

Alan: No- Never happen –Not her—Oh, it's you.

Buddy: Hey, was that her?

Alan: Where'd you go?

Buddy: Downstairs for a sandwich. Now, that's what I call a pretty girl.

Alan: You stay away from that kind. They're nothing but trouble.

Buddy: How did it go?

Alan: Oh, fine. Fine.

Buddy: I thought maybe the other girl walked in.

Alan: What other girl?

Buddy: The one you were expecting. From upstairs. Didn't you call her?

Alan: Peggy! Oh my gosh, I forgot.

Buddy: You ought to get one of those maps with the stick pins so you know where they are all the time.

Alan: I don't know what I'm doing tonight.

Buddy: Is she as pretty as the one that just left?

Alan: Peggy? Prettier. With none of the disadvantages.

Buddy: Boy, what a great place to live. And all for thirty bucks a month.

Alan: Hey, that's right. I forgot we're sharing everything. How would you like to meet her?

Buddy: Who?

Alan: Peggy. From upstairs.

Buddy: Me? Are you kidding?

Alan: Why? She's coming down anyway. No sense in sending her home empty-handed.

Buddy: But she's expecting you.

Alan: Turn the lights down low. She won't figure it out till she's going back up in the elevator.

Buddy: You're crazy.

Alan: No. That's how I met her. She rang the wrong bell one night. There's some poor guy in this building waiting for her since last July.

Buddy: You're not serious, Alan. She probably baby-sits for boys like me.

Alan: No. She's only twenty-two.

Buddy: I'm talking about experience, not age. I didn't realize it until I got here tonight, but I've been living in a convent all my life.

Alan: Buddy, trust me. She'll be crazy about you.

Buddy: No, she won't. I don't want to meet her, Alan.

Alan: I don't get you. Where's your spirit of adventure? You sound like an old man.

Buddy: An old man?

Alan: Sure, look at the way you dress. Why does a young boy like you wear a black suit?

Buddy: It's not black. It's charcoal gray.

Alan: Whatever it is, you look like Herbert Hoover.

Buddy: I'm sorry. I'll buy an all white suit tomorrow.

Alan: Buddy, I don't do this for everyone. Just brothers I love.

Buddy: I'd like to, Alan, but gee, I had other plans.

Alan: What other plans?

Buddy: They've got that emergency U.N. meeting on television tonight. I'd really like to see it.

Alan: The U.N.? Buddy, if I offered this to the Security Council, the meeting would be off tonight.

Buddy: Look, maybe you're not interested in what's going on in the world, but I am.

Alan: I'm interested in what's going on with you. What is it? Are you afraid?

Buddy: Yes-I mean, no.

Alan: You mean, yes.

Buddy: No, I don't.

Alan: You know, something just occurred to me. Is it possible that--?

Buddy: You're going to be late, Alan.

Alan: I figured you were in the Army, overseas. Paris. I took it for granted---

Buddy: I got around.

Alan: Where? In a sightseeing bus?

Buddy: What are you making such a fuss about? What's so damn important about it anyway?

Alan: It's plenty important.

Buddy: I'll get around to it soon enough.

Alan: Buddy, baby, why didn't you tell me? That's what big brothers are for. This is the answer to your problem.

Buddy: I haven't got a problem.

Alan: You haven't, huh?

Buddy: Look, there's a big difference between the way you and I operate. If I get a handshake from a girl I figure I had a good night.

Alan: With Peggy, all you have to do is say "Hello." From there on it's down hill.

Buddy: It can't be that easy. I know. I've tried.

Alan: Look kid, I wanted to get you a birthday present anyway. Now I found something you haven't got.

Buddy: I don't want it. I'm happy the way I am.

Alan: Buddy, please. If not for your sake. Then for mine.

Buddy: For yours?

Alan: Ever since I moved out, I felt I haven't really been looking after you—the way a big brother should. I want to make it up to you kid.

Buddy: I'm not complaining. You've been fine.

Alan: It would really give me pleasure, Buddy, to do this for you. It's something a father could never do.

Buddy: I'll say.

Alan: But brothers, well, it's different. Buddy- I feel that it's my duty and privilege to help you at this very important time of your life. What do you say, Buddy? Please!

Buddy: Well – if it'll make you happy, all right.

Alan: Thanks, kid. You'll see. This'll be set up so perfectly, you won't even have to say a word to her—Peggy? – Yeah –No, no, wait a minute – I have good and bad news –First the bad news. I've got to go out—No, most of the evening. Important business -- You ready for the good news? – He's here – Manheim!

Buddy: Who?

Alan: Oscar Manheim, the producer from M.G.M.

Buddy: WHAT?

Alan: Just as you left. He's staying in my apartment tonight – He wants to meet you.

Buddy: I'm gonna get out of here.

Alan: Yes, now-- I told him all about you.

Buddy: Please, Alan!

Alan: Ten minutes? –Fine—Oh, don't you dare thank me, honey. I'm really doing HIM the favor. The ball's over the fence, kid. All you've got to do now is run the bases.

Buddy: Are you out of your mind? Me? A producer?

Alan: You want to be a director? I'll call her back.

Buddy: But why did you tell her that?

Alan: Just to make it easier for you.

Buddy: Easier?

Alan: Now the pressure's off you. It's all on her.

Buddy: What are you talking about?

Alan: She's got a bug about getting into pictures. Now's her chance to prove how really talented she is.

Buddy: How would I know?

Alan: Because you're a big producer from MGM, Oscar Manheim.

Buddy: Doesn't she know what he looks like?

Alan: No. I made him up. Sounds real, huh?

Buddy: Made it up? But she could call MGM and check.

Alan: She doesn't know how to dial. Look. She's been auditioning for years without making a picture. She's got more money than MGM. She's having too much fun being discovered.

Buddy: What am I supposed to do, make her a star?

Alan: No. Just give her a small part in the picture.

Buddy: What picture??

Alan: "I Was a Teenage Producer." I don't know. Can't you make up a picture?

Buddy: No. Right now I can't even think of my own name.

Alan: You're my brother. When the chips are down, you'll come through.

Buddy: A twenty-one-year-old movie producer. Holy cow!

Alan: Well, I'd better get going.

Buddy: Wait a minute. When is she going to be here?

Alan: Ten minutes. She just lives upstairs.

Buddy: Ten minutes? I don't feel so good.

Alan: Look, if you're really too scared I'll call her back and cancel it.

Buddy: No. No, never mind.

Alan: You won't admit it, but you're glad I called. Is there anything you need?

Buddy: Yeah. A drink.

Alan: Here you are.

Buddy: Well, here's to Oscar Wilhelm.

Alan: MANHEIM.

Buddy: Oh, jeez.

Alan: Hey, take it easy with that stuff.

Buddy: Can you imagine if I drop dead and she calls the police? They'll bury me in Hollywood.

Alan: It's going to be the greatest night of your life. You'll thank me for it some day.

Buddy: Alan!

Alan: Yes?

Buddy: Will you call before you come home?

Alan: I'll call, I'll ring the doorbell and I'll cough loud as soon as I'm within two blocks of the house. So long kid. And Happy Birthday!