

- What's a tender?

- I said Pabst.

- It was Pike.

- So what?

- Go put on your shorts.

- You can try.

- Mom, it makes me puke.

- Puke?

- No, Pike!

Go put on your peekaboo.

- Get down there and make it fast.

- Aye, aye, sir.

{ Whistling }

Gee, I hope he's rich.

I hope he thinks he's a wizard at cards.

From your lips to the ear

of the Almighty.

I hope he's got a fat wife so I don't

have to dance in the moonlight with him.

A sucker always steps

on your feet.

- A mug is a mug in everything.

- I don't see why I have to do the work.

There must be plenty of rich old dames

just waiting for you to push 'em around.

You find 'em.

I'll push 'em.

Would I like to see you giving some

old harpy the three-in-one.

- Don't be vulgar, Jean.

Let us be crooked but never common.

- Is he rich?

As the purser so picturesquely put it,

he's dripping with dough.

- He'd almost have to be to stop a boat.

- What does he own, Pike's Peak?

Oh, no, no. Pike's Pale,

"The ale that won for Yale."

[Whistle Blowing]

- I wonder if I could clunk him.

- Don't do that!

Hey!

- Two Pike's Pale.

- Now, wait a minute!

Six more Pike's Pale,

and make it snappy.

Are you trying to embarrass me?

We're all out of Pike's.

- Work 'em over on something else.

- They don't want nothin' else.

They want the ale that won for Yale.

Rah, rah, rah!

Well, tell 'em

to go to Harvard.

- [Man] Come on.

- How many times do I have to tell ya...

- Four Pike's Pale.

- Now listen!

{ Hiccups }

- Not good enough.

- What 'd you say?

I said they're not good enough for him.

EveryJane in the room...

is giving him the thermometer, and

he feels they're just a waste of time.

He's returning to his book.

He's deeply immersed in it.

He's sees no one except... Watch

his head turn when that kid goes by.

It won't do you any good, dear.

He's a bookworm, but swing 'em anyway.

Ah, how about this one?

How would you like that hanging

on your Christmas tree?

Oh, you wouldn't?

Well, what is your weakness, brother?

Holy smoke,

the dropped kerchief!

Hasn't been used since Lily Langtry.

You'll have to pick it up yourself.

It's a shame that he doesn't care

for the flesh. He'll never see it.

Look at that girl over to his left.

Look over to your left, bookworm.

There's a girl pining for you.

A little further.

Just a little further. There!

Wasn't that worth looking for?

See those nice teeth beaming at you?

Why, she recognizes you. She's up.

She's down. She can't make up her mind.

She's up again. She recognizes you.

She's coming over to speak to you.

The suspense is killing me.

Why, for heaven's sake,

Aren't you Fuzzy Oldhammer

I went to manual training school with?

You're not? You certainly look exactly

like him... a remarkable resemblance.

If you're not going to ask me to sit,

I suppose you're not going to ask me.

Sorry. I certainly hope I haven't

caused you any embarrassment.

I wonder if my tie's on straight.

I certainly upset them, don't I?

Who else? The lady champion wrestler.

Wouldn't she make a houseful?

You don't like her either.

What are you going to do about it?

You just can't stand it anymore.

You're leaving.

These women don't give you a moment's

peace, do they? Go sulk in your cabin.

Go soak your head

and see if I care!

[Dishes Clattering]

I'm very sorry, sir.

That's all right.

- Why don't you look where you're going?

- Why don't / look?

- Look, you knocked the heel off.

- Oh, I did? I'm sorry.

You did, and you can take me right to
my cabin for another pair of slippers.

- The least I can do. My name's Pike.

- Everybody knows.

Nobody's talking about

anything else.

This is my father Colonel Harrington.

My name is Jean. It's really Eugenia.

- Funny our meeting like this, isn't it?

- Yes, isn't it?

{ Chuckling }

- This is quite a cabin.

- Pretty cozy, isn't it?

{ Sniffing }

- Holy Moses!

- What's the matter?

- That perfume.

- What's the matter with it?

It's just that I've been up the Amazon

for a year, and they don't use perfume.

Oh. The shoes are over here.

Because you were so polite, you can pick

them out and put them on if you like.

Push that side. There.

- Holy Moses!

- See anything you like?

- The evening slippers are over there.

- { Chuckles }

Those the ones you want?

Doesn't seem possible

for anybody to wear anything that size.

Oh, that's pretty.

You'll have to kneel down.

- I hope I didn't hurt you.

- Of course you didn't.

Don't you feel well?

Oh, I'm all right.

- What were you doing up the Amazon?

- Looking for snakes.

- I'm an ophiologist.

- I thought you were

in the beer business.

- Beer? Ale!

- What's the difference?

- Between beer and ale?

- Yes.

My father'd burst a blood vessel

if he heard you say that.

There's a big difference. Ale's sort
of fermented on the top or something.

And beer's fermented on the bottom.

Or maybe it's the other way around.

There's no similarity at all.

The trouble with being
descended from a brewer,

no matter how long ago he "brewed-ed"

or whatever you call it,

you're supposed to know all about

something you don't give a hoot about.

It's funny to be kneeling here

at your feet talking about beer.

You see, I don't like beer.

Bock beer, lager beer or steam beer.

- Don't you?

- I do not!

And I don't like pale ale, brown ale,

nut brown ale, porter or stout,

which makes me "ulp"

just to think about it.

Excuse me.

Wasn't enough, so everybody would

call me Hopsie ever since I was six.

- Hopsie Pike.

- Hello, Hopsie.

- Make it, Charlie, will you?

- { Laughing}

All right, but there's something

kinda cute about Hopsie.

And when you get older,

I could call you Popsie. Hopsie Popsie.

- That's all I'd need.

- { Laughs }

Here's a business I wouldn't mind.

I never realized how lovely it could be.

Oh, thank you.

We'd better get back now.

Yes, I guess so.

You see, where I've been... I mean,

up the Amazon, you kind of forget how...

I mean, when you haven't seen

a girl in a long time...

I mean, uh, there's something

about that perfume that...

- Don't you like my perfume?

- Like it? I'm cockeyed on it.

Why, Hopsie, you ought

to be kept in a cage.

The nerve of some people.

Ah, there you are.

It certainly took you long enough

to come back in the same outfit.

I'm lucky to have this on.

Mr. Pike has been up a river for a year.

- Now, look, l...

- Pay no attention to my daughter.

It always comes out

in the women of our family.

- The men are all missionaries,

with the exception of myself.

- And what an exception.

- Won't you have a drink with us?

- Just a brandy. You have it with me.

- Three brandies.

- Yes, sir.

Have you seen this one?

- Oh, he does card tricks!

- In a small way, of course.

Well, bless my soul.

Do that again, will you?

Amazing.

How do you do it?

You palm it in this hand. You grip it

in the palm of the hand like this.

- It takes a good deal of practice.

- I can well imagine it might.

Amazing. It's good I know who you are

or I wouldn't play cards with you.

Sir?

- You didn't really think that, uh...

- Oh, of course not, silly.

- You look as honest as we do.

- Three brandies.

- Washington and Valley Forge.

- Dewey and Manila.

Napoleon and Josephine.

- Say, how about a rubber of bridge?

- You're probably too good for us.

I don't have to play my best.

Besides, playing with you...

- would always be a pleasure.

- Aren't you sweet?

Who'll we get for a fourth?

Isn't there a three-handed game?

I seem vaguely to remember having...

Of course there is, and it'll be

much cozier. Will you shuffle?

- Well, I'll try.

- Every man for himself.

- I, uh, what?

- Um.

Oh. Well...

You go up the Amazon for a year,

and then you come out and meet you...

[Jean Laughing]

[Passengers Chattering]

- I'll be a cockeyed cookie pusher!

- Ha!

- What's the matter now?

- Come on, deal them shingles.

You don't happen to have some beautiful

damsel pining for you, do you?

- That often explains it.

- Come on. Let's go.

- I really feel very guilty about this.

- Don't let it worry you.

It's a good thing we're not playing for

money, or I'd have you in bankruptcy.

- This last hand alone...

- Weren't we playing for money?

Of course not.

I never play for money.

We always play for money. Otherwise,

it's like swimming in an empty pool.

- If you count that last redouble, it's...

- Nonsense, my boy.

- At ten cents a point?

- At ten cents a point?

Purely nominal.

Now, let me see. Five, ten...

- You'll ruin us.

- Four ninety-eight. Roughly \$500.

- Oh, wait a minute.

- Father's in the oil business.

It just keeps bubbling up

out of the ground.

- I thought with the title of colonel...

- Purely honorary.

- How much do I owe the sucker?

- Now, let me see. Two, four, six...

Who's that funny-looking

gink watching us?

- Everything on the up-and-up?

- Everything's okay. Go to bed.

/ 'm way ahead.

- All right.

- Who's that, your nurse?

That 's Muggsy.

My father took him off a truck

when I was a kid to look out for me.

Kidnappers, stuff like that.

He's been sort of a bodyguard, governess

and a very bad valet ever since.

He saved my life once in a brawl.

- Roughly \$100.

- That's rough enough.

- Since I had no understanding that...

- Don't worry. I'll get it back.

- Well, if that's a promise.

- You can depend upon it.

- I'll certainly feel better.

- You certainly will.

/ think /'ll toddle off...

and leave you young people to talk

about whatever young people talk about.

- I'm awfully sorry about this.

- Beeswax, my boy, beeswax.

- Good night, Jeanie.

- Good night, darling.

- He's a nice fellow, your father.

- He's a good card player too.

You think so?

I don't want to be rude,

- but he seemed a little uneven.

- He's more uneven sometimes than others.

That's what makes him uneven.

But now you, on the other hand,

with a little coaching,

you could be terrific.

- Do you really think so?

- Yes, you have a definite nose.

I'm glad you like it.

Do you like any of the rest of me?

Oh, what I meant was

in the card-playing sense...

I know what you meant.

I was just flirting with you.

Oh.

You're not going to faint,

are you?

Who, me?

Uh, it's that perfume.

Oh.

Do you think they're

dancing anyplace on board?

Don't you think

we ought to go to bed?

You're certainly a funny girl

for anybody to meet...

who's just been up

the Amazon for a year.

Good thing you weren't

up there two years.

Come on.

{ Laughing }

Good night.

- I'm afraid we're on the wrong deck.

- Isn't that a coincidence?

- For heaven's sake, here's my cabin.

- Fantastic!

{ Clears Throat }

Would you care to come in and see Emma?

That's a new one, isn't it?

{ Laughs }

- Shh. I don't want to wake her up.

- Wake who up?

- Emma.

- Emma? I thought that was just a gag.

Technically,

she's a Columbrina Marzditzia,

which seems to be a rare type

of Brazilian glass snake, which I'm...

- A snake!

- She seems to have got out again.

- She's out?

- Well, don't worry.

She's around here someplace.

- Let me out of here!

- Oh, don't be frightened.

She's as playful as a kitten.

- You mustn't really...

- { Screaming }

Don't do that!

How's that going...

{ Screaming Continues}

/'m sorry. / wouldn't have frightened

you for anything in the world.

- Why didn't you tell me...

- I thought you understood.

How could I understand? Why should

I suspect an apparently civilized man...

- Please.

- Oh. Look under the bed.

- How could she possibly get down here?

- Please!

- Oh, all right.

- Please.

- Oh!

- It's just a stocking.

If you see any more, just leave

them there. Now, look in the bed.

- In the bed? How could she possibly...

- Oh, go on now.

- You know how fast we came down,

i i

so you can magne...

- Oh!

It's nothing, but it might

have given you a shock.

- Nothing like a cold hot water bottle.

- Oh!

They would have had

to bury me at sea.

Come over here and sit down

beside me. Oh.

- Comfortable?

- Yes, very.

Oh, sorry.

Hold me tight.

Oh, you don't know

what you've done to me.

I'm terribly sorry.

Oh, that's all right.

I wouldn't have frightened you

for anything in the world.

I mean, if there's anyone

in the world I wouldn't have wanted to,

it's you.

You're very sweet.

Don't let me go.

Thank you.

{ Sighs }

How was everything up the Amazon?

A-All right, thank you.

What are you thinking about?

Nothing.

Are you always going

to be interested in snakes?

Well, snakes are my life in a way.

What a life.

Oh, I-I suppose

it does sound sort of silly.

I mean, I suppose I should have

married and settled down.

I imagine my father

always wanted me to.

As a matter of fact,

he's told me so rather plainly.

I just never cared

for the brewing business.

Oh. You say that's

why you've never married?

Oh, no. It's just that I...

I've never met her.

I suppose she's around

somewhere in the world.

It would be too bad

if you never bumped into each other.

Well...

l-I suppose you know

what she looks like and everything.

I think so.

I'll bet she looks like

Marguerite in Faust.

Oh, no, she isn't...

I mean, she hasn't...

She's not as bulky as an opera singer.

- Oh. How are her teeth?

- Huh?

You should always pick one out with

good teeth. It saves expense later.

- Oh, now you're kidding me.

- Not badly.

You have a right to have an ideal.

Oh, I guess we all have one.

What does yours look like?

He's a little short guy

with lots of money.

- Why short?

- What does it matter if he's rich?

It's so he'll look up to me,

so I'll be his ideal.

- That's a funny kind of reasoning.

- Well, look who's reasoning.

And when he takes me out to dinner,

he'll never add up the check.

And he won't smoke greasy cigars

or use grease on his hair, and...

- Oh, yes, he won't do card tricks.

- Oh!

Oh, it's not that I mind

your doing card tricks, Hopsie.

It's just that you naturally wouldn't

want your ideal to do card tricks.

I shouldn't think that kind of ideal

was so difficult to find.

Oh, he isn't.

That's why he's my ideal.

What's the sense of having one

if you can't ever find him?

Mine is a practical ideal...

you can find two or three of

in every barber shop getting the works.

Why don't you marry one of them?

Why should I marry

anybody that looked like that?

When I marry, it's going to be somebody

I've never seen before.

I won't know what he looks like or

where he'll come from or what he'll be.

I want him to sort of

take me by surprise.

Like a burglar.

That's right.

And the night will be

heavy with perfume,

and I'll hear a step behind me...

and somebody breathing heavily.

And then...

Oh!

Ohhh! You better go to bed, Hopsie.

I think I can sleep peacefully now.

I wish I could say the same.

Why, Hopsie!

[Sea Gulls Squawking]

Ah, good morning, Mr. Murgatroyd.

- I trust I see you full of sparkle.

- Morning.

- Have a dish of tea?

- I had my breakfast.

Where I come from

we get up in the morning.

And where did it get you?

Or is that a personal question?

- Where did it get me?

- Good morning, sir.

Fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs, eggs

and sausage, sausage and hot cakes,

hot cakes and ham, ham and eggs,

eggs and bacon, bacon and...

Give me a spoonful of milk,

a raw pigeon's egg and four houseflies.

If you can't catch any, I'll settle

for a cockroach. I'll be on deck.

¶¶ { Whistling}

- Did you get it?

- Close enough.

- ¶¶ { Whistling}

- There. Dunk your whiskers in that.

- How much you say you win last night?

- About \$600.

- I'm going to try to lose it back.

- I don't get it.

- I lose 40 bucks to their valet,

and I figure the guy's a cutie.

- Because he took you?

Who do you think you are,

Houdini?

You don't have to be a whodunit

to tell a cold deck.

All you have to know

is the difference between hot and cold.

- That guy rung a cold deck in on me.

- Balderdash!

You're always suspicious

of everybody.

Remember the clergyman you said was a

pickpocket and he turned out a bishop?

- I still ain't so sure.

- The guy trying to slip you a mickey?

- Only he was taking aspirin.

- I ain't so sure about him neither.

I suppose you think this

gentleman and his daughter...

I lost \$600 to me just

so they could fleece me later.

- Yeah.

- Yeah?

Well, in the first place,

he happens to be Colonel Harrington,

a very important oil man.

In the second place,

I'm an expert card player.

I've been fooling with cards

all my life. I do tricks with cards.

They might know a couple of

tricks you ain't seen yet.

{ Screams }

What's the matter?

Oh, I'm sorry.

That slimy snake.

- I've been dreaming about him all night.

- You mean Pike?

No, his reptile.

He travels with a snake act.

He's a... He's an ophi...

Oh, I don't know.

He likes snakes.

You mean he isn't

in the beer business?

He's in the ale business.

It seems there's a very big difference.

You had me worried. I thought

we'd sweetened the wrong kitty.

Oh, no, he's the real McPike. Hmm.

- That poor sap. That card trick.

- Tragic.

- What are you dealing?

- Fifths.

- Like heck you're dealing fifths.

- Want to bet?

Do it again.

Now let me see the aces.

Hmm.

Now, let me see them.

- I don't believe it.

- It's just virtuosity.

{ Chuckles }

- Harry.

- Yes, darling?

Tell me my fortune.

[Bell Ringing]

[Children Shouting]

Good morning.

Thank you for the roses.

Gee, you look pretty.

I hope you slept well.

I'm still a little jumpy.

How is that, uh, Emma?

- She's just having breakfast.

- What does she eat? Don't tell me.

No, I won't.

I hope you didn't mind

my asking you to breakfast.

It wouldn't be polite

if I said I did, would it?

- No, I don't suppose it would.

- And it wouldn't be true either.

You have the darnedest way of bumping

a fellow down and bouncing him up again.

- And then bumping him down again.

- Oh.

I could imagine life with you

being a series of ups and downs,

lights and shadows, some irritation,

but very much happiness.

Why, Hopsie!

Are you proposing to me so soon?

- No, of course not. I'm just...

- Then you ought to be more careful.

- People have been sued for much less.

- Not by girls like you.

Don't you know it's dangerous to trust

people you don't know very well?

- Well, I know you very well.

- People you haven't known very long.

Oh, I've known you

a long time in a way.

Breakfast, sir?

- What did you say?

- I said breakfast, sir?

Two scotch and sodas with plain water.

You take it plain, don't you?

- Don't you take cream and sugar in it?

- No, I always drink it black.

Oh.

- Say, what am I talking about?

- That's what I was wondering.

How about a nice bicarbonate of soda

with an egg in it? It does wonders.

- He doesn't understand.

- { Laughs }

- Want the strippers on the right?

- I hardly need them, Gerald.

- I can take this boy with a deck.

- Just to be on the safe side.

- High card cuts on the outside,

cold hands in the middle.

- ¶ Cold hands I love ¶

Blue readers on the outside,

red nearest the heart.

- I could play the whole ship with these.

- Hello, Harry. Hello, Gerald.

- Hello, Jean.

- Greetings, my little minx.

I hope I find you well and that

your little pal hasn't fallen overboard.

- With our \$600.

- He's jut gone to dress for dinner.

You'd better do the same, because

we are going to play cards tonight.

- And I don't mean "old maid."

- I think Charles is in love with me.

- No!

- Of course he's in love with you.

Who is he not to be in love with you who

have beautified the North Atlantic?

- Better men than he...

- I mean on the level.

- The others were on the bias?

- Oh, stop kidding.

I'm not kidding. I was never more

delighted. You have as usual taken...

- You don't get the point. I like him.

- Why shouldn't you like him?

There's as fine a specimen of the sucker

sapiens as I've have ever seen.

- There's a man who does card tricks!

- I think he's going to ask me

to marry him.

- [Colonel] No!

- No!

- Yes.

- That's wonderful, Jean.

No wonder you're blushing.

And that fortunate young man.

- Fortunate, indeed.

- Can't you hear his pulses pounding?

His ears must be ringing

like telephone bells.

His hands are clammy

with excitement.

He won't know an ace

from a deuce.

- You weren't thinking of taking him?

- What were you thinking of?

I don't think you understand,

either of you.

This is on the up-and-up.

I-I think I'm in love

with the poor fish, snakes and all.

He's... Oh, I don't know.

He's kind of touched

something in my heart.

And I'd give a lot to be...

Well, I mean, I'm going

to be exactly the way he thinks I am.

- The way he'd like me to be.

- I'm sure that's very noble, Jean.

And I wish you all

the happiness in the world,

- All the boys and girls you want.

- You'll go straight too?

- Straight to where?

- You know what I mean.

You can come and live with us. You too,

Gerald. Well, part of the time anyway.

We'll probably have a beautiful place.

And think how peaceful you can be.

Playing cribbage with Gerald. I can see

myself roaming around your estate...

with a weedsticker, 50 cents a week and

a pair of new slippers for Christmas.

The trouble with people who reform

is they want to rain

on everybody else's parade.

- Tend to knitting. I'll play cards.

- Not with him.

- Remember that sucker has \$500 of ours?

- Six hundred.

I suppose you could take that back.

- You bet I could,

and a little dividend along with it.

- Oh, no.

- Oh, yes.

- You'll find I can play a cards myself.

- You think so?

- I'm not your daughter for free.

Give me a pack of those.

You'll find out.

Children don't respect

their parents anymore.

I haven't been quite as lucky tonight

as usual, have I?

You don't know how lucky. The colonel

has been drawing wonderful cards.

- I believe it's my deal.

- I haven't got my mind on the game.

I noticed that.

How much are you behind?

Oh, about \$3,000.

Well, well, well.

You've given me a good hand at last.

I'm glad you like it.

{ Chuckling }

You'll have to be pretty good

to beat me. I'll open for 100.

Nevertheless,

I'll raise you 100.

Too good for me.

I'm afraid I'll have

to raise you 100.

Well, you must have

something pretty good.

Still...

{ Coughing }

Excuse me.

{ Coughing Continues }

Still...

I'll raise you 100.

Sorry to see you lose your money, but I

can't let that challenge go unanswered.

And 100.

Well, you're making me very nervous.

But I must raise you 200.

A Pike doesn't know

the meaning of the word "fear."

And 100.

A Harrington doesn't know

the meaning of the word "defeat."

And 200.

What are you doing?

Oh, I'm so sorry.

I thought I'd given you six cards.

Far from it, my little minx.

Far from it.

- And 100.

- I wonder if I have enough money.

Oh, yes, plenty, plenty.

I'll raise you 1,000.

/ don't want to win so much from you,

but /'ll call you just

to show you how hopeless it is.

Cards?

Not unless you have

another queen, which I doubt.

Well, I'll see what I can do.

What do you know about that?

I thought at least

one of you had four aces.

I'll check my four queens.

What have you?

I regret to say

that I was bluffing.

Spare me the shame

of showing you on what.

Oh, say, I'm embarrassed.

- Maybe / should have laid my cards down.

- You don't think he minds?

Father loves to lose.

How do you stand now?

Oh, just about \$1,000 behind.

You're going to stop right there.

I'll meet you on a-deck in five minutes.

But I want your word of honor

that you won't play even one more hand.

You have it.

Know any more games, Harry?

{ Chuckles }

Wonderful girl.

Yes, isn't she?

I, uh...

I don't know whether

you noticed, but, uh...

If you have no objections,

it was...

It was my intention to,

uh, ask Miss Harrington...

I mean, your daughter... to, uh,

{ Clears Throat } be mine.

Why, my dear boy!

You see me astonished!

Why, that was the last thing

that entered my mind.

Bless my soul. We must have a drink

on that. Steward, two drinks.

- Well, I'm all emotional.

- Thank you, sir.

To say that I am thunderstruck

is an understatement.

She'll probably turn you down,

but anyway...

- I intend to make her as happy as I can.

- She asks very little.

- I suppose you know I'm very rich.

- Aren't we all?

I'm sorry in a way because

it would be so pleasant...

to buy lovely "nonsensities"

for somebody who'd never had them.

Wouldn't it? That's the tragedy

of the rich. They don't need anything.

As a matter of fact, Charles, I don't

even like winning \$1,000 from you...

Oh, my dear sir,

it isn't a drop in the ocean.

Why, every time the clock ticks,

14 people swig a bottle of Pike.

I don't know why,

but there you are.

It's the principle

of the thing that bothers me.

A father who wins from his own

son-in-law, how does that look?

Here, let's wipe out that 1,000.

Double or nothing.

Well, I promised Jean

I wouldn't play anymore.

This isn't playing.

This is undoing an absurdity.

Here, \$1,000.

High card takes it. Go ahead.

Why... Well...

Darn it all.

Now we'll have to try again.

- That's 2,000 I owe you.

- For the moment.

I wish you wouldn't do that.

I'm sure if you tried once more...

No, thanks. I'd rather pay 32,000

than lose a really large amount.

This is very embarrassing.

Just make it out to cash.

It could be even

more embarrassing.

Thirty-two thousand...

dollars...

and no cents.

Uh, don't mention the middle name.

I wouldn't want Jean to know it.

As a matter of fact,

I'd prefer if you wouldn't tell Jean

anything about the whole transaction.

- You may depend upon it.

- You certainly may!

- You promised you wouldn't play anymore.

- We didn't play anymore, Jean.

- We... We were just wiping out my loss.

- You need a keeper!

Now that you've taught Charles

not to play "double or nothing,"

- what are you Gonna do with that check?

- Just this, my pretty child.

You mean it was just a joke?

{ Laughing }

Why, of course.

You don't actually think I'd bleed

my own daughter's friend, do you?

Perish the thought!

Come on!

Good night.

Your check, sir.

That was a terrible lesson

the colonel almost taught me.

- Yeah, he's a great joker.

- He certainly had me fooled.

- Gee, you look lovely.

- Thank you.

I, uh... I spoke to your father

about something.

Did you?

Yes.

Would you like to go up in the bow
of the boat and stand in the wind?

I'd love to.

The air is good, isn't it? It makes
you feel all clean inside and nice.

- Don't move.

- What?

I've just understood something.

Every time I've looked at you here on

the boat, it wasn't only here I saw you.

You seemed to go way back.

I know that isn't clear,

but I saw you here, and at the same time

further away, then still further away;

and then very small,

like converging perspective lines.

That isn't it. It's like... like people

following each other in a forest glade.

Only way back there you're a little girl

with a short dress and your hair...

falling to your shoulders, and a little

boy is standing, holding your hand.

In the middle distance,

I'm still with you,

not holding your hand anymore

because it isn't manly, but wanting to.

And then still further,

we look terrible.

You with your legs like

a colt and mine like a calf.

What I'm trying to say is... only

I'm not a poet, I'm an ophiologist...

I've always loved you.

I mean, I've never loved anyone but you.

I know that sounds dull

as a drugstore novel,

and what I see inside

I'll never be able to cast into words,

but that's what I mean.

I wish we were married

and on our honeymoon now.

So do I. But it isn't

as simple as all that, Hopsie.

I'm terribly in love,

and you seem to be too.

So one of us has to think

and try and keep things clear.

Maybe I can do that better

than you can.

They say a moonlit deck

is a woman's business office.

- Are you the purser?

- Just a moment. Mr. Klink, please.

- You the purser?

- Yes. What is it, please?

I want to ask you

a "hypothermical" question.

- Maybe that would be better

to ask the doctor.

- Never mind the wisecracks.

What I want the dope on is, if there

happened to be card sharks on this tub...

Shh! Not so loud, please. In

the first place, there isn't any, and...

- Could you prove it if there was?

- A passenger is a passenger, my friend.

If he pays for his ticket and

doesn't steal the ship's towels,

who are we to go slandering him?

You don't happen to be a mouthpiece?

You talk like a law school.

I was admitted to the BAR,

if that's what you're talking about.

The drinks are on you.

I watch out for the kid, the Pike kid.

I watch out for him,

and you're gonna watch out for him,

or you'll be right on the beach

sellin' popcorn.

His old man knows your president.

A wire from me is all it takes.

When old man Pike goes into action,

you'll be in the side pocket.

- All I gotta do...

- You needn't try to intimidate me, Mr...

- Murgatroyd to you.

- Troygamoyd.

If I should discover that Mr. Pike

was in any danger of being swindled,

I might have some photographs...

confidential, of course...

of some of the better known

alleged professional card players.

Not that I admit there are any

on this ship. You understand?

Naw, they're swimming

alongside in the water.

Come in.

- Good morning.

- Good morning, Harry.

- Think you're pretty smart, don't you?

- You know I had to.

You're such an old scoundrel.

You'd skin me if you had the chance.

Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

- Are you really in love with this mug?

- Uh-huh.

Don't you think it a little dangerous?

I don't mean for us, for your heart.

They're apt to be slightly

narrow-minded, these righteous people.

A man who couldn't forgive

wouldn't be much of a man.

What about his family?

You're going to tell him

who we are before you marry him?

- I presume he's offered you marriage.

- Of course he did.

- And you're going to tell him?

- Of course.

But you're not going to tell him

till you get off the boat.

You'd have to be fair

to Gerald and to me.

Naturally.

I hope you'll never be unhappy.

I hope I'll never be more unhappy

than I am right now.

- He's waiting for you?

- Uh-huh.

- And you're in a hurry to get to him?

- Uh-huh!

- Then I'll leave you.

- { Chuckles }

- ¶¶ { Whistling }

- [Bell ringing]

¶¶ { Whistling continues }

[Children Chattering]

Good morning.

¶¶ { Whistling}

- Oh, what do you want?

- How much did you lose last night?

- Nothing. Why?

- You see?

There's something screwy somewhere.

This is a gang of sharpies.

Sherlock Holmes!

What's the matter, did you lose?

- The guy lets me win a few fish.

- So you get twice as suspicious?

- That's right?

- You ought to put handles on that skull.

- Maybe you could grow geraniums in it.

- Yeah?

Well, get a load of this and see

what you can grow in it. Gratitude!

That's what you get

for savin' a guy's life.

Philo Vance!

If you didn't lose any money last night,

I would prefer you didn't look in there.

- I didn't lose any.

- There's only one other possibility.

They might be aiming

at higher game.

What are you talking about?

You haven't fallen in love,

have you?

What's it got to do with you?

Look at the photograph. I'll take

the consequences. Good morning, sir.

[Children Chattering]

- Straight scotch.

- [Man] Yes, sir.

Why, Hopsie! What

are you doing at the bar at this hour?

- Good morning.

- Morning, darling.

You look like the last grave

over near the willow.

Are you worried about something?

- Should I be?

- Of course you should,

falling in love with a girl

in the middle of an ocean.

You see, Hopsie,

you don't know very much about girls.

The best ones aren't as good

as you probably think they are,

and the bad ones

aren't as bad.

Not nearly as bad.

You're right to worry, falling in love

with an adventuress on the high seas.

- Are you an adventuress?

- All women are. They have to be.

If you waited for a man to propose,

you'd die of old maidenhood.

That's why I let you try my slippers on,

and then I put my cheek against yours;

then I made you put

your arms around me,

and then I...

I fell in love with you,

which wasn't in the cards.

- Jean.

- Yes, darling?

What's that?

You'd better look.

Rotten likeness, isn't it?

I never cared for that picture.

Good morning. Breakfast?

Melon, grapefruit, orange juice?

- Just some coffee, please.

- Yes, indeed.

Please don't look so upset. I was going

to tell you when we got to New York.

I would have told you, only it wouldn't

have been fair to Harry and Gerald.

You never know how someone's

going to take things like that.

And... well...

maybe I wanted you to love me

a little more too.

You believe me, don't you?

You don't think I was going to marry you

without telling you?

You don't think that badly of me.

Or do you?

Why didn't you let your father

rob me last night?

If you didn't believe what I just told

you, you wouldn't believe that either.

You wouldn't understand.

Anyway, I'm...

I'm glad you got the picture

this morning instead of last night,

if that means anything to you.

It should.

You thought you were having

a lot of fun with me, didn't you?

L...

I was having a lot of fun

with you, Hopsie.

More fun than I've ever

had with anybody.

You were certainly very funny

showing Harry how to palm a card.

- You were pretty funny yourself.

- When?

Trying to play me for a sucker

when they told me who you were

the morning after I met you.

- Who told you?

- Never mind who told me.

You mean you were playing me

for a sucker?

I don't believe it.

But if you were...

If you were just trying

to make me feel cheap and hurt me,

you succeeded handsomely.

You ought to be very proud

of yourself, Mr. Pike.

{ Sobbing}

Very proud of yourself.

{ Waiter}

Your coffee, miss!

{ Sobbing}

{ Sobbing Continues}

There, there, there.

My gracious! You know you shouldn't

draw to an inside straight.

{ Sobbing}

I hate that mug. I hate him!

There, there.

{ Horn Blaring}

[Ship Horn Blaring]

When I think we let that sucker off

scot-free, it makes my blood boil!

- I told you not to mix business.

- I won't again, believe me.

- "Scot-free" is perhaps an exaggeration.

- Hmm?

[Tugboat Horn Tooting]

How did you do it?

Don't you remember he showed me

how to palm things?

With two strokes of a hot iron,

it'll come out like new.

[Ship Horn Blaring]

I feel a lot better already.

[Spectators Cheering, Shouting]

Come on, baby! Roll,

you sweet pappy! Roll them heels!

- He took it too wide.

- He'll be all right.

- In a pig's neck, he'll be all right.

- Come on, pappy!

- Pappy needs them pennies!

- Keep it down to a riot!

[Spectators Shouting]

Oh, baby, don't do that!

What I can't understand

is how he finished fifth!

There were only

five horses in the race.

What do you expect when you bet

on a goat called "After You"?

Pardon me,

but is this seat taken?

My dear Harry!

Bless my soul!

- William at the moment.

- William, of course.

I'm enchanted to see you again,

My dear William. And you, Gerald.

- And the lady pretty as a pack of aces.

- Hello, Pearlie.

Sir Alfred at the moment,

my pretty child.

Sir Alfred McGlennan Keith

at your service.

You're certainly a sight

for lame peepers. I've seen nobody,

absolutely not a soul in our set,

since the boat stopped running.

- What's your pitch, Pearlie?

- Sir Alfred.

I have a little nest on the edge

of a town called Bridgefield,

a town that's

full of millionaires.

It's in the heart of the contract

bridge belt, a wonderful game!

- Bridgefield, Connecticut?

- Precisely. I have my dogs.

I have my horses. I have

my little house. I have my antiques.

We play a little game here and a little

game there, then we play somewhere else.

Sometimes my luck is good.

Sometimes my luck is better.

- One thing and another, what a dream!

- How do you meet them?

The chumps? When one's name

is Sir Alfred McGlennan Keith, R.F.D.,

one doesn't have to meet them.

One fights them off with sticks. Then

again, just think, there's no hurry!

- You have them by the year like a lease.

- [Colonel] Ah, Pearlie.

- Tell me, do you know the Pikes?

- What do you care if he does?

Oh, do I know them?

I positively swill in their ale.

Good old Horace.

What a card player.

Do you know Charles?

Is he the tall, backward boy who's

always toying with toads and things?

- I think I have seen him skulking about.

- He isn't backward.

- He's a scientist.

- Oh, is that what it was?

I knew he was... peculiar.

Well, it's charming to have seen you

again. Now, what have we in the fifth?

- Say, Pearlie.

- Yeah?

- Could I visit you sometime?

- Could you visit me sometime?

- As your niece.

- As my niece?

My dear girl,

you have to be English.

I've been English before.

I shall be as English as necessary.

Why don't you stop talking nonsense?

Because I want to see that guy.

I've got some unfinished

business with him.

I need him like the axe

needs the turkey!

[Bell Ringing]

Better go make your bets.

¶ Come, landlord

fill the flowing bowl ¶

¶ Until it doth run over ¶

¶ For tonight

we'll merry, merry be ¶

¶ For tonight

we'll merry, merry be ¶

¶ For tonight

we'll merry, merry be ¶

¶ Tomorrow we'll be sober ¶¶

{ Phone Ringing }

Yeah.

Yeah. Yeah, that's right.

Black tie or white tie?

You can wear a green one for all I care.

What party is that?

Who's giving it?

Oh! We are!

Well, it's funny they wouldn't

say something to me about it.

{ Laughing } Yeah,

this is Mr. Pike speaking. Mr. Who?

I don't get it. I'll probably

meet you at the party tonight anyhow.

By the way, what time is it? Thanks.

Nuthouse.

¶¶ { Whistling]

¶¶ { Whistling Continues]

{ Shouting] Hey, where is everybody?

Where's my breakfast?

"Crest: A lion couchant gardant or...

holding between the paws an escutcheon

sable charged with a cock proper.

Motto: Hyphen sic erat in fatis."

- Here, you do it.

- Nonsense! It's perfectly simple.

Second or third, a fesse dancette,

between three crosses crosslet.

- Crosses crosslet.

- That's right.

- Horses horselet!

- Emile!

- Nutzes nutslet! Wit gules!

- Remember who you are!

{ Ringing }

- Yes, sir?

- When do I eat?

- They must have overlooked you.

I'll get you something right away.

- It's about time.

- You'll regret this day, my lad!

- Fusils!

- Oh, that's all very well.

- Fitchee! Fitchee!

- Where's the snake food?

- Oh, get it yourself, Ambrose!

Lay off the Ambrose.

Why didn't you shave in your room?

- Keep your remarks to yourself.

- What's the matter with him?

- Fitchee!

- Where's the snake food?

- In the icebox.

Where do you think it is?

- What's the matter with everybody?

- The master's breakfast, please.

- You can take it up with somebody else.

What did I do?

{ Ringing Bell }

Hey, you!

- Huh?

- Come here.

While you're inside...

No speak.

Ohhh!

{ Ringing Bell }

If that's the knife sharpener,

take him around to the back.

Yes, ma'am.

You just sit there,

and I'll be back before you can say...

- Piano?

- What do you want?

- Where's the piano, kindly?

- Where do you think it is?

- I'll show you.

- And don't forget to come back.

- Say, Burrows.

- Yes, sir. Good morning, sir.

- You haven't seen a little

brown crotalis colobrinus, have you?

- With pink spots.

I rejoice to say

that I have not, sir.

That's all I'd be needing

this morning.

Thank you, sir.

[Frogs Croaking]

Okay. And try

and keep off the grass.

Next!

Where'd you get that thing?

- Good evening, my man.

- How are you?

- Uh...

- Come on, lady.

We're holding up the traffic.

Come, my dear.

Right you are, Glenny. Coming.

And keep off the grass. Next!

Just here, Your Ladyship.

- Good evening, Burrows. Yeah.

- Sir Alfred.

- Your Ladyship.

- Your Ladyship.

Your Ladyship.

¶¶[Orchestra: Waltz]

The Lady Eve Sidwich...

and Sir Alfred McGlennan Keith.

- Welcome, my dear.

- Good evening.

- Sir Alfred.

- Hello, hello, hello!

How are you, Glenny?

Glad to see you, you old rascal.

- Horace, my lad.

My niece Lady Sidwich.

- How do you do?

Well, this is a surprise, miss, uh...

Say, what do I call you?

Well, Horace,

I should think you'd know.

Oh, please.

Just call me Eve.

Just plain Eve.

Isn't that wonderful?

You're just the kind of a girl

/ 've been looking for all my life.

- We'll get this over with quick,

and you and I will have a little drink.

- Ripping!

- Just the word for it. Come on.

- { Laughs }

I hope Horace won't

frighten her to death.

- How long has she been in America?

- Three days.

- Three days,

and to meet Horace right away.

- Oh, I don't know.

How did she come over?

I didn't know the boats were running.

- A battleship.

- A battleship?

- Well, actually, a cruiser.

- But then she must be very, very...

- Oh, very!

- Well! { Laughing}

[Crickets Chirping, Frogs Croaking]

[Crashing]

Oh, dear!

Naturally, I was frightfully anxious

to see Uncle Alfred,

and as I didn't know

just where Connect-i-cut was...

- { Laughing]

- I took the tube.

{ Laughing Continues]

The subway.

And to the official, I said, " Be so good

as to let me off at Connect-i-cut."

You see, I thought

we'd have the boxes...

sent up on a dray

later that afternoon.

- The what?

- Trunks on a truck.

So he said, " Lady,

I don't know where Connect-i-cut is,

but this train goes to Harlem."

But I don't know how

he knew I was a lady!

So I said, " Do you think

I'd do better on a tram?"

And he said,

"Well, now, uh... you couldn't do worse."

So I thanked him

and returned to the street.

Oh, but I must say

I felt an awful fool!

- Then how did you get here?

- I took a taxi.

- From New York? [Laughing]

- Oh, yes!

Oh, Charlie,

I want you to meet Lady Eve Sidwich.

- How do you do?

- Go on.

The chauffeur said it wasn't far,

so / said, "Very well."

- But the city seemed enormous!

- At 20 cents a mile!

[Laughing Continues]

- Isn't your son feeling well?

- What's the matter with you?

Well... I mean to say, uh...

haven't we met?

But of course we have!

Your father just introduced us.

- Aren't you feeling well?

- Uh... { Chuckles} sure.

Oh, I'm so sorry. You meant,

hadn't you met me before someplace.

- Yes.

- Very probably. Let me see.

Where could it have been?

- Deauville? Biarritz?

- No. No.

I know! Le Touquet!

You had a moustache at the time,

and you tried to meet me in the casino.

- No.

- Huh. / give up.

[Pike]

Let's have a drink.

It couldn't have been

on the S.S. Southern Queen between here

and South America, could it?

Oh, I'm afraid not. You see,

I've never been in South America.

You've never been

in South America?

She's never been

in South America.

As a matter of fact,

I've never been in North America

until about three days ago.

Oh, you haven't? Well,

you weren't on the S.S. Southern Queen.

Say, what's the matter with you?

Oh, uh... I'm sorry.

Oh! Were you in love with her?

He was in love with her, but

he don't remember what she looked like.

Don't let them tease you.

You can tell me all about her.

Well, on some days my son

seems brighter than others.

Well, I don't know

what she looked like,

but if she looked

anything like you, here's to her.

Thank you.

[Chattering]

It was a white one

with enormous teeth!

- Dinner is served, madam.

- Thank you, Burrows. Dinner, Horace.

Oh. Come on.

Let's put on the feed bag.

Take my arm, and we'll

fight our way through.

{ Laughing Continues}

Charming. Simply charming.

[Tapping On Window]

[Crashing]

{ People Gasping}

- Did you hurt yourself?

- No, I'm fine.

- Oh.

- I just... { Laughs}

You haven't been hitting

the bottle lately, have you?

- Of course he hasn't.

Anybody's apt to trip.

- Not over a sofa.

That sofa's been there for 15 years,

and no one ever fell over it before.

Oh, well,

now the ice is broken.

You go upstairs and take a bath,

and I'll like you just as much as ever.

There's a good boy.

Toodle-oo!

So long.

[Crashing, Drapes Tearing]

- Oh!

- { Giggling}

{ Sighs, Laughs}

That's the same dame. She looks

the same, she walks the same...

and she's tossing you

just like she done the last time.

- She doesn't talk the same.

- Anybody can put on an act.

{ Speaking German }

Guess who I am.

- Weren't her eyes closer together?

- They were not.

They were right where they are,

on each side of her nose.

- Why should she do it?

- I don't know. Maybe she wants you

to fall for her again.

- Do I look that dumb?

- You wouldn't be the first one.

I knew a guy married

the same dame three times,

then turned around

and married her aunt.

- No.

- Huh?

- They look too much alike.

- You said it. There couldn't be two...

They look too much alike

to be the same.

That's what I've been telling you.

They... Huh?

If she came here with her hair

dyed yellow and eyebrows different or...

What's hair to a skirt?

I used to go with a little Eskimo dame...

She didn't dye her hair, and she didn't

pretend she'd never seen me before.

- She says I look familiar.

- Why shouldn't you?

Because if I did,

she wouldn't admit it.

If she didn't look so exactly like

the other girl, I might be suspicious.

You don't understand psychology.

If you wanted to pretend

you were someone else,

you'd glue a muff on your chin,

and the dog wouldn't even bark at you.

You tryin' to tell me this ain't

the same rib was on the boat?

She even wears the same perfume!

I don't know.

¶¶[Orchestra: Waltz]

[Chattering]

It's the same dame.

{ Chattering, Laughing}

Oh, there he is!

I had to change my coat.

Well, don't knock the table over.

- All right now?

- Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks.

Happens to the best of us, you know.

I remember a night in Bombay.

Have you ever been in Bombay?

- You're just there.

- /'ve been in Egypt.

I remember a night in Egypt.

I was with a small party of friends,

and one day, while

shooting crocodiles...

- You missed some very nice soup.

- That's too bad.

- The fish was a poem.

- That's fine.

Did you hear how the Lady Eve

got to this country?

- How?

- You must promise not to tell a soul.

- I won't.

- In a submarine.

No! Is that so?

Do you know that I find your son

very handsome?

- No! Hmm!

- Yes, quite.

¶¶[Orchestra Continues]

{ Laughs }

{ Chattering Continues }

- What's this?

- Why don't you look

where you're goin'?

Why don't you keep your nose

out of other people's business?

- Quiet!

- For two cents, I'd smack you right...

- Oh, pish tush!

- Bah!

Why don't you look where...

Here, give me that.

- What do you mean?

- Come on!

[Laughter, Chattering Continue]

So the deaf man said,

"What did you say?"

And the other passenger said...

"I hear you buried your wife."

{ Laughing }

So the deaf man said,

"I didn't quite hear you."

Oh.

Over here.

What do you think you're doing

in the dining room?

- What does it look like I'm doing?

- Tsk.

- So sorry, sir.

- It's about time.

And then the other

passenger said...

Come on. Ladies first.

I'm so sorry.

I thought he was passing it to me.

Go on.

Will you throw that roughneck

out of here, or will I have to?

With enthusiasm, sir.

That's the same dame.

I can tell by the way...

- I'll take over from here,

Mr. Murgatroyd.

- You and who else?

- I said, I'll take over

from here, Ambrose.

- "Ambrose"?

- [Men Arguing]

- / said /'ll take over.

I said I'll take over from here.

You have no right in this room.

- { Yelling}

- [Screaming]

Well, I'll be!

[Burrows]

Oh, /'m so sorry, sir.

Excuse me.

Oh, dear! Again?

Why don't you put on

a bathing suit?

And then the countryman said,

"But dash it all, mister.

"If I muss the moss,

I'll miss the mass.

And I've never been

behind before, besides."

- { Laughing}

- It was absolutely priceless!

- Ripping!

- You mean top-hole.

[Chattering, Laughing Continues]

There you are, laddie, and very nice

too. Did you purchase it locally?

It's the last one. Anything happens

to this, I'll have to wear a bath towel.

Oh, don't let it depress you, laddie.

Worse things happen

in the best families.

I remember an incident

in Calcutta...

I hope your niece

doesn't think I'm a half-wit.

Oh, bumble-puppy! Why, she's used

to having young men fall for her.

You know, I think that's

rather neat for a nobleman.

- It's just that this girl on the boat...

- There was a girl on a boat?

- She looked

so exactly like your niece...

- Shhh!

Did she have the McGlennan eyes?

The cornflower blue?

- I think so.

- You must never mention

a word of this to a soul.

- What do you mean?

- You're rattling the skeleton.

I'm afraid you've stumbled on the sorrow

of Sidwich, the secret of the century.

- I don't quite follow.

- Meet me in yonder window embrasure,

and look as though

you know nothing.

{ Chattering Continues }

Shhh. You see, the earl

was considerably older than her mama,

who must never

be mentioned again.

- Oh.

- It was a sort of May/November romance.

Even a March/December,

if you follow me.

Shhh! She'd die of shame

if she thought I told you,

except that she doesn't

know it herself.

You see, into the gulf that separated

this unfortunate couple...

there was a coachman

on the estate, a gay dog.

- A great hand with horses and ladies.

- A coachman?

- Yes. A man who drives horses.

- I know what a coachman is.

- They called him "Handsome Harry."

- Handsome Harry?

- Shhh!

- The father of the girl on the boat.

Of course. The father of the other

child. After the divorce, of course.

- But they looked exactly alike.

- We must close our minds to that fact.

It brings up the dreadful,

unfounded suspicion...

we must carry to our tombs,

as it is utterly untenable,

that the coachman

in both instances... need I say more?

- He did! I mean, he was!

- Shhh!

Do you want to bring the walls

tumbling down about our ears?

Silence to the grave,

and even beyond.

Oh, there you are

in your nice white coat.

Would you like to come

and talk to me?

I certainly would.

¶¶[Orchestra]

- And I want to apologize

for seeming clumsy.

- Oh, that's quite all right.

As a matter of fact,

I rather enjoyed it.

I'm not that way all the time.

Of course you're not.

Now where should we go?

- Oh, there's a conservatory.

- Jolly. Ooh!

- What's the matter?

- Oh, I'm caught.

{ Laughs }

I'm glad it's not my fault this time.

There you are.

All clear.

[Bird Whistling]

Entirely disgraceful. I've never seen

such a farce in a respectable house.

If I didn't hate him so much,

I would've felt sorry for him.

He certainly took

some nice falls.

And he's gonna take

a lot more too.

Do you know why

he didn't recognize me?

- Yes.

- No, you don't.

I hardly recognized him myself.

He seemed shorter and bonier.

It's because we don't

love each other anymore.

You see, on the boat we had

an awful yen for each other,

so I saw him as very tall

and very handsome.

He probably thought I had big

melting eyes and a rosebud mouth...

and a figure like Miss Long Beach,

the dream of the fleet.

So you have, for that matter.

But I took the further precaution

of telling him the plot...

of "Cecelia, "or "The Coachman's

Daughter, "a gaslight melodrama.

- No!

- Yes.

I've got to protect myself.

I've got a shouting interest round here.

So I filled him full of handsome

coachmen, elderly earls...

young wives and the two little girls

who looked exactly alike.

You mean he actually

swallowed that?

Like a wolf. Well, now you've got him,

what're you gonna do with him?

Finish what I started.

I'm going to dine with him,

dance with him,

swim with him,

laugh at his jokes,

canoodle with him,

and then one day

about six weeks from now...

Some red roses for Your Ladyship.

- Who could they be from?

- Mr. Charles Pike, Your Ladyship.

Oh, the brewer's son.

Oh, rather long, aren't they?

- Just pop them in the umbrella stand.

- Very good, milady.

Thank you.

{ Laughs }

I'll probably talk like

a cockeyed duchess the rest of my life.

It won't even take six weeks.

One day about two weeks

from now, we'll be riding in the hills,

past waterfalls

and mountain greenery,

up and down ravines and around

through vine-covered trails...

till we come to a spot where

the scenery will be so gorgeous,

it will rise up and smite me

on the head like a hammer.

And the sunset

will be so beautiful,

I'll have to get off my horse

to admire it.

And as / stand there against

the glory of Mother Nature,

my horse will steal up behind me

and nuzzle my hair.

And so will Charles, the heel.

- Stop that!

- Must I?

- Oh, sorry.

I thought it was the horse.

- No, it was me.

- Eve?

- Yes, Charles?

I suppose you know

what I'm thinking about.

Possibly I have an idea.

The union of two people for life...

that is, marriage...

shouldn't be taken lightly.

How wise you are!

Men are more careful in choosing a

tailor than they are in choosing a wife.

That's probably

why they look so funny.

No, they're more careful in choosing

a tailor than in choosing a wife.

- Oh. But not you, Charles.

- That's right.

I think that if there's

one time in your life to be careful,

to weigh every pro and con,

that this is the time.

Oh, yes, you...

You can't be too careful.

That's right.

Now, you might think that having

known you such a short time...

I... I feel

I've known you always.

That's the way

I feel about you.

{ Horse Neighs }

I don't just see you here

in front of the sunset,

but you seem to go way back.

I see you here and,

at the same time,

further away and still further away

and way, way back...

in a long place like a...

like a forest glade?

That's right.

How did you guess?

Because that's where I see you always.

We held hands way, way back.

That's remarkable.

That's like telepathy.

Ohh. I can read

many of your thoughts.

Well, then I need hardly

tell you of the doubts I've had...

before I brought myself

to speak like this.

You see, Eve,

you're so beautiful.

You're so fine. You're so...

I don't deserve you.

Oh, but you do, Charles.

If anybody ever deserved me,

you do... so richly.

- Eve.

- Charles.

{ Horse Neighs }

But you can't do that!

You'll get us all into trouble!

You'll jeopardize what has

taken me years to build up!

I'll certainly

telephone your father.

¶¶[Bells Chiming,

Orchestra: Wedding March]

Did she look pretty?

She did, eh?

Well, thanks, Pearlie.

Very depressing having your own

daughter married, and not be there.

- Especially under an assumed name.

Is that legal?

- Seems to be.

Women change their names so much anyway,

it doesn't seem to matter.

- But why did she do it?

- Maybe to teach him a lesson.

How? All she said is:

"You'll see. Wait till the time comes,

and it won't be long now."

And now she's honeymooning

on a train with a man she hates.

- Maybe she's going to shoot him.

- She's afraid of guns.

Maybe she's going to push him

out of the window.

No. You can't open

a window on a train.

{ Whistle Blowing]

[Train Whistle Blows]

Come in.

- Hello.

- Hello.

It's cozy, isn't it?

Ohhh, you poor darling!

Oh, did you hurt yourself?

- Oh, put it right there.

- It's all right.

Oh, come sit down.

Oh, poor darling.

Are you all right?

- Yeah.

- Oh.

[Train Whistle Blows]

- { Laughing }

- What are you laughing at?

Oh, it's nothing, darling.

It's just that it's so different.

- It reminds me of that other time.

- What time was that?

{ Laughing Continues }

Oh, I must be a little bit hysterical.

You see, we didn't have any money,

so we went third class,

and there was a farmer on the opposite

bench with cheese in his lap.

Haven't you ever noticed I never

eat cheese? It was very unromantic.

- Where were you going?

- We eloped.

- Who eloped?

- Me. It was really nothing, darling.

I was only 16 at the time.

You know how romantic young girls are.

It wasn't of the slightest importance,

I assure you. I'm sorry I mentioned it.

Let's pretend I didn't.

Kiss me, and that's all there is to it.

Now it's all finished,

isn't it?

Who did you elope with?

Oh, now I've planted

a seed in your mind.

Are you sure

you want to know?

Oh, why don't we just

forget the whole thing?

Who was it?

- Angus.

- Angus?

Oh, I assure you he was

no one of the slightest importance.

Oh, what a way to make me spend

the wedding night.

Oh, he was just a groom

on father's estate.

- A groom!

- Well, not really the groom, of course.

He put on the groom's uniform on his day

off, then he'd be the groom that day.

The rest of the time

he was just a stable boy.

- A stable boy?

- Yes, a boy who cleans up the stables.

Oh, you don't think

much of my choice.

Well, he didn't look so bad

in the groom's uniform...

with the tight pants, the boots with

yellow tops and the little fat silk hat.

- Don't you think they're cute?

- I do not.

Oh, now you're upset. I never know

when to keep my mouth closed.

I was always taught

to be frank and honest.

It was nothing, darling. We ran away,

but they caught us and brought us back.

And that's all there was to it.

That's all there was to it,

except they discharged him.

Good. When they brought you back,

it was before nightfall,

I trust.

- Oh, no.

- You were out all night?

My dear, it took them

weeks to find us.

We'd made up different names

at the different inns we stayed at.

Oh, you'd die laughing

at some of the names we thought of.

I remember there was one...

- Yes, I'm sure I would.

- Oh, now you're upset.

{ Thunderclap }

[Train Whistle Blows]

- Eve.

- Yes, darling?

If there's one thing

that distinguishes a man from a beast,

it's the ability to understand,

and understanding, forgive.

Surely the qualities of mercy,

understanding and sweet forgiveness...

- Sweet what?

- Sweet forgiveness!

Oh.

I won't conceal from you that I wish

this hadn't happened.

But it has, and so it has.

A girl of 16 is practically

an idiot anyway,

so I can't very well

blame you for something...

that was practically done

by somebody else.

I want to thank you

for being so frank.

The name of Angus will never

cross my lips again,

and I hope that you

will do likewise.

Now let us smile

and be as we were.

I knew you'd be that way. I knew it

the moment I saw you standing beside me.

I knew you'd be both

husband and father to me.

I knew I could trust

and confide in you.

I suppose that's why

I fell in love with you.

Thank you.

I wonder if now would be

the time to tell you about Herman.

Herman. Herman?

Who was Herman?

[Train Whistle Blows]

{ Whistle Blowing }

Vernon? I thought

you said Herman!

- Vernon was Herman's friend.

- What a friend!

{ Whistle Blowing }

- Cecil?

- It's pronounced "Ceh-cil."

{ Whistle Blowing]

- What did you say, dear?

- "How do you mean Hubert or Herbert?"

- They were John's twin cousins.

- John! Who was John?

{ Whistle Blowing]

[Conductor]

'Board!

{ Train Chugging]

[Train Whistle Blowing]

But that's unheard of!

That's what lawyers are for!

- He says...

- Who says?

I don't know.

I naturally presumed it was her lawyer,

but he says she says she won't

have anything to do with lawyers.

- That's entirely irregular!

- Well, it's a thought.

I tell you,

I won't see any lawyers!

But these things

are always handled by lawyers.

This isn't going to be. This is

entirely between my husband and myself.

- Poppycock!

- What's the matter with you?

They want to make a settlement.

They'll give you half when you

leave for Reno...

and the balance at the end of six weeks.

Name your own price.

For once that we have a chance

to make some honest money...

Oh, tell him to go peel an eel!

I don't think you realize

the beauty of your situation.

You're holding a royal flush.

You've got him right by the ears.

You know, I had nothing to do

with this arrangement.

But now that you're in it,

you might as well go...

Will you let me speak

with Mr. Pike, please?

She's on the phone.

She wants to talk to Mr. Pike.

We can't allow that.

That's entirely irregular!

Shut up.

Will you talk to her?

I'll rot before

I'll talk to her.

- Mr. Pike, I advise you against

- Lay off!

Hello, Eve.

This is Horace talking.

Hello, darling. L...

I'm awfully sorry about

the trouble I've made you all.

I thought I had a reason, but now I...

Well... I just wanted

to tell you this.

I won't see any lawyers, because

there's nothing to see them about.

I don't want any money;

I don't want anything.

He can have back his jewelry

and anything else there is,

and I'll go to Reno

at my own expense.

I think that's only fair.

There's only one thing I want.

I want to see him first, and l...

I want him to ask me to be free.

That's all. No money, no nothing.

Only he has to come here

to ask me, because...

well, there's something

I want to say to him...

before we part.

Just a minute, Eve. All she wants is

for you to go to New York and ask her.

- It's a trick!

- Will you keep out of this?

Well, that's all she wants.

When can you go?

If she's waiting for me to ask her,

she can wait till Havana freezes over.

- Quite right.

- I'll have to call you back, Eve.

He just stepped out of the office

for a minute. I'll call you back.

Now you listen, you numbskull!

Go ahead and talk. I'm listening.

{ Rings }

Hello? Yes, Horace.

I'm sorry, Eve.

He won't do it.

I thought it was

a pretty fair offer.

As a matter of fact,

I think you're a sucker to make it.

But he won't do it.

He seemed very bitter.

I'm sorry.

Oh, let me speak to him.

Please, Horace!

I don't think

he'd talk to you, Eve.

And anyway, he's gone

to say good-bye to his mother.

Where is he going?

No.

Thank you, Horace.

[Horn Honking]

[Ship's Whistle Blowing]

¶¶[Band]

[Crashing]

- Why, Hopsie!

- Hopsie?

Hopsie.

Jean!

[Laughter, Tapping Glasses]

{ Gasps }

I'm sorry, but if you knew

what it meant to me to find you again.

- Can we go to your cabin or someplace?

- Now just a minute.

Oh, Colonel,

I'm delighted to see you again.

We must play cards this trip.

Steward, some champagne for the colonel.

- Certainly, Mr. Pike.

- Come on.

[Laughter]

You really haven't the right

to drag me off like this, Hopsie.

Are you sure we're on

the right boat, Sylvester?

Oh, why didn't you take me in your arms

that day? Why did you let me go?

Why did we have to go

through all this nonsense?

Don't you know you're

the only man I ever loved?

Don't you know I couldn't

look at another man if I wanted to?

Don't you know I waited

all my life for you, you big mug?

- Will you forgive me?

- For what? Oh, you mean on the boat.

The question is,

can you forgive me?

- What for?

- Oh, you still don't understand.

I don't want to understand.

I don't want to know. Whatever it is,

keep it to yourself.

All I know is, I adore you.

I'll never leave you again.

We'll work it out somehow.

There's just one thing.

I feel it's only fair to tell you.

It would never have happened

except she looked like you.

- I have no right to be in your cabin.

- Why?

- Because I'm married.

- But so am I, darling. So am I.

Positively the same dame!

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