

I knew you would come.

He's been calling for you, Angelo.

I came as soon as I could, Aunt Rose. How is he?

You came just in time.

It's all in God's hands now.

Eduardo, Angelo is here.

Pop, it's Angelo.

My son.

Pop, is there anything I can do for you?

Come closer.

Closer. You bum!

- Papa, what have I done? - Gangster!

You rob, you steal, you shoot people!

You bring shame in the family.

I'm sorry, Pa, but what can I do to make peace with you?

Now you want to make peace with your papa.

- You wanna me die happy. - Of course I do, Papa.

So now you want me die!

- Papa, no! - Angelo! Angelo!

Make me one promise.

You name it. Anything. It's done.

Swear in front of your family...

in front of Pablo Clemente, in front of Gesucristo...

- in front of Madonna-- - What?

Swear you become honest man.

Give up the shameful life.

Well, Papa--

Yes, I-m-I'm-I'm here. What?

Promise.

All right, Papa. If that's what you want...

I'll go straight.

I promise.

Now I'm ready.

That's so you won't forget.

Bravo!

Read 'em and weep.

- Full house. -Jesus! I thought you was bluffin'.

Lower that! You'll wake the boss.

All right, youse mugs, casino's closed.

Ace, get started on those melon balls.

- Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. - Shake a leg.

Today's the boss's big day. Remember?

Yeah. The day Snaps Provolone goes straight.

The whole thing ain't kosher. Whoever heard of a banker named Snaps?

Buyin' into a bank? That's not Snaps. It's gotta be a dodge.

It's no dodge. Those bankers'll be here to cinch the deal at noon.

Oh, geez! I gotta check my muffilns.

You sure this info's the McCoy, Five Spot?

Oh, it's-it's-it's the McCoy, Mr Vendetti, and it-- and it's big.

And it's gonna happen t-t-t-t-t-today.

I knew it. He's hookin' up with O'Banion's mob.

- Hold still, honey! - O'Banion!

Y-Y-Yeah, that-that-- that's gotta be it.

I'm-I'm-I'm pretty s-s-sure I heard that name O'Ba-Ba-Ba--

- What does this stoolie know? - Look, I'm a paid informer!

Th-That's, that's an honourable profession.

Uh, can I have my, uh, filve spot now, Mr Vendetti?

- Give him a . - Oh, uh--

It's a retainer. Let me know if you hear anything.

I, uh, truth--

Th-Tha-Thank you, M-M-Mr Vendetti. Thank you.

I told you things were too quiet.

- Provolone was just layin' low. - So what are we gonna do about Snaps?

We're gonna observe the th Commandment.

'Do unto others before they do unto you.'

I filnished your nails. Is there anything else I can do, huh?

We'd have more excitement stakin' out Grant's tomb.

Thank God this detail ends today.

Toomey's sore as hell. He's been achin' to get something on Snaps for years.

So he's sore. What's he want from us?

I mean, the guy hasn't so much as spit on the sidewalk in three weeks.

- Toomey. - Toomey.

I got it last time.

- Hiya, Toomey. - I suppose you're gonna tell me...

that you got nothin' again on our boy across the street?

- So sue me, Toomey. - Well, look alive over there!

I hear he may be tyin' up with the O'Banion mob from Chicago.

Why don't you just give up the ghost, Toomey? I mean, maybe the egg's gone straight.

Look, I know this guy.

And I'm tellin' ya, a leopard don't change his stripes.

- You mean spots. - I mean Snaps!

Now, as soon as somethin' happens down there--

I don't care what-- you call me.

- Get it? - Got it.

Say, take a gander.

I'm comin', I'm comin'.

Well, well, well. If it isn't little Anthony.

And his Imperial.

- I've gotta see Mr Provolone. - What? Hey!

Shut that thing off!

I said I gotta see Mr Provolone right away.

I don't remember seein' you in my appointment book, Anthony.

Nope. Now, I got the Finucci brothers at : ...

Dr Poole at : Father Clemente at : and the bankers at noon.

But I don't see no meetin' with his accountant!

Look, Aldo, don't screw around with me. This is urgent.

The boss don't get up before : a.m.

- Even the feds know that. - I'll take the heat.

You'll take the heat? I'm the one what's gotta wake him.

Tell him it's a matter of life and death.

Okay, okay. But he ain't gonna like this.

Wait in the living room.

How do you like the crust on that mug? Throws off my whole itinerary.

- Where do you think you're goin'? - I gotta wake him.

He doesn't wanna be disrupted. He needs his beauty sleep for those bankers.

It's urgent. Keep me covered.

- This better be good. - I warned him, boss.

Anthony told me it was life and death, boss.

You mugs stop callin' me boss. It ain't respectable!

- Sorry, boss. - Sorry, boss.

Well, little Anthony. Probation and Wall Street lay another egg, what?

Can I talk to you alone, Mr Provolone?

We are alone. Aldo, breakfast.

- Half a grapefruit? - Sectioned, nix the cherry in the middle.

- French toast? - Light brown.

- Bacon? - Trim the fat.

- Coffee? - No cream.

- Two lumps? - Go.

- On its way, Snaps. - Uh, it's 'Mr Provolone' now.

If you call me that in front of the bankers, you're gonna gum up the works.

- Yes, Mr Provolone. - And I'll eat in the yard--

- I mean atrium. - Yes, Mr Provolone.

Whatever you say, Mr Provolone.

- You know what 'atrium' means, Anthony? - No, sir.

It's a courtyard oft-times surrounded by columns.

Thank you, sir. I didn't know that, sir.

Park it, Anthony.

I learn a new word every day. You should expand your vocabulary, Anthony...

- and you wouldn't just be a bookkeeper. - Accountant, sir.

My word for today is 'expeditious.'

'To be efficient and speedy.'

All right, Anthony, let's be expeditious. What's so important you got me up at : ?

Well, Mr Provolone, with all due respect...

I've come to ask you for a raise.

Maybe my hearing ain't / no more. What did he just ask me?

- He asked you for a raise. - That's what I thought.

- Are you crazy? - When you hear why--

- You believe this guy's moxie? - He's got chutzpah, boss.

- Don't call me boss. - Sorry, boss.

- I know this wasn't the best day, sir. - You're telling me?

- If everything goes well today-- - Knock on wood.

- I'll be a board of director. - I know that.

And I wouldn't bother you, but love makes us do strange things.

What's love got to do with the price of beer?

Breakfast is 'soived.'

'Served,' you palooka.

I'm signing you up for elocution lessons with Dr Poole.

If I gotta do it, you gotta do it.

All of a sudden, he's the Duke of Ellington.

Don't forget, you got a meetin' with the Finucci brothers at :

Yeah, yeah. Come on, kid. I wanna sit on my atrium.

Not bad for a kid from the slums.

My wife picks all this out. She's got an eye.

So, who is the dame that's got me up at : ?

Excuse me, sir?

You said you were in love. I assume it's a dame.

Oh, she's a wonderful girl from a fine, wealthy family.

- And I'm gonna propose to her this morning. - Ah, ain't love grand?

Well, you got my blessings. Congratulations to you and your new bride.

But I can't marry her. Not unless I can give her the kind of life that her parents did.

Well, dump her. She sounds like a gold-digger.

Oh, no, no, sir. She's just the opposite.

Very kind and sweet and down-to-earth.

Well, I can see this dame's got you wrapped around her little finger, huh?

- Okay, how much you makin'? - Four hundred a month.

- How much do you want to be makin'? - Fourteen hundred a month.

You can take a few minutes to think it over.

I have thought it over. Get the hell off my atrium!

If big Anthony were alive to hear this!

On the grave of my father, I never wanted to upset you.

But you have no idea how tough it is for two young people starting out these days.

As I was saying last night to Mr Lipinsky.

- Lipinsky? - Yes. Mr Myron Lipinsky.

Lucky Lipinsky the gangster? How can you associate with such a lowlife?

He's looking for a new accountant. His last one died in his sleep.

Oh, you don't think that bum would shoot him while he was awake, do you?

- The cheap hood. - He's not that cheap, sir.

Mr Lipinsky is willing to pay me the , a month.

Oh, that back-stabbing weasel.

He'd love to get his meat hooks into one of my boys.

All right, I'll pay , .

Oh, Mr Provolone, I am touched by your faith in me.

I should have this mug in collections. He's not an accountant. He's a shakedown artist.

- Now I can count on this , a month? - Yeah, you got it. Go. Go propose.

Mr Provolone, it is my honour...

to ask for your daughter's hand in matrimony.

- Pardon me? - Yes. Your daughter is the one I love.

My daughter! How do you know my daughter?

- We met at Club . - In a speakeasy?

It's a very respectable speakeasy.

Couldn't even pick one that bought my beer!

Boss, boss, get a hold of yourself. Let me take care of him.

Are you still packin'? Fork it over.

Fork!

We're not in that business any more. At noon we become bankers.

Can I get up now, Mr Provolone?

- Sorry I lost my temper. - No problem.

It is with the greatest humility that I ask to marry your daughter.

On a lousy , a month? She deserves better!

Yes, she deserves a husband who makes , .

She'll get one, and it won't be you.

- Connie, bring me a brioski. - That's Aldo's job.

- Well, then get Aldo to do it. - Yes, boss.

- Don't call me boss. - Sorry, boss.

And as for you, you think I'm gonna let you marry my daughter for her money?

Oh, Mr Provolone...

I don't love your daughter for her money, and I can prove it.

- Yeah? How? - When I marry her...

- I plan to give her my entire fortune. - How much can a goombah like you have?

\$. .

How did you save grand on a month?

- I stole it from you. - You what?

You walk into my house and tell me you stole Gs from me!

This gink! You want I should bump him?

Give me that gat, Aldo. You know what I told you.

You're a butler now. Buttle!

- That piece has been in the family for years! - Quit squawkin'.

- Now, I'm waitin' for an explanation. - Maybe I should start from the beginning.

-Just start from when you stole my money. - When I filrst took over...

as your accountant, your books were a mess.

They don't sound like they're in no great shape now. Damn it. Double negative.

Your overhead was high, and your net profits were low.

- I changed all that. - And I sent you a fruit basket for Christmas, didn't I?

I took all the profits from your protection rackets...

and used them to upgrade your bootlegging operation.

And that allowed me to cut the costs on your beer a dime a bottle.

- Sure, you were fattening me up for the kill. - Then a strange thing happened.

- I made a slight clerical error. - Is that the one that cost me \$?

- Don't get ahead of the story. - Well, excuse me!

It was a simple mistake in addition.

On the books, I accidentally lowered your costs by a nickel instead of a dime.

Now, when I realized my mistake, I went to speak to you about it.

- I don't remember that. - You were in Chicago.

- It was St Valentine's Day. - Oh, yeah.

Zip it.

I remember it was St Valentine's Day because that's the day I met your daughter.

The Vendetti's speakeasy. I'll kill her.

It was love at first sight.

And that's when I turned that five-cent error into the key to my happiness.

I hid it on the books and beefed up petty cash.

And I knew that a big man like Angelo Provolone...

wouldn't begrudge his future son-in-law a nickel...

which I plan to give to your daughter anyway.

Oh, this guy is beautiful.

He flatters you to your face while he sticks a knife in your back.

I'm not proud of what I've done, Mr Provolone.

But I'd do it all over again to capture your daughter's heart.

- You really love her that much, huh? - Oh, yes, sir.

- Does she know about this stuff you've been doing here? - No, sir.

- Does she love you? - Oh, yes. I'm sure of that.

- In fact, she's even given me proof. - Proof? What proof?

- Aldo! - What are you callin' him for?

- I think you're gonna need some more bicarbonate. - Why?

Keep in mind, Mr Provolone, this is .

We're all sophisticated adults here, right?

- This doesn't bode well. - Your daughter and I are lovers.

What? My daughter?

- Pop this guy! - Wait, boss.

We can't have a stiff in the house with company comin'.

He's right. It ain't proper.

The last thing I ever wanted to do was upset you.

Why should I be upset? You wake me up in the morning...

and tell me you're stealing my money and sleeping with my daughter!

You guys see anything to be upset about?

You're lucky you didn't upset me today.

If you didn't upset me like this yesterday...

you'd be wearing a cement kimono!

- You don't have to give me your answer right now. - Good!

'Cause I want to talk to my sweet little girl first, Anthony.

You two have a pleasant father-daughter chat, I'll take a walk around the block...

and you could give me your answer when you get back, Dad.

Don't you call me Dad.

- Say, boss. - And don't you call me boss.

Sorry, boss.

Let me show you the door. There's the door!

He's leavin' the house. Make a note.

- Can I speak to you a minute, Mr Provolone? - No.

Lisa! Lisa?

Then she came Why, it's a shame

- Lisa! - How she pulled him down

Others she can't get

- Must be someone that she ain't met - Lisa!

Georgia claimed her Georgia named her

- Sweet Georgia - Lisa, I'm waiting!

- They call her Sweet Georgia Brown - Lisa!

Lisa!

So now you're locking your door?

A girl needs her privacy, Daddy. I'm a grown woman now.

- So I heard. - What's that supposed to mean?

Don't be coy with me! I know all about your boyfriend.

Or should I say lover?

- You know? - Yes.

And you've brought nothing but shame to this family.

Daddy, you have to realize I'm not a little girl any more.

Look.

Put that away! I'm your father!

Say, how'd you find out about us, anyway?

The mug was just here askin' me for your hand in marriage.

- What are you cryin' for? - Because I'm so happy.

- I thought he left me for good. - You should be so lucky.

- Don't say that about the man I'm gonna marry! - You're not gonna marry that monkey!

You're gonna marry the man I picked out for you-- Bruce Underwood III.

I don't wanna marry Bruce Underwood.

He's a snob, and he's got pimples.

- A couple of dates with you, and that'll clear up. - Go ahead, insult me.

Your mother and I send you to the finest Catholic schools.

And look at you! A disgrace.

You look like you just stepped off the runway at Minsky's.

I'm a modern 's woman.

It's the music you kids listen to today.

Bing Crosby, Cab Calloway!

Don't think I haven't heard the lyrics to 'Minnie the Moocher.'

Oh, I am so stifled in this house.

I wanna swim the English Channel. I wanna go shopping in Paris.

I wanna lay on the beach in Honolulu.

Do whatever you want! Just don't leave this room.

The Finuccis is here.

Connie, watch this door. She's not goin' nowhere.

Finuccis.

- Is that my suit? - It's not just a suit.

- It's a Finucci. - Took you long enough.

You want it fast or you want it good?

We no rush. You no rush Michelangelo. You no rush Leonardo.

- You no rush a Finucci. - That's my speech.

Who say it's your speech?

Enough! Move it into the library.

Stairs.

Oh, look at all of the books. I never see so many.

Yeah, yeah. Reading's my passion.

Signor Provolone, this is our last house call.

'Cause now we famous.

- Famous? - Oh, sure.

One of our suits, she make a big spread in the HeraId Tribune.

Show him the picture. Show him the picture.

Nice piece of work. Suit looks good too.

His widow, she want a new suit to bury him.

I say, when he pay for the filrst, he get another.

Nice colour, huh?

Feel this. This nice.

Like a baby's behind.

Well, let's see if it filts. I got till noon to look like a banker.

Oh, we make you look like a banker. Take off your pants.

Four million unemployed. It's enough to break your heart, isn't it, gentlemen?

Yes. We could be forced to lower our interest rates once again.

Damn shame.

One can't even walk from the offilce to the club...

without being pestered by some homeless beggar.

Excuse me. I meant ''forgotten man.''

Drastic times call for drastic measures.

Which brings me to our present meeting, gentlemen.

Please. My stomach.

Whitney, I wish you'd be a little more receptive--

Are we in such dire straits that we want the name...

Angelo ''Snaps'' Provolone on our letterhead?

His name won't be on our letterhead. But his money will be in our vaults.

But, gentlemen, bringing a gangster on the board?

Ex-gangster. Or as I prefer to think of him, a robber baron.

Like J.P. Morgan or John D. Rockefeller.

At least they didn't have a middle name in quotes.

Let me handle Mr Provolone.

I may have to take this greaseball's money, but I don't have to like it.

Oh, Nora, I have so many dreams.

I wanna ride on a zeppelin...

attend a Rudy Vallee show.

I wanna go to an opium tent in Chinatown.

You'll be doin' all these things, Lisa.

- No! My life is over. - You'll see.

Marrying my boyfriend was my last chance to get out of this prison.

Well, as prisons go, it's not so bad.

You know, I went to this play once.

You went to a play? What did you wear?

Never mind. There was a scene where a girl...

made her parents think she was pregnant...

and they were forced to let her marry her boyfriend.

But if I told Daddy I was pregnant, he'd kill me.

Either way, you'd get out of this house.

I'll give you a nice banker tie to go with the banker suit.

- Pick one. - Too loud, too quiet...

too striped, too plaid, bingo.

Mr Provolone!

What is it? I'm in the middle of a filttin' here.

- Mr Provolone, your daughter wants to see ya. - What, again?

She says it's a matter of life and death.

- Now what do you want? - Daddy, dear...

there's something I've gotta tell you that's gonna give you quite a shock.

Daddy, I've decided to go away to a convent.

Now you wanna be a nun! Well, you're a little late.

No, Daddy. Convents are also where unwed mothers go to have their babies.

What?

You all right, boss?

I thought I took this rod away from you.

It's my spare. For emergencies.

Give it to me.

Everything.

Is that it?

It's like disarming Germany. Now, get outta here!

I should use this on myself after what you've done to me and your mother.

- The shame of it! - I'm sorry, Daddy.

I'll start packing and go to the convent.

You're not going to any convent! You're gonna marry this bum...

-just as soon as I get my hands on him. - Oh, Daddy, you changed your mind!

What choice have I got, you tramp?

And after the wedding, you'll move into a nice ground-floor apartment.

- Why a ground-floor apartment? - 'Cause after I break his legs...

he's not gonna make it up any steps.

- Interesting. - There's a dame at the door.

Can't you see I'm busy? Brush her off.

- I can't. - Why not?

- Because the dame says-- - I know.

It's a matter of life and death.

- What can I do for you, Miss-- - Theresa.

- Theresa. - Can we speak privately?

Yeah, sure. Why don't you come up to my office?

If Dempsey got the workout I'm getting, he wouldn't have lost his last fight.

Mr Provolone, I've done a stupid thing.

- What's that? - I've fallen in love with a man named Anthony Rossano.

You're right, that's a stupid thing. He's already spoken for.

- By who? - By me.

- What do you mean? - Anthony just asked to marry my daughter.

- He was here already? - Yes. But you're young. Don't worry about it.

You're attractive. The bread lines are full of eligible young men. Now, if you'll excuse me.

No, you don't understand, Mr Provolone.

I lied to Anthony.

- I told him that I was your daughter. - You did what?

He thinks you're my father.

So, you see, when he asked for permission to marry, it was me he wanted.

That means he never even met my daughter. That's wonderful!

No, wait. That's terrible. If he never met her, then who's the father?

Listen, of all the guys in the world, why did you pick me?

Because I wanted Anthony to think that I came from a wealthy family.

- After all, he makes , a month. - It's , a month!

When he asked my name, I had just seen your picture in the Daily News.

- So I told him I was Theresa Provolone. - That makes sense.

I didn't find out until later that you were a gangst--

-I mean, that you were who you were. -Then why didn't you tell him the truth?

Because he liked the idea that I was your daughter.

- I just found out that he worked for you. - It's more like he works for himself.

So you see, Mr Provolone, I don't want Anthony to find out the truth from anyone else.

Yeah, if he does, I'm out clams. Think, think, think. All right, I got it!

Now, I won't tell him you're not my daughter, but you gotta do something for me.

- Oh, anything, Mr Provolone. - Don't leave this room...

until I settle a small matter with Mr Rossano.

I'll wait right here. I promise.

Connie, keep your eye on my office...

and make sure my daughter don't go nowhere, huh?

How'd she get in there? I've been watchin' this door the whole time.

- Not Lisa. Theresa! - You got two daughters?

All right, in the third, I want \$ across the board on High Hat.

That's right, \$ worth of parsley.

- We're running a little low on garnish. - Aldo, that kid Anthony?

- He left. - I know he left. Get him back here.

- He said he was takin' a walk around the block. - I can't. I'm smokin' a salmon.

Put it out, get Anthony and stash him somewhere.

But not in my office.

Look at you, Snaps. One day of bein' honest, and you're fallin' apart.

Forget about the promise to your old man.

A promise is a promise.

Mr Provolone! Can I speak to ya now?

Not now!

Finuccis!

- Angelo! - As you were.

Angelo!

Sofila, honey. You're the filrst person I've wanted to see today.

This is the last time--

absolutely the last time I drive with that crazy chauffeur of yours!

-Johnny Elbows? - He dropped me off at Mass...

- and stayed out front with the motor running! - Ah, it's a force of habit.

You had to filre Oscar! He was a real chauffeur!

Forget about Oscar. We got more important things to talk about.

What's the matter? Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

My baby!

My little baby.

Your father just told me.

Mama. I'm sorry, Mama.

Oh, it's not your fault.

- It's his fault! - My fault?

Yes! You suffocated her!

You kept me prisoner up here like Rapunzel!

- Well, you certainly ain't Snow White! - Look at the example you've set.

Filling the house with thugs, goons and hit men!

All right, well, sometimes I had to bring my work home with me.

Who did this thing to you? Tell Mama.

Daddy knows. He met with him this morning.

Well, who is it?

Better you hear it from your own daughter's lips.

It's Oscar.

- The chauffeur! - The chauffeur!

- Why you actin' so surprised? You knew. - Of course I knew!

I just had no idea. Be right back.

There you are.

- I found him. - We gotta talk.

Angelo, we've gotta talk. Oh, I didn't know you were busy.

You must be Mrs Provolone. What an honour.

Sofila, little Anthony, my accountant.

And future son-in-law. I've just asked permission to marry your daughter.

Lisa?

No, dear, not Lisa. The other one.

- What other one? - You know. The other one.

The other one that's not Lisa. Why don't you go check on the girls, dear?

- I didn't know you had two daughters. - Yeah, this house is full of surprises today.

Look, Anthony, I don't know if you noticed...

but my wife was a little cool to you.

I did notice. Is there anything wrong?

- Yeah, she thinks you're a fortune hunter. - Oh, no!

Nothing could be further from the truth! How can I convince your wife of my good intentions?

Easy. You know that Gs you chiseled from me?

And plan to give to your daughter after we're married.

Well, give it to her before you're married. Write out a cheque.

That way, my wife will know you're not marrying Lisa just for her money.

- Theresa. - Yeah, yeah. I'm always gettin' these two kids mixed up. Here, sit down.

- There's a little problem. - No ink?

I didn't want to put the money in a bank.

You know what kind of shape they're in these days.

I converted it to precious stones-- diamonds, emeralds, that kind of thing.

That's the perfect wedding gift. You know how women love jewels.

I'll go get it right now.

Anthony, if you want, I could have one of my boys escort you.

- After all, that's a lot of ice. - No, don't bother.

- I'll be right back, Dad. - I'll be waitin', son.

You miserable little punk.

- Aldo, where's that chauffeur? -Johnny's out waxin' the Caddy.

- Not that lug. The other one-- Oscar. - You filred him.

-I know I filred him. Where does he live? -How should I know where Oscar lives?

- I know where he lives. - Yeah? Where?

- South Side. - All right. You take a ride out there with Johnny Elbows and grab him!

- Only he don't live there no more. - Where does he live now?

He joined the army for a six-year hitch, and they shipped him abroad.

It seems he was in love with some skirt. Never told us who.

But they broke up because her father was a real pain in the ass.

- Oh, is that so? - Oh, yeah.

As much as he loved her, he couldn't bear havin' this creep as a father-in-law.

Don't you ever shut up?

What'd I say?

- I have got to talk to you, Mr Provolone. - Later!

Mr Provolone, I'm leavin' you to go to the Underwoods.

Underwoods! You're goin' to work for Bruce?

- I'm marryin' Bruce. - You're marryin' Bruce?

I found him filrst! I mean for my daughter.

We met the day he called on Lisa.

It was love at filrst sight.

Congratulations. You're filred!

You can't filre me. I quit!

Try gettin' a reference out of me, sister!

Great. A maid gets a millionaire, my daughter gets a chauffeur.

Better tell Toomey to hightail it over here.

You got it too tight! Eh, I make it more loose.

Shut up your face, Mussolini.

Come on, you guys. I'm runnin' out of time.

Angelo, can I talk to you alone?

Never mind them. They only hear in Italian.

- I just came from Lisa's bedroom. - You and everybody else.

Angelo, our daughter is disgraced before the eyes of God.

You have to find Oscar!

Oscar's been scratched. He jumped the country.

But the baby needs a father!

The baby's got a father. What we need is a husband.

A husband, a husband. Where will we find a husband?

No look at us. We already married.

- Si, we married real good. - I got ten bambinos. He got eight.

- You no got ten bambinos. - I got ten bambinos.

- No. Who? - I got Anna Maria, I got Salvatore...

I got Fabrizio, I got Antonio, I got Mario, I got big Luigi...

I got little Luigi, I got Luigi Jr, I got Giuseppe and I got Figaro.

Figaro no yours. Figaro come from the milkman.

- He make a joke. - Did I ask for the Finucci roll call?

What about that boy who was here before? Didn't he want to marry our daughter?

Yeah, but not Lisa. The other one.

- What other one? - The other one that's not Lisa!

We don't have a daughter that's not Lisa!

Sofila, you think I don't know that?

I have no idea what you're talking about.

But if you love me, if you ever loved me...

you'll find my little girl a husband!

He's back again, for the third time...

and now he's got a little black bag.

Break out the java and the sinkers, boys. I think I'll stick around.

Make sure the stripes are straight as an arrow.

Here he is, back by popular request.

Finuccis, out.

So, Mr Provolone, do I have permission to marry your daughter now?

- My son. - Oh, Mr Provolone.

- You've made me so happy. - Where are you goin'?

- To tell Theresa the wonderful news. - Not so fast.

I've got some wonderful news for you.

What could be more wonderful than marrying your daughter?

Havin' her baby.

- Theresa's pregnant? - Theresa's pregnant!

- Who's Theresa? - My daughter, you sap!

I've gotta see her.

Life. You know, life's a funny thing.

You're here one minute, gone the next.

- Ain't that the truth? - Now, you take Louie ''The Lug'' McGurk.

- He died tragically at . - I'm . What happened?

- Somebody stepped on his filngers. - And that killed him?

He was hangin' from a window ledge at the Edison Hotel at the time.

The point is, son, The Lug didn't plan ahead, and the government got everything.

- Poor guy. - Poor widow, Mrs The Lug.

- Now she's selling apples. Makes you think. - Sure does.

Now, what if somethin' were to happen to you? Where would that leave my daughter?

You're right. First thing tomorrow, I'll get a lawyer and put it in writing.

Son, we're family now. We don't need any lawyers.

Here, just write what I say.

'I, Anthony Rossano--'

Wait a minute, wait a minute. I just thought of something.

- You're thinkin' when you oughta be writin'. - If something was to happen to me...

how do I know you'll give these jewels to your daughter?

Fair enough. I'll sign a statement too.

You sign yours first, and then I'll sign mine.

- Well, I don't know. - What's the matter now?

- Maybe we should sign them together. - Aldo, you be a witness.

Ah, come on, Snaps, you know the rule. Never witness nothin'. You live longer.

Just do it.

All right, on three. One, two, three.

I, Anthony Rossano...

I, Snaps Provolone...

hereby declare...

agree to give \$...

I am the father...

to my daughter upon her marriage...

of Miss Provolone's child.

to Anthony Rossano.

There.

- Sign it. - You sign too.

Aldo, you're the witness. Witness!

Louie 'The Lug' was a witness. Look what it got him.

Quit squawkin'.

- Give me yours. - You give me yours.

All right, we'll do it together.

Good. Very good. Now for the fun part.

I believe you two know each other.

All right, Connie, never mind about her now. Go back to watching my other daughter.

- Finuccis! - I have something to tell you.

- I know what it is. - You do?

Sit down, sweetheart.

- You shouldn't be standing in your condition. - What are you talking about?

You're having a baby. Your father told me.

I am not having a baby, and he's not my father.

What?

Mr Provolone, he's not my father.

- Does he know he's not your father? - Of course he knows he's not my father.

- What kind of a question is that? - Then he knows you're not his daughter?

Yes. I lied to you, Anthony. I'm sorry.

- That son of a bitch. - What's wrong?

- He conned me out of his money. - Anthony, I only did it because I love you.

- I was afraid I'd lose you. - I've gotta get it back.

- Get what back? - The money, of course!

You seem more interested in this money than you are in me.

No, no, no. It-- Please. I've just gotta think.

I'm glad I found out what you're really like before it was too late!

Theresa, come back! Theresa!

Thank God I'm not pregnant!

- What have you two been doin' up there? - Get out of my way.

Why, I oughta--

Get outta here!

Theresa! Theresa, come back!

There's too much activity. Snaps is up to somethin'.

It's too quiet. Provolone is up to something.

Bravo. This suit, she a work of art.

Of course. She's a Finucci.

Ah, you Finucci'd me pretty good on this one. One hundred and filfty bucks.

I'll just write you boys out a cheque.

I demand to speak with you, Mr Provolone.

Finuccis, out!

So, what can I do for you, kid?

I guess you're pretty pleased with yourself.

My father would have been proud. I got my money back, and nobody got shot.

- Not so fast. I've been tricked. - I wouldn't do that if I were you.

You forget, Mr Provolone, you're going straight today.

You're right, I am going straight today, but they're not.

- And who are they? - You don't recognize the Finuccis?

Sicilians. The most vicious contract killers in the country.

They don't look that vicious to me.

Don't let that fool you. One word from me, and it's--

Hmm? But, Anthony, if it's the jewels you want, you can have 'em.

Just keep your part of the bargain and marry my daughter.

- The real one? - Of course the real one! Lisa Provolone.

- But I've never even met her! - Not according to this.

- It'll hold up in any court. - Give me that!

This document says that you are the father of my daughter's baby.

Oh, now you're telling me that your real daughter is pregnant?

- You got a problem with that? - I am not marrying Lisa!

I am marrying Theresa!

Anthony, Anthony, little Anthony.

We are talkin' about my baby's baby.

- Forget it! - Fine! Finuccis!

All right, all right, all right. Call off your dogs.

Finuccis, sit!

Wise decision. Now wait here. I'll get your fiancée.

It's about time you two kids met.

What do you want?

Could you tell Signor Provolone we in a hurry? We gotta do another guy : .

- You do more than one a day? - Oh, sometimes we do six, eight a day.

It's a cutthroat business, and if we get backed up, we gotta work weekends.

- And we no like that. - No. We family 'man.'

You treat it like it's a normal business.

To us, it's art.

Show him the picture.

What do you think of this?

- You guys did this? - Who else? That's a Finucci.

Oh, we get plenty business from this picture, huh?

Maybe someday we do you too, huh?

And when we get through with you, nobody gonna recognize you.

- You look a little pale. - You okay?

Now, this guy's willing to marry you, so be nice.

- But I want Oscar! - I want him more than you do...

but he's on the lam, and Anthony's taking the rap for him.

Thank you very much. Whatever happened to love? Whatever happened to romance?

Whatever happened to waiting until the wedding night?

Angelo, please! Not in front of the help.

Trust me, he's no help. Connie, go wrap your teeth around some lunch.

Girls.

Lisa, this is your husband-to-be, Anthony Rossano.

- Lisa. - Hello. - Hello, Lisa.

You see that? You're hittin' it off already.

- Sometimes, arranged marriages work out the best. - Mmm.

- Oscar was cuter. - Who's Oscar?

- The chauffeur. - You mean she's having the chauffeur's baby?

Why don't you just phone it in to Walter Winchell?

Angelo, let's leave the two lovebirds alone.

Good idea. You two get to know all about each other, but, Lisa, make it quick.

I got people comin' at noon.

That's the best husband you could find?

He passed the physical. He's breathin'.

Finuccis.

So, you're pregnant with Oscar's baby?

Would I be marrying you if I wasn't?

You don't wanna marry me. I'm in love with someone else.

- So am I. - Then why are we going through with this?

Because I'd do anything to get out of this house.

- That makes two of us. - I wanna--

I wanna go on an African safari.

I wanna run with the bulls in Spain.

I wanna go to the top of the Empire State Building.

And where am I during all this? Baby-sitting Oscar's kid?

- You always this nasty? - Yes! Get used to it!

I'm marrying a brute. I never wanna see your face again-- until the wedding!

That's fine with me! And separate honeymoons!

- Fine! - See you in church!

It's probably Judge Crater. Oh, hi, Dr Poole.

Come on in. The boss been expecting you.

- Aldo, do you realize what you just did? - What?

You used the past participle without a modifier.

I did? What's the rap on that?

Cool your heels, Doc. He'll be right with you.

Marvellous.

Aldo is a treasure trove of linguistic anomalies.

I heard that.

- Middlesex. - What?

You're from Middlesex County in New Jersey. Am I right?

- Yeah. New Brunswick. - I knew it.

You see, the New Jersey accent...

becomes increasingly nasal the further south one goes.

That's an amazing talent, Doctor.

Have you ever thought of working carnivals?

Young man, I've made a serious study of the English language.

In my travels, I've uncovered sub-dialects...

in the United States alone.

Now, you take the attenuated vowels of the east Texans--

All that travel must cut into your home life, Doctor.

Well, I don't spend as much time with Mother as I would like.

But she's got the cats.

A brilliant scholar like yourself is still single?

Oh, work has always come first.

This weekend, I'm off to Appalachia...

to study regional colloquialisms among the coal-mining community.

Would you excuse me a minute, Doctor? You'll be here for a while, won't you?

Oh, yes. I'll be giving Mr Provolone his elocution lesson.

Good news. We don't have to marry each other. I found someone else.

- Who? - Someone who's handsome and intelligent...

and worships the ground you walk upon-- Dr Poole.

Dr Poole! Say, what's the gag?

He's old enough to be my father.

More importantly, he's old enough to be your baby's father.

What makes you think he wants to marry me?

Because he loves you passionately. He just told me.

- But he's never said anything. - Ironic, isn't it?

A man whose life is devoted to words, and he can't put together...

the three most important ones.

- That's so touching. - I knew you'd see it my way.

Stay right here.

Finuccis in, Finuccis out, Finuccis in. He give me agita.

Lisa.

Anthony's trying to tell me that now you're in love with Dr Poole.

- Yes, I am. - You see? What?

Oh, Daddy, yes. He's so sweet, so intelligent, so cultured...

not like some other fellas I know.

Well, put Poole out of your mind. You're marrying Anthony.

- But I love Thornton! - Oh, so now it's Thornton?

- Oh, stop that bawlin', will ya? - He's the only sensitive man I've ever met.

What are you sayin'? I'm not sensitive?

All right, Lisa. Lisa, stop-- Will you stop--

If it's Poole you want, it's Poole you'll get, but, Lisa...

you got to cross the filnish line on this one.

He's your third filancé today, and it's not even lunch yet!

Look, Mr Provolone, now that she has a husband, can I have back the statement I signed?

Forget about it. I'm keeping you on the bench...

in case this guy doesn't come through.

Good mornin', Doc.

Now, now, Mr Provolone.

- Where are those Gs? - In here.

No, no. You're not enunciating.

'Good morning, Dr Poole.'

Oh, yeah, right. Don't you have somethin' to do?

Yes, I do, as a matter of fact. Goodbye, Mr Provolone.

Goodbye, Dr Poole.

Now look. That guy's leavin' again.

And here comes the priest.

- Enter at your own risk, Father. - Aldo, haven't seen you at Mass lately.

Oh, really, Father? I can't imagine why.

Now, remember, Mr Provolone...

speech is man's most important tool for the conveyance of thought.

Yeah, Doc, but when am I gonna start soundin' like a banker?

After me.

'Round the rough and rugged rocks...

the ragged rascal rudely ran.

'Round the rough and rugged rocks, the ragged ra--

'Round the rough and rugged rocks...

the ragged---

'Round the rough and rascal, the ragged--

Look, Doc, I just can't do it. I'll never learn to speak good.

Do not despair, Mr Provolone.

Let's try a new line of attack, shall we?

After me.

Rocco the Rum Runner rubbed out Rico the Rat with his roscoe...

for robbing his rum-running receipts.

- Can you say that? - Rocco the Rum Runner...

rubbed out Rico the Rat with his roscoe...

for robbin' his rum-runnin' receipts!

- You did it! - Sure. You filnally come up with somethin' that made sense.

Excuse me, Mr Provolone.

I'll be goin' now, if you don't mind.

- So what's keepin' ya? - Well...

there's the little matter of a week's pay you'll be owin' me.

She should pay me for introducing her to Bruce Underwood.

I'm glad I'll no longer be workin' in this house.

From now on, I'll be havin' servants of me own.

You'll filnd out what a picnic that is!

Shocking insolence. I would've terminated her immediately.

I can't do that any more. The best I could do is filre her.

Listen, Doc, I'd like to talk to you...

about a little diffilculthy my daughter's havin'.

Really? She seems to have such nicely-rounded diphthongs.

That's what got her into this jam.

You see, my daughter's turning and she wants to get married.

Well, she's charming. Who's the lucky man?

- You are, Doc. - Well, I'm flat-- What?

- You're not married or anything, are you? - Well, no, of course not.

- And how do you feel about kids? - Children? Well, I love--

Then it's settled!

Settled? But I hardly know the girl.

Let me sweeten the pot. Now, there must be something I can do for you...

some dream that you got.

Well, now that you mention it...

I've always wanted to take Mother to Baden-Baden.

There's a doctor there who's doing simply miraculous things with gallbladders.

Her gallbladder's on the next boat. Anything else?

Um, well, then there's the Thornton Poole School of Linguistics.

I can see it from here. Deal, Doc?

Uh, I-I don't know. Events are moving so fast.

Here. This is the clincher.

- God. What's this? - Your mother's gallbladder.

The linguistics school. All your dreams.

Look!

I'm a little confused.

I'll be right back.

Nora!

- Where to, lady? - Regency Gardens.

Nora! Nora! Nor--

Now Provolone's comin' out with a black bag.

- What do you think's in it? - Bag money. What else?

That does it. I'm callin' for the warrant.

Damn. Son of a-- gun, gosh almighty.

Cheese and crackers!

So sorry to keep you waiting, Father Clemente.

- Angelo, you remember Father Clemente? - Mornin', Father.

And thanks again for the swell job you did on Papa's funeral.

I know he'd be proud that you kept your promise to him.

The Father is here to collect for the building fund.

Oh, by the way, congratulations on your daughter marrying Bruce Underwood.

Uh, I'm afraid there's been a change, Father.

She's now marrying a nice Italian boy, Anthony Rossano.

It's all for the better. Nothing like a big, Italian wedding.

- Anthony Rossano! - Well, forget Anthony.

- She's not marrying him any more. - What?

Wh-- Well, that's a shame.

But she's young. Someday she'll find the right one.

- She's found the right one. - Who?

- Dr Poole! - Dr Poole?

Hello!

Get back in the room!

Looks like a nice young man.

Why is she marrying Dr Poole? She barely knows him.

She barely knew the chauffeur too.

Don't drag out Oscar in front of the Father!

- Who's Oscar? - Why isn't she marrying Anthony?

Because Anthony's marrying Theresa.

- Who's Theresa? - Who's Theresa? - Look, it's really very simple.

But I ain't got time to explain it. I got to call Nora.

- Who's Nora? - Our maid.

- Ex-maid! - Now you fired the maid?

- No, she quit to marry Bruce Underwood! - When did that happen?

I don't know! Somewhere between my vest and my pants.

- What? - This is all very confusing.

Well, Father...

it's one of them mysteries in life you just gotta accept on faith.

I gotta run.

Father, why don't you go into the kitchen and have a cup of tea...

while I clear this matter up?

Sorry to bother you, Bruce.

Nora took the wrong bag. Can you believe that?

Yes. Would you mind sending your man around and bringing the bag back?

Yeah, it's Snaps Provolone. Who the hell you think it is?

What's the matter? You couldn't make it on the outside?

I came to return this suitcase and collect the old.

- Is this it? - Yes.

I realized that one wasn't mine when I tried to open it.

Go on. Beat it. We got bankers comin', and we don't need no riffraff around here.

- Sugar? - Oh, no.

Thank you.

Who told you I was in love with you?

Anthony.

But I thought you were in love with me.

- Who told you that? - Your father.

Oh. And did he tell you I was pregnant?

No, he did-- You're pregnant?

No. I just told him that so I could marry Oscar.

- Who's Oscar? - Our ex-chauffeur.

You see, I'd do anything to get out of this house!

- Oh, I do know how you feel. - Of course. You've met my father.

Oh, no. I was thinking of my mother.

She can be so possessive.

Then you know what I'm going through, Dr Poole?

Thornton. Y-Yes, I do.

Lisa...

at the risk of being forward--

Yes, Thornton?

Your diction is surprisingly good, considering your genealogy.

That's the sweetest thing anybody's ever said to me...

Thornton.

That must be the chauffeur to pick up the underwear. There it is.

I got it.

- What are you doin' back here? - What's he doin' back there?

- I see you've still got the jewels. - Yeah, sure.

Yeah, sure. I wouldn't let these babies out of my sight.

This morning, I had everything--

the jewels, Theresa.

- Now I have nothing. - Well, don't take it too hard.

I can't even call her because she never told me her real name or address.

Consider yourself lucky.

I'll make you a deal, Mr P.

What kind of deal?

Well, I've become attached to those jewels.

They remind me of Theresa. I'd like to buy them back from you for \$.

Now, where'd you come up with another smackers?

- I stole it from you. - Connie!

What is it, boss?

You took my gun.

Now you're tryin' to tell me you stole another clams...

since the last time I saw you?

Remember that dummy corporation I set up for you to hide your protection income?

Yeah.

- Remember who you made treasurer as a beard? - You didn't.

I just wrote out a cheque to myself. As treasurer...

the bank asked me no questions.

Only a rat would steal another guy's extortion money.

Here's my offer. You give me back the jewels...

that are rightfully mine, and I'll give you back the money, which isn't.

All right. I guess you outsmarted me.

You give me that money, and I'll give you these jewels.

It's out in the car. I'll be right back.

And I want that document back that I signed too.

No problem. Got it right here.

I got him. This time I got him.

Another drop. In broad daylight.

- Give me the bag. - Let's exchange them at the same time.

Good idea.

That's it.

I'm callin' the gentlemen of the press. I want 'em to see me make this pinch.

- Everything okay, boss? - Why don't you make some noise when you walk?

Angelo. Come up to your office. We have to talk.

All right, all right. Connie!

- Yeah, boss? - Will you stop eatin' and listen up?

Take this bag and bring it into the library. And no matter what you do...

don't take your eyes off this bag even for a second.

- Get me? - Yeah, boss.

I just called the maid service, and they're sending someone over.

- You got me up here for that? - Angelo, nobody wants to work for you.

Now, I want you to be nicer to this woman than you were to Nora.

Nora? She's marrying into the Underwood fortune.

I oughta get a commission.

Hey, Toomey.

This time it's a chauffeur. He's got bagmen all over the city.

- What can I do for you, General? - Mr Underwood sent me...
to return Mr Provolone's suitcase.

- Thanks. - Und I'm here to collect Miss Nora's suitcase.

Oh, right. I think he put it in the library.

Park it in here, Fritz.

Here you go. Give my regards to the kaiser.

- I promise I'll be nice to the help. - I'm going to dress for
lunch.

I love talking to you, Thornton.

You're so deep-dish.

Lisa, I'll be leaving next month on the He de rance...
for a linguistics symposium in Brussels.

Brussels? The one in Europe?

- Yes. - Do send me a postcard.

You can address it here, in care of my gilded cage.

I don't suppose you'd consider--

Well, I mean to say--

- I-I-I can't ask. - Come on. Spill it.

I was wondering if you would accompany me?

- Will I? - Dr Poole!

Get in here. We gotta talk.

Please forgive me.

Okay, Doc, sit down. Now, where were we? Oh, yeah.

I made you an offer earlier to marry my daughter.

Yes. In exchange for a bag of women's underwear.

Nix the underwear. It never happened. Now, the offer still stands.

And anybody'll tell you that Snaps Provolone's word is his bond.

That's right, Doc. Even in the old days, he was known as an honest crook.

That's an oxymoron.

Gee, Doc, you shouldn't oughta said that.

Leave Connie alone. He does the best he can.

I'm sorry.

Okay, Doc, here's the deal. Marry my daughter...

and you can use all the dough in this bag to start your linguistics school.

Most men spend their whole lives tryin' to get their hands on what's in here.

That's right, Mr Provolone.

I've never seen so much money.

Look. Here's money...

and-and here's more money.

And-- Oh! Look.

Here's a lovely new twenty-dollar bill.

Dr Poole, would you be so kind as to step into the garden...

while I have a conference with my associate?

Please. Correct me if I am wrong...

but did I or did I not tell you to keep an eye...

on this particular bag?

I did. I watched the bag of underwear the whole time.

It wasn't underwear when I left! It was grand in cash!

Poole was right. You are an ox and a moron!

How did grand change into underwear?

That's what I'm askin' you!

Maybe it was a miracle, you know, like the loaves and the fishes?

Lisa, come with me.

- Let's get out of this madhouse. - Whatever you say, baby.

'Baby'!

Snaps, are you sure there was cash in that bag?

Yeah. Little Anthony stole it.

If little Anthony stole it, then he's got it.

No, you blockhead. He stole it, then he gave it back to me.

- Why'd he give it back to you? - To buy back the jewels.

- What jewels? - The jewels he stole from me.

- He stole jewels from you too? - Yeah, so he could marry my daughter.

- Lisa. - Not Lisa. Theresa.

How come nobody's never met this daughter Theresa?

Because she's not my daughter, capisce?

Yeah, your daughter's not your daughter.

And the cash that used to be the jewels is now your underwear.

- Now you got it! - I got it!

I don't even know what I'm talkin' about!

I'm back.

Take a seat. The nurse'll call your number.

- The skirt is back. - What skirt? Nora?

- No. The other one-- Theresa. - You remember, boss.

The one that's not your daughter.

- Keep her on ice. I'm lookin' for somethin'. - What?

- A bag just like this one. - Ah, don't worry about that.

I gave it back to Underwood's chauffeur.

- You did what? - It was sittin' here in the library before...
so I switched the bags for ya.

- And where was Einstein? - Was Connie in here?

Connie, was you in here?

I didn't see him.

Why don't you go stand over there next to your girlfriend?

Mush!

Underwear. Underwear? Und-- ''Underwood.'' Underwood.
Underwood.

Mr Provolone will see you in the library.

- Connie? - Come on.

And now he's back again for another drop.

And you knuckleheads thought that Snaps was goin' straight.

Oh, that's okay. I'll get it!

Well, well. The man who started it all.

Look, Underwood, your chauffeur snatched the wrong bag!

Well, do something about it, and pronto!

- Now, what can I do for you? - Can we talk in private?

- Connie, am-scray. - Can't I stick around, boss?

- Every time I leave, I fall behind. - All right. Stay, but
shut up.

Mr Provolone, I'm desperate. I've done a stupid thing.

- Yeah, I know. You already told me. - No.

I mean, I-I walked out on Anthony, the only man I've ever loved.

Honey, that's the filrst smart move you've made.

I looked for him everywhere. I tried his apartment, and he wasn't there.

- Do you know where I can filnd him? - No. But wherever he is...

he's probably stealing another Gs from me.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have another appointment.

- I may have an idea where he is. - Where?

Closer than I thought. Now, I want you to stay in here and don't come out.

- You owe me this, sister. - I thought she was your daughter.

Shut up.

Well, little Anthony.

Thought you could pull a fast one on me, huh?

You must've forgotten, Mr Provolone. I gave you the cash in exchange for those jewels.

Yeah? But you were supposed to get the underwear.

- What underwear? - I know! The maid's underwear.

Connie, please.

Bingo. And I'm not givin' you another bag in return. I'm onto that racket.

I don't know what you're talking about, but you can have the jewels.

Do you believe the cojones on this guy?

He's just giving me back my own dough.

Here, Connie. Watch this. Look who I'm talkin' to.

So, you're just givin' me back my own rocks, huh?

Yes. I've realized that all the jewels in the world are worthless to me now--

now that I've lost Theresa.

- This guy's a poet. - And if you ever hear from her again...

please tell her that I still love her and that I'm sorry I hurt her.

- Theresa's in the library. - She's here?

That's right. And she's crazy about you.

Anthony, I am so sorry.

No, no, no. This whole thing was my fault.

I'll get it. Maybe that's the Underwood chauffeur with my dough.

He'll get it.

Hello. I was sent by the employment agency.

I don't mean to seem discourteous, but I got another appointment comin' up.

Sit down, honey.

I'll try not to keep you, Mr Provolone.

Here's my references. I do light housekeeping, some cooking--

You don't by any chance answer front doors, do ya?

Well, all this looks pretty good, Roxanne.

- So how long you been a maid? - My filrst job was for a man named James Bonomo.

Jumpin'Jimmy Bonomo? Hey, Aldo, she worked for Jumpin'Jimmy.

You remember him-- nervous little guy?

Sure, sure. I remember him. Bighearted sweet guy.

Give you the shirt off his back. When did he die?

Let's see. Uh, got the chair in ' .

I don't believe this. I was a driver for Jumpin' Jimmy.

That was my filrst job in the rackets-- I mean, industry.

That's right, Snaps.

No.

- Roxy? - Then you remember me?

Remember you? How could I forget? You were my filrst--

I mean, we were-- How do you like that?

What a small world!

Geez, I had a real thing for her. But--

You just disappeared on me. How come?

Well, I-I didn't think I was working in the best atmosphere to raise my baby.

- You had a baby? - She's a big girl now.

In fact, she'll be getting married soon.

Ah. I'm so happy for you, Roxanne. Say, who's the lucky guy?

Oh, he's a very successful accountant.

He makes , a month.

Wow, that's a lot of dough.

Wait a minute.

Say, his name wouldn't happen to be little Anthony Rossano, would it?

- You know him? - Know him?

Sometimes I think I don't know anybody else but him!

Wait. Then you gotta be Theresa's mother.

- You know Theresa too? - Well, I should.

After all, she's my daughter.

- Then you've known all along. - Known what?

That you and I-- that we--

Don't you get it, boss? She had your kid.

Theresa really is your daughter.

- I'm gettin' good at this. - No, no, it can't be.

- You seem surprised. - Well, nothin' this mornin' would surprise me except this.

But you said you knew that she was your daughter.

I knew she said she was my daughter, but I didn't think I was her father.

I should've told you...

but I lost touch when I was sent to the convent.

Come on. Come on. It's okay. It's okay.

This day has been an emotional roller coaster.

My father sent me to the nuns to have Theresa.

He said I brought shame to the family.

What a blockhead he must've been.

I didn't wanna come on this interview because...

I was afraid that you'd be angry.

Oh, no, Roxy. I'm not angry. Just don't cry, please?

- Angelo! Who is this woman? - The new maid.

You don't have to be that friendly with the help.

Why is she crying?

She's just happy to be working for us.

That'll change.

Come on. There's somebody I want you to meet.

- Who's here? - Our daughter.

Theresa's here? But why?

- It all started around : . - Will ya shut up?

- Aldo, get Theresa. - Theresa!

Do you see what I gotta put up with around here?

Mama?

- What are you doing here? - I came to see your father.

- Father? - It's time you knew the truth.

You're the daughter of Snaps Provolone.

Mr Provolone?

Oh, Mama!

- Then I really can call you ''Dad.'' - You do, I'll mop the floor with you.

Listen, everybody! We have an announcement to make!

- What is it, Lisa? - Thornton and I are getting married.

Aldo, get out a couple bottles of champagne. We're gonna celebrate!

- My baby! - My girls!

Congratulations, Doc. Will there be a honeymoon following?

Watch it there, Connie. You've got a dangling participle.

Huh? Oh.

Let's just get this over with. I have to get back to the office and turn down a loan.

Are you sure about this one, Lieutenant?

Hey, Toomey, you better get over here.

Here come the big boys. It's the O'Banion gang, all right.

Well, obviously they're expecting us.

This turned out to be a wonderful day after all.

- Both my girls are getting married. - What do you mean, 'both'?

Sofila, my wife, meet Theresa, my daughter.

Your daughter?

- I just found out myself. - Me too.

- If she's your daughter, who's her mother? - I am.

- You had a child with the new maid? - Pardon me.

- Have we come at a bad time? - No, gentlemen. Come in.

Here's the bubbly, boss.

Aldo, I'm shocked! You know liquor's against the law!

- Didn't you ever hear of Prohibition? - Heard of it? What do you think paid for this house?

Ix-nay the ooze-bay. Ankers-bay.

Oh, we just keep this in the house for yacht christenings.

It's so diffilcult to filnd good help these days.

Now, if you don't mind, I got some business to conduct with these gentlemen.

- Yeah? - I have a collect call from Mr Five Spot Charlie.

- Will you accept the nickel charge? - Yeah. Put him on.

- Hello. M-M-Mr-- Mr Vend-d-detti? - What do you got for me, Five Spot?

Well, it-it-it-it's happening, Mr Ve-Vendetti...

just like we thought.

Four t-t-t-tough customers...

just went into S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-Snap's place.

Thanks, Five Spot. There's a C note in it for you.

A-A-A-A C note? Gee, th-th-thanks.

- Thanks, Mr-- - That cinches it.

He's hookin' up with O'Banion.

Okay, we're movin' on Provolone, we're movin' now!

A C note.

Order out for pizza. We'll be back in an hour.

-Wait till you see your office downtown. -Mmm.

You'll have a secretary, a telephone, beautiful view of the harbour.

And a key to the executive lounge.

- But not a vote on the board. - What? Let me see that.

Well, we thought...

you might serve in more of an advisory capacity.

Just until you learn the ropes, that is.

As sort of a silent partner.

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I think...

for the dough that I am putting in, I deserve a vote.

And with all due respect, gentlemen, may I call attention to addendum B?

Oh, that?

That simply absolves the bank of any liability.

Yes. Should Mr Provolone--

- Should Mr Provolone what? - Incur any legal difficulties.

Let's not beat around the bush. We all know what kind of background he comes from.

Anthony, it sounds like they don't trust me.

- Not according to this. - No. Mr Provolone...

these clauses are as much for your protection as ours.

Now, if you just sign this, please--

All right! Grab some sky, hoods, and hold it!

Drill the filrst rat that makes a move.

Lieutenant, what a pleasant surprise.

I'll bet.

I was just sayin' to Sofila this morning that...

we gotta have the Toomeys over for tea.

You don't really think we're in business with these people, do you, Offilcer?

We're only here because he threatened us.

That's right. He threatened to put the arm on us.

Save your breath, Fingers. Fingers Frischetti, O'Banion's trigger man.

- It's a privilege to watch your mind work, Toomey. - Thank you.

And this, gentlemen, is the infamous Sid ''The Shiv'' Saperstein.

I beg your pardon.

Hey, Sid, say ''cheese.''

You'd better take a look at these, Lieutenant.

University Club. Harvard Alumni Club. Republican National Committee?

Wait a minute. The City Commerce Board of Directors.

City Trade Association Board of Directors.

The State Financial Advisory Board.

Committee to Reelect Herbert Hoover. Eastside Athletic Club.

And two tickets to the Policemen's Ball.

Either you guys are legit, or this is the greatest job of forgery I ever seen.

I hope you're satisfied, Offilcer.

Gee, Toomey, he had me convinced he was Fingers Frischetti.

It don't add up. Why would Snaps Provolone be meetin' with four bankers?

- Maybe I was slummin'. - Clam it, Snaps.

I got it! The bag!

Fan out, boys. Find that little black bag...

the one that's been comin' in and out of this house all day.

What's the matter, Snaps? Nervous?

Lieutenant, we found it.

Just as I filgured.

It seems that our friend Snaps here has been laundering Mob money...

through their bank, and here's your proof.

Get your cameras ready, boys.

Boys, this is gonna make me look good downtown.

Get out of my way!

Well, boys, he got the ''laundry'' part right.

I hate to say, ''I told you so,'' but that's what we get...

for going into business with a crook!

I'm a crook?

You come into my house with your filne print and addendums...

and try to con me out of my dough?

Geez, I'm used to dealing with mobsters, bootleggers and gonzos...

but you bankers are scary.

- I have never been so insulted in all my life. - Wait. You're young yet.

It all came out in the wash, didn't it, Toomey?

Yeah. I didn't know you collected ladies' underwear.

Don't worry, Toomey. Maybe they'll give you a job as a bank guard.

Yeah, yeah. Shove off, you bums.

We hit 'em fast and hard, and nobody gets out alive.

Step on it, Dugan.

You all right, Lieutenant?

All right. All right. Out of the way.

Well, well. Mr Vendetti.

Hiya, Toomey.

All right, boys. Take 'em in.

- Anthony, I like the way you handled yourself in here today.
- Thank you, sir.

And I'm making you chief financial officer of Provolone Enterprises, Inc.

Sir-- Dad-- what an honour!

So we back in business, Mr Provolone?

You can forget that 'Mr Provolone' stuff. From now on, call me 'boss.'

Yes, boss!

Sorry, Pop. I did the best I could.

Do you, Lisa and Theresa...

take Thornton and Anthony...

to be your lawfully-wedded husbands?

I do.

I do.

If anyone among you has reasons to doubt that these unions should take place...

let him speak now or forever hold his peace.

Stop!

- Who are you? - I'm Oscar.

- Get rid of him, expeditiously. - You got it.

- No, wait! - Grab his feet.

Then I now pronounce you man and wife.

You may kiss the brides.