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Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

By Karl Tunberg

Happy ending #
With all our troubles behind #
#Happy ending #
That's what
we're trying to find #
Why didn't Cinderella waver #
What made her braver #
She knew the prince
would come and save her #
Happy ending #
The best of wonderful times #
Always ending #
Just like in nursery rhymes #
May each thing you pray for #
Bring you joy and laughter #
Ever after #
Happy ending to you all ##
And now for a very important
announcement.
Wednesday night at 8:00
over the Federal Broadcasting
Company's coast-to-coast network...
the Crackly Grain Flakes Company bring you
something new in entertainment...
tomorrow's sensation of the airwaves,
Little Miss America.
You got to eat your spinach, baby #
That's the proper thing to do #
It will keep you
kind of healthy too #
And what it did for Popeye
it will do for you #
You got to eat your spinach #
Kent, our program
starts next week...
and you haven't found me
a Little Miss America yet.
I'm beginning to lose faith
in the whole idea.
- Mr. Bartlett, if you'll just be patient...
- Patient? Patient?
Look. Look.
All this advertising.
What I can't understand

is how you had the colossal nerve...
to spread publicity
from coast to coast...
before you found
the right child for the program.
Wait a minute.
You turned down some talented kids...
and some of them were
very successful radio entertainers.
That's just what
was wrong with them.
They weren't what the program
calls for, and you know it.
If this thing blows up after it's been
announced all over the country...
it'll be an irreparable blow to
the prestige of Crackly Grain Flakes...
and, Kent, I won't have it!
Take your hands off my child.
I will if she'll take
her teeth out of my hand.
- You worm. I'll have
the Humane Society up here.
- Let go. Ooh!
Say, what do you got in that bag?
I carry it for luck.
Glad you took the horse off it.
Quiet!
Quiet!
Quiet! Now, listen!
Listen!
Now, listen, please! Quiet, ladies!
You'll have to wait your turn:
You sure you got
the song right?
Yew, Uncle Harry,
but I'm awfully hungry.
Shh. Not so loud. We'll be eating regular
soon as I hand these guys the old one-two.
You better not, Uncle Harry.
The last time you gave the old one-two,
you came home with a black eye.
That was a crooked game,
and can prove it.

Well, honey, when do we
start broadcasting?
It's my guess
you've never stopped.
Don't be that way, sweetheart.
Isn't this the place
that advertised for a kid?
I have here the most sensational,
the most extraordinary and thrilling...
So you're another one of those.
I'm afraid you're too late.
Harry Kipper is never too late.
All right, hotshot. Have it your own way.
Child's name and address.
Rebecca Winstead,
950 10th Avenue.
- Where's the man in charge?
- That door.
Thanks, sister.
I'll be seeing you oh the way out.
I can't wait.
You'll have to excuse him.
I've told him not to act that way.
Oh, that's all right.
I'm used to it.
- Would you like some candy?
- Thank you.
We'd really get further in our act
if he wouldn't talk so much.
- Is he in the act with you?
- No, I'm the act. He's my manager.
I bet you'd make a better manager
than your father.
Uncle Harry's not my father.
He's my stepfather.
I've been taking care of him
ever since Mother died.
- Oh, you poor child.
- I'm not a poor child.
- You know, I'm very self-reliant.
- You are?
Yes. My mother told me
to always be that way.
Well, Kent, what are

we waiting for now?
I'll see what's holding them up.
Orville, let's go.
Okay, chief.
What are you going to sing, little girl?
Florabelle will now sing
"You Got to Eat Your Spinach, Baby."
Do they all have to
sing that song?
Give it to them, Florabelle.
- Now, honey.
- # You got to eat your spinach, baby #
That's the only thing to do #
Come on.
Snap in to it, sweetheart.
Snap in to it.
#You got to eat your spinach#
"Baby," isn't it?
It's "baby," isn't it? Yes, "baby."
Come on, honey.
You can do better than that. Now-
Mike fright, eh? I know just
how you feel. It happened to me once.
- What's she doing that for?
- Stage fright. She can't help it.
What's stage fright?
Well, it's, um-
It's something you'll never get.
- Why?
- Because I trained you. That's why.
You're a trouper.
That kid's just an amateur.
Stop it. Stop it. You're killing me.
If it wasn't for setting
a bad example for Florabelle...
I'd pin your ears back.
Come on, doll.
I have here the most sensational,
most extraordinary and thrilling-
Say, do you get stage fright?
- No, I'm a trouper.
- Have you got adenoids?
No, but I'll get some
if you want them.

Okay. You're next.
Play it good, professor.
Your search is over, son.
If I do say so myself,
this child is the most, uh-
Clever child. Clever child.
All right. Go to it.
#What is all this dizzy
busy hustling for#
#People running helter-skelter
on their way#
What is all this hazy
crazy bustling for #
No time to notice
it's a sunny day #
Why don't you take
a vacation #
Looks like you've got to
have relaxation #
Aw, come on, forget
your troubles for a while #
Why don't you try to
feel like I do #
If I had one wish to make #
#This is the wish I would choose #
That's great!
Just what I've been looking for
No need to look further.
She's perfect.
Okay, Orville.
That's enough.
I'm sorry, honey.
I guess you're not the type.
I can change my type.
I'm very self-reliant.
But you didn't even
let her finish her song!
The chief said he's heard enough,
and he's giving orders around here.
Why, he's passing up
the most colossal, the most in-
You told him that once before,
Uncle Harry, and it didn't do any good.
That's very true, my child,

very true.

You don't know talent
when you see it.

It's people like you that'll put radio
on the spot today.

Why, at this rate, the big networks
will be bankrupt within a year!

Radio Center will be
as empty as your head!

Thousands of employees will be thrown
out of work, and all because of you!

Bah!

I do all that?

You can't come in here!

You'll have to get out.

Now, please.

- How'd you make out, honey?

- The man said I wasn't the type.

There's nothing wrong
with your type.

It's your environment
that's not so hot.

Then maybe I should have
my- my environment fixed.

- Come, come. Enough of this slumming.

- Hmm.

My goodness.

I thought we were wowing them.

Well, I guess it's time
to go home.

It may interest you to know, Rebecca,
that we have no home.

That foul landlady
locked us out this morning.

Uncle Harry, why are landladies
always doing that to us?

It won't happen again. I'm going to give your
other relatives a chance to feed you.

Oh, goody!

You mean were going to have dinner?

I mean I'm taking you to your
Aunt Miranda's at Sunnybrook Farm.

From now on,
you're living with her

But, Uncle Harry, I want to stay here and be a success like my mother wanted me to. Well, I've done all I can for you. I taught you all I know. Yes. I guess it just wasn't enough. Good-bye, Mr. Bartlett. I'm glad everything's turned out so well. So am I, Kent. And don't let anything happen to that little girl. Without her, there's no program.

- Just tune in next Wednesday night.

- I'll be glued to that radio.

- Yes?

- Okay for the next kid, chief?

What do you mean "the next kid"? Bring in the little girl that just sang, and fast. Well, I didn't think-You didn't-I didn't think you liked her.

- She just left.

- She just-What? Get her back here! I want that kid right now!

Oh, of all the stupid, dumb morons

- Who, me?

- Oh, hello, Lola:

Well, that's a fine greeting after last night's stand-up. I'm sorry, Lola. I was busy. I forgot. I waited three hours for you.

- I said I'm sorry.

- You still haven't told me where you were. Lola, can't you understand? I've been busy, and when I say "busy," I mean crazy. I've had kids in my hair day and night. Now, please don't make it any worse!

- Well, you needn't scream.

- Who's screaming?

Hello. Stoddard?

Did you see a big girl with a little man? I mean, a little man with a big girl. I-

What's that? They're down there?
Hold them! Stop them! Yes.
Send them back to Kent's office
right away.
Oh, Myrtle,
I thought I made a mistake.
Impossible.
All right, all right.
If you insist, then I wasn't working.
I was out with a blonde,
a beautiful, gorgeous, luscious blonde.
And we're going to be married next week.
Are you satisfied?
Ah, Tony, we're crazy
fighting like this.
It's okay, chief.
They're on their way back up here.
Oh. Hello, Lola.
Hello, love of my life.
Aw, cut it out, Lola.
Can I help it if go all pieces
when I see you?
The man and the little girl
are here, Mr. Kent.
Oh!
Well, come right in. I'm certainly glad
we caught you in time.
When they tapped me on the shoulder,
I thought it was the cops.
But, chief, she isn't-
That isn't-
Keep quiet, Orville. Lola, I want you to
get a load of this kid's voice.
She's sensational. Sing me
that last chorus of your song, honey.
Wait a minute. Wait a minute.
Please. Oh, wait till he finds out.
- Just listen to this.
- Chief, chief.
Let her go, Florabelle!
#You got to each
your spinach, baby #
- Oh.
- Come on. Pull yourself

together, sweetheart!

Ouch!

- # You got to eat your spinach #

- That's plenty.

- That's plenty.

- Well, this guy-

- I said that's enough.

- This bird here-

You'll be hearing from me very soon,
very soon indeed.

- This guy told us...

- I'll be calling you up someday.

- But this fellow-

- Yes, yes. Good-bye. Good-bye.

- I am going to cut you
up and sell you for bait.

- It wasn't my fault.

Do you realize if we don't find that kid,
Bartlett cancels everything?

Careful, Tony. Remember your apoplexy.

I gotta run now, darling.

- Bye, Casanova.

- Good-bye, Lola.

I gotta hand it to you, Orville.

I've been out on a limb

before, but I've never had a
guy behind me sawing it off.

You realize we're on
the worst spot of the century?

You've got nothing to worry about, chief.

We've got the kid's address.

- You have?

- Of course. We've got all their addresses.

- Yes?

- Did you get the addresses of
every one of the applicants?

- Yes.

- Well.

That's a load off my mind.

Whew. I'm dead.

Between you and Lola and
getting this program set, I'm going screwy.

Why don't you take a run down
to Atlantic City for a few days?

Atlantic City. That's the sort of place
I'm trying to get away from.
I'm going up to my farm
where I can relax.
Birds, trees, new-mown hay,
the simple life.
Well, anyway, that's what I need.
Oh, when you find that kid,
be sure you get the contract signed.
Pay her anything she wants!
Well, within reason.
If you make any mistakes,
I'm going to tear your head off
and use it for a doorstep.
- Okay, chief. You know me.
- I'm still regretting it.
Now you're going to meet
your Aunt Miranda.
I wonder if she'll like me.
You be nice to her,
and she'll be nice to you.
Uncle Harry...
is this where my mother used to live
when she was a little girl?
Yup.
I think I'm going to like it here.
Wait for me.
How do you do?
I guess you must be my Aunt Miranda.
Heavens above.
It's Bess's child.
- How did you ever get here?
- Oh, we drove up on the village bus.
"We"? Who's we?
Why, Uncle Harry and I.
There ought to be a law
against loose planks.
- It's a miracle I'm still alive.
- It's no miracle.
It's a calamity. I suppose you want
something, as usual.
Let's not start by quarreling, Miranda.
I'm only going to be here a few minutes.
That's long enough for me.

My, this is a very fine boarding house.
This is no boarding house, honey.
I thought everyone took in roomers.
A nice environment
you've given her.
I want to have
my environment fixed.
- I'll wager the child hasn't
had a bit of food.
- Oh, yes, I have.
Uncle Harry bought me a candy bar.
Candy bar?
Take the child in the kitchen and
get her something decent to eat.
- Oh, I can help myself.
I'm very self-reliant.
- I'm hungry too.
Let's go together, huh?
My name's Rebecca Winstead.
What's yours?
- I'm Gwen Warren. We're first cousins.
- Oh, are we?
My, it's nice to get-out
in the country again.
You certainly have
a cozy little place here, Miranda.
Get to the point, Harry.
Well, Miranda, it's this way.
I've had Rebecca on my hands
for some time now.
It's been quite a burden. Of course,
I'm only too glad to take care of the child.
Although she really isn't
my own, you might say.
But lately I've had several
financial reverses, and I thought-
You're trying to tell me you want me
to take the child off your hands.
I'd hardly put it that way, Miranda,
but that's the general idea.
Listen to me, Harry Kipper.
I'll take Rebecca,
but only on one condition.
Promise to let me have her for good, so

I can give her the right kind of upbringing.

I don't want her to come to

a bad end like her mother.

Now, now, your sister

didn't do so bad.

- You're just against show people.

- Show people!

If Bess hadn't eloped with that

opera singer who died without a cent...

she wouldn't have had to marry

a no-good like you!

- Now, Miranda.

- Don't you "Now, Miranda" me!

Will you promise not to come back here

if I take the child?

It's a sacrifice, but I'll go for anything

that's good for Rebecca.

- You know me, Miranda.

- Yes, I know you.

- You're probably in a hurry. Good-bye.

- Oh, just one more thing.

I've been sort of short lately,

and I thought that maybe-

I wouldn't lend you a cent

if it was to save your life, Harry Kipper.

Well, no harm in asking.

Aunt Miranda,

you certainly are a good cook.

- Bye-bye, Rebecca. Don't miss me too much.

- I won't, Uncle Harry.

Well, see you folks in church.

Maybe it's for the best.

He has been an awful trial to me.

- Take her up to the side room.

- Come on, darling.

As long as you live here,

you'll wear your hair this way.

I like it.

It's so nice and cool.

I wore my hair that way

when I was a little girl.

- My, I bet you were pretty.

- Now, get along.

See what you can learn

about farming.
All right. I'll introduce myself
to the chickens.
I was considered
quite a belle in my day.
I'll bet you kicked up your heels
when you were young.
The idea.
Stuff and nonsense.
Oh, you poor little thing.
I hope you're all right.
Oh, you bent your tail.
I'll fix it. I'm surprised Aunt Miranda
lets you wear it curled.
I'll bet you haven't had
any breakfast.
I'll ask Aunt Miranda
to give you some eggs and bacon.
Oh, there's your breakfast!
Hurry up, or there won't be any left.
Oh, that's the wrong way.
Come back!
Please come back!

You'll get lost:

For heaven's sake, where are you?
Don't you want your breakfast?
You're a very naughty pig.
Well, hello, stranger.
What's your hurry?
I'm sorry, but I was trying
to catch our pig.
- Don't you know you're trespassing?
- What's that mean?
It means you're very welcome.
Thank you, but I must catch our pig.
Wait. I'll round him up.
You stay here and head him off.
Aunt Miranda! Gwen!
- Aunt Miranda! Gwen!
- Rebecca, what's the matter?
- They fell in the well.
- Who fell in the well?
A pig and the man

with the long legs.

- Something wrong, Miss Gwen?
- Someone fell in the well.
- Perhaps it's Homer.
- No, ma'am. There's Homer now.
- Hello Gwen. What's all the rumpus?
- There's a man down there.

It's my boss.

Are you hurt, Mr. Kent?

- We're all right. Get a rope.
- Let's use the hose.

Ouch:

You might have at least
taken the nozzle off.

Okay. Haul away.

Everybody, pull.

- Thank you.
- Oh, don't mention it. Nothing at all.

Whew.

I hope you'll pardon my appearance.

I didn't expect callers.

I'm glad you're not hurt.

Or are you?

I'm afraid so.

There's a strange feeling right here.

Oh, I hope it doesn't
hurt you too much.

You better let Gwen and me
put you to bed.

That would be
a pleasant experience.

I think Homer can handle the situation.

Come on, darling.

I'm sorry she bothered you Mr...

Kent is the name. Anthony Kent. I live here,
but this is my first trip of the year.

I hope you'll bother again soon.

I've got a lot of other tricks.

I'd love to see them.

Will you do one now?

I'd better clean up first.

How 'bout tomorrow?

Perhaps. Come on, darling.

- Homer, see the ladies to the door.

- Yes, sir.

I'll hold the pig.

Over we go.

Gwen! Haven't I told you
to keep out of that place?

The place is all right, Auntie.

In fact, it's quite nice.

- Besides, I had to help Rebecca.

- What were you doing in there?

Now, Miranda, it wasn't her fault.

- Your pig ran away,
and she had to chase it.

- Is that my pig?

- Yes, Aunt Miranda.

- Tell that man to give it to Aloysius.

But he's right here.

Why don't you tell him?

'Cause I refuse to speak to him.

Aunt Miranda says for you
to give the pig to Aloysius...
and she refuses to speak to you.

I'm used to it. She's refused
to speak to me for 25 years.

You can tell Homer Busby
he's not fit to touch my pig...
and he's a no-good loafer!

You're not fit to touch our pig,
and you're no-good loafer.

- But I don't think so.

- I'm glad someone's got a kind word for me.

See you again soon, Rebecca.

- Tell him he will not!

- Oh, yes, I will.

After this, stay on
your own side of the fence!

Such people!

- What does Homer do?

- He takes care of Mr. Kent's place.

Why doesn't

Aunt Miranda like him?

Well, a long time ago, Homer
asked Aunt Miranda to marry him.

- Is that why she's mad at him?

- Not exactly.

You see, Homer celebrated so much the night before that he forgot to go to the wedding.

Mr. Kent is very nice too.

Don't you think?

We were talking about Homer.

Come on. Help me pick berries.

Oh, Aloysius, give Rebecca a pail and show her how to pick berries.

Yes, ma'am. It's a pleasure.

Yes, ma'am. It's a pleasure.

Now, honey,

you just watch me.

If I had one wish to make

This is the wish I would choose

I'd want an old straw hat

A suit of overalls

and a worn-out pair of shoes #

Just let me roam around

Laughing at big-city blues

With an old straw hat

a suit of overalls #

And a worn-out pair of shoes

Howdy, Mr. Brown

Ho-hum #

Going fishing?

Hope you get a bite.

Howdy, Mr. Jones

Ho-hum #

How's about a hayride

Saturday night #

Say hi-ho

the merry... o #

What have you got

What have you got to lose #

Get an old straw hat

a suit of overalls #

And a worn-out pair of shoes

- See who's at the door, Homer.

- Yes, sir.

- Why hello there.

- How do you do, Mr. Busby?

I would like to see Mr. Kent.

Well, that might be arranged.

Come right on in.

- I'll tell him you're here.

- Thank you.

You may tell him

Miss Winstead is calling.

Well, that would make it
more official.

Uh, that little girl from next door
wants to see you, Mr. Kent.

- Oh, so I see.

- You said you'd announce me
as Miss Winstead, Mr. Busby.

You'll have to forgive Homer,
Miss Winstead. He's out of practice.

- Oh, that's all right.

- Won't you have some breakfast with me?

We had our breakfast
a long time ago...

but if it were lunch,

I would love to.

Lunch it is then.

Homer, lunch for the lady.

I'll try. You know how the cook is
about digging up things at the last minute.

The servant problem gets more difficult
every day, don't you think?

I guess it must be terrible.

- Will you have a glass of milk?

- Thank you. I'd like that.

You have an awfully
pretty house, Mr. Kent.

I'm glad you like it,

Miss Winstead.

My, but that's good.

Don't look now, Miss Winstead,
but there's milk on your nose.

Dear me. I don't know how
it could have gotten there.

- May I?

- I guess you better.

- Ah. There you are.

- Thank you.

Not at all.

Awfully glad you dropped in.

- I can stay for a minute.
- Do you have to hurry?
Aunt Miranda won't like it if I'm gone too long. She's sold-fashioned.
Oh. I know just what you mean.
I knew you would if I explained it to you.
This is all I could dig up.
Oh, that's all right.
I eat most anything.
My, Mr. Kent, but I'm having a good time.
So am I, Miss Winstead.
I've never enjoyed entertaining a lady so much before.
Thank you.
You may call me Rebecca, if you like.
And I'd appreciate it if you'd call me Tony.
Pardon me, madam. Miss Gwen is here and says your lunch is ready at home.
Homer, where are your manners?
Ask her in.
I hope Gwen will like it here as much as I do.
Rebecca, I grow fonder of you by the minute. Hello there.
I'm sorry to intrude...
but Aunt Miranda got worried when Rebecca didn't come home for lunch.
I'll take the blame. Rebecca dropped in for a call, and I insisted that she stay.
- Won't you sit down?
- I'm afraid I can't.
You better, Gwen.
The food's awful good.
You really can't afford to pass this up.
All right, but no lunch for me, and I can only stay a minute.
That's what I said, and I'm still here!
Believe it or not, I was hoping I'd see you today.

I always say neighbors should be,
well, uh, neighborly.

- What do you always say?

- I always say that
depends on the neighbors.

I can see we're going
to get along great:

Hello. Could you direct me
to Mr. Kent's house, please?

- You're looking right at it, bub.

- Oh, thanks.

Just a minute.

I'll have to introduce you first.

Aw, come on. This is important.

I'm Mr. Kent's assistant.

Hold your horses, bub,
and wait till I introduce you.

Keep your eye on him, Al.

- I got my eyes right on him.

- How do you like... Ooh!

Would you mind
pointing that the other way?

There's a sort of
a simple-looking person outside.

Says he's got to see you.

Claims he's your assistant.

- Orville? Will you excuse me a moment?

- Sure.

- Could I get you some more turkey, madam?

- No, thank you.

I think I have enough.

Well, Orville, I didn't expect
to see you down here.

- Nothing's wrong, I hope.

- No, everything's going to be okay.

You did find the kid
all right, didn't you?

- Well, it's this way. See, the detectives-

- Did you find that kid?

- Now, don't get excited.

- Did you find her?

- Chief, there are a lot of other kids.

- Quit stalling, Orville.

- What's happened?

- Well, chief, I lost Little Miss America.
What? What do you mean
you've lost her?
It wasn't my fault. We went
to her address, and she'd gone.
I tell you, we even hired detectives.
- That kid has vanished from
the face of the Earth.
- That's what you're going to do.
- Do you realize what you've done to me?
- No, wait a minute.
- I'll never explain this to Bartlett.
- You won't have to.
- I told him already.
- You what?
- What did he say?
- Well, for a minute he didn't say anything.
Then I couldn't understand him.
Why, you-
Hello, Operator.
I want New York.
I want to speak to Mr. Cyrus Bartlett,
Ryan Lender 51680.
Informs me...
Yes?
- Mr. Kent on long distance.
- Hello?
- Hello. Mr. Bartlett?
- Yeah!
This is Kent. Tony Kent.
Look here, Kent, you sold me
on the idea of-
##I'd want an old straw hat
a suit of overalls ##
Just a minute, Mr. Bartlett.
You're going a little too far.
We can straighten out everything.
Why, you-You've ruined-
You've scuttled my product!
The failure of this program...
will be an insurmountable affront
to the dignity of Crackly Grain Flakes!
And, Kent, I'll get you for this!
I'll... I'll... I'll...

This is the wish I would choose #
I'd want an old straw hat
a suit of overalls #
And a worn-out pair of shoes #
Just let me roam around #
Laughing at big-city blues #
With an old straw hat
a suit of overalls #
And a worn-out pair of shoes #
Howdy, Mr. Brown
Ho-hum #
- Chief! Chief! It's a mirage!
- Shut up.
It's the kid! Little Miss America!
You got to listen.
How about a hayride
Saturday night #
But, Mr. Bartlett,
I've been trying to tell you...
I've got Little Miss America!
Wait. Listen.
- Listen!
- ## Get an old straw hat ##
A suit of overalls and
a worn-out pair of shoes #
Hold it.
And don't hang up!
Hello?
Homer! Aloysius!
Give me a hand!
Oh!
Get over here.
Keep playing. Loud.
Let's go.
Come on, Rebecca!
Come on. Come on, honey.
Sing another chorus right here
under the phone. Play it, will ya?
Give it everything
you got, honey.
If I had one wish to make #
This is the wish I would choose #
I'd want an old straw hat
a suit of overalls #

And a worn-out pair of shoes #
Just let me roam around #
Laughing at big-city blues #
With an old straw hat
a suit of overalls #
And a worn-out pair of shoes #
Howdy, Mr. Brown
Ho-hum #
Going fishing? Hope you get a bite
Yes, indeed, I do #
Howdy, Mr. Jones
Ho-hum #
How's about a hayride #
On Saturday night
Ho-ho-ho #
Sing hi-ho, the merry-o #
What have you got
What have you got to lose #
Get an old straw hat
a suit of overalls #
And a worn-out hat #
Overalls #
Shoes #
Did you hear that, Mr. Bartlett?
Of course she's right here.
That's what I called to tell you.
Oh, that. Uh, uh-
My assistant was just
playing a practical joke.
Oh, you're right. It wasn't very funny.
He's never very funny.
Yes, Mr. Bartlett.
Everything's fine.
In fact, everything's beautiful.
Good-bye, Mr. Bartlett.
Whew.
Well, I put it over, chief.
I knew I'd find her.
I still can't believe it.
Why, it's marvelous.
- But what, Mr. Kent?
- It's uncanny!
We had a kid all set
for a big program.

She disappeared, and now
it turns out to be Rebecca.
Why, it sounds like a fairy tale.
- It is!
- I love fairy tales.
My old pal, Rebecca!
I was crazy about you before,
but now- Ohh!
Why didnt you tell me
you tried out for my program?
But I didnt know
it was your program.
- Am I going on the radio after all?
- You bet you are!
Why, you'll be a sensation.
Oh, I don't think
Aunt Miranda will like it.
Don't you worry
about Aunt Miranda.
I'll sell her a bill of goods.
Going to have to be
a mighty good salesman, Mr. Kent.
Rebecca tells me Aunt Miranda
is rather old-fashioned.
- She's mighty peculiar.
- I'm glad I brought you, Homer.
Having along an old friend
of Aunt Miranda's...
ought to get me off
on the right foot.
I'm warn you again... It won't none
to have me along.
I've known Miranda for 25 years, and
I can't rightly say understand her yet.
- Maybe I'd better wait out here.
- Wait a minute.
That's no way to talk to the chief.
Where's your loyalty?
We got to pull together.
Orville, I think you'd better pull from
out here, where you can't do any damage.
Oh, now, chief-
Hello.
Have you told

Aunt Miranda anything yet?
No. Gwen thought
it would be better to surprise her.
- Aunt Miranda isn't in
a very good humor today.
- Oh-oh.
Where are you going, Homer?
It just came to me
sort of sudden-like.
Maybe I'd be in the way, hmm?
I'm depending on you.
Aunt Miranda,
this is Mr. Kent.
How do you do, Miss Wilkins?
How are you?
What's that man
doing in my house?
- Why, l... l...That is, l...
- Now, Miranda...
Rebecca, tell that man
to get out of my house.
I think Aunt Miranda
wants you to leave, Mr. Busby.
All right.
I guess I can take a hint.
But you can tell her for me
it isnt Christian
to hold a grudge so long.
- Mr. Busby says it isn't
Christian to hold a-
- I heard him.
You did?
Mr. Kent, I don't thank you
for bringing that no-good-
Auntie, I don't think
Mr. Kent understands.
I assure you, I had no idea there'd been
a breach between you and Mr. Busby.
Breach? I don't even know
that Mr. Busby's on Earth.
I quite understand,
Miss Wilkins.
I can see now there couldn't possibly
be any community of interest...

between a lady of your background
and a man like Homer.

Hmm. Won't you sit down,
young man?

Thank you, Miss Wilkins.

I knew you'd like Tony, Aunt Miranda.
Tony?

Yes. That's short for Anthony.

I have a great surprise for you,
Miss Wilkins.

I've been connected
with radio a long time...
but never have I met a more talented child
than Rebecca.

Fortunately, she's just what we need for
a big program we're starting.

- Why, Rebecca's personality
and voice are two of the most...

- Just a minute, young man!

Are you trying to tell me
you want to put Rebecca on the radio?

Why, yes, on a very important program.

A nationwide hookup-

- Get out of here!

- B... B... But, Miss Wilkins,
I don't understand. l...

Auntie, please listen to Mr. Kent.

I want to go on the radio so bad.

- You keep out this

- This is a very important
opportunity for Rebecca.

- Surely you can't say no.

- Oh, can't I?

Well, just listen to this, Mr. Kent... No!

I know what you theatrical people are-

a no-good lot:

I took Rebecca out of
that unwholesome atmosphere...

and I'm not going to
put her back into it.

She's going to stay right here
where I can keep an eye on her.

- But, Miss Wilkins, I...

Mr. Kent, I'm asking you to leave.

- If that's the way you feel,
there's nothing more to say.

- Indeed, there isn't.

All right, Miss Wilkins,
but you're making a serious mistake.

I don't want to hear this subject
mentioned again.

And, Rebecca, if you go
near that man again...

I'll take you over my knee
and give you a spanking you'll never forget.

That goes for both of you.

How much you have to pay her, chief?

Pay her?

Why, we didn't even get her.

Tony! Waite minute!

The charming Miss Wilkins
practically tore my head off.

- She was awfully mean to you, Tony.

- It looks hopeless.

Once Aunt Miranda makes up her mind,
she's too stubborn to change it.

I've been trying to change it
for 25 years.

I'm afraid this is good-bye.

I've got to get back to New York
and straighten out this mess.

We're sorry you're going.

I'm none too happy over it myself,
but I'll be back.

Good-bye, Tony.

I wish I could sing you over
the telephone, like I did to Mr. Bartlett.

- Tony, why not?

- What do you mean?

Broadcast from here.

It's possible, isn't it?

Why, yes, it could be done
by remote control.

Sure, chief!. We could run wires down
like we did on the courthouse.

Then the kid could stay
in the program.

Oh, please try it. With all her talent,
Rebecca deserves a chance.

Oh, Tony, please do!

It's insane, but I don't see
why it won't work.

Uh-oh. What about Aunt Miranda?

Well, we won't tell her. And you can
depend on us to keep her in the dark.

You bet we will.

We're very "inescapable."

I don't know.

Miranda's a mighty peculiar woman.

Crackly Grain Flakes

#The breakfast food of the land #

Crackly Grain Flakes

#Are what the people demand #

#What did the white man
fight and die for #

What did he sign for

#What things today

do babies cry for #

Crackly Grain Flakes

The very cream of the crop

Crackly Grain Flakes

In every market and shop

They're so tasty

Just like pastry

Why not try them#

Go and buy them

Crackly Grain Flakes

are the top #

- You've just heard the
Crackly Grain Flake...

- Never mind the commercial.

Boys, that was

a swell rehearsal.

Knock off and get your feed.

We go on the air in a couple of hours.

Come and get it!

You'd better relax too.

It won't be long now, Rebecca. Nervous?

Of course not. I never get nervous.

I'm very self-reliant.

I don't mind saying

I'm shaking like a leaf.
Well, well!
If it isn't Farmer Gray.
How are all the crops?
- Nice of you to show up for
the broadcast anyway.
- Darling, don't be that way.
I suppose I should cheer
when you miss a rehearsal.
- Now you know how I feel
when you keep me waiting!
- Uh, Miss Warren, Miss Lee.
Miss Lee is an old friend.
- How do you do, Miss Lee?
- Hello, Miss Warren.
I've always wanted to meet
a farmer's daughter.
I'd led known you were coming,
I'd have worn my sun bonnet.
And this is Rebecca,
the star of our program.
Oh, isn't she cute.
How old are you, little one?
I'm eight. How old are you?
That's a question
you must never ask a lady.
Oh. I guess
you must be pretty old.
Sweet little thing, isn't she?
We'd better be going
Before Aunt Miranda gets suspicious.
That's right. We don't want anything
like that to happen.
Don't worry about a thing.
Homer and I know exactly what to do.
That was a sweet greeting. You practically
broke my arm when I tried to kiss you.
- Couldn't you have at least
waited until they'd gone?
- Oh, so that's it.
A barnyard romance. No wonder you
wanted to broadcast from this outpost.
That blonde hayseed's
got you doing nip-ups.

- Don't start anything, Lola.

That kid means a lot to me.

- Yeah?

Which kid are you talking about?

- Chief, I couldn't find Lola anywhere.

- Keep looking, Orville.

- You'll find her.

- Not if I can help it.

Oh! Lola!

I'm sure glad to see you.

- Thanks, my pet.

- Lola.

- There's something I've
been wanting to tell you.

- Shoot.

Maybe I better

tell you some other time.

Aw, come on, Orville.

Let's have it.

Well, I don't know

whether I should...

because this is

sort of a secret.

I won't tell a soul.

Well, uh, theres a certain party...

that's crazy about you.

- Yes?

- Yes.

And because of

certain circumstances...

this party is afraid to tell you

just how he feels.

Oh, how ridiculous.

Why, when a man loves a girl,

he should take her in his arms,

smother her with kisses...

and tell her he adores her.

All right then. I will.

Lola, I adore you.

Oh!

- Were you talking about yourself?

- Sure, Lola.

- Couldn't you go for a guy like me?

- Yeah, with an ax.

With an-

I was afraid of that.

- I guess the only one you can see is Tony.

- That's right.

We'll be seeing it with orange blossoms
any day now.

- Well, congratulations.

- Aw, Cheer, Orville.

Let's run over the number. Pete, will you
give us "Alone With You," please?

I've always known
that three's a crowd #
Only two may dance #
Only two romance #
So when I see you in a crowd #
I'm not satisfied #
Till I reach you side#
Alone with you #
I don't know
the meaning of time #
Alone with you #
I'm yours
without reason or rhyme #
I'd be content to be sent #
To an island in the sea #
If I had you with me #
How lucky I would be#
Alone with you #
I'll have everything that need#
I always knew #
I'd follow wherever you lead #
So ring the bells
in the steeple #
Tell all the people #
That we are one #
And I've begun #
To live in the heaven #
Alone with you #
- # Alone #
- # Alone with you #
I don't know
the meaning of time #
- # Alone #
- # Alone with you #

I'm yours
without reason or rhyme #
I'd be content to be sent #
To an island in the sea #
If I had you with me #
How lucky I would be
Ho-ho #
Ho-ho, alone #
Alone with you #
I'd have everything that I need #
I always knew #
I'd follow wherever you lead #
So ring the bells
in the steeple #
Tell all the people #
That we are one #
And I've begun #
To live in the heaven #
- # Alone #
- # Alone #
With you #
Rebecca should be here now.
She goes on in five minutes.
- She'll be here, all right.
- I hope so.
- What if she can't make it?
- I've got a two-minute emergency ready.
- After that, we're sunk.
- Oh.
- You didn't, by any chance,
have anything to do with this?
- I didn't do a thing.
So the doctor said to me,
"Mrs. Turner, in my 20 years of practice...
I've never seen a case
like yours before."
So he called right away,
and they rushed me to the hospital.
What's gotten into you, Rebecca? You've been
yawning and fidgeting ever since dinner.
I'm so sleepy...
and this horsehair tickles.
Where are your manners, child?
I don't know what ails her, Mrs. Turner.

- Don't you think Rebecca ought to go to bed?

- Might as well.
Better than falling asleep here in our laps.
Good night!
Rebecca!
Come right back here!
Didn't you forget something, Rebecca?
Oh, yes. I'm sorry.
Good night, Reverend Turner.
Good night, Mrs. Turner.
Land's sakes. I never did see a child so eager to go to bed.
I think I'll go up and help her.
Since when couldn't Rebecca undress herself?

- But the poor little thing's so sleepy.

- Well!
Gwen, there's something wrong with my whistler.
If mine's out of order, we're sunk.

- That's the signal.

- Let's go.

- You Hold it steady, Al.
I'll go up and get her.

- If I don't hold it, skip it.
We're late.
What kept you?

- Mrs. Turner's operation.

- Is the ladder safe?

- I built it myself.

- Just the same, you better hold it up from here.
Shh.
You better get her on it.
Come on, honey. We've got to hurry.
Program is half over now.

- Gwen!

- Hang on.

- Yes, Auntie?

- What's going on up there?

Oh, it's nothing.
I just knocked over a rocking chair.
Well, you're old enough
to know better.
Yes, Auntie.
Shh.
That was a close call.
You better stay up here
until they bring Rebecca back.
This way, dear.
The doctor told me
he operated just in time.
- Have another piece of kake.
- I've already had two.
- You've had three, but you're welcome.
- Oh, that reminds me.
Henry, what time is it?
Surely you're not thinking
of leaving, Mts. Turner?
Oh, no, but I did want to hear that new
Crackly Grain Flakes Hour on the radio.

8:

Oh, my. It's started already.
- Uh, may I?
- Well, no. It's not working, I don't think.
There was nothing wrong
with it this morning, I'm sorry to say.
And now, ladies and gentlemen,
the high spot of our program.
Crackly Grain Flakes takes pleasure
in presenting everybody's little girl...
healthy, happy
Little Miss America.
Her first song will be
"Come and Get Your Happiness."
Why are grown-up people's
faces wrinkled #
Like a lot of prunes #
Money, money That's what
chases them around like crazy loons #
I thing they make a big mistake #
Wealth and happiness that counts #
Are free to all

in large amounts #
There's millions worth
of golden sunbeams #
That everybody can possess #
All God's children got success #
Come and get your happiness #
#There's billions worth
of silver moonbeams #
Enough for everyone
I guess #
What's a million
more or less #
Come and get your happiness #
Almond the wildwood
of your happy childhood #
#Where you were Jill and Jacks #
In rangy britches
there's a lot of riches #
On which you don't pay
any income tax #
So get under that blue heaven #
Away from trouble and distress #
Just find Mother Nature's address #
And come and get your happiness #
There's millions worth
of golden sunshine#
Millions worth of
golden sunshine #
#That everybody can possess#
Same for you and me
that everybody can possess #
#All God's children #
Come and get your happiness #
- #There's billions worth
of silver moonbeams #
- #Billions worth of moonbeams #
- # Enough for everyone, I guess #
- # Billions, billions
Way up in the trillions #
- # What's a million more or less #
- # Ahh-ahh, ahh-ahh #
Come and get your happiness #
Among the wildwood
of your happy childhood #

- # Where you were Jill and Jacks #
- # Jill and Jacks #
In rangy britches
there's a lot of riches #
On which you don't pay
any income tax #
- # So get under that blue heaven #
- # Under blue heaven #
- # Away from trouble and distress #
- # It's an empty bubble #
- # Just find Mother Nature's address #
- # Nature's address #
And come and get your happiness #
Come and get your happiness #
- Isn't she cute?
- A remarkable child.
Millions worth of golden sunshine #
Well, that sounds like Rebecca.
Why, that's ridiculous, Auntie.
Come and get your happiness #
- # There's billions worth
of silver moonbeams #
- # Billions worth of moonbeams #
- # Enough for everyone, I guess #
- # Billions, billions
Way up in three trillions #
#What's a million
more or less #
Come and get your happiness #
Among the wildwood
of your happy childhood #
- # When you were Jill and Jacks #
- # Jill and Jacks #
In rangy britches
there's a lot of riches #
On which you don't pay
any income tax #
- # So get under that blue heaven #
- # Under blue heaven #
- # Away from trouble and distress #
- # It's an empty bubble #
- # Just find Mother Nature's address #
- # Nature's address #
And come and get your happiness

Come and get your happiness #
Land's sakes, that's peculiar!
If I didn't know Rebecca
was upstairs in bed...
I'd swear that was her voice
on the radio.
Well, it did sound like Rebecca,
but of course it couldn't possibly be.
Maybe not, but she's gotten
mighty heavy all of a sudden.
Now, Auntie...
Rebecca? Are you asleep?
Yes, Auntie.
- Homer Busby, get off that bed!
- Miranda.
- You're talking to me.
- Course I'm talking to you.
- Take me to Rebecca.
- I've waited we years for this moment.
- Fiddlesticks.
- Oh, don't be stubborn any longer.
We're wasting
the best gears of our livers.
Homer Busby, you're revolting.
Come on, Mirandy. Give in.
How do I know I can trust you
after the way you acted?
I swear I'll never
keep you waiting again.
Give me one more chance.
Are you sure you got all the wild oats
out of your system?
Congratulations, you two.
There's no time for this folderol.
Where is she?
Take me to her!
Come on!
And now, before we sign off, our little star
has another number for you.
What would you like
to sing for us?
What would you like me
to sing, Mr. Smithers?
I'm sure everyone would like to

hear you sing the songs...
- that have made a lot of people happy.
- All right.
My dear radio audience #
Now I shall do #
Some of the songs I've had the pleasure
of introduction to you #
It was not so very long ago #
When you heard this little ditty #
On your radio, oh #
On the good ship
Lollipop #
It's a sweet trip
to a candy shop #
Where bonbons play #
On the sunny beach
of Peppermint Bay #
And do you remember #
Animal crackers in my soup #
Monkeys and rabbits loop the loop #
Gosh, oh, gee but I have fun #
Swallowing animals one by one #
And I never ever will
forget my grandest thrill #
The very first time that I sang #
An ordinary day becomes a holiday #
When I'm with you #
Mmm, mmm #
I have lots of toys
but I don't want to play #
Yes, and I'll never forget it #
I sat in my daddy's lap
and whispered #
Oh, Daddy, how I miss you #
You're busy all your life #
I long to hug and kiss you #
Marry me and
let me be your wife #
#Ah, but its great to reminisce #
When I sang to my little Dutch dolly #
#J ust like this #
Sometimes I ought to haste you #
You make me feel so blue #
But honest I can't haste you

When you smile at me
main lovely popgun #
Ach, main goodness #
The clock is ticking
the hours away.
And so, my radio audience #
The time has come #
For me to say #
Good night, my friends #
The tired old moon is descending #
Good night, my friends #
My moment with you now is ending #
And so I must leave you
with kindest regards...
from Rebecca and Crackly Grain Flakes...
the grain flake that makes your tummy...
Say yum, yum, yummy.
I want all my little friends
to close their eyes and dream...
for in the morning,
it's Crackly Grain Flakes...
some sugar and cream.
Eat it with a smile,
and life will be worthwhile.
Now, in conclusion...
please join me
in singing my theme.
Good night, my friends #
Sleep tight, my friends #
God bless you
Pleasant dreams #
Nighty-night.
- That was Rebecca.
- Go on. You're daffy.
Oh, am I? I know that kid when I hear.
I've heard her a thousand times.
What would she be doing
on a big hookup like that?
I told you when you married me
you'd be in the dough, didnt I?
Come on. Get dressed.
Adorable!
Come on, folks. Hurry up.

10:

Miss Winstead,

I think you're wonderful.

- You mean, the program was all right?

- Who cares about the program?

- Miss Winstead, I love you.

- And I love you too, Tony.

I don't know how

I ever got along before I met you.

Tony, when I grow up,

would you marry me

Rebecca, I've never received a more
flattering proposal, but it won't work out.

By the time you're ready to get married,
I'll have a long, gray beard.

Then would you marry Gwen?

She's almost ready.

Rebecca, will you give me a kiss?

They just can't resist you,
can they, Tony?

How 'bout running down

to the village with me?

I can't. I've got to wrap up Little
Miss America and put her back
where I found her.

So far, everything's
gone like clockwork.

- I'm afraid the clock's going to stop, Tony.

- Huh?

Now, Miss Wilkins, I don't want you to
say anything until you hear my side of this.

Young man, what are you
going to pay Rebecca?

Well- Huh?

But, Aunt Miranda, I don't want any pay.

I love to sing.

Then you don't mind, Miss Wilkins?

Course I mind. I'm not going to have my niece
a big radio star and not get paid for it.

You won't have a thing to worry about,
Miss Wilkins. I assure you.

- You're an old dear.

- You're a honey, Aunt Miranda.

- Hmm.

- How about me?
Homer Busby,
you're an old fool.
But you can't wait
much longer, Aunt Miranda.
She's right, Mirandy.
I got my rig out here if you want to
take a ride in the moonlight.
Go on, Auntie. I'll be along later.
Homer Busby, you always were impulsive.
Come on, Rebecca.
But, Miranda, I thought that
after all these years...
Nonsense! It's past Rebecca's bedtime
and mine too.
Come along. Good night!
Tony, darling, if Miss Whats Here Name
doesn't mind, I'd like to speak with you.
- Will you pardon me, Gwen?
- Oh, don't bother about me.
I'll be right back.
- Oh, hello!
- Hello.
- Gee, it was a swell program, wasn't it?
- Yes, it was.
- Wasn't she wonderful?
- Rebeccas all right.
- Uh, yes, she is, but I meant Lola.
- Oh.
- Oh, gosh, she's sweet.
- So it's like that, is it?
Well, only on my side.
She's crazy about the chief.
Oh, really?
Gee, he's a lucky guy.
He gets everything guy.
- Yes, I... I suppose he does.
Good night, Orville.
- Good night.
Where's Gwen?
Oh, think she started for home.
Gwen.
- Pardon me, but haven't you
forgotten something?

- I don't think so.
Well, think again. A fella named Kent
is going to take you home.
- You think again.
- What's wrong?
- Oh, nothing, nothing at all.
- Gwen, what is all this about?
- Please, it isn't anything.

- Tony, darling:

Is it Lola
that's worrying you?
Lola? Mm-mmm. Let's forget it.
Good night.
Now I'm going to make a gingerbread man.
Now I think I'll make a moon.
Now I thing a heart.
Now a star.
Gwen, when these are done,
let's take some over to Tony.
Well, I'll be too busy,
but you can take some over to him.
- Don't you like Tony anymore?
- Well, of course I like him.
You sounded like
you're mad at him.
Now, Melba, act nice to the kid.
You don't have to tell me how to act.
So, all right, honey.
I got it twice.
- We could sue them for that.
- That's an idea.
Oh, run along, will you,
and see who's at the door?
Hello there, honey.
How's tricks? Meet the missus-
- Your new mother.
- How do you do?
Hello, kid. How about a kiss?
- No, Thank you.
- Fresh, eh?
- Aunt Miranda!
- Aunt Miranda!
- What a dump!

Isn't it a laugh? Wait till
you see Aunt Miranda. She'll kill you.
- I hope not.
- Hey, come on in. Get a load of this.
- What do you think of it?
- I wouldn't like it if I was a moth.
Well, well!
A long time no see, folks.
Meet the new missus.
And this is my attorney Singer.
- Pleased to meet you.
- I thought you weren't
coming back here, Harry Kipper.
It's this way, Miranda. I been
doing all right, just got married and all.
And I'm ready to
take Rebecca back now.
You do no such thing! You gave the child up
once, and you can't take her back now.
Now, now, now, now, Miranda, there's
no reason we can't be friendly about this.
I'd as soon be friendly
with a rattlesnake.
It's obvious you've heard Rebecca
on the radio and you're after her money.
It's Harry's kid, isn't it? We got
more right to her dough than you have.
Don't let them take me away,
Aunt Miranda. I didn't like it with him.
Now, honey, you'll have
a swell time with me.
You can have anything you want.
Then I want to stay here!
Oh, Mr. Kipper,
you can't take Rebecca away.
She's been happier here
than she's ever been in her whole life.
- Now you get out of my house!
- Not without the kid, we don't.
I don't want to get tough about this,
Miranda, but you're asking for it.
You just try and take her.
Now, my dear madam, all this yelling
isn't going to get us anyplace.

And don't forget that Mr. Kipper is
the child's stepfather and legal guardian.
The courts of New York have decreed
that he shall have custody of the child.
Here are the papers.
Now, madam, if you'll
take the advice of a lawyer...
who's looking out for your interest...
as well as my own client's,
you'll see that this child parks
her things and gets out of here.
He's right, Auntie.
There's nothing we can do about it now.
et y pac, kid. Go on.
I'll help.
I warn you, Harry Kipper.
You better take good care of the child.
Say, didn't I always
treat her right?
Don't worry. I'll handle the kid
like she was my own.
Sure!
Maybe if I work hard, Uncle Harry
will let me come back for the visit.
Of course, darling.
Maybe you and Aunt Miranda
can come to the city and see me too.
You bet we will.
I guess I won't
need these in the city.
Will you save them for me,
for when I come back?
Don't cry, Gwen.
You said you'd come and see me.
I brought you some cookies
to eat on the way.
Thank you, Aunt Miranda.
I'm going to miss your cookies.
And here's a picture of me,
so you won't forget what I look like.
Of course, it isn't a very good likeness.
It was taken 20 years ago.
- I'll never forget you, Aunt Miranda.
- Oh, of course you will.

Please, Aunt Miranda,
I don't want to leave.
Go on, now. Go on.
We haven't got all day.
Here, honey.
They're taking enough time. That kid
must have more clothes than I've got.
- All set, kid?
- Yes.
- Come on.
- Good-bye, Gwen. Good-bye, Aunt Miranda.
So long, folks.
See you in church.
Bye, Aloysius.
I'm going away.
- I sure hate to see you go, Miss Rebecca.
- Oh, I'll be back.
Sure, you will, honey.
And don't forget this.
I won't.
Take good care
of yourself, Rebecca.
I will, Aunt Miranda.
I'm very self-reliant.
Good-bye, darling.
Come on.
- Good morning, Gwen.
- Hello. Is Mr. Kent home?
He'll be right out.
- Well, good morning.
- I hate to be a bother,
but I had to see you.
I was hoping I'd see you
before I went back to New York.
- Gwen, what was wrong last night?
- Oh, I was rude, and I'm sorry.
But that isn't what
I came over here for.
Something terrible happened,
and you've got to help me. Rebecca's gone.
Gone? But how?
What happened?
Her stepfather came back
with a court order.

But he can't take her.
I'm going to put her under contract.
It's too late.
They've already gone to New York!
- Come on and pack. We got to get Rebecca.
- All right.
Baby Bath invites you to the premiere
of a new series of programs...
starring that cheerful little earful,
Little Miss Universe.
Remember, if you want
your child to have a perfect skin...
use Baby Bath, The velvet soap.
To start things off, smiling Frankie Lee
and his Baby Bathers...
bring you that new song sensation,
"Wash Your Troubles Away."
- Here we are, Mr. Purvis.
- Well, we're on our way, Kipper.
You're a lucky man, Mr. Purvis.
If you handle the kid right,
she'll make you a fortune.
You're lucky yourself
with this contract.
We'd feel a lot luckier
if you'd give us a little advance.
If Rebecca clicks tonight as
she did at rehearsal,
you'll get a big, fat check tomorrow.
I still can't understand why you sold her
to me instead of to Kent.
Well, first come,
first serve, Mr. Purvis.
I've been waiting for a long time
to put something over on Tony Kent.
Will he burn when he hears that his Little
Miss America is now my Little Miss Universe.
Oh, dear.
Oh, dear me.
- Anything wrong, mister?
- I'm almost a nervous breakdown.
I get this way
before every program.
Oh, are you going on

the radio now?

Well, that's just what makes me
so nervous. I never know.

Then why don't you
ask somebody?

Well, they don't know either.

This is certainly
a funny radio station.

Why, my dear young lady,
there's nothing funny about in.
I'm an organist, one of the best,
if I may say so.

- Hamilton Montmarcy.

Perhaps you've heard of me?

- I don't think so.

Well, there you are. Nobody has.

You see, I'm an emergency musician.

But there's never
any emergencies around here.

You mean, people get sick
and can't go on the radio?

Well, that was the idea when they hated me,
but nobody ever gets sick around here.

I've waited 10 months, and
there hasn't been so much as a bad cold.

Don't worry, Mr. Montmarcy.

Somebody'll be sick any day now!

I certainly hope so.

Oh, dear.

Oh, dear, dear, dear.

- Gwen! Tony!

- Hello, honey.

Darling! Oh!

- Well!

- Purvis, you put over
a fast one, didn't you?

- All's fair, you know, Kent.

- I'll give you \$100,000
for Rebecca's contract.

- Ha! Not a chance.

But, Mr. Purvis, this isn't
just a business matter.

It is to me... big business
Little Miss Universe

goes on the air in a minute.
There's a couple of seats
in the auditorium, if you care to listen.
A hundred thousand bucks,
and you had to sell her to Purvis.

- Well, that's that.

- Can't I go back with you and Tony?
I'm afraid not, darling.

- At least not for a little while.

- But I don't wanna stay here.
I know, but you can't always have everything
you want right when you want it.
But we'll get you
back with us someday.
I guess I won't be able
to sing for you now, Tony.
Mmm. Don't you worry
about that, honey.
Singing for me isn't important anymore.
It's just that we want you with us.
It may take time, so you've got to
be a brave little girl.

- I will, Tony.

- We'll be listening to you,
so do your best.

- Come on, Gwen.

- Good-bye, darling.

All right.
Here's your cue.
And here comes your cheerful little earful,
Little Miss Universe...
bringing you that charming
melody, "Old Straw Hat".
If I had one wish to make #
#This is the wish...#
Let's try it again.
Please.
If I had one wi...#
Want to try it again?

- What's the matter with your voice/
- I can't talk.
- What is the matter?
- Go on and sigh. Go on.
You're getting paid for it.

- Do you want a glass of water?
- I can't talk.
- Go on. Do something.
- What is the matter?
- Sing in there.
- I can't talk.
- Poor baby.
- I'll get a doctor.

Hey. Montmarcy, you're on!

Studio "B".

- I'm on? Oh.
- Yeah.

Oh. Oh. Oh, I'm on.

Oh, dear. I'm on.

Oh. I'll be back in a minute.

I'm on.

Wonderful.

Isn't it marvelous?

How wonderful.

You will now hear an organ recital
by Hamilton Montmarcy.

Oh. Okay.

Because of conditions
beyond our control...
our program will continue
with selected recordings.

- I knew something would go wrong.
- Shut up!
- I can't...
- You shut up too!

If you don't want the licking of your life,
tell me the truth.

- Did Kent put you up to this?
- No. I can't talk.

Kipper, you knew this
when you sold me the kid!

I'll stake my professional integrity
that this is a frame-up.

- Dr. Hill is here.
- Ah! Now we'll know
whether it's a frame-up or not.
- Where's the patient?
- This little girl here.

Well, you look healthy enough to me.

What's wrong with you?
I can't talk.
She claims something
happened to her voice.
And, Doc, if the little brat's stalling,
I'll slather silly.
Mmm, we'll see. Is there
someplace where I can examine her?
You can examine her
right in here, Doctor.
Thank you. Come on.
I'm sorry.
If this little girl is really sick,
you'll need a doctor too.
- Where's Rebecca?
- She's in there with the doctor.
- Oh, darling.
- What's wrong, honey?
I can't t...
- Well, Doc?
- Oh, there's no question about it.
It's partly a psychogenic
condition, and partly the result
of straining the child's voice.
Doc, you mean the kid can't work?
Oh, she won't be able to sing
or even to talk very clearly.
But with a complete rest for a year or two,
she may get over it.
Well, Kipper, there's your contract.
Don't you worry, honey.
It's kind of fun to whisper anyway.
Come in here, you two.
Look, Kipper.
I think Rebecca should be with her aunt.
After all, she's not
much use to you now.
I'll give you \$5,000 if you turn over
your legal guardianship to Aunt Miranda.
Well, now, um, the kid
means a lot to me.
- Don't be a sucker! Take it.
- Okay.
Drop up to my office

in the morning.

- You can get the money
as soon as you sign the papers.

- How about a little advance?

Here's a hundred dollars
to clinch the deal.

Well, so long, kid.

See you in church.

Thank you, Tony.

I imagine these are the good friends
you told me about.

Doctor, isn't there anything
we can do for Rebecca?

That depends
on the circumstances.

Sometimes these things
clear up rather suddenly.

Good-bye.

Good night, Rebecca.

Good-bye, Doctor. And thanks!

I hope I can do the same for you some day.

Rebecca!

What a smarty
you turned out tube.

I always told you
I was very self-reliant.

Have you heard

Have you heard #

There's a new tooter in
with the tin-pan parade #

Pass the word

Pass the word #

'Cause it's some
toy trumpet brigade #

Come along

Come along #

If you're soon enough
you'll hear him do his stuff #

Hurry up

Hurry up #

They will soon be here
They're getting nearer #

Here they come

Here they come #

Hear the hum of the drum
of the tin-pan parade #
Better run
Better run #
'Cause it's some
toy trumpet brigade #
Here they are
There's the leader passing by
Isnt he grand #
He's a star
He's the leader of the band #
There he goes with his trumpet
Tooting high, tooting low #
When he blows
He's a rooting tooting dandy #
Tooting low
Tooting high #
He's a new tooter in
with the tin-pan parade #
There they go
passing by #
That was some
toy trumpet brigade #