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Make Mine Music

By Homer Brightman

[Chorus]

Make mine music
Make mine music
And my heart
Will sing
Make mine music
And it's always spring
All the world
goes romancing
When melody
fills the night
And even the stars
go dancing
To the music
of the moonlight
Make mine music
And I'll dream of you
Make mine music
And the dream comes true
Music will play
the shadows away
When everything
seems to go wrong
So make mine music
And life will be a song
Make mine music
Ah-ah-ah, oh-oh-oh
ooh-ooh

[Woman]

Roll along, blue bayou
Through the silvery foam
In the deep
Where sleepy shadows roam
While we roll
blue bayou
In your dreamy light
Memories echo
In my heart
Tonight

[Man]

I hear the echo of
Our song of love
- Murmuring low
- [Chorus]

Murmuring, murmuring low
And here am I
Still haunted by
The ghost of long ago
Roll along, blue bayou
Through the silvery foam
Roll the blue
And sleepy shadows home
[Chorus]
Ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah
Ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Oh-oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-oh
Roll along, blue bayou
Through the silvery foam
In the deep
Where sleepy shadows roam
While we roll
blue bayou
In your dreamy light
Memories echo
In my heart tonight
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh-ooh
Roll along, blue bayou
Through the silvery foam
Roll the blue
And sleepy shadows home
Roll along, blue bayou
Through the silvery foam
Roll the blue
And sleepy shadows home
Across the blue moon
[Jazz Piano]
[Drums, Bass Join In]
[Jazz Clarinet]

[Band Joins In]
[Phone Rings]
[Whistling Along]
[Scatting]
Boy!
[Scatting]
[Continues]
[Humming]
- [Humming Continues]
- [Sneezes]
[Scatting]
- [Car Horn Honking]
- Hey!
[Man]
Hop in the old jalop and
[Woman]
Head for the malted shop and
[Chorus]
All the cats join in
Down goes my last two bits
Comes up
one banana split
And all the cats join in
[Horn Honking]
Drop your jack
in the old jukebox
- [Tires Screech]
- Play your favorite disc
When you dance
with the bobby socks
You dance
at your own risk
Rip, everybody swing
Yes, swing
till the rafters ring
And all the cats join in
[Tires Screech]
[Scatting]
[Continues]
[Crowd]
Yea!
Rafters ringin'
How they're swingin'
All the cats join in

[Orchestra]

I'm so lonely and blue
When I'm without you
I don't know what I'd do
Sweetheart, without you
The joy and tears
That love endears
Would have no meaning
If I didn't have you
To keep me dreaming
At the close of each day
When I'm without you
And my heart
kneels to pray
I pray about you
You take a star
And lead it far away
From heaven
And the star will be lost
As I'm lost without you
At the close of each day
When I'm without you
And my heart
kneels to pray
I pray about you
You take a star
And lead it far away
From heaven
And the star will be lost
As I'm lost without you

[Orchestra Ends]

[Upbeat Piano]

[Band]

[Band]

[Chorus] Oh, what a lark
to ride out to the park
- [Whistles]
- And just to see Casey
They travel for miles
and they stand in the aisles
- [Whistles]
- And just to see Casey
The ladies don't understand
baseball a bit

They don't know a strike
from a foul or a hit
But when they see Casey
that game has got it
Casey
the pride of them all
[Man Sustaining Note]
All
The outlook wasn't brilliant
for the Mudville Nine that day
The score
was four to two
With but one inning
left to play
Listen, ya bunch
of bush leaguers.
This here is the ninth inning,
in case you don't know it.
It's the windup, the blow off.
Come on now, unbutton your shirts.
Now get in there and fight.
Who's up next?
Cooney!
[Colonna] The coach was
really worried when Cooney went to bat,
but all he had to offer
was 300 pounds of fat.
Ah, but Cooney was determined.
He tried to do his worst.
He kept his batting average
all right,
and as usual...
died at first.
- You're out!
- Attaboy!
Uh, hurray for our side!
Hurray, hurray!
- Aw, shut up!
- Sit down!
Kill the ump, the bum!
I'll kick the stuffin's out of him.
Yeah, run that guy
outta town on the rails.
[Colonna] Barrows was the next one up

and Barrows made a hit.

Wow, he smacked a beauty
right in the pitcher's mitt.

- You're out!

- [All Shouting]

- [All] Boo!

- There goes the...

A straggling few

got up to go,

ah, but the loyal fans

stood pat.

They'd put up even money now

were Casey at the bat.

Ah, but Flynn preceded Casey,

of all the stupid guys.

The bat is getting

in his hair.

Now the hair is getting

in his bat.

Egad, he let drive a single

much to his own surprise.

[Crowd Cheering]

- Safe!

- [Cheering]

The next one in the lineup

was No-Hit Jimmy Blake.

Of all the mugs in Mudville,

he was the biggest fake.

- But he was really blazing

and to the wonderment of all,

- Wah-ha-ho!

Blake the fake

tore the cover off the ball!

[Crowd Laughing]

And when the dust had lifted

and they saw what had occurred,

there was Jimmy safe at second

and Flynn a-huggin'third.

Cozy, isn't it?

You're safe!

[Cheering]

[Chanting]

We want Casey! We want Casey!

We want Casey!

- [Giggling]
- [Chorus] Oh
Casey's the guy
with his eye on the ball
- [Whistles]
- [Colonna] But mostly the ladies
[Chorus] Casey's the guy
who's the idol of all
- [Whistles]
- [Colonna] But mostly the ladies
[Chorus]
Casey is mighty and manly
Casey's a dangerous gent
[Colonna] Egad, when he goes
to bat hang on to your hat
He's batting a thousand percent
with the ladies
Oh, Casey has nerve
and he knows every curve
- [Whistles]
- He's no hokeypokey
- [Grunts]
- He gets away
with that old double play
- [Whistles]
- He's sure okeydokey
[Chorus] He makes all
the ladies go ga-ga, it's true
No wonder they swoon
when he comes into view
[Colonna]
He was the Sinatra of 1902
[All]
Casey, the pride of them all
[Squealing, Giggling]
[Colonna] The pitcher's nerves were
jagged and his knees began to shake.
Hey, can't catch me!
Can't catch me!
One eye was watching Flynn...
and the other eye
watching Blake.
[Players Heckling]
[Gulps]

While the frightened pitcher
ground the ball into his hip,
defiance gleamed
in Casey's eye,
a sneer curled Casey's lip.

[Chortling]

And now the leather-covered sphere
came hurtling through the air,
and Casey stood
a-watching it...

in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman,
the ball unheeded sped.

"That ain't my style,"
said Casey.

St-t-t-t-ribe one!

The umpire said.

- [Babbling]

- From the benches black with people,
there went up a mighty roar,
like the beating of the ocean
on a stern and distant shore.

Kill him!

Kill the umpire!

Yelled a cutie
from the stands.

And it's likely they'd have killed him
had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile
of Christian charity,
great Casey's visage shone.

He stilled the rising tumult
and bade the game go on.

[People Shouting]

He signaled to the pitcher,
and once more the spheroid flew.

But Casey still ignored it,
and the umpire said, quote...

St-t-t-t-t-trike two!

- Unquote.

- [Booing]

"Fraud," cried the maddened thousands,
and the echo answered, "Fraud!"

But one scornful look

from Casey...
and the audience was awed.
They saw his face
go stern and cold.
They saw his muscles strain.
And they knew that Casey
would not let that ball go by again.

[All]

Ooh!

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip.
His teeth are clenched in hate.
He pounds with cruel violence
his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball,
and now he lets it go.
And now the air is shattered
by the force of Casey's blow!

[Women]

Somewhere in this favored land
- The sun is shining bright
- [Chirping]

[Colonna]

Ah, yes.

[Women]

Somewhere bands are playing sweet
[Full Chorus]

And somewhere hearts are light

[Colonna]

Somewhere men are laughing

[Laughing]

Somewhere children shout

[Thunderclaps]

But there is no joy
in Mudville.

Mighty Casey has struck out!

[Sobbing,

Blubbering]

[Angry Yell]

[Frustrated Grunts]

[Chorus, Colonna]

Casey, the pride of them all

[Colonna Sustaining Note]

All

What do you know?

The game is over.
Two silhouettes
Together in the afterglow
Two silhouettes
Become as one
When lights are low
And with the night
slumbering on
We'll build a dream
for two
A perfect dream
set to a theme
Lovely as you
Two hearts on fire
Will soon inspire
The stars to dance
The flames that stray
will light the way
To our romance
And when I hold you
in my arms
To my heart's delight
Two silhouettes
will drift away
Into the night
Two hearts on fire
Will soon inspire
The stars to dance
The flames that stray
will light the way
To our romance
And when I hold you
In my arms
To my heart's delight
Two silhouettes
Will drift away
Into the night
Will drift away
Into the night
Now, this is a story
of, uh, uh, uh,
uh, "Peter and the Wolf."
As you know, in the musical
score of "Peter and the Wolf,"

each character
is represented...
by a corresponding instrument
in the orchestra.
Peter,
by the string quartet.
[String Quartet]
The bird,
whose name is Sascha,
by a flute, way up high.
[Flute]
Sonia, the duck,
by an oboe, like this.
[Oboe]
And here is Ivan, the cat,
represented by a clarinet...
[High Voice]
In a very low...
[Deep Voice]
Ahem, in a very low register.
[Clarinet]
Grandpapa is an old bassoon.
[Bassoon]
The shooting of the hunters' guns,
by the kettledrums.
[Kettledrums]
And there is also a wolf.
[Dramatic]
[Snarling]
Little does
that wolf know...
what's in store
for him this day.
For our hero, little Peter,
armed to the teeth,
is setting forth
to capture him.
Uh-oh. There seems to have
been a change of plans.
[Bassoon]
For Peter's grandpapa thinks
that little boys like Peter...
should not go out
to hunt the wolf.

This is very embarrassing
for a great hunter.

[String Quartet]

[Bassoon]

- [String Quartet]

- [Whistling]

- [Flute]

- And this is Sascha,
the little bird we told you about.

Excitable little chap,
isn't he?

Forgetful too.

[Flute Continues]

[Holloway As Sascha] "Hello, Petie.

What goes? Where ya goin, huh?

Can I go, Petie?

Can I? Huh?

Oh, boy! A gun!

Loaded too!

Going hunting?

Ohh! That's for me!

Everything's okay, Petie.

Come on. Let's go!"

[String Quartet]

[Flute]

The wolf!

- [Oboe]

- But it isn't the wolf at all.

It's only

Sonia the duck.

[Oboe, Flute]

"Hello, Sonia."

"Hello, Petie."

Now Sonia wants
to join the party.

[Oboe]

Imagination is
a wonderful thing!

[Snarling]

But sometimes it can
run away with you.

[Flute]

"You coward!"

[Clarinet]

Now who's this?
Oh, it can't be...
[Chuckling]
Oh, no. It's Ivan the cat!
Hello, Ivan!
Ivan's a peaceful,
fun-loving sort.
Maybe a little shy
on brains.
You know the type.
Hey! Look out, Sascha!
"Stop it! Stop it!
Stop it! Stop it!"
[Clarinet]
Oh, how can they
ever get any place...
if they're going to
fight among themselves?
"Ivan, you ought
to be ashamed!
You big bully!
You cat-in-the-grass!"
"Come on, Sascha. Ivan's sorry.
He won't do it again."
[Hissing]
[Dramatic]
And so, once more,
our little band of intrepid hunters
sets forth to find the wolf.
- And they find him.
- [Screeching]
[Dramatic]
Sonia! Sonia!
Behind you!
Look out!
W-O-L-F!
[Snarling]
Oh! That wolf
is everywhere!
Peter, do something!
Oh, no. Look, Peter,
why don't ya...
Look, maybe if you could...
Then maybe Peter... Oh, well.

Peter, don't just
stand that way!
And don't stand
that way either!
[Oboe]
Oh, Sonia!
This is no time to relax!
[Snarling]
[Oboe]
[Snarling]
[Dramatic]
[Snarling]
Poor Sonia!
[Oboe]
Well, that's one gone.
Good-bye, Sonia.
[Oboe]
Will this crime
go unavenged?
- [Snarling]
- Not if little Sascha can help it.
[Snarling]
[Flute]
You, you, you beast!
Take this
and this and this!
How do you
like this, eh?
And this, eh?
How about this, eh?
Not so good, eh?
Good work, Sascha!
Uh-oh. Trouble!
Sascha!
Sascha, get up!
Get up!
Get out of there!
[Dramatic]
[Dramatic]
- [Snarling]
- [Flute]
Look out, please,
for overconfidence. Oh!
This is bad.

This is very bad.
[Violins]
Saved!
[Snarling]
[Dramatic]
Just when things
are looking blackest...
Hark!
What's that we hear?
[Cossack Music]
What's this we see?
[Cossack Music]
The hunters!
Mischa, Yascha, and Vladamir!
That's Vladamir
in the middle.
[Kettledrums]
Wait a minute.
I'll show you.
W-O-L-F.
Wolf!
Wolf?
To the rescue!
[Cossack Music]
[Dramatic]
[Whistle]
[Kettledrums]
Oh, Peter, you're safe!
You've captured the wolf!
Oh, happy day!
I think I'll
say that again.
Oh, happy day!
Oh, Peter,
what a hero!
You too, Ivan.
Everybody's happy...
except the wolf!
Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey! Hey!
[Sobbing]
But little Sascha
isn't happy.

He's thinking of
his lost playmate,
Sonia.
Sonia.
Sonia?
Sonia!
Oh, then you're not dead!
You're safe!
Oh, Sonia.
This is the most
wonderful, wonderful day!
The wolf is captured!
Peter caught him!
[Piano]
[Clarinet Joins In]
[Cello Joins In]
[Man]
One, two, three.
[Man]
One, two, three.
[Upbeat Jazz]
Johnnie Fedora
met Alice Bluebonnet
In the window
of a department store
'Twas love at first sight
And they promised one night
They'd be sweethearts
forevermore
Johnnie would serenade Alice
Too-ra-lay, Too-ra-lie
Too-ra-loo
He sang of
a beautiful palace
Of a beautiful
hatbox for two
But Johnnie Fedora
lost Alice Bluebonnet
To a patron
of the department store
Her beauty was sought by
The girl she was bought by
For 23.94
Johnnie, oh, Johnnie

Your Alice Bluebonnet
Will always
be waiting for you
So don't give up hoping
And don't give up dreaming
For true love will come
Smiling through
Johnnie Fedora
was lonely and stranded
In the window
of the department store
When lo and behold
He was suddenly sold
And his heart
became gay once more
Johnnie sang out
like a robin
[Warbling]
Too-ra-lay, Too-ra-lie
Too-ra-loo
To strangers
he'd come up a-bobbin'
Oh!
I thought you were
someone I knew
He looked for her uptown
and crosstown and downtown
From the Brooklyn Bridge
to the Jersey shore
It all seemed in vain
till he heard the refrain
Of the song
Alice sang of yore
Johnnie, oh, Johnnie
Your Alice Bluebonnet
Will always
be waiting for you
So don't give up hoping
And don't give up dreaming
For true love will come
Smiling through
[Wind Blows]
[Tune Goes Upbeat]
[Bell Dinging]

[Bell Clanging]
[Clopping]
[Snarling]
[Horn Honking]
[Chattering]
[People Screaming]
[Alarm Ringing]
[Whistle Blowing]
[Screaming, Muttering]
[Wind Blowing]
[Andrews Sisters
Vocalizing]
Johnnie kept yearning
He kept on returning
To the window
of the department store
His voice became hushed
He was literally crushed
And it started
to rain and pour
Each place he went
he kept calling
Too-ra-lay, Too-ra-lie
Too-ra-loo, La-la-la
His spirits kept falling
and falling
For his Alice
was nowhere in view
But, hey, nonnie-ninnie
An iceman found Johnnie
And he cut him to fit
on his horse's ears
'Twas done without malice
For beside him was Alice
And they lived on
for years and years
[Whip Cracks]
Da, da-da-da
Da-da-da-da
- Da-da-da-da-da-da-da
- Giddap!
You Johnnie Fedoras
You Alice Bluebonnets
Whenever you

find yourself blue
You'll find
it's June in December
- If you'll just remember
- [Whinnying]
That true love
will come smiling through
That true love
will come smiling through
[Eddy]
Ahh
[Holds Note]
This is how it all began
Just a little
back-page item
About a voice
that sang at sea
And then this fantastic news
Appeared on the front page
And then
in screaming headlines
Extry!
Read all about it!
- Paper!
- A singing whale
- What do ya know
- Imagine that
I don't believe it
I don't believe it
For who ever heard
of an operatic whale
I don't believe it
I don't believe it
Then headline
followed headline
Then doctors
and experts
And men of
anatomical biology
- Debated and argued
- [Barking]
And quoted ichthyology
Impossible
Preposterous

We savagely
deny it
Magnificent
Miraculous
We certainly
certify it
And even
the great impresario
Of the grand opera
Raised an eyebrow
And tried and tried
to figure it out
[Italian Accent]
Hmm. This a-whale,
she's a-maybe swallow
the opera singer.
That's it!
This a-whale, she's a-swallow
the opera singer!
I find-a the great Signor Donatelli
in the fish market.
I discover the great Lilli Galli
in the honky tonky.
Then why not I find
the opera singer...
in the belly
of a whale, huh?
I do it!
Oh, get-a me
a great big schooner
And get-a me
a good harpooner
Photographers and reporters
from all the newspapers
Publicity
Publicity
Publicity
[Eddy]
Publicity, yes.
But to Whitey the sea gull, it was
opportunity, the big opportunity...
for his friend,
Willie the whale.
There was no time to lose.

He must bring
these two together.
Well, there was
Tetti-Tatti now.
And Tetti-Tatti
was in for a wonderful surprise.
Because Willie hadn't
swallowed any opera singer.
He could really sing.
Listen.

Mammy's little baby
loves shortenin', shortenin'
Mammy's little baby
loves shortenin' bread
Mammy's little baby
loves shortenin', shortenin'

Mammy's little baby
loves shortenin' bread

Two little children
lyin' in bed

One of'em sick
and the other most dead

Call for the doctor
The doctor said

Feed them children
on shortenin' bread

Mammy's little baby
loves shortenin, shortenin'

Mammy's little baby
loves shortenin'bread

- Mammy's little baby
loves shortenin, shortenin'

- [Dinging]

Mammy's little baby
loves

Shortenin' bread

- Mmm!

- [Applause]

After all these years...

of casting his shortenin'bread
upon the waters,

- now, at last,

success lay just over the waves.

- [Seagull Squawks]

Willie! Willie!
Willie, look!
That's you, Willie.
He's looking for you.
It's your big
opportunity.
Willie's going to be
a great star.
Our Willie,
going to sing grand opera!
Good-bye, my friends
I'm off to be discovered
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
I'm off to be discovered
At last, the long years
of patient waiting...
and the endless hours
of faithful practice...
were about
to be rewarded.
As Willie sped
to his audition,
he wondered what he should sing
for his opening number.
What would impress
this impresario?
How about a bit
of "Figaro"?
Yes, sure,
"Figaro."
[Willie Singing
In Italian]
[Singing Continues]
La-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la
There she's a-blows!
There she's a-blows!
Figaro! Figaro!
Figaro!
[Willie]
Figaro, Figaro, Figaro.
Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro,
Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro, Figaro!
- [Squawking]

- Figaro!
[Willie Singing
In Italian]
Shoot-a the whale!
[Continues]
[Continues]
[Willie]
Figaro!
Figaro!
Hey!
[Whistles]
Figaro!
[Continues]
[Continues]
[Continues]
Hurry up! Hurry up!
Rescue the opera singer!
- Shh!
- Shh!
- Shh!
[Continues]
[Gurgling]
[Finale]
Don't a-worry!
We'll a-save you!
Ta
La-la
La-laaaa
- Bravo!
- [Whistling]
Bravissimo!
Bravo!
[Eddy] Ah, but they hadn't
heard the half of it.
Well, they hadn't even
heard a third of it.
For Willie was no
ordinary singing whale.
Willie could sing
in three separate voices.
- La-la-la-la-la-la
- Tenor.
- La-la-la-la-la-la
- Baritone.

- La-la-la-la-la-la
- And bass.
La-la
Why, Willie was
a singing miracle!

[Tenor Voice:

Italian]
[Continues]
Let-a me up!
This is a-mutiny!
[Mutters]
[Continues]
[Baritone Voice
Joins In]
[Squawks]
Mamma mia!
He's a-swallowed
two opera singers!
[Continues]
[Bass VoiceJoins In]
[Squawks]
He's a-swallowed
three opera singers!
Stubborn, deluded
Tetti-Tatti.
For right there
before his very eyes...
was the biggest discovery
in all musical history.
Just imagine, a whale...
singing opera
on the very stage of the Met.
[Singing In Italian]
[Continues]
[Finale]
[Applause]
Bravo!
[Cheering]
[Applause, Cheering]
- Bravo! Bravissimo!
- [Whistling]
[Barking]
[Squawking]

Ah, mio core
Ah, dolore
Ahh
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!
Io pian...
Go
- Tristan
- Isolde
- Geliebter
- Geliebter
[Singing In German]
[Continues]
[Continues]
Je suis mefisto
Roi de l'enfer
Je veux
Ta
Vie
[Holds Note]
I got him!
I got him!
Vittoria!
Vittoria!
[Eddy]
Now Willie will never sing at the Met.
But don't be too harsh
on Tetti-Tatti.
He just didn't understand.
You see,
Willie's singing was a miracle,
and people aren't
used to miracles.
And you, faithful little friend,
don't be too sad.
Because miracles
never really die.
And somewhere, in whatever
heaven is reserved...
for creatures of the deep,
Willie is still singing...
- in a hundred voices,
each more golden than before.

- [Willie Singing]
And he'll go on singing...
amid the applause
and the cheering...
forever.

[Willie Singing

In Italian]

[Continues]

[Continues]

[Finale]