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Hope, Evelyn, Mrs Harcourt Reporters, Photographer 1-2-11

Whitney, Billy, Purser, Luke, John
REPORTER #2

Hey, girls, give us the Hallelujah.

Minister
FBI Agents

ANGELS

(Striking a beatific pose)

Hallelujah!

(They switch to cheesecake. The PHOTOGRAPHER snaps their picture as HOPE HARCOURT appears at the head of the gangplank. She is followed by her fiance, LORD EVELYN OAKLEIGH, and her mother, MRS. EVANGELINE HARCOURT. MRS. HARCOURT is carrying her little Pekinese, CHEEKY)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hey, look! Hope Harcourt!

(He and the REPORTERS race over to the gangplank; the ANGELS exit)

REPORTERS & PHOTOGRAPHER

(Variously, overlapping)

Hey, Miss Harcourt... You presiding at the Gold and Silver Ball this year? How about the Newport Cotillion?

MRS. HARCOURT

Gentlemen, my daughter's debutante days are over. She's about to be married.

REPORTERS & PHOTOGRAPHER

Married?!... Come on!... On the level?

HOPE

Yes, it's true. I'm marrying Lord Evelyn Oakleigh. We're going to be married aboard ship, and I'm very, very happy.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hey, Edith, how about a smooch?

EVELYN

I beg your pardon?

REPORTER #1

That's a kiss, your Highness.

EVELYN

No! How marvelous! You know, I'm making a collection of the expressions you Americans use.

(Taking out a notebook, writing)

A smooch is a kiss...

(To HOPE)

I say, darling, how about a smooch?

(HOPE offers him her cheek; he gives her a peck. WHITNEY comes out of the bar, carrying his stuffed bulldog)

WHITNEY

Egad! Evangeline Harcourt!

MRS. HARCOURT

Elisha Whitney!

(WHITNEY growls and "restrains" the bulldog from leaping at MRS. HARCOURT)

WHITNEY

Down, boy, down!

MRS. HARCOURT

(Amused)

Eli, you haven't changed in forty years.

WHITNEY

Me! Look at you! You always did know how to fill a girdle!

MRS. HARCOURT

Eli, really! You might have some respect for the memory of my late husband.

WHITNEY

Yes, of course... You know, if it's any consolation, I was just coming out of the Stock Exchange when he took off from that ledge. He jumped like a Yale man.

MRS. HARCOURT

Thank you, Eli.

(BILLY enters from the bar)

HOPE

(Seeing him)

Oh my God!

MRS. HARCOURT

You know my daughter Hope. And this is her fiance, Lord Evelyn Oakleigh.

BILLY

Her fiance?!

WHITNEY

Foreign word, Crocker. Means they're getting married.

BILLY

I don't believe it!

MRS. HARCOURT

I still don't either. And yet in three days, my little Hope will be a lady.

WHITNEY

Sensational! Let's have a drink! Come along, everybody.

HOPE

Isn't Mr. Crocker going to join us?

WHITNEY

No, no. He's got a date on Wall Street. Get going, Crocker. Sell those shares.

(EVERYONE heads for the bar)

BILLY

Hope, wait...

(All exit except BILLY. The PURSER enters)

PURSER

All shore that's going ashore. All ashore that's going ashore.

(The PURSER exits. The MINISTER enters with LUKE and JOHN)

MINISTER

Seven o'clock, you'll do your morning prayers. Eight o'clock, you'll do your catechisms. Nine o'clock, you'll do my shirts.

LUKE & JOHN

Yes, Father!

(They exit. BILLY starts towards the bar but is interrupted by the entrance of two F.B.I. AGENTS)

F.B.I. AGENT #1

You--have you seen a minister?

BILLY

A what?

F.B.I. AGENT #2

(Flashing a badge)

F.B.I. We're looking for a gangster dressed up like a minister. You seen him?

BILLY

He went that way.

F.B.I. AGENT #2

Show us.

BILLY

I've got to see to somebody in the bar--

BOTH F.B.I. AGENTS

Show us.

BILLY

Look, I don't have time for this...

(They hustle him off. ERMA enters, looks nervously around)

ERMA

(In a stage whisper)

Psst. Moonie! The coast is clear.

(The head of MOONFACE MARTIN emerges from a coil of rope)

MOON

Are we in England yet?

ERMA

Where's Snake Eyes? He hasn't showed.

(MOON climbs out of the coil. He is wearing a minister's outfit and carrying a violin case)

MOON

To hell with Snake Eyes! He's Public Enemy Number One--he can take care of himself.

ERMA

You don't suppose the cops nabbed him! Oh, my God! I gotta find him!

MOON

(Urgent whisper)

Would you keep it down?! We're trying to make a getaway here.

ERMA

Right...

(Starting off)

Snake Eyes! Oh, Snake Eyes!