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The Girl Can't Help It

By Frank Tashlin

##[Orchestra Tuning Up]
Ladies and gentlemen...
the motion picture
you are about to see...
is a story of music.
I play the role of Tom Miller,
an agent-
a small-time theatrical agent...
who had been a-
Well, you'll see.
This motion picture was photographed
in the grandeur of CinemaScope...
and-
Pardon me.
As I was saying,
this motion picture...
was photographed in
the grandeur of CinemaScope...
and in gorgeous,
lifelike color by Deluxe.
Gorgeous, lifelike color by Deluxe!
Sometimes, you wonder
who's minding the store.
[Chuckles]
Oh, yes.
Our story is about music...
not the music of long ago...
but the music
that expresses the culture...
the refinement and the polite grace
of the present day.
- ## [Rock]
- [No Audible Dialogue]
She can't help it
The girl can't help it #
She can't help it
The girl can't help it #
If she walks by
the menfolks get engrossed #
She can't help it
The girl can't help it #
If she winks an eye
the bread slice turn to toast #
She can't help it

The girl can't help it #
#Yeah, she's got a lot
of what they call the most #
She can't help it
The girl can't help it #
#The girl can't help it
She was born to please #
She can't help it
The girl can't help it #
#And she's got
a figure made to squeeze #
#She can't help it
The girl can't help it #
Won't you kindly be aware #
- # The girl can't help it #
- # The girl can't help it #
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The girl can't help it #
Won't you kindly be aware #
- # The girl can't help it #
- # The girl can't help it #
#Because I'm hoping obviously #
That someday
the answer would be #

The girl can't help it
that she's in love with me #
#She can't help it
The girl can't help it ##
Still bringing your acts around
to catch free drinks, huh?
- Okay, Nick, put it on my tab.
- Hmm.
- If I can find room.
- [Ringing]
Hello? Huh?
Yeah, he's here.
It's for you.
Hello? Yes, this is Miller.
Sorry, I can't talk now.
I'm just closing a big deal
on one of my acts.
It's closed.
I make fast deals.
Tonight? No, I'm working
on another big deal tonight.
What's that address again?
942 Park Avenue?
Apartment 1502.
I might make it after all.

Okay, 8:

##[Ends]
[Doorbell Buzzes]
[Sighs]
- I'm Miller.
- I'm Mousie.
##[Woman Singing On Film]
In there.
He's expecting you.
Who is?
[Man]
Hey, Miller.
Grab yourself a chair.
Lay off the booze, Miller.
[Applause]
Put the other reel on, Mousie.
I love old movies at home.
Like TV, except no commercials.

- Glad you could come, Miller.
- Thanks, Mr. -
Murdock.
You can forget the mister.
My friends call me Marty.
Fats Marty.
- Fats Marty?
- Ring a bell?
Vaguely, I seem to remember the name.
Vaguely. Vaguely everyone remembers.
Vaguely, I don't like it.
- My memory isn't the best.
- Forget it.
- Drink?
- I got the idea you were hoarding it.
That's brandy.
You're a scotch-over-the-rocks man.
Didn't want you to make
a mistake in the dark.
I know everything about
the people I do business with.
Except with you,
business ain't been so good lately, huh?
As long as you know,
I won't waste time lying.
Right. I got no time to waste.
Tom Miller.
Small-time agent.
Once, a touch of class,
but been dropping steadily.
Owes two, maybe three g's
spread around town the hard way-
office rent, apartment, big bar bills.
Hey, you even had
your Diner's Club card canceled.
You left out I owe the paperboy.
I also left out you once had
a great nose for finding new talent.
Dug up some big canaries.
But the booze got in your way.
Couldn't hold on
to the canaries, right?
Right.
Anything else I can tell you?

Like how my drinking
got in the way is my business?
Thanks for the old movie
and the autobiography.
Integrity. Hey, I like that.
Even when you can't afford it, huh?
[Boisterous Laugh]
[Mock Laugh]
That makes it integrity.
Hey. Hey, you got a point there.
Okay, cool off.
Besides havin' an eye for talent,
you never mix business with pleasure.
Kept your hands off the lady clients.
That I like.
Sit down, Mr. Miller. We're both
a couple of has-beens... temporarily.
Come on. Sit down.
All right, roll it, Mousie.
- Here's your drink.
- Thanks.
I collect old newsreels
I got personal interests in.
[Announcer] Mayor of New York
personally attacks illegal gambling.
At last, Mayor hits jackpot.
Mayor bids bon voyage to slots.
Now other poor fish can gamble.
Meanwhile, back at the municipal court...
the king of the slot machine syndicate,
Slim Murdock, is taken into custody.
I was Slim Murdock in those days.
Gambling equipment seized in raid
on Murdock's Long Island casino burns.
Tip by rival mobster Legs Wheeler
resulted in killing 13 of Murdock's mob.
Murdock, escorted to court,
vows to wipe out Wheeler.
I got out of that one too.
We had lawyers in those days.
Besides, I jumped bail. That's how come
I took my first trip to the continent.
Look. I was kind of
a talent scout myself then.

Slim Murdock relaxes on Riviera.
While New York crime commission
seeks his extradition...
Slim Murdock,
slot machine king...
puts on weight making whoopee
with European bathing beauties.
Nice goin', Fats.
"Fats."
That European cuisine and no work
put the lard on.
Gave me a moniker I never could lose.
Well, I had me a time over there.
Then I got lonely for my native land.
You know,
"Breeds there a man with soul so dead."
You know that one?
Well, my lawyer tells me the heat's off.
So I come home.
But I don't know till I'm back...
my lawyer's disbarred.
Atlanta Penitentiary,
the future home of Fats Murdock...
indicted on three counts
of income tax evasion.
Now comes the sad part.
Fats, handcuffed,
arrives to start prison term...
on tip supplied T-men
by Legs Wheeler.
A colorful figure,
Fats will lose that color behind bars.
A big man once.
Now, just another number.
Fats Marty.
Of course.
The top boy behind the slot machines.
I should have remembered.
Sorry, Fats.
L-
It's all right, Tommy boy.
It's all right.
Nobody remembers Fats no more,
Tommy boy.

But things used to be different.

I'd drive down those streets
and scare people silly.

I was somebody.

Used to get a brand-new,
bulletproof convertible every year...
ringside tables, best box at the Polo Grounds
right next to the mayor's.

You know what I mean?

- [Sighs]

- I know.

Now I'm so dead, I don't even rate
a mention in one of those scandal magazines.

You used to be a big man.

You don't like to be small potatoes.

You wanna come back, don't you?

I sure can't go back any further.

- Then we're in business, right?

- Right.

- What business?

- Show business.

I got a dame, see.

A nice, sweet, innocent dame.

I'm nuts about her,
but she's a nobody.

How can I marry a nobody?

You saw.

I was up there once.

That's where you come in.

You're gonna make her into a star.

Then the dame and me,
we got mutual interests.

We're, uh-

We're compatible, maybe even happy.

For openers, I pay all your bills.

So you got nothin' to worry about
except to concentrate...

on buildin' the dame
into a big canary.

Only remember, hands off,
like you got the rep for.

You'll take me out of hock?

Besides 10 g's now,
advance against your 10%...

besides a drawin' account for songs...
special materials, special arrangements,
et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

- It's a deal?

- It's a deal.

Signed, sealed, and now... delivered!

- Hey, Mousie!

- Yeah, boss?

Bring in my future star.

- Yeah, boss.

- Easy, Fats.

You know, you just can't take any girl
and make her a star.

You've done it before.

I can name half a dozen-

Not me, Fats.

The girls had talent.

The public made them stars.

I've met guys like you before.

They fall for some dame.

They think she's got something special.

But usually, she's got nothing.

I could lie to you, Fats,

let you take me off the hook...

take your 10 grand,

go through the motions with your girl.

I can't do it.

Call it integrity...

or some other dirty word,

but I can't do it.

The girl would take one look at me and know

I wasn't interested in handling her.

So if you don't mind,

I don't wanna embarrass her, Fats.

I'll beat it before she shows.

[Gasps]

Mr. Miller...

Miss JerriJordan.

I made up theJerriJordan myself.

It'll look good in lights.

- You like it?

- Very much.

Tommy boy, I'm puttin' her in your hands,
figuratively speaking.

You got six weeks
to have her a star.
You know, the first thing-
Six weeks?
Oh, easy, Fats.
It takes time.
- Rome wasn't built in a day.
- She ain't Rome.
What we're talkin' about
is already built.
- Right?
- No argument.
[Singing]
Beat it, deadbeat.
- ##[Rock]
- Scotch.
Bottle of scotch.
##[Man Singing]
[Chuckles]
Hey.
- What'd you do, find uranium somewhere?
- ##[Continues]
Yep. In Rome, Nicky boy.
In Rome.
- Cigars? Cigarettes?
- Hmm.
Cigars? Cigarettes?
[Chuckles]
Why not?
We'll smoke 'em tomorrow, honey.
But tonight...
they're playing our song.
Get your mornin' papers!
Get your mornin' papers!
- Get your mornin' paper, ma'am?
- No, thanks, sonny.
Can you tell me
where I can find 341?
341?
Second brownstone, ma'am.
- Thanks, sonny.
- [Wolf Whistle]
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- # Won't you kindly be aware
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[Grunting]

[Sighs, Grunts]

Good morning, Mr. Miller.

What are you doing in here?

Why, what do you mean?

You want my funeral included
in Fats's newsreels?

- On your way.

- But Mr. Murdock sent me over.

- He sent you?

- So you can start working on me.

Honey, this is no place to start.

Oh, I've been in
men's bedrooms before.

I grew up with seven brothers
and a father.

Besides, you're half-dressed already.

- Don't come in here!

- I think you need this.

- What's in it?
- It'll make you feel better.
- Are you sure?
- I made them for my father.
He drank a lot
trying to forget my mother.
- Oh, I'm sorry about your mother. L-
- Sorry?
- Yes, I didn't know your m-
- Oh, she isn't.
That's why my father drank.
##[Jazz On Radio]
- How do you feel now, Mr. Miller?
- Fine.
- Bottle that recipe. You'll make a fortune.
- [Chuckles]
Hey, you oughtn't to be doing this,
cleaning my bedroom, cooking.
I'm domestic.
I hope you like egg souffle.
- Souffle?
- Mm-hmm.
It's not exactly a breakfast dish,
but it's eggs.
I figured you for strong coffee.
Good figuring.
Except after seeing you last night...
I wouldn't have figured you
as domestic.
It's one of my favorite pastimes.
- What is?
- Cooking.
- What are the others?
- Oh, keeping house.
You know, keeping everything neat.
- Yeah, I noticed that.
- Hmm?
Oh, I don't take care of his place.
I mean my own place.
You- Oh, no.
I mean my own place.
But I only get a chance to keep house
on the maid's day off.
How's your souffle?

[Chuckles]
Bottle it. You got another fortune.
I'm glad you like it, Mr. Miller.
I like it, but... I'm a little confused.
Who isn't?
You know, sometimes...
I think I'm mixed up.
Well, no, I mean, for instance...
if you like keeping house,
why a maid?
Mr. Murdock doesn't want me to work.
He says I have to be a career.
Have to be?
Most pretty girls want careers.
"Pretty." You should see me
in the morning without makeup.
I'll show you sometime.
Pretty is just how good
you apply your base.
You don't want a career?
I just wanna be a wife...
have kids.
But everyone figures me for a sexpot.
No one thinks
I'm equipped for motherhood.
[Singing]
- Mr. Miller?
- Yes?
I know you know what you're doing...
but why must I keep
my stole on in here?
That's the first step in your buildup.
- You're building me up?
- I'll explain later.
- ## [Ends]
- [Applause]
A buildup depends
on the agent's strategy.
If I were to go
to the owner of this spot...
and tell him I have
a sensational performer...
he has to figure
I'm ax-grinding for my own 10%.

But if I don't try to sell him...
he sees her, he flips,
and he comes to me to check on her.
I don't see anybody
flipping or checking.

You will. Take your stole off
and go to the powder room.

Powder room?

Just visit a while.

But on the way there and back,
walk by the reservation desk.

That's where the owner hangs out.

On your way.

Seems awfully silly, Mr. Miller.

##[Rock]

- Operation Powder Room in operation.

- Yes, sir!

It still seems silly, Mr. Miller.

I gave the powder room lady
a quarter. What for?

Jerri, listen, don't say anything
except "Ask my agent."

"Ask my agent"?

No matter what anyone says,
you say, "Ask my agent."

Hi, Tom.

Haven't seen you around much lately.

- How's Julie London?

- Hiya, Lucas. Like your show.

I hope madame shares your opinion.

- Ask my agent.

- Agent?

Oh, so the beautiful lady's
a performer, eh?

- Ask my agent.

- What do you do?

Sing? Dance?

- Ask my agent.

- Oh.! [Laughs]

The lady's a comedienne, eh?

She's under wraps, Lucas.

See you around.

- Come on, honey.

- Hey, Tom.

You sell her anywhere else,
and you're barred from here.
You couldn't meet her price, Lucas.
She's got it all.
##[Man Singing]
You want anything, miss?
No, thanks.
Just visiting.
[Applause]
##[Pop]
##[Trio Singing]
[Applause]
Well, if it isn't old Tom Miller,
the demon agent.
- Where you been hidin', boy?
- Around.
We were just leaving, Sam.
Come on, honey.
You gotta be up early
to work on the new arrangement.
Arrangement?
You sing too?
Ask my agent.
I intend to.
You couldn't meet her price, Sam.
##[Swing]
[Singing]
- Now?
- Now.
Pardon me, miss?
I'm Joe Rogers.
I own this place.
Can I be of any service to you?
Please.
I'm going to the powder room.
[Gasps]
Oh, that was an ad-lib.
Sorry. Ask my agent.
Bye-bye.
[Applause]
##[Soft Jazz]
See how the strategy pans out?
The first time out, and already
four owners are drooling over you.

[Chuckling]

Oh, not now, Jerri.

The owner isn't at the desk.

This one's on me.

I never noticed before,

but, you know...

they put them too far

from the tables.

No more walking.

I promise you.

- [Chuckles]

- Good night, Jerri.

- Good night, Mr. Miller.

- See you tomorrow.

Mm-hmm.

Oh, Mr. Miller?

- Hmm?

- Why do you drink so much?

Just a habit, I suppose.

- A girl habit?

- Girl?

[Chuckling]

No. I haven't got a girl.

Mr. Miller?

If it was Julie London...

she wasn't very bright.

[SoftJazz]

##[Woman Singing]

##[Fades Out]

He picked her up at her place, 9:25.

Cab to the Hi-Hat, Late Place,

Jungle Room, Tree Anon, Sunrise Club.

Cab back.

Left her at the front door, 2:40.

Pub crawlin', huh?

I don't get it, and I don't like it.

Call him up. Tell him to come out

to Long Island tomorrow.

Never mind him.

You'd better call Jerri.

- Jerri? Why?

- Something's wrong.

Every place, first thing...

off to the powder room.

Poor kid.
What do you mean,
what does she do?
Listen, Roger, she sings.
That's what she does.
She's got a great pair of lungs.
Come up with a deal,
and we'll have a talk.
- [Knocking]
- Come in.
Mr. Miller, look!
You're in Earl Wilson and Louis Sobol.
Made it, huh?
[Chuckles]
"At the Tree Anon,
Tom Miller pubbed it with a new find.
Her name's a secret,
but the rest of her isn't."
I saw her yesterday.
She's somethin'.
She's a girl, Barry.
Just a girl.
If she's a girl,
then I don't know what my sister is.
[Horn Honking]
- You ready up there?
- I'm ready!
Oh, hi.
How are you, sonny?
"Sonny."
That's what makes
juvenile delinquents.
- Leave the papers here, Barry.
- Thank you. Listen, Mr. Miller.
Take me on for a client.
That would impress her. I can sing.
- Honest, Mr. Miller.
- Sorry, Barry.
I got my hands full.
There's gotta be an answer to that.
He has a place out here too?
The place used to be
the gambling casino.
He likes it there

because of the memories.
The old ancestral home, huh?
Oh, no.
Mr. Murdock wasn't born there.
But most of his best friends
were killed there.
You know, the police
used to raid it and everything.
Oh, don't worry.
Mr. Murdock put new carpets in all over.
Well! [Squeals]
How's this for a picnic?
- Picnic?
- It's a surprise. I'll get the lunch.
Won't Fats be surprised?
He's expecting us.
I picked you up an hour early.
We have lots of time.
You get the basket, I'll undress.
Undress?
Uh, Jerri, now, wait a minute.
There are blankets in here too.
- Blankets?
- To sit on.
[Giggles]
Come on. Bring the lunch.
If I have the strength.
So, my mother would say...
"Be nice to Mr. Murdock, Georgiana"...
and my father would say,
"Be nice to Mr. Murdock, Georgiana."
So I'm nice to Mr. Murdock.
Georgiana.
I like that.
Now I'm a Jerri.
You think a boy's name fits me?
- Hardly.
- I sure don't think it does.
You like how I fry fried chicken?
Delicious.
I thought you were gonna say
I should bottle it.
Yesterday, you wanted me
to bottle everything.

- Okay, bottle it.

- [Laughs]

When did you first meet Fat-
Mr. Murdock?

I was just a kid. You know, young,
but developed early.

Where did you meet him?

In Atlanta on visiting day.

- At the penitentiary?

- Mm-hmm.

I went there with my father.

You see, Mr. Murdock and my father
were former business associates.

I hope you don't mind.

It's just lemonade.

But I didn't use
any of that frozen stuff.

I squeezed fresh lemons
early this morning.

Early?

Before you had your base on?

You should've seen me.

I was a mess.

I don't believe it.

Then when did you and Murdock
get together again?

Well, he finally got out of jail.

Now I could come and visit
my father for a change.

By that time, I'd grown up.

One night, Mr. Murdock
looked at me funny, and it happened.

- I see.

- Oh, nothing like that.

What happened was that

Mr. Murdock looked at me funny...

and then he told me

he was falling in love with me.

So I told him he probably
just thought he was...

because I was the first girl

he'd made a pass at since he got out.

He said no,

that he really did love me...

and he was gonna
make me a somebody.
We'd better go now.
I'm sorry I talk so much.
It was very interesting, Georgiana.
A love story always is.
Love story?
I owe him.
Owe him?
For my father.
Like I told you...
they were business associates
in the old days.
And frankly, if it hadn't been
for Mr. Murdock...
my father may have gotten life
instead of just 10 years.
[Gunshots]
What was that?
Oh, it's just the exhaust
from a fishing boat.
Don't be so nervous, Mr. Miller.
[Squeals]
With what I'm thinking?
You sure haven't lost
the old pitching arm, boss.
Ain't they supposed to be here yet?
Oh, don't worry about Jerri.
She's always on the dot.
She'd better be.
Legs Wheeler tipped off the cops.
It was a massacre.
Poor Pittsburgh Phil, he got it right here,
right next to Shotgun Shorty.
Then- Oh, yeah.
Baby Face Renaldi-This is where
he got blasted, right through the hatband.
Let's see, uh,
that makes 13, don't it?
I stopped counting
with Mugsy the Mugger.
Oh, Mugsy.
Nice little guy.
Looked like a sieve.

He got it right where you're sittin'.
Hey, you need a refill.
Come on.
Hey, you know somethin',
Tommy boy?
I could run guided tours
through this joint.
[Laughing]
It's kind of an educational,
kind of historical kind of place.
Of course,
it's not like one of them...
"George Washington slept here"
places.
But maybe even better, huh? The guys
that slept here really slept here, huh?
[Laughing]
Hey!
- Jerri.!
- Yes?
How many times I gotta tell ya?
No apron!
Well, I was just fixing
crepe suzettes, Mr. Murdock.
[Fats]
Well, stop fixin'. They're fattenin'.
Dumb broad.
All she thinks of is cookin'.
How can you make a star
with a waistline full of calories?
I'm not gonna make her a star, Fats.
You're not what?
I want out of the deal, Fats.
Get yourself another agent.
- I got myself an agent.
- [Chuckles]
Be reasonable, Fats.
She isn't interested in a career.
You just said so yourself.
If a girl's gonna make it big
in show business...
she's got to be
vitaly interested in it.
Vitaly, huh?

- Hey, Mousie?
- Yeah, boss?
- Turn 'em loose.
- At night, boss?
- You can't see.
- Turn 'em loose.!

It don't matter if
she ain't vitally interested.
You just make her into a big star
like you did with, uh-
What's her name?
Uh- Uh, Julie London.
You remember her, don't you?
- You know me. Vague on names.
- Well, I'll help you remember.
Julie went for you.
All the singin' she wanted...
was lullabies in a tract house.
But you were an eager agent.
You pushed her into a career she didn't want.
Personally, I think you made a mistake.
She was a good-lookin' dame.
But the point is, she's a big record name now.
So where's the "vitally interested"?
- Shooting a little low, aren't you, Fats?
- Just conversation.
The point bein' you did it with Julie...
and I like the way
you started with Jerri...
now that I understand
that nightclub crawl.
You're a live wire, Miller.
A real live wire.
Okay, let 'em loose, Mousie!
And you wanna stay a live wire.
[SoftJazz]
Turn that thing off, will ya?
- What's the matter, pal? Don't you like that song?
- ## [Julie London Singing]
No. I don't like it.
I'll tell you why.
'Cause every time she sings it,
I see her all over the place.
Most of my customers

see little green men.

I see her.

Everywhere I look, I see her.

Right now, you wanna bet she's
sittin' on the stool right next to me?

Hey, Julie-

Julie?

Julie?

She's gone.

- Georgie.

- Georgie?

But you said Julie, pal.

No. It's Georgie.

Georgiana.

##[Man Singing]

[Horn Honks]

##[Continues]

We need a room.

To rehearse in.

Studio "B," second floor.

Five bucks an hour.

All right, now. Let's get to work.

We've got a lot to do. Understand?

- You'll have no trouble with me, Mr. Miller.

- Fine.

You vocalize a while.

I'll find your range.

Then we can have arrangements
made in your key. Ready?

- I'm ready.

- ##[Continues]

- I'm ready, except-

- Except what?

Except-

Well, what happened, Mr. Miller?

- What do you mean?

- You're so different today.

We're here to work, Jerri.

That's what I mean. Today I'm Jerri,
and before it was Georgiana.

- What did you two talk about?

- Nothing.

Mostly about the mortuary
he had in his living room.

You talked about something else too.
I saw your face when he was shooting.
- Nothing, Jerri. Now, let's-
- Call me Georgie. Please.
I thought we were friends.
I had fun with you, and I thought
you were having fun with me too.
I have no friends here except Mousie,
and- and he's afraid of-
You're afraid of him too. That's what's
the matter. Why? What did he say?
He didn't say. I did.
I told him I wanted out of our deal.
You're not interested
in show business.
I didn't want to be part of making you
anything you didn't want to be.
That was nice of you
to think of me.
Well, whatever it was, it didn't work.
Okay. You ready?
- He got tough, didn't he?
- Look.
I don't want Fats to have to buy
another carpet on account of me.
You're going to be Jerri Jordan,
girl singer, darling of the jukeboxes...
whether you want to be,
or whether I want you to be.
Let's get to work.
All right.
Let's get to work, Mr. Miller.
Just try the scales.
Now try do.
[Tone Wavering]
Do #
Try re.
[Tone Wavering]
Re #
Better try mi.
##[Piano]
[Tone Wavering]
Mi #
You can't sing.

I know I can't.
Have you ever heard anything so awful?
- Never. Never. [Laughing]
- [Laughing]
Now he'll have to let you go.
- And you don't have to be in show business.
- [Squealing Laughter]
That's the straight of it.
Jerri just can't sing.
Do you understand, Fats?
She can't sing.
She just doesn't have a voice.
I stink, Mr. Murdock.
You don't stink.
I do so stink.
I'm telling you I stink, stink, stink!
You don't stink!
But somethin' smells around here.
She's got no voice, huh?
Well, I don't see nothin' wrong with
her voice when she talks. Talk, Jerri!
Stink, stink, stink, Mr. Murdock!
There. What's wrong with that voice?
She talks good.
Listen, Miller.
She's gonna be a singer like I want her to.
She's gonna be comin' out
of every jukebox I put a dime in...
and I got lots of dimes
for puttin' in!
Her speaking voice has nothing to do
with her singing voice.
I'm telling you she can't sing!
Just listen.
- Ready, Jerri?
- I'm ready, Mr. Miller.
Hold it.
Watch out for flying glass.
- Just sing the mi.
- Yes, Mr. Miller.
[Tone Wavering]
#Mi #
[Car Horns Honking]
Miss Jordan! Miss Jordan!

Miss Jordan, hurry!

- Why? What's the matter, Hilda?

- Hurry up inside.

- He's on the phone, and he's yelling something awful.

- No!

- Hello.

- [Audience Cheering On TV]

- [Shouts] Where ya been?

- Why, we walked home. Why? What's the matter?

Turn on Channel 2!

That's the matter!

- What does he want?

- I don't know.

- [Cheering On TV]

- Okay. It's on, Mr. Murdock.

Now, you and Miller watch.

Watch it good. You understand?

Mm-hmm. Watch it good.

Yes, Mr. Murdock.

And don't hang up. I'll talk to you as soon as he finishes his next number.

- [Cheering Continues]

- We have to watch the television.

Quiet, please, folks.

He'll be back in just a moment.

Believe me. He'll be back in just a moment.

This is Peter Potter. I've never let you down.

- He'll be back in just a moment.

- Who is it?

I don't know.

- [Man On TV] And now we pause

for station identification.

- Fats.

- Yeah?

- It's me. Miller.

Watch the television!

[Cheering On TV]

And now, folks, just like I promised you, here he is back again, Eddie Cochran...

one of America's top rock and rollers.

- Eddie.

- ## [Rockabilly]

[Singing]
[Shrieks, Cackles]
[Applause]
I don't understand.
Why does he want us to watch him?
I can give you the dialogue.
[Imitating Murdock]
Okay, so Jerri can't sing.
Well, that guy ain't got
a trained voice either...
and he's one of the top record stars
in the country.
Why? Because he has a new sound.
So Jerri has a new sound.
You cut a record
with her tomorrow.
You're kidding, Mr. Miller.
Am I?
Listen.
- Yes, Fats.
- Okay.
So Jerri can't sing.
Well, that guy ain't got
a trained voice either...
and he's one of
the top record stars in the country.
Why? 'Cause he's got a new sound.
So Jerri's got a new sound.
You cut a record with her tomorrow.
- Okay, Fats.
- And listen.
You come over here
the first thing in the mornin'.
I got just the song
I want Jerri to sing.
Okay, Fats.
I had me a lot of leisure
when I was in the pokey.
So, to kill time, I started writin' songs
for the annual Christmas show.
Of course, I ain't no Hammerstein
or Irving Berlin or nothin'.
This here was the first one I wrote.
Ah.

"No Lights on the Christmas Tree, Mother.
They're Using the Electric Chair Tonight."
- I used to get a lot of laughs with that one.
- Funny.

Yeah. Here's another one.
Kind of sentimental.

"I'll Get No Good Behavior, Baby,
If I Keep Thinking of You."
- That's sweet.

- Hey. You noticed that, huh?
Hey. Here. Here.

Here's the one for Jerri.
You try this.

[Ballad]

Darlin'

Oh, my darlin' #

In that prison cell I'd be #
#Thinkin' of the day that I'd get out #
#And hold you close to me #

But

#What is it I always see #

One rock

Two rocks #

#Three rocks

Four rocks #

Rock pile dust is on my shoes

One rock

Two rocks #

Three rocks

Four rocks #

I'm a guy just born to lose

#When I hear the siren blow #

#Whoo, whoo #

I get those blues

[Man]

Okay, Mr. Anthony. This is a take.

[Big Band Jazz]

Darlin'

Oh, my darlin' #

In that prison cell I'd be #
#Thinkin' of the day that I'd get out #
#And hold you close to me #

But what is it I always see

One rock

Two rocks #
Three rocks
Four rocks #
#Rock pile dust is on my shoes #
#I'm a guyjust born to lose #
- # When I hear the siren blow #
- [Screeches]
#I get those blues #
#Rock, rock
Rockin'round the rock pile #
#Rock, rock
Rockin'round the rock pile #
#Rock, rock
Rockin'round the rock pile #
That siren's got me cryin'#
Two rocks
Four rocks #
They make more rocks #
#Shut my cell and lock me in #
#Never let me out again #
When I hear the siren blow #
[Screeches]
I get those rock, rock #
Rock around the rock pile
Rock, rock #
Rock around the rock pile blues ##
[Ends]
[Crunches]
I never knew singing could
make you so hungry. [Laughs]
I'll take your record
to Wheeler Enterprises in Chicago.
I wish it was her day off.
I'd have made much better sandwiches.
- Thanks.
- [Chuckles]
That's a large family.
Seven brothers.
I see how you got
all your cooking experience.
Hmm? Oh.
And my father was...
away when that picture was taken.
Oh, he was a big eater too.

Hmm.

You know, Mr. Miller...

this'll be the first Thanksgiving

I haven't been with my family.

Could my brothers eat.

Especially after

they started going with girls.

You know, going with girls

gives a man an appetite.

It depends.

I like a large family.

Don't you, Mr. Miller?

Oh, I hope I have a large fam-

I mean, it's fun.

Maybe you and I can have

Thanksgiving dinner together, Mr. Miller.

Maybe we can, Georgie.

Good night, Georgie.

[Squeals]

- [Doorbell Buzzes]

- Mr. Miller.

Jerri!

[Doorbell Buzzes]

Jerri!

[Buzzing]

- Jerri!

- Yes. Who is it?

It's me. Fats.

I'm taking a bath. [Gasps]

Ow!

- What?

- A hot bath.

Be right there.

Now remember. You hide out in the old
hideout room until I get her out of here.

That's pretty sneaky, boss.

It's like you didn't trust her.

It's like I don't trust her and him.

She's a good cook, and I got a feelin'
something's cookin'.

Hey.

[Chuckles]

Mousie.

Remember the old days?

When we used to use this here place
for printin' up money, huh?
Money meant somethin'
in the old days before taxes.
I'm sorry, Mr. Murdock. I couldn't
hear anything with the shower running.
It's all right.
Happy Thanksgivin'.
Hey. You smell good.
[Chuckles]
Thanks, Mr. Murdock.
I'm buyin' you a turkey dinner
with all the trimmings. You like that?
I'd- I'd love it.
Get dressed up warm.
I got the top down. Go on, honey.
- Be right back.
- All right.
You bug her telephone
and listen in if he calls.
Now remember. Quiet!
[Rattles]
[Phone Ringing]
[Ringing Continues]
- Hello?
- [Woman] Miss JerriJordan?
- Yes.
- Chicago calling. Go ahead, sir.
Hello?
Georgie, how are you?
Fine now.
I thought you'd be back by now,
in time for Thanksgiving.
I didn't see Wheeler yet. He's the guy who
controls most of the jukeboxes in the country.
He's been out of town.
I'll see him tomorrow.
Oh, I miss you, Mr. Miller.
It's been over a week.
I miss you too, Georgie.
- What'd you do today?
- Mr. Murdock took me to dinner.
How is Fats?
The same. Except he's dying

to hear the new record.
He'll hear it.
If I'm lucky...
he'll hear it over
all those jukeboxes...
he has all those dimes to put in.
[Jerri]
I wish you were here.
[Miller]
I do too, Georgie.
I'll fly back tomorrow
after I see the man.
- Good night, Georgie.
- Good night, Mr. Miller.
[Sobbing]
[Sobbing Continues]
[Sobbing Continues]
[Door Opens]
- [Door Closes]
- Mousie!
- Yeah, boss.
- Come here!
- Well? How'd you make out?
- How did I make out?
What do you think?
How many years I been doin' this?
Well, what-what happened?
Did Miller call?
Yeah, he called.
From Chicago.
- They had a nice little talk.
- "Nice little talk."
I'll bet!
Set up the tape!
[Phone Rings]
- [Jerri] Hello?
- [Woman] Miss JerriJordan?
- Yes.
- Chicago calling. Go ahead, sir.
- Hello?
- [Miller] How are you?
Fine. I thought
you'd be back by now.
[Miller]

I didn't see Wheeler yet.
He's the guy who controls
most of the jukeboxes in the country.
He's been out of town.
I'll see him tomorrow.
I'll fly back tomorrow
after I see the man.
Well, good night.
[Jerri]
Good night, Mr. Miller.
That's it?
That's all?
- You heard, didn't you?
- Yeah, I heard!
Something's wrong.
I know I figured right.
Hey. Hey.
Could they have figured
the joint was rigged?
How could they? Where do you suppose
I get this Mousie moniker?
- Because I make noises?
- Okay, okay.
Okay nothin'.
Where do you come off?
- I take that crack as a smear
on my professional talents.
- All right!
- How about the time I bugged the D.A.'s phone?
- All right!
How about the time I bugged
the governor's mother-in-law?
All right! All right!
Stop braggin'!
I don't get it.
Why was he so happy...
over the fact
that she can't sing, huh?
Only one reason-
'cause he figured
if she didn't make it...
I wouldn't marry her.
Then he'd move in.
They-

They-They gotta be
soft-talkin' each other!

You heard.

Yeah.

Yeah, I heard!

I'm-

- I'm goin' to bed.

- Yeah, boss.

[Door Closes]

That's the thing to do.

That's the thing to do.

Boss.

##[Group Singing]

[Ends]

Excellent, gentlemen.

I can assure you of another gold record.

Uh, thanks, Mr. Wheeler.

- You have an appointment with Mr. Miller now.

- Miller?

Tom Miller. He's the agent
who first brought Julie London to you.

Fine. We could use another London.

#When I hear the siren blow #

[Jerri Screeches]

I get those rock, rock

Rock around the rock pile

Rock, rock #

Rock around the rock pile blues

[Ends]

I'm a Ray Anthony fan.

Fortunately, I have him
under personal contract.

Hey. By the way...

what sort of gadget

did Ray use for that weird siren sound?

Sort of a girl-type gadget.

A girl?

- Oh. She's your client?

- Well...

yes, she is, Mr. Wheeler.

I probably shouldn't
have wasted your time...

but I wanted to come to the top.

She's, uh, excellent.

Voice like that will catch on.
This girl will be a star.
I definitely want to sign her
to a long-term contract.
Mmm! I like the song also.
Who wrote it?
Uh, name's Murdock.
He's got a cell full of 'em.
Ah, he has the feel
of what people want today.
- Is he your client too?
- No. He handles himself.
He's Fats Murdock,
if your memory isn't vague.
My memory's anything but vague,
Mr. Miller.
Uh, do you happen to refer to, uh,
Marty "Fats" Murdock?
Yes. The slot machine king
of the old days.
Uh-huh.
[Woman On Intercom]
Yes, Mr. Wheeler?
Uh, send Lawrence
and Eugene in, please.
Would you like dinner, sir?
Georgia, please. I'm not that sick.
I don't have to be in bed.
Drink your hot bouillon. You haven't eaten.
It'll give you strength.
When I think of them
throwing you out that d-
- Aha!
- Oh, go away, Mr. Murdock. Mr. Miller's sick.
Sick, huh? He's gonna be a lot sicker when
I get through with him. On your feet, Miller.
Fats, listen.
It isn't what you think.
- I just happened to drop in.
- Just dropped in, huh?
Casual-like, huh?
- With a pair of pajamas under your arm?
- Leave him alone, Mr. Murdock!
Shut up!

And take that apron off!

- I needed it to heat the bouillon.

- Shut up!

Don't you hit him,

and don't tear my pajamas.

- Your pajamas?

- Well, do I look like I wear stripe pajamas?

[Shouts]

Your pajamas?

So you got pajamas ready just in case
you get some late callers, huh?

So you got pajamas ready just in case
you get some late callers, huh?

I do not! You have a big,
fat, dirty mind, Mr. Murdock!

- Oh, I have, huh?

- Dirty mind, dirty mind, dirty mind!

Those pajamas are Christmas shopping
for my brothers.

- He's wearing Gregory's.

- Don't give me that!

- I'll give you that. I'll show, Mr. Murdock.

- Let me go, Mousie.

Leave them alone. I've never seen her
mad before. Maybe she'll kill him.

For brother George.

And this...

- for brother Gilbert!

- Okay!

- L- I believe you.!

- For brother Gridley.

Okay.!

- For brother Galen.

- Okay!

- And for brother Ambrose!

- Okay!

And this, for my father.

- Now, you satisfied, Mr. Murdock?

- Okay!

Okay on the pajamas.

But that don't explain him in your bed...

no matter whose pajamas

he's in there with!

Okay, Mousie.

Let me at him. Listen, you.
Now, I was just giving him bouillon,
you dumb dummy!
Don't dumb, dumb dummy me!
Oh, you leave him alone!
I was just giving him bouillon.
Don't you know what bouillon is?
[Screams]
That's it, Fats.
Wheeler flipped over the arrangement.
He loved Jerri's singing,
predicted she'd be a star right off.
But when I told him
you'd written the song...
he introduced me to...
Lawrence and Eugene.
Lawrence and Eugene?
That's Larry the Fink and Edgewater Eugene.
So Legs Wheeler still makes
with the fancy words, huh?
Fancy words,
but with the old-time action.
Legs never got over that I moved him
out of the top spot in the old days.
See, he had all the slots in all the joints.
I threw his slots out and moved my slots in.
- Hey. Does he still walk with a limp?
- I didn't have time to notice.
I winged him in the shinbone once.
[Laughs]
He was on crutches for months.
Well, he's off crutches now.
Fats, we're dead.
He controls the jukebox business,
and that's that.
You give up too easy, Miller.
Didn't you just hear me tell you that
he used to control the slots until I took over?
I did it before,
and I can do it again.
Now you went and put my father's
nightshirt on backwards, Mr. Murdock.
Don't bother me, will ya?
I'm thinkin'.

Well, just don't stretch it out of shape.

My father's not as fat as you.

Clam up, will ya?

I'm thinkin'!

Don't you yell at me anymore,

Mr. Murdock.

Okay. Okay.

So Legs Wheeler won't put

Jerri's record on, huh?

No wonder. I stink.

All right, Mousie!

We go!

- Where to, boss?

- To war! A cold hot war.

Order your wedding dress, baby.

It won't be long now.

Come on!

- Hey, boss.

- Yeah.

- You forgot your hat.

- Come on!

[Jazz On Jukebox]

What'll you have, gentlemen?

Where you gettin' your music from?

Oh, that's a Wheeler Enterprises
jukebox, mister.

[Together]

Oh, yeah?

I take from Wheeler.

Who?

- Whom?

- I take from Murdock.

[Murdock Cackling]

[Laughing]

Oh, yeah?

[Murdock Shouts]

Oh, yeah?

- # Blow #

- [Jerri Screeches]

[Ballad On Speaker]

- ## [Stops]

- [Loud Crash]

#When I hear the siren blow #

[Jerri Screeches]

- #I get those blues ##
- [Sobbing]
Well, boss, I gotta hand it to you.
You still got the old moxie.
Keep us out of
the record business, will he?
You did it.
You made a star
like you said you would.
Yeah.
Yeah, I made a star.
Well, that's what you wanted,
wasn't it?
Yeah, that's what I wanted.
- Now you got a somebody to marry.
- Clam up, will ya, Mousie?
- What are you gettin' sore?
- "What are you gettin' sore?"
What are you gettin' sore?
What do you suppose I'm gettin' sore?
I like music. How do you suppose I'd be,
married to a dame...
with a stinkin' voice like that?
How many jukeboxes
did Mr. Murdock remove?
Oh, most of them around New York.
And now he's making inroads
into Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore.
- Pittsburgh, Altoona.
- And that's far enough.
You proceed with our legal case.
I'll take care of the inroads.
I believe I know where
I can find Mr. Murdock tonight.
- ##[R& B]
- [Man Singing]
[Cheering]
You got everything, boss?
Wedding ring, license, tickets?
Yeah. I got everything.
Have you, boss?
Why don't you give your honeymoon tickets
to Miller, boss?
You want to know somethin'?

I loused you up
with that tape recorder.

- You what?

- Yep.

Honest, Mousie.

Did ya? Did ya?

Don't kid me now.

They soft-talked, boss,
just like you figured.

I figured right, huh?

They go for each other, don't they?

Oh, and in a big way, boss.

It's the real thing.

And now in person,
the Platters with their big hit...

- "You'll Never Never Know."

- [Knocks]

- Who is it?

- Tom Miller, former agent.

- Come in.

- [Audience Cheering]

Just came to say good-bye.

I guess I should have
brought a wedding present.

You did.

That's no way for a bride to act.

I thought brides acted that way.

Only with the groom.

[Group Singing]

Sorry I can't stay,
but I have a train on tap.

All the best, Georgie.

Can't stand to hear me
sing again, huh?

You know it isn't that.

[Applause]

Now here's Ray Anthony,
his orchestra...

and the big hit record

"Rock Around the Rock Pile."

[Loud Cheering]

Thank you.

And now, here she is...

the girl who turned

our record into pure gold...

- Miss JerriJordan.

- [Cheering]

You're on.

This one's for you, Tom.

[Cheering Continues]

If you don't mind, I'd like to make
a change in the program tonight.

Some of you girls out there may know how
it feels to lose somebody you're crazy about.

[Singing]

[Cheering]

Hey, Miller.

I gotta talk to you.

First I talk to you, Fats.

Number one,

I just kissed your future wife.

Number two,

I'm in love with her.

Number three,

go ahead and hit me.

- Number four, you treat her right, or I'll-

- Tommy boy!

- I'll be your best man!

- You're through being best man, Fats.

My car awaits, Mr. Murdock.

[Groans]

- [Groans]

- Fats! Inside, quick!

- I'll kill him! I'll kill him!

- Inside!

- [Gunshots]

- Onstage, Fats! You'll be safe there.

Hey! How am I gonna

be safe out there?

Give me your hat and coat, huh?

Here. He won't take a chance bumping
you off in front of a thousand witnesses.

Get your coat on, you big ham.

[Jazz]

- ## [Stops]

- One of the reasons you came here tonight...

was to hear Miss JerriJordan

and Ray Anthony do their hit record.

- Is that right?

- [All] Right!

And now, so that you won't be disappointed,
here is Marty "Fats" Murdock...

singing his own composition,

"Rock Around the Rock Pile"!

Go on.

You're finally in the spotlight.

Come on.

A big hand for Fats.

[Cheering]

Don't be afraid.

I'm calling the cops.

Thank you.

One rock

Two rocks #

#Three rocks

Four rocks #

Rock pile dust is on my shoes

#I'm a guy just born to lose #

#When I hear the siren blow #

Ooooooh

#I get those blues #

#Big rocks

Small rocks #

#Short rocks

Tall rocks #

#Rock pile dust get off my shoes #

#Must my news be all bad news #

When I hear the siren blow

Ooooooh #

#I get those blues #

Okay, Legs.

The silencer's on.

Wait till he stops bouncing around.

Rock, rock

Rock around the rock pile #

#Rock, rock

Rock around the rock pile #

#Rock, rock

Rock around the rock pile #

That siren's got me cryin'

Two rocks

Four rocks #

They make more rocks #
- #Shut my cell and lock me in #
- Don't shoot.
We'll sign him.
That's talent up there, you jerk.
When I hear the siren blow #
- # Ooooooh #
- Since when did he start performing?
- Since when did you start?
- #Rock around the rock pile #
I always could sing.
I thought if I was real awful
I'd get out of owing him.
[Ends]
[Cheering]
- Uh, darling.
- #Darlin'Oh, my darlin'#
#In that prison cell I'd be #
Thinkin'of the day that I'd get out #
#And hold you close to me #
#But what is it I always see #
One rock
Two rocks #
#Three rocks
Four rocks #
Rock pile dust is on my shoes ##
Well, that's the story,
ladies and gentlemen.
A story about music and...
Iove.
A story about music and love.
And marriage.
And babysitters.
- Sing for us, Uncle Fats.
- Sing, Uncle Fats.
Oh. I don't know.
Ask my agent.
Let them buy your records.
So long, everybody.
Don't listen to him, folks.
I'll see you outside
in the lobby when you leave.
I'll sing anything you want.
I'm a jim-dandy singer.

The girl can't help it #
When she hears the siren blow #
[Jerri Screeches]
The girl can't help it