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# Rhythm on the River

By Dwight Taylor

d d [ Conga ]

Do people in New York always  
act like this, Uncle John?

No, not always.

These are  
theatrical people.

They're happy because  
it's Christmas Eve and  
they've all got jobs.

Doing what?

They're going to be in  
Oliver Courtney's new show.

He writes the  
words and music.

Which one

is Mr. Courtney?

Standing right here.

Where?

Here. See?

With the beautiful girl.

Every time you write a  
new song, I could kiss you.

That spurs me to  
greater effort, Millie.

Someday I must try  
a symphony.

Oliver!

I don't suppose there's a  
more successful songwriter  
in the country today.

And who is the man  
at the piano?

Huh?

That's Mr. Courtney's  
assistant, Billy Starbuck.

He's sort of a  
Jack-of-all-trades.

Everybody, let's have  
a square dance.

Choose your partners.

But, Oliver, we came  
to hear your music.

Yes.

Oliver, how 'bout playing

some of the music  
for the new show?  
Please, Oliver.  
I've got nothing  
presentable yet.  
You said you'd play one  
of the songs tonight.  
We came expressly  
for that purpose.  
He's just teasing.  
Play my big number in which  
I come out of the oyster.  
Oyster?  
Charlie, what's this  
about an oyster?  
Oh, I... forgot to tell you.  
Grafskaya has done us  
a ballet where Millie  
comes out of an oyster.  
That's just marvelous!  
My song is called, ''What Would  
Shakespeare Have Said?''  
Play it. If it's good,  
we'll have her come out of  
a big volume of Shakespeare.  
[ Woman ]  
Oh, that's impossible.  
But then I can't wear  
my bathing suit.  
Never mind that.  
Oliver,  
we're all waiting.  
[ Whistles ]  
Charlie, would you  
excuse me for a moment?  
Excuse me, everybody.  
Oh, he's not  
going to play!  
Keep that other door closed.  
Don't let anyone in.  
This is a fine time  
to be getting here!  
Where have you been?  
Who me? I've been visiting

my uncle at Tarrytown.  
Yes, you.  
Don't you realize I've got  
a room full of people  
waiting to hear the new song?  
Well...  
here she is!  
It's wet.  
That's sweat.  
How'd it work out?  
Don't you want  
to hear it?  
It's a good idea to know  
what you've composed.  
All right.  
Play it over softly.  
Sing the lyrics.  
This may be a  
little tough for you.  
Is this your  
handwriting?  
Yes, sir.  
Want me to play it  
the way it's written?  
You could surprise me.  
I will, honeysuckle.  
Hey, hey, hey!  
Wait, wait.  
Is that in there?  
[ Chuckles ]  
d What would Shakespeare  
have said d  
d If he had ever  
seen you d  
d Well, that's exactly what  
I've been trying to say d  
d Take charming  
and adorable d  
d They're practically  
obsolete d  
d And I think  
it's deplorable d  
d To depend on a word  
like sweet d

d What would Shakespeare  
have said d  
d If you had lived  
in his day d  
d I only know how immensely  
thrilled he would be d  
d I love you  
wouldn't be strong enough d  
d He'd coin a phrase  
instead d  
d 'Cause you're oh, so  
Darn it d  
d What would Shakespeare  
have said d d  
That's easily  
the best thing  
you ever wrote.  
Thanks.  
Thank you.  
Have you got  
the orchestrations?  
Here's the piano part.  
Here's the brass.  
Here's the reeds.  
The strings--  
Oh, here's the strings.  
Here's the bass part.  
There you are.  
Thanks.  
There's a man writes  
a great lyric!  
d What would Shakespeare  
have said d  
d If he had  
ever seen you d  
d Well, that's exactly what  
I've been trying to say d  
Lovely!  
d Take charming  
and adorable d  
d They're practically  
obsolete d  
d And I think  
it's deplorable d

d To depend on a word  
like sweet d  
She doesn't get any life  
into it, no bounce.  
Don't you think so?  
It's lavender  
and old lace...  
but it's gruesome.  
d I only know how immensely  
thrilled he would be d  
d I love you  
wouldn't be strong enough d  
d He'd coin a phrase  
instead d  
d 'Cause you're oh, so  
Darn it d  
d What would Shakespeare  
have said d d  
What would you like now?  
Some more of my stuff?  
Go on, john.  
Give 'em some more.  
Um, forgive me for  
Just a minute, will you?  
Say, it went over pretty good,  
didn't it?  
Oh, pardon me.  
I was just going.  
No, no.  
Wait a minute, Bob.  
This being Christmas Eve  
and everything,  
I have a little surprise  
for you.  
You have?  
You've been writing tunes  
for me for about a year.  
Mm-hmm.  
If it weren't for my lyrics  
and my name on them,  
they probably would have  
never gotten to first base.  
But you've been loyal,  
very, very loyal.

I haven't told a soul.  
Um, yes, um--  
I don't want you to think  
I don't appreciate it.  
Therefore, Mr. Starbuck and I  
have decided to  
offer you a contract.  
Contract?  
Mm-hmm. Fifty dollars a week  
for three years, no options.  
All you have to do is continue  
to keep your mouth shut.  
And write good tunes.  
[ Chuckles ]  
Naturally.  
Come on, lazybones.  
Come on over here.  
Sign right here  
on the nervous line.  
Thanks.  
I'm gonna keep my mouth shut  
because that's part of my job.  
But I don't want any contract.  
[ Together ]  
You don't want any contract?  
No.  
Why not?  
In the frst place,  
I don't like music.  
You don't like music?  
I like it when you're  
feeling like singing.  
But I wouldn't want  
to make it my life's work.  
The poor man's parasite.  
What's the matter, haven't  
you got any ambition?  
Not much.  
Good.  
Wait, Starbuck.  
Surely there must be  
something you want?  
Yeah, now that you  
mention it, there is.

What is it?  
A catboat.  
A catboat.  
Yeah. My uncle runs  
this place in Tarrytown.  
Yes, yes, yes.  
But if you sign this  
contract right away,  
you can have a catboat now  
on the installment plan.  
Then you can sail around  
and make up songs.  
That's very nice.  
But I'd rather not be  
tied down to anything  
unless it's a catboat.  
I figured if I could save  
a little dough, I could go  
to this place my uncle runs.  
If you mention that uncle again,  
I'll fre you!  
My uncle's  
a very nice man.  
Here's your fountain pen.  
So long.  
Say, is that a hep catboat  
you want or just a catboat?  
Just a plain, ordinary  
old catboat.  
Don't go too far.  
That's why we got you  
that cell downstairs.  
I did want to visit my uncle--  
No. There's a lot of work  
in this new show...  
and we want you around.  
Mr. Courtney likes you  
so much he can't do  
a thing without you.  
He can't, huh?  
Well, I'll see you later.  
Wait a minute.  
What?  
What kind of a place is



this your uncle runs?  
A nudist farm?  
Oh, no, no,  
nothing like that.  
Just a little hideaway  
on the river.  
It's called Nobody's Inn.  
Feather beds.  
Hot and cold folding doors.  
Have a card.  
Built-in tea wagon.  
Take some up to the union  
next time you go there.  
Ah, Nobody's Inn.  
'Peace...It's wonderful.'  
Why does he call it  
Nobody's Inn?  
He's a funny fellow,  
my unk.  
He won't let anybody in  
unless he likes their face.  
But you can come up.  
I might be able  
to do somethin' for you.  
And a Merry Christmas  
to you too... Scrooge!  
Merry Christmas, Bates.  
Thank you.  
Wait a minute, Bates,  
what have you got there?  
Telegram for Mr. Courtney,  
sir.  
Here, I'll take it.  
You stay right here.  
[ Whistles ]  
Bates, are you  
a registered nurse?  
Why, no, sir.  
You better become one.  
Got any smelling salts?  
I think so.  
Don't think, make sure and  
have a bucket and sponge.  
And, Bates, lock all the

windows and hide his razor.  
Thank you so much.  
Oh, Oliver--  
Give me a glass of  
champagne, will you?  
I say, everything's fine.  
I'm still in the groove.  
You better dig yourself  
a nice deep one.  
Why, what's wrong?  
Your lyric writer  
Just fell dead.  
Oh.  
Bates!  
Croon. Spoon.  
Tune. Soon.  
Agh! June.  
How about loon  
or goon?  
It's no use, Billy.  
I haven't been able to write  
a good song of my own since  
'Good-bye To Love.'  
Oh! And a good song  
must come from the heart.  
Not with your ears.  
My heart just stopped  
singing when she died.  
She didn't die.  
She got fat.  
What?  
Why try that sentimental  
drool on me?  
You know she married  
a guy in Naples who ran  
a one-arm spaghetti joint.  
I prefer to think  
of her as dead.  
There will never  
be another like her.  
There's one born every minute!  
You're like a swan, only able  
to produce a good tune...  
when you're getting it

in the neck.  
I'm looking for that  
Christmas card that girl sent.  
What girl?  
The one who keeps sending you  
her poems, Cherry Lane.  
Maybe you could  
use her.  
Here it is.  
Read it to me.  
'A Happy New Year to you  
is my sincerest wish.  
If music be the food of love,  
you are my favorite dish.'  
[ Chuckling ]  
You are my  
favorite dish.  
I wonder  
if she's pretty.  
What does that matter?  
I thought you were looking  
for a lyric writer.  
Starbuck, send for her.  
I'll see her tomorrow.  
I'll have her here  
by carrier pigeon.  
Pardon me.  
Does Mr. Oliver Courtney  
live here?  
Yes, miss.  
Take the elevator to  
the 15th floor and then  
change for the penthouse.  
Thank you.  
Good morning,  
Wilkes.  
Good morning, sir.  
Little place of my uncle's.  
Give it a rumble, will ya?  
d d [ Humming ]  
d d [ Whistling ]  
Oh, pardon me.  
Certainly.  
d d [ Whistling ]

d d [ Humming ]  
Floor please.  
[ Together]  
Fifteen.  
d d [ Whistling ]  
That's a pretty  
little number.  
Yes, isn't she?  
Who?  
What are you  
talking about?  
I'm talking about that tune  
you were whistling!  
- Was I whistling a tune?  
- Don't tell me you've  
already forgotten it.  
d d [ Whistling ]  
d d [ Whistling Continues ]  
Give me that again,  
will ya?  
d d [ Whistling ]  
Rimsky-Korsakov, 1 888.  
You're very clever, my friend,  
but on you it's repulsive.  
Are you the young lady  
that wrote these verses?  
Mm-hmm.  
Miss Lane,  
do you like music?  
I adore it.  
I can't play well,  
but a good tune always  
makes me think of lyrics.  
They just seem  
to pop into my head.  
I had that once.  
Oh, but I think  
your melodies lately have  
been perfectly wonderful.  
Oh, do you?  
Of course...  
nothing will ever come up  
to 'Good-bye To Love. '?  
Ah, I wrote that myself!.

I mean, um--  
That really came  
from my heart.  
Um, Miss Lane,  
how would you like  
to write my lyrics?  
I beg your pardon?  
How would you like  
to write my lyrics?  
I couldn't write your lyrics.  
I could write my own lyrics,  
but I couldn't write--  
Do you mean--  
Mm-hmm.  
Oh, Mr. Courtney, I couldn't  
do that... or could I?  
It would give you  
an opportunity and an income.  
And it will give me something  
that I very badly need:  
some new lyrics.  
Oh, Mr. Courtney,  
to be able to write with you,  
it's unbelievable!  
I must think of a new rhyme  
for heaven right away!  
Will you?  
Of course I will.  
Just wait till the girls  
in Tulsa see my name  
on one of your songs.  
They'll simply  
curl up and die!  
Miss Lane, I don't want  
you to labor under  
a misapprehension.  
Your name won't appear on  
the song. My name will be  
on it as usual.  
But you'll have all the  
satisfaction of knowing  
that you did write it and...  
you'll be able to dine on  
something more substantial

than the food of love.  
But, Mr. Courtney,  
that is misrepresentation.  
They'll throw me in jail!  
Oh, no.  
It's done all the time.  
A man reaches a position  
where he's paid a big sum  
for a song or a story.  
He has only two hands  
and one brain. What's  
the sensible thing to do?  
Obviously hire someone else.  
It's called ghostwriting,  
Miss Lane.  
It's a very profitable  
business.  
For the ghost?  
For the writer.  
I'll pay you \$50 a week  
to start with.  
Well, what's  
the answer?  
Well...  
the answer's yes.  
Remember you're not to tell  
anyone you're working  
for me, or the deal's off.  
It's a matter of honor.  
When do we start?  
How 'bout dining  
with me tonight?  
Where?  
Here.  
I've got to get started.  
I've a show in preparation.  
Well, Mr. Courtney,  
I admit it all sounds tempting,  
and I'd be delighted to dine  
with you on one condition.  
What's that?  
Well... that you remember  
I'm only a ghost.  
[ Whistles ]

How's he doing?  
He's got an idea.  
That's all I want.  
Give it to me.  
Can she hear us?  
No, no, no.  
She's in the other room.  
d d [ Whistling ]  
[ Stomping Feet ]  
d d [ Whistling ]  
d d [ Whistling ]  
[ Stomping Feet ]  
d d [ Whistling ]  
What's the rest of it?  
That's all he's got,  
the front strain.  
Stick with him  
until he's got the rest.  
[ Stomping Feet ]  
Don't let that arthritis  
throw you.  
Go on.  
d d [ Whistling ]  
[ Stomping Feet,  
Whistling ]  
That's  
a B-flat chord.  
Right.  
What? No prize?  
Aw, stop practicing.  
Who's practicing? I'm  
trying to get this on paper.  
It took Mozart three hours  
to compose a whole overture.  
Was it any good?  
Oh, yeah.  
They don't play it anymore.  
That's the tip-off on Mozart.  
d d [ Piano ]  
I just had an idea.  
A thought just came to me.  
Uh...  
a little melody.  
See what this does to you.

I thought of it today.  
There are no lyrics yet,  
but that's where  
you come in.  
d d [ Piano ]  
Why'd you stop?  
Uh, that's all  
I've got.  
I mean, uh, it's all  
that's come to me so far.  
Well, couldn't you  
Just fake it?  
No, no.  
I'd sooner wait  
until it comes to me.  
And it will, yes, it will.  
There you are, vassal.  
Fly to your master  
in the tower.  
Give him my compliments  
and you may keep the change.  
Sometimes I wonder  
why I put up with you.  
That's a cinch.  
You put up with me  
because he puts up with me.  
He puts up with me because  
he's out of the groove.  
Very sound, very sound.  
Why I put up with either  
of you, I haven't been able  
to figure out yet.  
Perhaps this check  
will explain.  
Hmm, nice explaining.  
And I want to thank you  
for a very tedious afternoon.  
Not at all.  
Come on,  
let's try again.  
d d [ Humming ]  
Sorry to interrupt.  
What do you want?  
I had a feeling you may have



been forgetting something.  
I haven't.  
What are you doing here?  
Remember that tune  
you were working on?  
I've been playing it.  
I had a feeling you may have  
forgotten it as usual,  
so I wrote it down.  
You wrote it down?  
Oh, you mean the, uh--  
Oh, the middle!  
How perfectly wonderful.  
Mr. Starbuck, Miss Lane.  
Miss Lane,  
Mr. Starbuck.  
How do you do?  
Mr. Starbuck does  
all my thinking for me.  
It's only  
a part-time job.  
He's such a genius that his  
own music goes in one ear  
and stays there.  
He's like all the great  
composers. Brahms used  
to set fire to his beard.  
Never mind about Brahms.  
Get on with Courtney.  
d d [ Piano ]  
Do you mean to say  
you've had it all the time?  
I don't know.  
It's in my head somewhere  
and I'd just forgotten it.  
It's never happened to me.  
With all that babbling,  
I might forget it.  
Couldn't you play it one  
or two times and give me  
a chance to think?  
Mr. Starbuck,  
would you mind?  
I have only one

other line to write.

Starbuck, shut up, please.

I was only thinking  
of your next song.

Thank you.

There. I think

I've got it.

Could we go over it again  
please?

d The lighthearted gay  
kind of charm you display d

d That's for me d

d The wonderful sly little trick  
with your eye d

d That's for me d

d What a feather in my hat  
if I could gratify your wish d

d Do you like the movies d

d Or what is  
your favorite dish d

Good.

d The tilt of your chin  
when you chuckle or grin d

d That's for me d

d You might as well know  
that wherever you go d

d There'll I'll be d

djust make sure you keep  
your heart alone

and fancy-free d

Nice.

d No one else  
can have it d

d That's for me d

d The lighthearted gay  
kind of charm you display d

d That's for me d

d The wonderful sly little trick  
with your eye d

d That's for me d

d What a feather in my hat  
if I could gratify your wish d

d Do you like the movies d

d Or what is your

favorite dish d  
d The tilt of your chin  
when you chuckle or grin d  
d That's for me d  
d You might as well know  
that wherever you go d  
d There'll I'll be d  
djust make sure you keep  
your heart alone  
and fancy-free d  
d No one else  
can have it d  
d That's for me d d  
That's it!  
That's easily the best song  
you've ever written.

[ Together]

Thanks!

Um, that's enough.

Thank you, Starbuck.

Thank you so much,

Mr. Starbuck, for your  
lovely accompaniment.

I'd love to  
accompany you further.

That's far enough. Good night.

Thank you,  
little white father.

All kidding aside,  
that's a swell lyric.

Thanks.

Now, let's see.

Where did you learn  
to sing?

In Tulsa.

I'm beginning to admire Tulsa  
more every minute.

We ought to go a long way  
together, Miss Lane.

I hope so too.

Patsy! Patsy,  
come here quick!

What's the matter?

I've got a job.

Ajob. Ajob?  
Where have I heard  
that word before?  
Snap out of it, Patsy.  
Isn't it wonderful?  
What's all this about  
the depression being over?  
Mrs. Simpson,  
I've got a job.  
Ajob?  
What have  
you got to do?  
I can't tell anybody.  
But you can tell me,  
Cherry, can't ya?  
Well, sit down.  
I guess I can tell you  
half of it.  
You see, I just sit in my room  
and write verses.  
Verses?  
You know, poetry.  
What's the  
other half?  
You mean to say  
that they pay you  
Just to write poetry?  
Fifty dollars a week.  
Oh, well.  
Oh! Say, this isn't  
one of those government  
projects is it?  
Oh, no!  
Of course not!  
d[ Dixieland Jazz ]  
That's all I can tell you now  
because I--  
What's that?  
Just a little band that's  
hired the next room to yours.  
And are they hot!  
Wow.  
A little band?  
It sounds like the whole zoo.

In the room next to mine!  
Cherry,  
don't get excited.  
d['Tiger Rag']  
d d  
Boys, boys.  
How are ya?  
Hello, Auntie.  
I want you to meet  
Miss Cherry Lane,  
your next door neighbor.  
Uh-oh. Boys, I'd like to have  
you meet our next door neighbor.  
Miss Lane, this is  
my partner Wingy.  
Glad to know you.  
You said your piece.  
Harry's my  
favorite nephew.  
I thought it'd be nice to have  
some good music in the house.  
Yes, I can imagine.  
Anytime you'd like to have us  
play anything special for you,  
Just knock on that wall  
three times. You get it?  
One, two--  
d['Tiger Rag']  
Continues ]  
d['Tiger Rag']  
Continues ]  
Yes, I quite understand.  
I don't want to criticize.  
But an entire week has  
gone by and you still  
have nothing on paper.  
I'm so sorry, but for  
the last week I've been  
going nearly crazy.  
A six-piece band has moved in  
next door to me...  
and the only words I can  
think of are 'Hold that tiger!  
Hold that tiger!'

I agree.  
That must be terrible.  
Still the score for the show  
has got to be ready  
in three weeks.  
Why don't you  
go away someplace  
where it's quiet?  
I'm still a stranger here.  
I don't know of any place to go.  
I've got it.  
Why don't you go  
to Atlantic City?  
Oh, no. I promised  
my mother I wouldn't.  
[ Chuckles ]  
Nobody's Inn. What--  
'A square deal--'?  
This looks rather good.  
'Feather beds...Hot and cold  
running water.  
Peace...It's wonderful.!'?  
Peace? It does sound good,  
doesn't it?  
This may be just the place  
you're looking for.  
I'll give you a check  
with some extra for  
travelling expenses.  
Go down there and  
see what it's like.  
Drive around the block,  
will ya? I'll be out  
in just a minute.  
They sent that check back to me  
marked 'insuffcient funds.'  
I know I have money  
in this bank.  
Take it to window fve.  
But I've had it  
at window fve.  
Window fve, please.  
Could I have two dollars  
in change, please?

d d [ Whistling ]  
Touchy,  
isn't she?  
Yeah.  
Got any left  
for me there?  
Taxi!  
Grand Central and hurry.  
Nice timing.  
Grand Central Station, huh?  
Driver?  
Yes, miss?  
Try to lose this cab  
next to us, the one with  
the funny-looking man in it.  
We'll lose him  
pretty!  
Right here, ma'am.  
Give me a round-trip ticket  
to Tarrytown, please.  
d d [ Whistling ]  
There you are.  
Gimme one of those  
Tarrytown books.  
Can you get a couple  
of these stuck in the  
Albany night boat?  
It's a little place of  
my uncle's up the river.  
Oh, porter, will you get me  
a couple of magazines?  
Yes, ma'am.  
Look here!  
You made me  
lose my place.  
Are you following me?  
You certainly are.  
Who me?  
What makes you think  
I'm following you?  
You're always where I am.  
Oh, yeah? How do I know  
you're not following me?  
Following you?

Yeah, how 'bout that?  
I wouldn't be  
caught dead with you.  
Is this man  
annoying you, miss?  
He certainly is.  
Come on, you.  
Wait a minute.  
I'm a taxpayer.  
[ Bob ]  
I got tickets  
on this train.  
[ Knocking ]  
Come in.  
Is everything  
all right?  
Perfect, thanks.  
We don't have many visitors  
this time of year.  
We were expecting our nephew  
on the same train, but something  
must have held him up.  
That's too bad.  
It's too bad.  
Hi, Unk!  
Well...  
bust my gallatin!  
Hiya, boy.  
Sure is good  
to see you again, son.  
Where in tarnation  
did you drop from?  
Off the back  
of a delivery truck.  
Why, why--  
Here's your snuff.  
Oh, what happened  
to you?  
Some dame accused me  
of being a masher.  
A what?  
A masher.  
How do you like that?  
A masher. Well, well.



What's a masher?  
It's got nothin' to do  
with potatoes.  
She put up such a squawk,  
a couple of dicks ran me in.  
That's the trouble with women.  
Say, take my tip, son,  
and stay away from 'em.  
You can't stay away  
from this one. She keeps  
gettin' under my feet!  
What did you do with  
my whetstone?  
It's in the upstairs closet.  
Get it and sharpen  
that thing, will ya?  
It's so darn dull  
it won't even cut butter.  
I'll give her a lick or two.  
Don't do anything  
till you hear from me.  
Hey, Ruff.  
Come on, boy.  
There we go.  
Hi, there, old boy.  
[ Screams ]  
Help! Help!  
[ Unk ]  
Hey, what is this?  
Come here quick!  
What's the matter  
with her?  
What are you--  
This man's been  
following me everywhere.  
What are you yellin' about?  
[ Unk ]  
You'd think you was being  
followed or something.  
Whoa! Whoa!  
Hey!  
Don't you dare  
come up here.  
[ Screams ]

Shut up!  
Shut up!  
Will you shut up!  
What's the matter  
with you, you daffy?  
No, I'm not daffy.  
You keep following me!  
I wouldn't follow you  
if you're the last woman!  
Atta boy.!  
Why?  
What's wrong with me?  
Nothing. just said that  
to make you feel better.  
Oh, thanks.  
Would you mind telling me  
why you keep--  
Why we keep bumping  
into each other?  
Who knows? Maybe it's fate  
like in the popular songs.  
It must be something.  
You believe in astrology?  
Neither do I.  
No.  
Why did you go  
to that bank?  
To cash a check.  
Why did you come up  
to this place?  
I live here!  
You bet your sweet life  
he does!  
I've lived here  
since I was a kid.  
I suppose you have every right  
to be here.  
Thank you.  
Why did you come here?  
I read an ad on a card  
about its being peaceful.  
It was...  
up until now.  
I suppose you want me to go.

No, no. Uncle's business  
is on the fritz.  
You don't want to make  
a bum out of fate.  
Come on now,  
powder your nose.  
You're all broke out there.  
Come on.  
We'll have something to eat.  
Get off of my hand,  
will ya?  
Don't leave your hand  
layin' around.  
Darn. They had this  
undershirt hangin' out  
in a sandstorm.  
Scratchy, huh?  
Yeah.  
Would you like  
more coffee?  
Certainly!  
It's all right.  
And what do you do  
for a living?  
I write poetry.  
Poetry!  
That's what she said!  
Poetry like Longfellow.  
It isn't very like  
Longfellow.  
I write more for  
popular songs.  
Oh, do you  
write songs?  
I can't write music.  
I write words and hope  
to find music they'll fit.  
Well... Bob,  
he writes music.  
What kind?  
Oh, I dream up  
a few popular ditties.  
Nothing very good.  
Have you ever had

anything published?  
No, no, not exactly.  
That's what takes him  
uptown, hoping he'll  
get something published.  
I keep tellin' him  
he's wasting his time.  
He's better off if he stays  
here where he can relax  
and keep out of trouble.  
Have you got  
a piano here?  
Oh, he's got  
an office down near the river.  
Bob, why don't you take her  
down after dinner and  
have her see Arabella?  
Arabella! What  
are you talking about?  
Is Arabella  
your secretary?  
Arabella's  
his best girl.  
I don't have a--  
Wait a minute.  
I'll settle it right now.  
Come on.  
You'll see her! Oh!  
You two try and get along.  
Behave yourselves.  
She's a sweet girl.  
Quiet.  
An old ferryboat.  
How romantic!  
Used to work too.  
My uncle sailed her up and down  
the river for 30 years.  
That's where I have  
my conservatory.  
Would you like  
to see it?  
You couldn't stop me.  
I set a fire in the stove  
for you, Mr. Bob.

Good. Thank you.  
Careful now.  
Yes, sir, this is  
Arabella that uncle  
was ribbing me about.  
Pretty fancy, huh?  
I'm crazy about it!  
What kind of music  
do you write?  
Sea chanteys?  
I don't compose anything.  
Old Man River's the  
maestro around here.  
I listen to him roll along.  
That's where I get  
my inspiration.  
I get a few ideas  
off the radio too.  
Do you mind if I turn it on?  
I want to hear a program.  
No, not at all.  
Oh, look at that moon.  
You're talkin'  
shop now.  
It looks different up here.  
Do you suppose it's the  
same moon we have in New York?  
That's what everybody says,  
but I couldn't go for that.  
[ Bell Ringing ]  
Eight bells.  
I gotta take my soundings.  
Soundings?  
Mm-hmm. Come on deck.  
I'll show you.  
Oh, this is beautiful!  
Just like as advertised:  
'Peace...It's wonderful.'  
What happened?  
Let's see what we get.  
Yep, 1 6 inches.  
It's always 1 6 inches.  
Why do you do it?  
To humor my uncle.

It's sort of a gag.  
He ran this boat ashore  
here about 20 years ago.  
He keeps hopin' the water  
will rise high enough  
to float her off.  
Hopin' is all that holds  
the old gent together.  
I know what you mean.  
Everybody has to have something  
that holds them together  
no matter how young or old.  
What holds you together?  
Polka dots and moonbeams?  
Oh, no.  
I guess it's the ambition  
to do something, be somebody.  
Ambition? You know  
what my uncle says  
about ambition?  
It's the devil in  
the garden of the world.  
He says, ''Show me a man  
with ambition,  
and I'll show you  
an unhappy man.''  
That's what he says?  
That's what he says.  
I'll tell you what I says.  
You show me a man  
without ambition,  
and I'll show you a tramp.  
You wouldn't say that  
if I had my glasses off.  
Oh, that's what  
I wanted to hear.  
[ Radio ] One of  
Oliver Courtney's new numbers,  
'Two Hearts Deep In Love. '?  
Do you know  
Oliver Courtney?  
I met him once.  
There's a man I admire.  
He hasn't been content

Just to amble through life.  
He started from nothing  
and worked his way to being  
our leading songwriter.  
Oh, I think his music  
is wonderful.  
You like his music?  
It just makes me  
want to, to--  
Oh, I don't know.  
I think he's so kind  
and considerate and generous.  
How well  
do you know him?  
Well enough to admire him.  
A man has to work hard to  
turn out as many hits as he has.  
You don't think  
it's easy, do you?  
No, I guess not.  
You don't think he got there  
by lying down  
on the job, do you?  
Oh, who cares how  
he got there.  
What's the difference?  
W-What's the matter?  
Oh, nothing.  
Oh, I just love a man  
with ambition.  
What's yours?  
Mine?  
I want to own  
a catboat.  
Is that all?  
Well, isn't  
that enough?  
I'd like to have a nice  
little 25-foot catboat...  
with a galley where I can  
cook my own groceries...  
and sail when I want to  
and where I want to.  
Is there anything

wrong in that?

No.

I guess not.

I just think it's the most  
shiftless thing I've heard of.

Wait. Where do you  
come off telling me  
what's shiftless?

I don't tell you  
what to do.

It's because you don't care.

Of course I don't care.

Why should I care?

Well, it's nice that  
we understand each other.

Good night,

Mr. Summers.

Good night.

Huh! Can't knock  
catboats to me.

d d [ Whistling ]

Hi, Unk.

Good mornin; Bob.

That's a pretty nice  
looking dinghy you got.

What's it for, fshing?

No.

Sailin'?

No.

What for?

I'm gonna fill her full of dirt  
and raise geraniums.

I thought it'd look nice  
near the wheelhouse.

Not a bad idea.

I got a lot of lumber  
left over and a steam oven...  
and, oh, a keg of nails  
and--

Say, when are you  
gonna start building  
that catboat of yours?

Oh, I don't know.

I was thinking,



it's kinda silly for a fella  
Just to sail around  
in an old catboat.  
Silly?  
What's silly about it?  
It's kinda shiftless.  
Ohh! Say...  
that Lane gal been  
talking to you again?  
Maybe.  
Maybe.  
Say, listen, son.  
Don't you pay  
any attention to women.  
Women! All they want to do  
is keep you working...  
so they can sit home  
and knit a lot of didoes  
for a lot of poor relatives.  
Women, ha!  
When Eve told Adam  
to climb that apple tree,  
that's when all  
the trouble started.  
You might be right.  
Yeah, you get them fool ideas  
out of your head...  
or the frst thing you know,  
you'll be a success...  
and then you won't have  
a minute to yourself!  
d d [ Piano ]  
d[ Piano Continues ]  
d Do I want  
to be with you d  
d d [ Humming ]  
d Only forever d  
Hey, Cherry.  
You still up?  
Come on over and  
get out of the cold.  
What's that you're playing?  
Just a tune I've been  
foolin' around with.

I hope it didn't  
keep you awake.  
It did, but I liked it.  
You know, there's something  
really uncanny about it.  
About what?  
You know that first day  
when you said something  
about fate?  
Fate? I don't know  
anything about fate.  
I must've been kidding.  
Were you?  
I don't know  
if I was or not.  
Well, I'm awfully sorry  
I called you a tramp.  
You don't have to be sorry.  
I am a tramp,  
always will be.  
No, you're not.  
Any man who can write  
music like that can do  
anything they want to.  
That piece seemed to say  
something to me as if...  
well, as if  
you'd said it yourself.  
What do you got here?  
You don't mean you've written  
words to this opus already?  
Mm-hmm.  
Would you mind  
playing it for me?  
Hold it there for me,  
will ya?  
Mm-hmm.  
Be good if I can remember  
the tune, won't it?  
d Do I want  
to be with you d  
d As the years  
come and go d  
d Only forever d

d If you care to know d  
That's good, Cherry.  
d Would I grant  
all your wishes d  
d And be proud  
of the task d  
d Only forever d  
d If someone  
should ask d  
d How long  
would it take me d  
d To be near  
if you beckoned d  
d Offhand  
I would figure d  
d Less than a second d  
d Do you think  
I'll remember d  
d How you looked  
when you smiled d  
d Only forever d  
d That's putting  
it mild d d  
'Less than a second.'

Gee, I love that line,  
Cherry.

Bob?

Hmm?

Let's not ever part  
with this song.

It's sort of personal  
to us.

Part with it?

Oh, Cherry,

I should say not.

From now on, this song's  
going to be strictly ours.

Do you really mean that?

I never meant anything  
more in my whole life.

Get around this way.

The moon gets in my eyes.

'The moon gets in my eyes.'

That's a great title

for a song!  
What do I do with  
my empty arms?  
'Empty arms'?'  
Bob, that's two titles  
in a row!  
You could do this on  
your own time. I'm about  
to lay my heart at your feet.  
Haven't you ever had  
an inspiration and had  
to write it down?  
No, not at a time  
like this.  
I did get an inspiration  
once, though.  
You remember going  
in a hotel lobby and you reached  
for the elevator button...  
and a fella reached over and  
pushed it just ahead of you?  
No.  
You don't remember that?  
Remember getting in  
an elevator and going--  
You've been in an elevator?  
Those things go up and down.  
Remember getting off  
at the 15th floor--  
Fifteenth floor.  
You mean the fresh fellow  
that stuck his head out the  
door and whistled at me?  
That was no fresh fellow.  
That was me.  
Do you know what they do  
to people in Tulsa  
who whistle at girls?  
What do they do?  
They scalp 'em.  
They do?  
Mm-hmm.  
That's still Indian country  
there, I guess.

Yes... with reservations.  
Getting back to the inspiration.  
Do you know what happened?  
What?

Well, sir, I ducked into  
my room, sat at my piano,  
and then I wrote--  
You mean that I, the flower  
ofTulsa, inspired a song?  
That's what you did.

Listen to this.

d d [ Piano ]

d The lighthearted  
gay sort of charm  
you display d

d That's for me

d The wonderful sly  
little trick

with your eye

d That's for me

d What a feather in my hat  
if I could gratify  
your wish d

d Do you like  
the movies d

d And what is  
your favorite dish d

You wrote that?

For you.

d The tilt of your chin-- d

Hey, wait!

Hey!

Hey, Cherry,  
wait a minute.

It wasn't that bad!

Hey, Cherry?

Hey, Cherry,

let me in!

Leave me alone. I never  
want to see you again.!

What have I done?

You know very well

what you've done.

I know nothing of the kind.

I try to play a song  
I wrote for you...  
and you fly off  
like Scarlett O'Hara in a ft!  
Let me look at you.  
How can you stand there  
with that baby face and  
the soul of a gangster...  
and dare to tell me  
you composed that song?  
But I did!  
Suffering cats.!  
What's goin'on here?  
What's all  
the rumpus about?  
I don't know.  
She's gone into some  
sort of a whing-ding.  
Get the jalopy out.  
I'm goin' to town.  
A whing-ding?  
Gosh, I thought  
it was a cyclone.  
Whing-ding!  
Not breaking up a  
director's meeting, am I?  
Not at all. Come on in.  
Will you want me,  
Mr. Courtney?  
I shan't want you, Starbuck.  
I won't want you either.  
Hiya, thrush.  
Hi.  
Sit down, Bob.  
What's on your mind?  
Well, I want  
to resign.  
What? Resign?  
But you can't do that!  
Haven't I treated you fairly?  
Always used your songs?  
Yeah, but I haven't felt on  
the level with myself since  
I got into this racket.

Lately, it's been  
cramping my style.  
I ran into a situation  
last night that--  
Well, I don't want  
to be a ghost anymore.  
I want to be the real McCoy.  
Don't be so silly,  
Bob!  
You don't realize how lucky you  
are, how many responsibilities  
I take off your shoulders.  
Business arrangements,  
interviews,  
popularity, income tax,  
the headaches of being a success.  
While all you have to do  
is dream up a few tunes...  
and enjoy yourself at your  
uncle's. What's it called?  
Nobody's Inn.  
You know, Bob,  
you don't know--  
Uh, wha--  
What did you say  
the place was called?  
Nobody's Inn.  
It's at Tarrytown  
on the river.  
My uncle has it.  
Nobody's Inn.  
Yeah. Want a card?  
Feather beds.  
We should take a party up.  
My uncle's had  
a rough season.  
Yes, was there, um,  
anybody else up there?  
Yeah. That's why  
I want to resign.  
A girl came.  
I was tryin' to be a big man  
and make an impression.  
I played one of my songs

without thinking.  
What?  
One of your songs.  
Thanks.  
A fellow's got to show off  
once in a while.  
Did she, um--  
Did she like it?  
No. That's the funny part.  
She just got mad.  
Mr. Starbuck.  
I want to see  
Mr. Courtney.  
You can't see him now.  
He's busy.  
But I have to see him.  
Somebody's been stealing  
his songs.  
That can't  
be right.  
He'd be the frst to know.  
Mr. Starbuck, don't you ever  
take anything seriously?  
I've got to see him.  
Bates, you better  
get two boy scouts  
and a stretcher.  
Caught with  
his pants on.  
I thought about it  
all night and--  
What are you doing here?  
I might ask you  
the same thing.  
I work here.  
Doin' what?  
Well, I--  
I don't want you to get  
any false impressions.  
I've been writing lyrics  
for Mr. Courtney.  
You have?  
That explains a great deal.  
You see, I write his music.



You do?  
Mm-hmm.  
Then that was  
really your tune?  
Yeah!  
Did you like it?  
By the way,  
what do you do around here?  
I suppose you think  
I can't write music anymore.  
From now on,  
you're gonna have  
a royal opportunity.  
What do you mean?  
If Miss Lane's willing,  
we're gonna form a partnership.  
Suits me.  
If we can write hits for  
you, we oughta be able to  
write hits for ourselves.  
She never wrote a hit  
in her life.  
Don't give me that.  
I know what she's got.  
That stuff belongs to me.  
I paid for it.  
Okay, but from now on--  
All right!  
From now on, do as you please.  
And good luck to you, Bob,  
because you'll need it.  
Out-of-work songwriters  
are a dime a dozen.  
I've got a list in there  
as long as your arm.  
Say, Mr. Courtney,  
we didn't think that we  
oughta pull out of here...  
without telling you how  
grateful we are for the  
opportunity you've given us,  
even though you did  
turn out to be a rat.  
Well, thanks.

But let me give you  
a little friendly warning.  
Cherry Lane's a clever girl.  
If she stays with me,  
she may get somewhere.  
I may even let her  
collaborate with me later.  
But if she goes with you  
and she fails and you fail,  
the smashing of her career  
will be on your head.  
I'll risk that.  
Yes, of course you'll risk it.  
But what about her?  
Where do you think  
your tunes will be  
without my name on them,  
without my prestige  
to back them up?  
I simply want you two to know  
exactly what you're doing.  
We know what we're doing,  
Mr. Courtney.  
It's nice to know who  
really did write the music  
I fell in love with.  
And I'll take a chance  
on him.  
Oh, oh, oh.  
Starbuck!  
Mr. Courtney,  
anytime you want me,  
Just holler.  
d d [ Piano ]  
d Soon the yucca blooms  
will grow d  
d And the desert winds  
will blow d  
d Then Old Paint and me  
will go d  
d We'll be there d  
d In the garden  
there's a gal d  
d That I'm hoping

to corral d  
d When the moon  
comes over d  
d Madison Square d  
d There's a clink  
of cowboy feet d  
d Pounding  
Fifty-Second Street d  
d And the scent  
of fresh mesquite d  
d Fills the air d  
d And the gal  
I long to see d  
d Sits in box 1 23 d  
d When the moon  
comes over d  
d Madison Square d  
d And I know  
d If I can win  
First prize  
d There'll be such  
a tender look d  
d In her eyes d  
d Then the yucca blooms  
can grow  
d And the desert winds  
can blow  
d And Old Paint  
can even go d  
d You know where d  
d There'll be no more  
beans and pork d  
d Because the gal  
owns half New York d  
d Yip-yip  
let the moon come over d  
d Madison Square d  
One more.  
d Soon the yucca blooms  
will grow d  
[ Phone Ringing ]  
d And the desert winds  
will blow d  
d Then Old Paint and me

will go d  
Hello. Oh, hello, Eddie.  
d We'll be there d  
Eddie, did I write the music?  
Am I a composer?  
d In the garden d  
I'm just  
a poor publisher.  
I know what numbers  
are gonna make a success.  
What are you  
stopping for?  
d When the moon comes over d  
I've been in the music business  
for 20 years.  
d Madison Square d  
I pulled myself up  
from nowhere.  
I'm not bothering you, am I?  
d And the scent  
of fresh d  
Would you mind going on?  
I lost my place.  
I'm listening.  
Go ahead.  
d Ah, she'll be there d  
I know, but when  
you stand bawling me out...  
because they cancelled  
your second week in Moline--  
d Oh, because d  
d The gal I longs  
to see d  
Yeah. All right.  
d Sits in box 1 23 d  
All we have now  
is a funeral march.  
Yeah.  
That's right, Eddie.  
Come on.  
All right. Good-bye.  
Hey, where are you going?  
You can't demonstrate  
a song here. This is

like fun in a foundry.  
I've heard every word.  
You have?  
How does it go?  
There'll be no more beans  
and pork, 'cause the gal  
owns half of New York.  
Let the moon come over  
Madison Square.  
That's right.  
How'd you like it?  
I think it's wonderful...  
but I can't use it.  
Oh... you can't, huh?  
Why not?  
For the simple reason  
I'll be sent to Sing Sing  
where you belong.  
Why don't you earn  
an honest living?  
What are you talking about?  
Boys, who'd  
the music sound like?  
There's no doubt.  
It's Oliver Courtney.  
What was the tune he had  
a little while ago?  
Wait a minute.  
d d [ Humming ]  
Yeah, that's it.  
Couple of months ago.  
That's right.  
Courtney never wrote  
a song like that.  
Wait a minute, lady.  
Don't argue with me.  
You want it straight?  
Yes.  
I don't like  
half-baked imitations.  
Okay.  
Oh, ah...  
thanks for listening.  
Nice listening too.

d I'll take a chance  
on him d  
[ Phone Ringing ]  
Telephone.  
d[ Humming ]  
[ Ringing Continues ]  
Starbuck, telephone!  
[ Ringing ]  
Stop muttering.  
Why don't you articulate?  
d d [ Humming ]  
Very irritating book.  
Hello?  
Just a moment.  
It's Goodrich.  
I'm out, out, out!  
I'm sorry, Mr. Goodrich,  
Mr. Courtney is--  
d d [ Humming ]  
d I'll take a chance  
on him d  
He says there's no use  
saying you're out  
'cause he can hear the piano.  
That infernal invention,  
the telephone!  
Give it to me.  
Hello, Charlie!  
How are you?  
What?  
What?  
No, Charlie, I'm not  
trying to avoid you.  
Why should I?  
Listen to me, Charlie.  
This tune of yours is touched  
with a funeral march.  
This show goes into  
rehearsal Monday,  
rain or shine.  
Let me talk to him.  
Just a minute.  
Millie wants  
to talk to you.

Listen, Mr. Courtney.  
You oughta be ashamed  
of yourself...  
treating an artist  
in this fashion.  
Millie--  
Millie, don't believe  
everything that  
Charlie tells you.  
I have an offer to do  
a picture...  
and unless I see  
some music soon,  
I'm going to take it!  
Listen to me, Millie.  
Listen to me, Millie.  
Listen-- Oh!  
Listen, Oliver.  
I have a hundred thousand  
tied up in this production.  
And if Millie walks out,  
I'm going to sue you  
for every cent of it!  
What did he say?  
He says if I don't produce  
more music, he'll sue me.  
Is there anything else at  
the bottom of that trunk?  
Nothing but the old master's  
pencil and some very  
clean manuscript paper.  
Ah. I wonder where Summers  
and that girl got to.  
I thought you'd be wondering,  
so I took the trouble  
of calling Nobody's Inn.  
What did they say?  
Nobody's in.  
Oh, what's the use?  
I just got myself caught  
between the switches.  
It's what I get  
for trying to be a phony.  
Now I can't get back

into character.  
You're not a phony.  
It's Courtney  
who's a phony.  
You can't expect the publishers  
to know you've been writing  
his stuff for the last year.  
What are we gonna do?  
Learn to have patience.  
Keep swingin'!  
Now, come on, smile.  
Give 'em the teeth like  
they do in the pictures.  
Like that?  
And what happens?  
Uh-huh.  
You just wait and see.  
We can't help being a success.  
I thought I was the coach  
around here with pep talks.  
You taken over  
my franchise?  
That's what  
a partner's for.  
We can't both be up  
at the same time.  
That's why it takes two  
to ride a seesaw, you know.  
That's a very sound  
observation.  
I'm beginning to like  
this partnership angle.  
I was thinking,  
if we get a break,  
maybe you  
and I could--  
No, you can't do it  
that way.  
It's gotta be that way.  
No, you can't.  
Hello, chumps.  
Hi, boys.  
We're not breaking  
up anything, are we?



We've got an idea.  
If you two wanna sell  
those songs,  
I think you should try  
a new angle.  
We think.  
Yeah, we think.  
New angle  
like what?  
You can't sell those songs with  
that mail-order accompaniment  
you've been playing.  
No?  
No. What you need  
is a good band behind you.  
Yeah? Meaning  
you fellows, huh?  
Well, it might give my band  
a break.  
Our band.  
Our band a break  
havin' a vocal.  
Mm-hmm. You weren't  
thinking of this right  
at the beginning?  
Oh, no.  
Reciprocity.  
Reci... who?  
Where'd you get that?  
Reciprocity.  
Just dug it.  
What else can you play  
outside of ''Tiger Rag''  
and pinochle?  
Anything.  
Yeah, anything if we  
can get our instruments out of--  
Out of what?  
Hock.  
Oh! So that's why I've  
been able to get some sleep.  
Fine thing.  
Getting us all worked up  
and then telling us

your instruments are in hock.  
What'd you expect to use  
for instruments anyhow?  
You gonna hum?  
We thought maybe  
you could lend us \$1 0.  
Here it comes.  
I carry sort of a sinking fund  
for the boys to stop them  
from scabbing on each other...  
and if one goes in,  
why they all go in.  
If you give us the \$1 0,  
they'll all get out.  
A musical chain gang?  
You know, one for all  
and all for one.  
And every man for himself.  
You boys must have  
X-ray eyes.  
I just got \$1 0  
and a quarter.  
Well, what have  
we got to lose?  
Ten dollars  
and a quarter.  
You can keep  
the quarter!  
Uh-uh, not so fast.  
I wouldn't be sucker enough  
to give you ten bucks till  
I find out what you can do.  
I'm gonna run down  
there and see I get  
my money's worth.  
You keep the home fires burning.  
You're gonna have your own band.  
I've had it.  
[ Bob ]  
Well, boys, you're  
almost to First base.  
How come?  
Three balls,  
no strikes.

Here we go again.  
I've been in here so many times,  
I smell of camphor.  
Okay, dig out  
the hardware.  
All right, boys, but don't  
forget we are closed  
for half a day tomorrow.  
You're short.  
There's only \$40 here.  
I'm gonna be the angel  
for the other ten.  
Yeah, give out.  
Wait. Let's see if you can  
play on those joints frst.  
Give us those instruments  
and we'll rock it and sock it.  
And hock it again.  
Come on, boys.  
Let's get 'em.  
Certainly glad to get  
that instrument.  
Do you mind if we use the shop  
for a little jive session?  
Sure, make yourself  
at home.  
Okay.  
They might as well.  
They're practically  
living here anyway.  
Every week the same thing.  
I guess you've had those  
instruments here so often...  
you can play 'em better  
than they can.  
Wait, I wanna  
hear this.  
d[ Instruments Tuning Up ]  
See if they can  
bounce a little.  
Sounds kinda longhaired.  
Hey, wait.  
d[ Dixieland ]  
Ah, yes, there's

that good fat tone.  
That man's all right.  
What's these?  
Compliments of the house?  
Sure!  
d When you hear  
a real hep cat d  
d Take a chorus  
in A-flat d  
d That's the rhythm  
on the river d  
d You know what  
that means d  
d He comes from  
New Orleans d  
d When a drummer  
starts to ride d  
d And a rim shot  
breaks the hide d  
d That's the rhythm  
on the river d  
d Can't mistake  
that beat d  
d He comes  
from Basin Street d  
d Now how do you like  
a ''Bugle Call Rag'' d  
d Do you like it  
played as a waltz  
or a Dixieland shag d  
d I'll take the words  
right out of your mouth d  
d You've got to play it  
the same as the South d  
d In New York  
or any town d  
d When a band swings out  
low down d  
d That's the rhythm  
on the river d  
d Not the Hudson, bud d  
djust Mississippi mud d  
Ah, make me realize it,  
Wingston!

d How do you like  
a ''Bugle Call Rag'' d  
d Do you like it  
played as a waltz  
or a Dixieland shag d  
d I'll take the words  
right out of your mouth d  
d You've got to play it  
the same as the South d  
d In New York  
or any town d  
d Where a band swings out  
low down d  
d That's the rhythm  
on the river  
dNot the Hudson, bud  
djust Mississippi mud d d  
[ Whistles ]  
Come on, boys,  
here we go.  
Yes! join me,  
but do not crowd me.  
Yeah!  
There wasn't a bandleader left  
a message for us, was there?  
No, no one's called.  
What do you suppose  
happened to Wingy and the boys?  
Hope they didn't get run over.  
Hope they're not  
running over a few beers.  
Thank goodness Mr. Westlake  
hasn't sent for us yet.  
Mr. Westlake  
will see you two.  
Up until now.  
Well, here we go.  
Don't you think  
we oughta stall?  
Can't. The man's waiting.  
If the band shows up,  
will you run 'em into  
Mr. Westlake's office?  
A band?

A little band.  
It's a hot combo.  
Run 'em right in.  
I can't use that number.  
Put it in the books anyhow.  
You might change your mind.  
Good morning, Miss Lane  
and Mr. Summers.  
Hiya.  
This is Mr. John Scott Trotter  
and his manager, Mr. Keene.  
How do you do?  
Mr. Trotter is a famous  
orchestra leader.  
Glad to know you.  
You're from the South.  
North Carolina.  
North Carolina!  
[ Auctioneer Call ]  
Very funny, young man.  
That's what the man  
says on the radio.  
Yes, we know that.  
This is an audition,  
not an auction.  
We better get at it.  
Mr. Westlake, would you mind  
waiting a few minutes?  
I have a luncheon appointment.  
I think I'll be running.  
We'd like to have you  
hear our song.  
I'd like to.  
I'm afraid you don't realize  
what an opportunity this is.  
Mr. Trotter is a pretty big man  
in the music field.  
He's a pretty big man  
in the bay district too.  
You are sharp today.  
I was only kidding.  
We're all spreading out  
a little, you know.  
He don't mind.

Course he doesn't.  
One thing I like about  
Mr. Trotter's music is he gives  
us plenty of sweet violins.  
Y-You like that.  
I like them  
very much indeed.  
I hate what is known  
as hot swing bands.  
They tear a good tune  
to pieces.  
If I had my way, I'd take  
all the hot swing bands...  
and march 'em off a cliff  
into the ocean.  
Then we'd have a better world  
to live in.  
You don't like 'em.  
I hate 'em.  
I think he does too.  
Well, we'll get started.  
You ready?  
It won't bother you  
if I play a few oompahs  
on the piano, will it?  
If it's only a few.  
I'll keep 'em very  
feathery for you.  
Thank you.  
Mr. Westlake, the band,  
it's here.  
Sorry, we're late.  
Just a minute, boys.  
I want to--  
What's going on here?  
Does this roof leak?  
It's a little surprise  
I had for you.  
I don't like surprises.  
They're gonna accompany  
Miss Lane.  
Here's a place of my uncle's  
up on the river.  
You'll like this place.

It's got hot and cold  
running water.  
Run up there someday.  
I'll get the boys organized.  
Johnny, I'm not  
responsible for this.  
Phil, this may be good.  
Can you play sweet?  
I'll think sweet; but when it  
gets down here, it regurgitates.  
Does which?  
Regurgitates.  
Where'd  
you get that?  
Ah, just dug it.  
See that it don't.  
Keep it sweet.  
You ready to hear this?  
I'm ready,  
but not willing.  
Okay, honey.  
Not too rugged, men.  
Okay.  
d Can you see  
that I'm unhappy d  
d Can you tell  
that things are bad d  
d Of course you know  
what happened d  
d To the best friend  
I ever had d  
d Ain't it a shame  
about Mame d  
d She has only herself  
to blame d  
d She can't go  
to the picnics d  
d In Hooligan's Grove d  
d No corned beef  
and cabbage d  
d Is cooked  
on her stove d  
d She married Sir Reginald  
What's-His-Name d



d Ain't it a shame  
Poor Mame d  
d Ain't it a crime  
what she did d  
d Sure she's only  
a crazy kid d  
d Now she has  
to talk fancy d  
d And eat caviar d  
d And look like  
those pictures d  
d In Harper's Bazaar d  
d And try to find happiness  
Just the same d  
d Ain't it a shame  
Poor Mame d  
d Now she has  
to be social d  
d Has to go  
to the nightclubs d  
d Has to dance like a Cuban  
and still act like a lady d  
d Oh, to think that a child  
of Mike O'Grady d  
d Would marry Sir Reginald  
What's-His-Name d  
d Ain't it a shame  
about Mame d  
How 'bout that?  
d Ain't it a shame  
about Mame d  
d Now she's lost all  
her spark and flame d  
d She wears sables instead  
of a skirt and a blouse d  
d And has to keep shoes on  
when she's in the house d  
d She married Sir Reginald  
What's-His-Name d  
d Ain't it a shame d  
d Looks like a frame d  
d How did he tame  
poor Mame d d  
There you are.

That was swell.  
Ain't it a shame we didn't  
know about her before.  
It certainly is.  
Band wasn't too hot,  
was it?  
Well, maybe not.  
Personally, I think it's  
the best song Mr. Summers  
has ever written.  
Time. Time.  
We wrote that together.  
I wasn't referring to  
the number so much as I was  
the way you put it across.  
Have you ever considered  
nightclub work, Miss Lane?  
As a singer?  
Naturally.  
I've never sung before  
people except in school.  
Even then, they hid me  
behind a fern.  
That was a big mistake.  
[ Westlake ] Any girl  
as attractive as you are should  
go a long way in this town.  
Let's make a date  
for a tryout.  
- With my band?  
- No, maestro.  
My boys read music.  
Oh... back to  
the pawnshop, boys.  
What do you say?  
Well, thanks.  
But I don't wanna be  
a nightclub singer.  
I belong to the team  
of Lane and Summers.  
We're songwriters.  
We sort of go together  
like ham and eggs.  
Just a minute, Cherry.

Looks like they want  
the eggs and not the ham.  
This is a big town,  
a tough town. If you  
get a chance, grab it.  
What kind of money  
can you pay her?  
I don't wanna do it.  
Mr. Westlake, I'm sorry  
you don't like the song,  
but that's all  
we came here to sell.  
If you ever change your mind,  
you can get in touch with me  
through Mr. Westlake.  
Phil, good-bye.  
Good-bye, johnny.  
Good-bye.  
Lots of luck.  
Watch your weight.  
Miss Lane, I'm afraid  
you've turned down  
a pretty nice offer.  
And, Summers, I'd like  
to give you a word of advice.  
Yeah?  
If I were you, I'd try  
to develop a style of my own...  
because you're not going to  
get far imitating a composer  
as well known as--  
As Oliver Courtney.  
Exactly.  
Well, thank you  
very much.  
You're welcome.  
Good luck.  
You know the way those fellows  
went for you,  
it looks like you  
oughta be in that kind of work.  
Funny I never thought  
of that before.  
Bob, I don't want to be

a nightclub singer.  
That isn't what  
I came to New York for.  
I don't want to be  
a ghostwriter either.  
I'd just as soon  
sail in my catboat  
and look up at the blue sky.  
But things aren't  
arranged that way.  
Look, honey, I know what  
you're trying to do.  
You just don't want  
to leave me out on a limb.  
I appreciate it,  
but I got mixed-up into  
this Courtney business...  
and I'll get out  
the way I got in.  
What's the use discussing it?  
I haven't an evening gown  
and I haven't paid the rent.  
I guess it's all  
a pipe dream anyway.  
Run along home  
and get a little rest.  
Rest? Listen,  
we're going home and work.  
I don't feel like work.  
You go ahead  
and I'll see you later.  
I got something I wanna do.  
Good-bye.  
Bob Summers is here.  
Oh, Summers! Oh!  
Show him in.  
Show him in.  
d d [ Humming ]  
Okay, Bob.  
Hello, Mr. Courtney.  
Hello, Bob.  
How are you?  
If you want me,  
I'll be right here.

Okay.  
Won't you sit down?  
I can only stay  
a couple minutes.  
I found out you were right  
and I was wrong.  
Didn't work out,  
eh, Bob?  
Sorry. Really am sorry.  
But I did warn you, didn't I?  
I don't need sympathy.  
What I need's a couple  
hundred bucks... fast.  
How 'bout taking me back?  
Well, Bob, after all I--  
Uh, well, I--  
I might be able to use you  
for a couple of weeks.  
Can you make it four weeks?  
Four weeks is  
a long ti--  
How do I know you wouldn't  
run off on me again?  
I've learned my lesson.  
Oh. No, Bob,  
I can't take the chance.  
I've got to know where  
my music is coming from.  
I'll tell you  
what I wanted to do.  
Got a song here that  
Cherry and I wrote.  
We did it together.  
I think it's the best thing  
we've done.  
I'd like to put it up  
with you as security  
if you'll put up the dough.  
'Only Forever.'  
That's a nice title.  
I'm not selling you this.  
When I've delivered,  
I'm to get it back.  
'Here's the evening dress

you need...  
'and a little change  
for extras.  
'Now go in there  
and win.  
I'm going back to Arabella  
where I belong.''  
d Each day d  
djust about sunset d  
d I watch you  
passing my door d  
d It's all I can do d  
d Not to run to you d  
d But I don't want  
to cry anymore d  
d Night time d  
d When there is  
moonlight d  
d The same old moon  
we knew before d  
d It's all I can do  
not to run to you d  
d But I don't want  
to cry anymore d  
d All that I've known  
about happiness d  
d Darling, is being  
with you d  
d Then I would find myself  
losing my mind d  
d Over some careless thing  
you'd do d  
d Why d  
d Can't I forget you d  
d I know so well d  
djust what's in store d  
d A moment or two d  
d In the clouds  
with you d  
d Then back where  
I was before d  
d But d  
d I don't want to cry d  
d Anymore d d

Where did she come from?  
I don't know, Mr. Goodrich.  
She's new tonight.  
Bring me a phone.  
Yes, sir,  
right away.  
Thank you.  
There's a kink in this  
and for two years I've  
been trying to find it.  
Say, Unk. Tell me something,  
will ya, man to man.  
Shoot.  
Suppose you took \$200  
advance payment.  
Then you spent the \$200  
and couldn't deliver.  
What would you do?  
That depends on what  
you promised to deliver.  
If it was eggs--  
Not eggs.  
It's music.  
My sister's cat's kittens!  
What's eatin' you?  
Why, you can produce music  
like a hog sweatin' lard.  
Not anymore, I can't.  
Run aground  
in a fog, eh?  
Somethin' like that.  
I seem to be goin' in circles.  
I can't write, I can't think,  
I can't do anything.  
And you need \$200?  
I do if I'm gonna save a song  
that we wrote together.  
Well, I guess I could  
dig up the \$200 for you...  
if I could only remember  
where I hid it.  
Where's Courtney?  
Well, well, well.  
If it isn't our old friend

Charlie Goodrich.  
Where have you been  
keeping yourself?  
Listen. I've been trying  
to get Courtney  
on the phone all morning.  
I demand to know  
where he is!  
He's out.  
Then I'll stick here  
until he gets back.  
You'll have a long wait.  
He's out communing  
with nature... where  
the stiff breezes blow.  
He composes best that way.  
Is anything the matter?  
Millie's walked out!  
She took a plane to Hollywood.  
Well, our loss  
is Hollywood's... loss.  
You mean, it's my loss!  
And it's all on account  
of that loafer Courtney.  
I'm going to sue him for  
every cent of my investment!  
You can't sue  
Courtney.  
Oh, can't I?  
He's lived up to his end.  
He's written one of the best  
scores since Show Boat.  
Then why haven't  
I heard it?  
I know  
I shouldn't do this.  
I'll get fred sure.  
Come on.  
I'll play you  
some of his tunes.  
Here's a great idea  
of Courtney's.  
A lullaby  
to a monster.



Monster?

Yeah, a dragon.

A dragon coos to  
its little dragonette.

Dragonette?

Watch.

d d [ A Funeral March ]

d Coo, coo, coo d

Wait a minute.

Oh, you know

that one.

He's got a great idea  
for a ballet though.

Ballet?

Yeah, a prison break.

d d [ Classical ]

And here's where  
the prison guard comes into  
the warden's office and says,  
'Have you got that reprise  
from the governor?'

Reprise?

So he reprises it.

d d [ Classical ]

What's the matter?

You can't whistle it.

Here's something  
even a baby can whistle.

Why don't you whistle it?

How can you whistle that?

Can't Courtney write better?

Frankly, no.

But he's got a love song  
so sweet, so tender.

He really poured his heart  
into this one.

Listen to this one.

You can't fool me.

That's ''Old Blackjoe.''

Oh, no it isn't.

It's ''Carry Me Back

To Old Virginia.''

It's ''Old Blackjoe.''

Whatever it is,

Courtney wrote it frst.  
Hmph!  
Just as I thought.  
He hasn't got anything  
down on paper.  
As a matter of fact, he has.  
Here's something of his  
I discovered this morning.  
'Only Forever.'  
'Only Forever.'  
You wanna hear me  
play it?  
No, thanks.  
The way you play things,  
they all sound alike!  
Where are you going  
with that?  
I'm gonna let Trotter  
try this out at the Club Monaco.  
And by the way, tell Courtney  
I think I've found  
a new girl for the show.  
[ Coughs, Hums ]  
Nervous?  
Goose pimples.  
You've got nothing to worry  
about after last night.  
Goodrich was absolutely  
crazy about you.  
Did he really like me?  
He thought it was wonderful.  
To prove it, he brought this  
new tune for you to try.  
It's by Courtney.  
Courtney?  
Yes. And if Goodrich likes  
the way you do it, he's  
gonna use you in the show.  
I ran it over  
with the boys and...  
I think it's right down  
your alley.  
Yes, it is.  
Right down my alley.

Good evening,  
ladies and gentlemen  
of the radio audience.  
We bring you now to  
exclusive Club Monaco...  
where you'll be entertained  
with a half hour of dance music...  
played by John Scott Trotter  
and his orchestra.  
Trotter's music is famous  
for its smoothness...  
Just as Kelso's Cucumber Cream  
is famous the world over...  
for the smoothness it imparts  
to milady's neck and hands.  
Scientists agree that  
Kelso's Cucumber Cream,  
if used regularly--  
Oh, Jean.  
Seen Mr. Goodrich?  
Why, he's uh--  
Oh, yes.  
Thank you.  
Charlie, can I speak  
to you for a minute?  
Hello, Oliver.  
Come along please  
Just a minute.  
Charlie, I want that song  
that you took this afternoon.  
You do, do you?  
That song belongs  
to me.  
I've paid you good money  
to write music which so far  
I haven't received.  
Yes, but you've no right  
to take stuff behind my back.  
That song happens to belong--  
That song happens to be  
one of the best things  
you've ever done.  
I had Trotter make  
an arrangement of it.

And if the others  
turn out half as well,  
our troubles are over.  
Oh, uh--  
You, uh--  
You really  
like it?  
Superb.  
Now, Oliver,  
I want you to come meet  
our new leading lady.  
And now I have  
the pleasure of introducing  
Mr. John Scott Trotter.  
[ Trotter ]  
Good evening.  
Tonight we have a special treat.  
We're going to play for  
the first time Mr. Courtney's  
new number, ''Only Forever.''  
Good title,  
don't you think?  
Excellent.  
Thank you, John.  
And now just one more word  
about Kelso's Cucumber Cream.  
[ Knocking ]  
Come in.  
Miss Lane, I want you  
to meet Mr. Oliver Courtney.  
How do you do,  
Mr. Courtney?  
H-How do you do,  
Miss Lane?  
This is a very lovely song  
you've written.  
Oh... thank you.  
It sounds as if...  
as if it had come  
from the heart.  
Well, uh--  
Oh, but it did!  
I know it did.  
Very pretty

compliment.

If you two will excuse me,  
I'm expecting more guests.  
Come along when  
you're ready, Oliver.

Right.

I hear you're going to be  
our new leading lady.

May I-- May I say  
that I'm delighted?

I don't think I'm going to be  
your new leading lady,  
Mr. Courtney.

Oh? Why not?

Oh, because I just  
don't like the company  
I've been keeping lately.  
It may have been a little slow  
back home in Tulsa,  
but at least the people there  
are on the level.

How much did you pay Bob  
for this song?

Bob Summers  
came to me--

Uh, the amount  
was \$200.

'Only Forever.'

Forever isn't very long  
in New York...  
is it?

Now, Cherry, please!

I'm a little nervous.

Do you mind?

Of course.

Hey, Courtney!

What's this Starbuck tells me  
about you using my song?

Oh!

Look here, Bob, there's  
been an awful mistake.

Goodrich came to my  
apartment and took that  
song while I was out.

It can't be helped.  
It not only can be helped,  
it's gonna be helped.  
Here's your \$200.  
I can't think of a tune.  
Now, where's my song?  
Bob, you don't understand.  
It's already been announced.  
Then un-announce it.  
I want that song!  
I'm tired playin'  
second fiddle while  
you play the czar.  
Miss Lane, you're on.  
Hurry. Don't be nervous.  
Bob!  
Cherry,  
what goes on here?  
Bob, why  
did you do it?  
Do what?  
Sell our song.  
I didn't sell it.  
That crook stole it.  
That's not true.  
And don't call me a crook.  
I'll double it!  
Miss Lane, hurry!  
They're waiting!  
Tell them to wait.  
I'm not leaving until  
this thing is settled.  
Uh-oh.  
Have you ever realized  
what a bad impression...  
rough, red hands make  
on your male escort?  
Kelso's Cucumber Cream  
does away with that.  
And now, I believe we're  
ready for that special treat  
Mr. Trotter promised us.  
Kelso's Cucumber Cream  
also has many other uses.

It is so pure, so good,  
so double rich...  
you can even use it  
on salad.  
That's all very fancy,  
but you're not fooling me.  
I don't mind you taking bows,  
but this is different.  
I'm going out there  
and sound off loud!  
What are you going to do?  
Take the music off the stands  
and if they ask why,  
I'll tell them.  
Good for you.  
You can't. It's taken me  
20 years to get where I am.  
You can't destroy that  
Just over one song.  
That song is sacred  
to me and Cherry.  
I'm sick of being  
your musical guinea pig.  
Bob, there are  
people outside.  
Come down here.  
Bob, you love Cherry.  
What's that  
got to do with it?  
Well, I was in love once.  
Her name was Carlotta.  
She was the most beautiful  
thing you've ever seen.  
I... I wrote all  
my best music then.  
Melodies seemed  
to come from nowhere  
like gifts from heaven.  
Success came with them.  
Life itself was a song.  
Then... then suddenly  
the singing stopped.  
[ Bob ]  
What happened?

She died.  
Oh.  
That's too bad,  
Mr. Courtney.  
What did you do then?  
I couldn't write anymore.  
I found myself depending  
on ghostwriters.  
I hated it!  
But what else  
was I to do?  
I think I know  
how you feel.  
The same thing  
happened to me when  
Cherry and I split up.  
I'm so sorry.  
I... I understand too.  
[ Whispering ]  
Why don't we forget  
the whole thing?  
After all,  
it's only a song.  
Tell 'em to go ahead  
and play it.  
Ah, Bob!  
Thanks.  
And she would've  
thanked you too  
if she'd lived.  
Who, if she had lived?  
Why, Mr. Courtney  
was just telling us  
about a lady in his life.  
A lady?  
The one who died.  
She didn't die.  
She got fat.  
Oh!  
Why dream that up again?  
You know she married a rich  
spaghetti man and she swelled.  
Starbuck!  
She outflanked



everybody.  
Well, you big,  
triple-distilled ham bone!  
That's the fnish!  
I'm through catching  
around here.  
Bob?  
Either you tell 'em  
who wrote the song  
or I'll tell 'em.  
Which one of us  
is gonna expose you?  
Here's your chance to be  
the man I thought you were.  
Don't take that chance!  
Shut up,  
Starbuck!  
Miss Lane, please!  
All right.  
I know when  
I'm licked.  
I wonder.  
This oughta be  
very confusing!  
[ Squeaky Voice ]  
Speaking of  
Kelso's Cucumber Cream,  
many engineers recommend it  
as a motor lubricant  
for your car...  
when your engine refuses  
to start on those--  
And now, here at last,  
is Mr. Oliver Courtney.  
I don't know.  
What do you think?  
Let's see what he says.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
you have always received  
my songs with enthusiasm.  
I've taken advantage  
of that to present to you...  
a new song entitled  
'Only Forever.'

Which...

I did not write.

Oh, Bob.

This song was written by  
a couple of youngsters...

who in the past year

have, uh...

have shown me

great promise.

Such promise that I'm having

them collaborate with me

on my new show.

He'd take a bow

at his own funeral.

Ladies and gentlemen,

I give you Cherry Lane

and Bob Summers.

Bob, come on.

Not me.

He means you.

Go ahead!

You asked for it.

Oh, you!

Hold that music.

Folks, we're as surprised

at this as you are.

I don't know what to say

except...

I might mention that my uncle

has a little place at Tarrytown

called Nobody's Inn.

He can't

do that.

Oh, yes he can.

In a couple weeks, you'll have

the chance of congratulating

a newly wedded couple.

Mr. Kelso's not

gonna like this.

Go up there.

It has hot and cold

running water.

'Peace...It's wonderful!'

d Do I want

to be with you d  
d d [ Humming ]  
d As the years  
come and go d  
d Only forever d  
d d [ Humming ]  
d If you care to know  
d Do you think  
I'll remember d  
d How you looked  
when you smiled d  
d Only forever d  
d That's putting  
it mild d d