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Whitney, Mrs. Harcourt, Hope, Billy

1-2-12

~~(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.

I don't believe it!

BILLY

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

MRS. HARCOURT

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

WHITNEY

Isn't Mr. Crocker going to join us?

HOPE

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

WHITNEY

(EVERYONE heads for the bar)

Hope, wait...

BILLY

(All exit except BILLY. The PURSER enters)

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

PURSER

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

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.

MINISTER

Yes, Father!

LUKE & JOHN

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

You--have you seen a minister?

F.B.I. AGENT #1

A what?

BILLY

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

F.B.I. AGENT #2