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The Horn Blows at Midnight

By Sam Hellman

Hum, little hummingbird?
Boys, will
you please pay attention?
Watch what you're
doing. Try bar 13.
Hum, little hummingbird?
Just a minute.
What's going on here?
What's going on here?!
Pardon me,
madame Traviata.
Boys! What's the matter
with the brass?
That's a C-Major chord.
You know better than that!
Let's go now!
Hum, little hummingbird?
Oh! Oh, this is absurd.
This is ridiculous!
What are you,
musicians or butchers?
It wasn't my fault.
Who's playing
those repulsive notes?
He is!
Would you mind playing my
composition as I wrote it?
Can't you read?
My eyes. I'm a little tired.
I was up all last night practicing.
Practicing what?
To play out of tune?
You sound like a snake charmer.
Break it up out there, will you?
Come on now, folks. Break
it up and settle down.
We're on the air in 3 minutes.
We have a very eccentric
sponsor, you know.
He likes everybody in the
orchestra to play the same song.
You see?
Kindly play my music as I
wrote it or just stay out of it.

His music! He stole everything
he ever wrote, the big thief.
And you, you two
stool pigeons,
you're going to be punished someday
for snitching on me like that.
Don't let them upset you.
Oh, Elizabeth, the whole
world is against me.
Here I am,
a great musician,
sitting here playing
third trumpet.
Well, you're making money.
You're eating.
That's unimportant.
I'm an artist.
I wish I'd never heard
of food or money.
Now, now.
It's an ungrateful
world, Elizabeth.
If I had my way, things
would be different.
There'd be a lot
of changes made.
Stand by! We're
on the air!
The paradise coffee program!
Gentle people,
it's 15 minutes
before midnight,
And paradise coffee,
The coffee
that is heavenly,
brings you
sleepy time music.
And why?
Because paradise coffee
makes you sleep.
Ah, sleep.
What is more beautiful
than sleep?
Sleep, blessed sleep,

the sleep you always miss
so much when you are awake
because
you aren't sleeping.
First you pour
paradise gently
into the waiting cup.
Then perhaps
a dash of cream
to lend that
pearly, glittering tint.
Then add sugar to taste.
Ah-Ah! Not too much now.
And then sip
your paradise coffee
and sleep.
Indeed, paradise coffee
is heavenly,
for it makes you sleep
contentedly, peacefully,
as if in the arms
of angels.
You sleep
on a billowy cloud,
drifting through the majestic
nothingness of infinity,
listening
to a celestial symphony
that lulls
your earthly cares away.
It's paradise.
It's heavenly.
Me?
Are you sure?
Elizabeth.
I'm sorry.
The deputy chief
has no authority in such matters.
Why don't you take it
up with the front office?
You're welcome.
Elizabeth, I was-
Hello, Athanael.
Elizabeth, the chief

sent for me.

I was just sitting there
playing, and a messenger came and-
You might say hello,
Athanael.

Hello. What does he want?

Did he tell you?

I think you're going
to be promoted.

I am? That's wonderful!

It's about time, too.

Athanael!

Yes, sir?

Elizabeth, what's keeping
that Emmanuel fellow?

It's not Emmanuel, chief. It's Athanael.

He's here now.

Well, bring him in.

The chief!

Don't let him

frighten you.

If he's gruff

and short-Tempered,

it's just because

he's terribly busy

like all the other

deputy chiefs.

After all,

he has billions

Of small planets

to look after.

Elizabeth,

have we any report

on that star missing

from the big dipper?

It fell out, sir. They

found it in the milky way.

What's this memo from

the personnel department?

Same old thing-

Shortage of angel power.

I've drawn up

the new questionnaire.

What? Another

questionnaire?
Red tape, red tape,
and more red tape.
Next thing you know, they'll
be forming a new bureau
to handle the new
questionnaire.
They better start letting
in a few big businessmen up here.
So, you're Emmanuel,
huh?
Uh, Athanael, sir.
Angel Junior grade,
Third phalanx,
15th cohort.
Nothing wrong
with your record.
I hope not, sir.
Application excellent.
Department excellent.
Kindness excellent.
Virtue excellent. Monotonous!
Yes, sir.
That's for me to say.
Hmm. Fancy yourself a
trumpet player, do you?
Well, sir,
in all modesty,
I think I can
safely say that-
Well, I do work hard
at it, sir,
And I practice a lot
in my spare time.
Yes, so I hear, constantly,
from this female.
You with your trumpet
and me with my harp.
You have, Elizabeth?
I told him
how pleasant it is,
just the two of us
and the music.
Emmanuel!

I sent for you
to, uh...
Let's see. Why did I send for you?
Oh, yes. I remember now.
It seems that one of
our smaller planets,
called the,
uh...
well, the name
doesn't matter.
Anyway, planet
number 339001
has gotten completely out of hand.
I know we have
a model of it
somewhere in the files.
Oh, yes.
Here we are.
Absolutely out of hand.
Persecution and hatred everywhere.
Goodness knows
the front office
has warned them
often enough-
quakes, floods, volcanic eruptions,
droughts, plagues, everything.
They pay no attention.
Not a bad little planet, at that.
I know it has a name.
Oh, that's
the planet Earth, sir.
Oh, yes, yes,
yes, yes, yes.
Created rather hurriedly, as I recall.
Just a 6-Day job,
wasn't it?
Practically slapped
together, you might say.
Take a good look
at it
because we're going
to slap it apart.
We are?
Yes. Orders from

the front office.

Usually when a planet goes berserk,
it's our demolition expert
Who descends, blows
his horn, and poof.

Poof?

Mm-Hmm. Just now,
however,
our demolition expert is disposing
of one of the larger planets,
so for this bit of
destruction, I'm using you.

Me?

Yes, as the angel least
likely to be missed.

Come over here,

Emmanuel.

That's

Athanael, sir.

Oh, all right.

Athanael.

This doesn't take any
particular intelligence,
so I think
you can handle it.

Ooh!

And blow

the first 4 notes
of the judgment day
overture on this horn.

Pardon, sir. It isn't
a horn. It's a trumpet.

To me, it's a horn,
but a very special
one, so take care of it.

Get going, and when
you come back,
you may find yourself
an angel senior grade
and playing horn solos on your trumpet.

Thank you, sir. Thank you
very much. Thank you, sir.

Save your breath
for the horn.

Elizabeth, see Mercurius
about his transportation.

Yes, sir.

Good-Bye, sir.

By the way, that must be
blown at midnight sharp.

Yes, sir.

Remember, that mea
ns precisely at 12:00.

Any other time, you
can blow your head off,
and all you'll get
is music.

11:

12:

It must be at 12:00
on the dot.

On the dot, sir.

That's all.

Hello, salvage department?

Stand by to pick up a
load of scrap at midnight.

Watch the birdie.

Well, it's what
I've always said-
you can't fool
the camera.

Let me see.

After all, Mercurius,
it's a picture of me,
isn't it?

Not a bad

likeness,
considering

what it's like

You can hardly call it
flattering.

It is just

for the records.

You see,

all these angels
went out

on missions,
But not all of them
came back.
No!
Yes. These two,
for instance.
They were sent
to the planet earth
on some mission or other
some time ago.
Too bad. Just couldn't
resist temptation, I guess.
Weaklings, huh? Where are they now?
They're still on earth, and they'll
stay down there in human form
until the hour
of destruction.
Which won't be long now.
And then what
happens to them?
Fallen angels can never
come back here,
and there's only
one other place to go.
You mean-
Yes.
Here are your instructions, Athanael.
First you take
the elevator down
to the wardrobe
department.
Then you change
to elevator number 3.
What for?
It's all in here.
Remember,
when you're on earth,
you'll be strictly
on your own.
there'll be no help
from up here,
so please follow
your instructions.
Remember.

I'll remember. You know I
never forget those things.

Good-Bye.

"You will then proceed
to cloud 46-B,
"where you will change
to an earthly elevator
"which we have borrowed from the
Hotel Universe in New York City.

"That elevator
will transport you
"to the hotel,
where at midnight,
"you will proceed
to the roof and-"

Shucks!

This is outrageous!

It's unheard-of!

"Special express elevator
to tower suites and roof. "

What's special about it?

That it doesn't run?

I demand

to see the manager! I-

Ah! There you are!

Please, lady Stover,
don't lose your temper.

If I did, you could
never find it.

You can't even find
your own elevator.

Patience, madam.

I'm sure it's only
some minor
mechanical defect.

It'll be repaired
immediately.

It had better be. What am I supposed
to do at \$50 a day? Climb ropes?

Sloan, what did you
find out?

Nothing. It's gone

. Disappeared.

And you call yourself

a house detective.

Listen here, you. In the 15 years
I've been running this hotel,
many things have disappeared
- Linens, silver.

Once someone even stole a
boiler from the basement.

But an elevator? Never.
Don't you suspect anyone?
Nobody.

Have you questioned
that Dexter fellow?

You mean,
Archie Dexter?

Why, that's
ridiculous, sir.

I want you to question
every crook in this hotel,
including Dexter.

I want my elevator back!

All right,
all right, sir.

Hello there, Sloan.

How's the old bloodhound?

Tonight I feel
lower than a dachshund.

I hate to bother you,
mr. Dexter,

but did you steal
our roof elevator?

No, I didn't.

Is it missing?

Yes, but, of course, I knew that
you had nothing to do with it.

"Why," I said to myself, "would
the man who stole whistler's mother
waste his time on an old
broken-down elevator?"

You could never be
that crude, mr. Dexter.

Thank you.

Thank you, Sloan,

But this elevator affair-

After all, one cannot very well

tuck an elevator in one's
vest pocket, now, can one?
No, sir, but it's gone just the same,
and is lady Stover
furious!
Is she there?
Let's have a look
At the scene of the crime.
I may be of some help.
Ah, my dear lady Stover.
Archie, maybe
you can do something
about the service
in the wretched hovel.
20 minutes I've been
waiting for the lift.
But surely a gay
meadowlark like you
isn't thinking
of retiring to your nest at this hour.
Not if you've anything
more interesting to suggest.
How about a turn
on the floor?
The music
is rather good.
An excellent idea.
Mr. Dexter, what about the elevator?
If I stumble across it,
I'll let you know.
What is this,
a private elevator?
Of all the nerve!
What's the big idea?
Just a minute. That elevator.
Who do you think you are?
Athanael, sir. Third
phalanx, 15th cohort.
Oh. Well, of course,
that explains everything.
Excuse me.
Is that time correct?
Yes, sir.
Are you quite certain?

Positively, sir.
The sun rises and sets by that clock.
Oh, you've been
misinformed, my man.
Solar movements are completely
independent of terrestrial influences.
However, I will accept

the time as 11:

Thank you, sir.
I'm sure western union
will be deeply grateful.
Are you, um, staying overnight, sir?
No, and neither
are you.
Calling mr. Caesar!
Mr. Caesar!
Mr. Caesar!
Calling mr. Caesar!
Oh, boy! I'll deliver that
for you. It's for Julius?
Uh, no, sir.
Daniel Caesar.
Oh. Him I don't know.
Have you a light,
my dear young lady?
Yes, mr. Dexter.
Thank you.
You're-You're sure
you understand our plan?
Yes, Archie...
darling.
The timing must be
absolutely perfect.
Oh, I know.
You dance with
lady Stover.
When I see your hand at her shoulder,
I ease over
near you.
You drop the pearls
in my cigarette tray,
and I just walk away.
Right, and remember

something else, Fran.
What, Archie?
I'm mad about you.
Darling.
Archie, my
dear, dear boy, was I long?
Every moment seemed
an hour. Shall we?
Pardon me. You have a clock
on the roof, I believe.
That's right, sir.
In the tower.
Well, girls,
are we all here?
Yeah.
Yeah.
Doremus.
What? What is it?
Look.
It's Athanael.
What do you suppose
he's down here for?
I don't know,
but we'd certainly better find out.
Uh, go ahead up,
girls.
We'll join you
in a minute.
Hello, Tony. Who was that chap
you were just
talking to?
His face
looks familiar.
You got me, mr. Osidro. Sure
talks like a screwball, though.
He does?
Wanted to know if our tower
clock keeps correct time
because he has to blow a horn on
the roof precisely at midnight.
Musicians
are all wacky, I guess.
Excuse me, sir.
This is bad,

very bad.

There's only one thing
to do-Stop him.

Yes,

but not now.

This has to be handled very delicately
because if we don't stop him...

come on,

Doremus.

Posed uh, what are they sup to be doing?

I wouldn't know, sir.

They call it dancing.

I must tell Saint Vitus about this.

Lady Stover, when you dance
like that, you're no lady.

Archie!

Excuse me, madam.

Are these your beads?

You. No, than I never-

Beads? What?

Oh! My pearls!

Where did you
find them?

Right here

on the floor.

Oh, thank you.

Thank you so much.

You're welcome.

Archie! I almost lost my pearls.

Yes, you almost did.

I'll go and put them
straight in the hotel safe.

Yes. You may

as well.

You run along, my pet.

I'll make a phone call
and meet you later
in the bar.

Oh, pardon me.

What's the correct time?

It's exactly 11:

You're sure
of that?

Do you mind, sir? I am working
on tomorrow's reservations.

Tomorrow's
reservations?

Yes, sir.

Please, Archie. I-

Run along now, little one,
and weep in your consomme.

You've given a brilliant performance.

If I hadn't been
bumped into, I...

Now, now, forget
all about it.

After all, I should have
realized that asking you

to stand quite still
with the cigarette tray

Would have been
too much for you.

Archie, please, won't you listen?

There's nothing more
to be said, my dear.

Oh, Archie!

Cigarettes, please.

Just a minute.

I wouldn't blow
that horn.

No?

I wouldn't if I were you.

Well, you're not me,
So that settles that,
doesn't it?

Don't blow that horn... Athanael.

Athanael?

You know me?

Don't you recognize us? I'm Doremus.

Osidro. Fourth phalanx, tenth cohort.

Fallen angels!

Shh! Not so loud!

Fallen angels. I remember
the pictures on the wall.

You stay away from me.

Don't touch me.

Now, Athanael, keep cool.

We're throwing a little party
in our penthouse bungalow.
And we want you to drop in for a minute.
Well, I'm sorry,
but I haven't time.
Oh, what's
your hurry?
Wouldn't you like a little
excitement for a change?
There'll be plenty of
excitement when i blow this.
What-what kind
of a party?
Nothing much. Just a little sociability,
Some music.
Oh. Well, I'm sorry,
but at the moment,
I'm not interested
in-Music?
What kind of music?
Like you never heard before, Athanael.
Swing music.
Also, we have 8 or 10 beautiful girls.
You know they don't
interest me,
not 8 girls or 9 girls or-
10 beautiful girls,
you say?
Yes. You owe it
to yourself
to look the place over,
just out of curiosity.
Oh. Well, if you're
going to force me.
This-this is your place?
Yes.
Well! My, my! It's-
Really, it's-
It's revolting!
Athanael, we have everything we want-
Wine, women, song,
everything.
I know, but where are you finally
going to wind up? I've been told-

Just propaganda. They
have to tell you that,
or there'd be nobody left up there.
Listen, Athanael, everything
we've got is yours.
Mine? Really?
Allyou have to do is,
don't blow the horn.
Yes. That's
the chief thing.
Huh? The chief!
I nearly forgot!
Athanael, please, don't do it.
Athanael, please,
give us a break.
I'm sorry.
Orders are orders.
Good luck, boys.
And, uh,
happy landing.
I'm going to
throw him-
No, no! You know
what it means
to touch an angel
in violence.
What's the matter?
Don't cry. Whatever is making you
unhappy will be over with shortly.
It'll never be
over with.
Never, never, never.
Oh, yes, it will.
He doesn't love me anymore.
He's sending me away. I
won't go back home. I won't!
Well, you can't very well
go home if you're not alive.
Not alive?
Yes. You see, when the
breath leaves the body.
When the breath
leaves the body?
Yes! Yes.

That's the answer
to everything.
It's all clear now.
Well, I'm happy
to have been of service.
He wanted me to go home.
This'll show him.
Wait a minute! Wait!
Let me go! Let me go!
You mustn't!
You mustn't!
Let me go! Let me go!
No, no! You can't!
Why not? It's your own idea!
Suicide is a mortal sin!
Let go of me!
Be patient.
Just another minute.
No! I won't be
talked out of it.
Let me go!
I've changed
my mind! Save me!
D- don't g-get nervous!
Don't let go!
Don't let go!
Keep hold!
Don't let go!
Who wants to let go?!
Can't you pull me up?
Yes, if you stop
pulling me down!
Steady. That's fine.
For a minute, it looked
bad, but we're ok now.
Hang on! Hang on!
Keep cool!
Don't look down.
You'll get dizzy.
Hang on!
Be careful!
You're tearing my dress!
Oh, pardon me.
Oh, my!

I've got to blow
that trumpet!
Midnight!
Let go! Please!
Help! Help me!
Elizabeth, Elizabeth.
Chief, please.
Who are you calling?
Doesn't matter.
They won't answer.
I failed...
and I can't go back.
I can't go back.
Did you hear what happened
to Athanael last night?
Did I? He won't be using
this chair anymore.
Is he officially
a fallen angel?
Not yet...
but he will be.
I knew
he'd never make it.
Well, he certainly put
the chief on the spot.
Athanael-That nitwit!
That bungler!
I should have had
more sense.
But I'm sure
it wasn't his fault.
I know he can explain.
That's more than I can
do for the front office!
You don't know what i
just went through in there.
Oh, chief,
they're not going to-
I mean, they won't-
And why not?
Why should Athanael be treated
differently than any other angel?
Because he's such
a good angel.

He has such a soft,
tender heart.
Yes, and such
a soft, tender head!
How could you
ever recommend
that harebrained,
horn-tooting nincompoop?
Oh, chief!
Now don't start
with that!
My poor Athanael, my
poor little nincompoop.
Elizabeth,
don't do that!
Please stop,
Elizabeth.
You know I can't stand
to see an angel cry,
especially you.
My poor little Athanael...
what's going
to become of him?
Now what's going to
become of me?
You fellows
have to help me.
I sat up all last night
wondering if-
Am I really
a fallen angel?
You ain't little bo peep, brother!
I can't believe it.
You were telling me the
truth last night, weren't you?
Oh, sure, sure!
Everything's swell
for us down here.
Oh, maybe it isn't
so bad after all.
No... except
for the twinges.
The twinges?
Every 60 minutes.

We get them
but they're nothing. You
get used to them in time.
By the way,
what time is it?

7:

Stand back,
Athanael!
Here it comes.
Can I do anything?
Can I help?
Are you- are you
all right, brother?
We will be in a second.
That's what you call
a twinge?
Yeah. That one wasn't
so bad, was it?
Comparatively mild.
And you get those
every 60 minutes?
Yep. Every time the
clock says half-Past,
like a radio
commercial.
It's just one
of those cute punishments
the front office
dreamed up.
Well, that's something
to look forward to.
We're all right
for another hour.
Blill!
Now, what about him?
What do you mean,
what about him?
We can't just let the
poor sucker stand there.
Let's get him a room
in the hotel.
We've got to
give him a start,

if only for
"auld lang syne".
What did "auld lang syne"
ever do for us?
Don't be callous.
After all, Osidro, we
are birds of a feather.
As one Whippoorwill to
another, what would you suggest?
Well, fellows,
I think that-
We could make him a dealer
in one of our gambling joints.
Him? He couldn't even deal off the top.
Well, fellows,
I think-
I know. We could
let him handle
Those black-Market
coat hangers.
No, don't you remember we sold
all those to the government?
I'll tell you what
he can do.
He can peddle that shipment
of stolen girdles.
Brilliant, Osidro!
But, fellows,
please,
if i must have an occupation
down here like you said
Couldn't it be something
that I know
something about?
As for instance,
what?
Well, I do play a pretty good trumpet.
If you're wise,
you'll listen to us.
The business for you
is hot girdles.
But I've never handled
a girdle, hot or cold.
I don't even know

what a girdle is.
Now, please, couldn't
i just play my trumpet?
All right, Athanael,
if that's what you want.
Get sherman starr
on the phone.
Not that I've got anything
against girdles. It's-
Hello. I want mr. Starr,
circle 6-1250.
Now, remember, you thought
of this yourself.
Pardon me. Mr. Starr,
what are they doing?
Jitterbugging, but they're all pooped.
They've been working the
swing shift all night.
They're tired.
I see.
So now they're resting.
Come on, buster.
Get out of here!
Come on. Come on. Get that set up.
Say, Slippy,
this here's a friend of mine.
Let him sit in. If
he's ok, we'll hire him.
I solid will, boss.
You're just in time.
Get with it, buster.
Grab a chair. We're
going to start jumping.
Help him out,
you cats.
There's a lot of triple
tonguing in this arrangement.
Oh, I think
I'll manage, thank you.
Are you digging
this character?
He's going to
manage it.
So your boots

are laced, Junior.
Well, all reet,
all reet, all reet!
Give it to me!
A- one, a-two,
a- zeek, a-zoo!
Here's your chance
to get with it, bud.
That's you.
Me? There's nothing
there for 32 bars.
Take off, pops. Curl it,
beat it, and twist it!
Twist it?
Yeah.
Fake it, man.
Ain't you hep?
Oh, you mean
ad libitum.
Well...
- Get with it, guy.
- Come on, send me.
Oh, that man is sour!
Hey, is he
kidding?
What is this, a wake?
This is
murder, Slipppy!
Oh, that man is sour!
Bounce that icky out
before he empties the joint.
Wait a minute!
Now, I'm Athanael, third phalanx, 15th-
Oh.
Did you say something, bud?
No, no. I thought you were a real angel.
Ha ha ha!
Fooled you, didn't I?
Table for one?
Here you are.
What'll it be,
Johnny?
Why, I'm afraid you have me
mixed up with someone else.

My name is Athanael.
My name is Porplinski.
Lew Porplinski.
May I have the honor
of to hustle you some grub?
Well, this is all
so new to me. I-
Say-say, that looks
rather interesting.
A double scoop
jumbo delight. Right.
Vanilla and strawberry ice
cream on a sliced banana
with chocolate syrup
and chopped walnuts.
Anything else, monsieur?
Well, I-
I'd-I'd like some
of that, I think.
You want that with a
double scoop jumbo delight?
Ok.
Imported herring with
domestic onions, a large order.
With a double scoop jumbo
delight, that goes just ducky.
Of course, the blend ain't exactly right
unless you got a nice,
big, juicy dill pickle.
Really?
Well, then a nice, big,
juicy dill pickle it shall be.
You got it, brother.
Hey, this is
going to be fun.
Uh... pardon me,
buddy,
but just in case something
should happen to you,
Who shall I notify?
Notify?
A close friend maybe.
Well, I have a close
friend, but you see,

I'm down here,
and she's up there.
You see,
there you go again.
Look, Elizabeth,
be reasonable.
I just can't let you go
down to that awful place.
Poor Athanael.
Well, suppose I let you go
and something went wrong.
I'd be ruined!
I'm responsible
for my messengers, you know.
Besides, the shortage in angel power...
You just don't trust me.
That's all.
Oh, I do, Elizabeth.
You know I do.
Then let me go.
I'll straighten the whole
thing out in no time.
Have I ever failed
you?
No, but-
Then please let me.
I promise I'll have Athanael
blow the trumpet tonight.
Please.
Oh, what ever became
of my willpower?
I'll leave right away
and be back with Athanael
a minute after midnight. Please, chief.
Well, I-
Oh, I knew
you'd say yes!
Wait a minute.
Who said yes?
Now, take care of
yourself while I'm gone
and don't worry.
But I will worry!
I know there's something wrong

with this. I've got a hunch.
Bye-bye, chief.
You're a darling.
I wouldn't have believed it
unless I seen it with me own eyes.
What did he have
after the watermelon?
Roast duck
with stuffing,
then a coconut custard,
and now an oyster stew.
We ought to send
for a doctor.
Oh, mr. Porplinski!
You want
something else?
No, thank you. Somehow, nothing
else seems to appeal to me.
Now if you'll excuse me,
thanks and good-bye.
Good-bye.
Say, not so fast.
What about the check?
The check?
I don't understand.
Come on, come on.
Give me \$3.00.
Dollars?
You heard me.
You heard me.
And come up dig into
your pockets with \$3.00.
Well, I'll try, but I'm quite
sure that I haven't any dollars,
Whatever they are.
You see?
Yeah, I see.
Well, I'm sorry to have
disappointed you.
You've been very generous, and I'd gladly
give you some dollars if I had some.
Well, good-Bye.
Holding on not a
chance. I'm to this bugle

Until you give me
the dough.
Dough? But you said
you wanted-
On your way.
Get out of here!
All right,
if you insist,
But you know what
you're doing?
You're driving me right
into the hot girdle business.
The first time this
happened, I didn't say a word.
I kept my temper. I
retained my self-control,
but there is a lim
it to my patience!
Please, lady Stover,
my humblest apologies.
Sloan!
Excuse me, ladies.
Now what?
Why don't you attend
to your business?
Round up suspects,
get a signed confession.
The roof elevator
is missing again.
Oh, no!
Well!
Just a moment,
young lady.
Would you mind telling
me where you've been
with that elevator
Yes, I would.
Well, that's
very kind of you.
Well, that one
wasn't so bad.
No.
Always on the dot,
though, aren't they?

Well, how about a cigar?

Pardon me.

Could you tell me where

I might find an ange-

I mean a gentleman

named Athanael?

Mr. Athanael? Yes, I believe

he's registered here.

Excuse me.

Funny, isn't it? Last night we

thought we were all washed up,

and here we are with

everything under control.

Yes. We're sitting

right on top of the-

Oh!

Am I seeing things?

Yes. You are seeing the

chief's secretary Elizabeth.

Why do you imagine

she's down here?

She didn't come down to pitch

for the brooklyn dodgers.

Yes. We booked mr. Athanael in

room 106 on the mezzanine floor.

Thank you.

You're welcome.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is still

dr. Panache, your roving bridge expert,

doing our weekly quiz broadcast

from the lobby of the hotel universe.

Ah, there, young lady.

Just in time to answer a bridge

question for our radio audience.

But first, are you

a New Yorker, miss?

No. I just dropped in.

Well, well!

A stranger in town.

You're on a pleasure

trip perhaps, hmm?

Well, you'd hardly

call it that.

Anyway, here's

your bridge question.
You and your boyfriend
are defending a slam bid.
You lead a club,
knowing your boyfriend
is blank in that suit.
Now, what does
your boyfriend do?
Really,
I don't think I-
What does
your boyfriend play?
Oh, trumpet.
Trump it!
Absolutely correct!
That is the play that sets the
hand and wins you a prize of \$5.00.
Thank you very much.
And that concludes our weekly broadcast
sponsored by the eureka card company.
This is your announcer, dr. Panache,
returning you now to the studio.
Hello, Athanael.
Hello, hello.
Well, aren't you
surprised to see me?
Oh, I don't know.
I've met so many people down here that-
Elizabeth!
Remember, I warned you not to let
anyone impose on your good nature.
But I was saving a soul
from mortal sin.
You weren't sent but
down here to do that.
Your instructions
were definite.
Was she pretty?
Pretty?
Was who pretty?
The girl whose soul
you saved.
Oh, her. Well...
oh, no, no.

As a matter of fact, I'd
say she was quite ordinary.
To me, she was just
a girl in trouble.
Not nearly as much trouble
as she got you into.
And it's a good thing for you
that I was around to get you out.
Out?
I persuaded the chief to give
you another chance tonight.
You did?!
Well, we're finished.
He'll surely blow
that trumpet tonight.
He won't
if he hasn't got it.
Oh, sure, but he has
the trumpet.
He won't have it long.
You're wonderful,
Elizabeth.
I don't deserve you.
I'm a weakling.
That's what I am-
Just a blundering,
inefficient nothing!
That's right, Athanael.
Well, you don't have to
agree so fast, do you?
After all, they don't
let every Tom, Dick, and Harry
through those pearly
gates, you know.
I know, and they won't let
you through again, either,
if you fail this time.
Me, fail again?
Ha ha ha! Don't you worry, my angel.
I won't
now that I'm here,
but I know the chief.
He's risking
everything for us,

And he'll worry himself sick
until we're back.
Now, all you have to do
is blow the trumpet.
And will I blow it!
I'll blow it like
they never heard.
What's the matter?
The trumpet-
I haven't got it.
What?
I left it in a place
called a restaurant.
You let the trumpet out of
your hands? Oh, Athanael!
But it wasn't
my fault.
I was hungry,
and I ate,
and the man
took my trumpet-
A man called
Porplinski.
You've got to
get it back.
Yes.
Oh, but I can't.
I can't until I get
something called dollars.
Dollars?
What in the world are-
Dollars.
I've got some dollars.
You have?
A man gave them to me
when I came in.
Oh, so that's
a dollars.
Funny-looking thing, isn't it?
Forget about that. You just
hurry and get the trumpet.
Look, Elizabeth.
Oh, a picture
of George Washington.

Yes. Remind me to tell George about this when we get back.

Yes. Now, Athanael, hurry, please.

Your proposition begins to interest me.

Here you are, boss.

This is Humphrey, my man.

Let's get down to business.

Bring us the trumpet and we'll give you \$10,000.

10,000?

In cash, the minute you hand it over.

I've never done any business with trumpets, but I remember once at Carnegie Hall, I moved a Stradivarius right from under a violinist's chin.

Ah, me.

But this trumpet, where is it? Who has it?

A fellow named Athanael, and he's right on this floor, room 106.

He's there now with a girlfriend of his, a harpist.

Musicians? Well, the whole thing sounds very simple.

I can assure you, it won't be simple.

Why not? All we do is bust in and slug him.

Oh, but there must be no violence.

I can't even hint at what the consequences would be.

Well, rest at ease, gentlemen.

There shall be no violence, and you shall have your trumpet.

Humphrey, show these

gentlemen out, will you?

Pleasure.

Through the living room.

Well, good-bye

and good hunting.

Good-bye, gentlemen.

Well...

I've come to say

good-bye. I'm going home.

Are you?

I might as well. I've

failed at everything,

even at

ending it all.

I tried to jump off

the roof last night.

Really?

What stopped you?

A man with a trumpet.

He was up

on the roof, too,

and all of a sudden-

A man with a trumpet,

you say?

Yes.

Hmm. Fran, dear, about this

going away. You can't be serious.

Let's talk it over.

Come in, darling.

Here you are, buddy.

I thought you had

an honest kisser.

- Hey, waiter!

- Coming!

What's this?

Well, your grub was a 3-Er,

you give me 5 singles,

and I'm kicking back the deuce

difference. That's right, ain't it?

Well... yes, yes,

if you say so.

Now, may I have

my trumpet?

Your trumpet?

Oh, yeah, the bugle.
Look, drop in and pick it
up tomorrow, will you, buddy?
- Waiter!
- Coming!
Tomorrow?
Why tomorrow?
What do you mean?
Well, you see, I kind of
loaned it to my son Junior.
To your son?
My trumpet?
Yeah. He dropped in here
on his way to a picnic.
I figured
you wouldn't mind.
Oh, wouldn't I?
Now, you get that trumpet
back and get it right away!
I'm sorry, buddy, but the
picnic is over in Cliffside Park.
Cliffside park?
Where's that?
Across the river
in Joisey.
Joisey?
Hello. I'm looking
for Junior Porplinski.
You got a nice day
for it.
Yes, isn't it?
He's a little boy,
and he has a trumpet.
Ask that cop
over there.
Lost kids is
his racket, Bub.
Bub?
Sure is a pretty kid. You
ain't so bad yourself, sister.
Oh, you.
What you doing later on?
Does the little bitty baby
want to cry?

Well, what are
you looking at?
At you.
That's very amusing.
I mean that
bll bll bll!
Oh, you think
it's funny, do you?
Well, not to me,
but to an infant
of undeveloped mentality,
it's undoubtedly fascinating.
You looking for trouble?
No, no, no. I'm looking
for Junior Porplinski.
All right, folks!
Gather round,
friends and neighbors,
and see the first
performance
of the big free attraction
of the day!
What's that?
He's talking about Tarzola
the rocket man. Want to see?
Yes, yes.
All right, folks,
you can't afford to miss this.
You can't afford to pass this
by! The thrill of thrills!
Presenting the most amazing, the
most reckless daredevil of all time,
Tarzola the rocket man!
And now, ladies and gentlemen,
you are about to witness
the outstanding scientific
accomplishment of all time,
demonstrating the new
principle of propulsion
and included in that great
revolutionary secret weapon,
The rocket gun!
All right, are you ready?
Go!

You see?
It would be much more
impressive without the net.
Blow that horn!
Say, Junior, you've been
the bugler all morning.
So what?
Why don't you
let me have it?
Ok, I'll let you have it.
Gee, is he dead?
He looks kind of dead!
Let's roll him!
Yeah! Down to the water!
Are you all right,
mister?
Yes, yes, I'm fine.
Just sort of surprised me,
that's all.
Hey, that's a lovely trumpet
you've got there, Junior.
It costed \$10 million.
It's all made
out of gold.
Yeah, I know.
And what would you say if I
told you that trumpet is mine?
I'd say
you was a fink.
A fink? Ha ha!
Well, I was just joking
about the trumpet,
but, say, I know a good game
we can play with it.
What kind of a game?
Well, it's called
"catch the trumpeter. "
Now, the one who's it
hides with the trumpet,
and the rest of you
close your eyes and count 10.
Then you go search for the one
with the trumpet,
and if you find him,

he has to pay a forfeit.
Yeah, that sounds
like a good game.
Well, come on,
let's play.
Now, lookit, I'll be it first.
Junior, lend me the trumpet.
All right, here,
but remember,
if you try and pull a
fast one, I'll conk ya!
Now, don't worry.
Now, look it.
Everybody close your eyes.
Junior, you count to 10.
All close your eyes, and,
All right,
close your eyes now.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
6, 7, 8, 9, 10!
Look out,
mister!
You'll fall
in our bear trap!
Boys! Boys!
Quiet! Quiet!
What's going on here?
What's going on here?
I can explain, ma'am.
We were just
playing a game.
Aren't you a little young to be
playing games with such grown-up boys?
Miss rodholder,
he's a fink.
He tried to swipe
me bugle.
Quiet, Junior.
Now, what about this bugle?
Well, it's this way,
ma'am. You see-
Boys, boys, please.
Now, boys!
Hey! He beat it

with the bugle!
Oh, boys! Boys! Come back here!
There he is!
Officer, arrest that man!
He stole a little boy's bugle!
Stop!
Boys!
Come out of there!
You're very kind. Your
appreciation touches me deeply.
You were very good.
Thank you.
Today you and i
know it, dear lady.
Soon the whole world
will know it
and pay tribute to the
artistry of archibald Dexter.
Tomorrow night,
I make my debut
with Beethoven's
ninth symphony.
Beethoven.
He's sweet.
I know him
very well.
Oh, I'm sure you do.
That you're a musician
one can tell at a glance.
There's that, um,
sensitivity. Do you sing?
Why, no, no, I don't, but I do play-
Don't tell me.
Let me guess.
It's, um-
It's the harp.
How do you know?
My dear young lady,
it's obvious
that those slim
white fingers
were fashioned
to weave harp strings
into graceful glissandos

and stately arpeggios...
and that's not all
they were fashioned for.
Why, mr. Dexter.
Uh, that music you were conducting-
Oh, just recordings.
I use it to get
in the mood for my concert.
Isn't this delightful?
Fellow musicians living within
a few doors of each other.
Oh, I don't live here.
I'm just visiting
a friend.
He's a musician, too-
A trumpet player.
A trumpet player?
Oh, i must meet him.
Oh, he's not in now.
Not in? Well, perhaps we can
get together a little later on.
I could use a good trumpet
player for my symphony.
Tell me- do you play
the trumpet at all?
I regret to say no.
Well...
that's all right.
You'll learn.
He's here.
And he has his trumpet
with him?
Yes. He's on his way
to his room now.
Good, good. Now we can get
some action, eh, Dexter?
Mr. Doremus,
if in your impatience
you would prefer to have this
matter handled by somebody else-
No, no, no,
mr. Dexter.
Only a great artist
like yourself

could possibly
do justice-
Ah, there,
Humphrey.
Put it
right down there.
Have any trouble
stealing it?
No, boss, but if it's
all the same to you,
next time could you
make it a flute?
What's the idea?
What's this?
That, mr. Osidro,
is a harp.
Well, gentlemen, I
think you left your hats
in the living room,
didn't you?
We must have it before
midnight. Remember.
You said that,
mr. Doremus.
Yes, and he can
say it again
because if we don't get
that trumpet by 12:00-
How much time
does that give me?
It's now just about

half past 9:

Half past 9:

Pardon us! We have
an appointment!
How very odd.
How do I look, Archie?
My dear, if mr. Athanael
doesn't go for that,
he's positively
not human.
Humphrey.

Humphrey!

Huh?

Humphrey, rouse yourself.

We're going into action.

Oh you pour dear.

It has been

a difficult day.

Oh, Elizabeth, you have
the most soothing touch,
and those fingers
of yours-

I know.

"These slim white fingers
"were fashioned
to weave harp strings
"into graceful glissandos
and stately arpeggios...
and that's not all
they were fashioned for. "

What's that?

What do you want?

Oh, nothing.

Think of it, dear.

In a few hours,
we'll be back up there
Away from all trouble
and temptation.

Nothing tempted me
down here.

With you
an angel senior grade...
playing trumpet solos.

I can see it now.

Why is it,

Elizabeth,

when you and I
are together,
it's always so quiet
and peaceful?

Who's that?

The house detective.

Get her out.

Come on,

get her out of there.

Wonder what he's
talking about.
Why don't you open
the door and find out?
Well, that's
the easy way.
What do you wish?
I wish that you'd bounce that
babe out of here, and quick.
I don't understand.
What do I have to do,
slug you, johnny?
Don't you think
you might explain?
Get out! Out!
Just a moment.
What's all this about?
Oh, same old thing
- This mug registers as a single,
but he ain't
alone now!
This is outrageous! How dare
you question these fine people.
They're friends
of mine.
Oh, I'm sorry. If only i had have knew.
Imbecile,
out of my sight.
Your presence
revolts me.
Get out. A most unfortunate occurrence.
Allow me to offer you
my suite as a refuge.
Well, thank you.
Thank you very much,
but we're only staying
until midnight, and then-
as a fellow musician, it
would make me most happy.
Well...
Mr. Dexter, you know, is the
famous symphony conductor.
We met on the balcony
this afternoon.

Really?

How nice.

Hmm, and while

I was away.

My apartment is only
a few steps down the corridor.

Well, thank you,

mr. Dexter,

but we couldn't

possibly-

That's right, Athanael.

We couldn't possibly
refuse your invitation.

Ah.

Coming?

Ah, tomorrow night

at Carnegie Hall,

I can just see

the audience,

spellbound, breathless,

and next week, Philadelphia

will be at my feet,

and Chicago

in September.

As Methuselah remarked to me one day,

"You should live

so long. "

What?

Oh, yes.

Oh, very droll.

Uh, come in.

Ah, welcome,

my child.

Hello, uncle Archie.

Elizabeth, I'd

like you to meet

my little niece miss

Blackstone. This is, uh-

Well, what

a lovely surprise!

Oh, you two have met before?

Oh, yes, kind of.

It was on the roof.

This is the young lady

I was telling you about.
How do you do?
So this is the girl you
said looked quite ordinary.
Well, you see, it was dark
when we met. It was while...
I know-
While I was away.
If i had a boyfriend like him,
I'd never be away.
Funny little Fran,
with her peculiar sense of humor.
Do you know, only yesterday I found her
masquerading as
a cigarette girl
right here
in this hotel.
Ha ha! Anything for a lark.
Who knows? Tomorrow
i might find her stoking coal.
You might at that.
Ha ha! But i
don't want to bother you
with all this family tittle-Tattle.
Won't you come into my music room?
I have a piano there that
used to belong to Paderewski...
and also a rather
interesting harp.
A harp?
Yes. It, uh-it was
my aunt Genevieve's.
I kept it
in memory of her.
We'd love to see it.
Aunt Genevieve
would be proud.
Coming, Athanael?
Good-Bye.
Wait!
Wait? What for?
Why, I want
to thank you
for what you did

for me last night.
Oh, think nothing
of it.
But, Athanael!
Don't run away.
Remember, darling,
you saved my life.
Well, don't worry. I promise
you I'll never do it again.
You can't brush me
aside like this.
Well, I-
You can't save a girl's
life and then ignore her!
Oh, yes, I can
, but of course,
you'll take quite a bit of ignoring.
Until you came
into my life,
everything was
so peaceful.
Well, it's going to be peaceful again
because I'm going right out of it.
Oh, why didn't you
let me jump? Why? Why?
Because! Because! That's why,
if you want to know something.
All I did was meet you
up on the roof,
and I was minding
my own business, too.
The only trouble is, I wasn't
minding my own business long enough.
How can you talk about
business at a time like this?
Who's talking business?
But I love you,
Athanael.
How many women have
loved men as i love you?
How many men
could stand it?
Please, Athanael, I need your affection.
Kiss me, darling.

Now, wait a minute.
Please, Athanael! But
I love you, Athanael!
Athanael, please be
gentle with me, dear.
Why don't you try
being gentle?
I'm not used to this sort
of thing, you know.
I don't even know
if I like it!
Oh, Athanael,
please!
Can't we just be friends? After
all, all I did was save your life.
Come close to me, dearest. Come close.
Please, darling, kiss me.
Do you hear me, darling?
Come close to me! Please,
Athanael, come closer to me.
If I got any closer, I'd
be standing behind you.
Now, let me go!
Look at me, darling! Can't you
see what my eyes are saying?
Yes, and you ought to
watch your language.
I adore you!
Adore-dore-dore-dore
you!
If I can't have you,
nobody else will have you.
After this, I won't
be any good to anybody else!
Now, give me
that trumpet!
Athanael, how can you act like this?
You treat me like
a total stranger!
I hate to think what would
happen if we were old friends!
It has
a beautiful tone.
A lovely instrument.

I've never seen it
so lovely.
Don't you think
we should be going back?
Oh, please.
How can you be so calm?
Calm? Who's calm?
I'm not calm.
Don't I appeal
to you?
Aren't i young, soft, and yielding?
Now, look,
stop, please.
You are shy. Maybe it's i
who should make the approach,
I who should forget
my foolish pride.
Emmanuel,
I love you.
Athanael!
Oh.
Hello, folks.
You-
Oh! I leave you alone
for 5 minutes,
and what happens?
The chief was right.
Then you shouldn't
have left me alone.
You know
I'm unreliable.
You said so yourself, and besides,
what were you doing in
the music room with him?
I was behaving myself, which
is more than I can say for you!
Elizabeth!
E- Elizabeth!
Elizabeth, please.
Elizabeth, I wasn'
t doing anything.
Weren't doing
anything?
No. She was doing it all.

I was merely-
The chief!
We'd better get
that trumpet.
Hold on. You can't
get away with this.
I searched that shaft from top
to bottom, and it was empty.
Empty!
Do you hear me?
Now, what am I supposed
to believe-
That our elevator goes up to
the roof and keeps on going?
Yes. How did you
know?
Well...
ha ha! It's my business
to know things.
You see, I'm a detective,
and naturally I, uh...
I can't understand it.
I put it right there.
It isn't there now,
and it's nowhere in the room.
Who would take
a thing like that?
Nobody but us knows how
important that trumpet is.
No, only Doremus
and Osidro.
What?
Are they here?
Yes. They're living
up on the roof.
Come on!
1, 2, 3-
See, gentlemen? I promised
you the trumpet by midnight,
And I delivered it with
a few minutes to spare.
There you are-
10,000.
Nice work,

Fran, old girl.
Humphrey did
pretty well, too.
Yes, considering
his stupidity.
Gee, thanks,
boss.
I'd have liked to
have seen Athanael's face
when he found the
trumpet was gone.
Well, I guess
this calls for a drink.
Shall we go
into the penthouse?
Don't forget
the trumpet.
Athanael!
The trumpet!
Keep away from me!
Stay away, now!
I'm warning you!
Stay away!
Take that trumpet
away from him, Doremus!
Why don't you take it away from him?
Athanael, Elizabeth, are you
ready? It's almost midnight.
We're ready, chief.
Everything's fine.
Give us that trumpet, Athanael.
No, no, you stay away
from me, Doremus.
5000 more, if you get it back again.
You heard the gentleman,
Humphrey.
Ok, boss.
Come here, you.
Don't touch me!
You stay away
from me, now.
I'm warning you.
I'm warning you.
Don't come

near me, now.
Don't let him
blow that horn!
Don't worry!
I got you!
Hey, this is
dangerous!
Steady now!
Don't lose your nerve!
Got
a good grip on him?
No, but he's got
a good grip on me!
I disapprove of
this whole thing, Elizabeth!
You disapprove?
What about Athanael?
Humphrey, \$5,000!
Keep your head, Doremus!
Keep your head!
You got it!
You keep it!
Don't let him
blow that horn!
How can i stop him
from here? Steady, now!
Look out! I'm slipping!
Ah, you're choking me!
If you drop
Athanael, you'll regret it!
So will Athanael!
Chief,
do something! Help him!
I could use a little help myself.
I can't hold his leg
much longer.
It's too heavy.
Hey, let me go!
Here I come, chief!
I hope you don't get
one of those twinges now!
Compared to this, it
would be a pleasure!
If I ever

get out of this,
I'm going to live
in the subway!
At least you might thank
me for not letting go.
Oh, you're doing this
just for me.
Chief, don't worry.
I'm coming.
Can't hold out much longer.
Very well. I'll go
and get some help.
Athanael,
I think I'm catching cold.
Give me that
bugle! Give me that thing!
You see? See, chief?
I got it!
Help!
Help me!
Ok, chief!
I got it! See?
Look at the clock!
We still have
4 minutes!
Hey, if these suspenders break
, you'll be in trouble!
Don't drop him,
Humphrey! He's worth \$5,000!
Look how high I am!
Hey, what are you doing?
Don't climb back on the roof
and leave me here alone!
There he goes! There he goes!
Look, the coffee's draining out!
Athanael's
going down that tube!
Chief, he's going
into the coffeepot!
He'll drown!
Hey, I'm getting wet!
I'm all right! See?
See, I got it!
Down...

down...
down you go,
Down into the soft, soothing,
peaceful nothingness
of Slumberland.
Ah, sleep,
beautiful sleep.
Paradise coffee
will let you sleep,
and then next morning,
what happens?
You wake up!
You're bright!
You're alive!
And now in conclusion,
the orchestra plays
our closing theme.
What's the matter
with you?
Elizabeth, I just
had the craziest dream.
You know, if you ever
saw it in the movies,
You'd never
believe it.