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# Babes in Arms

By Jack McGowan

- How's Florrie?
- She's okay, Joe.
- Take her to the hospital?
- We didn't have time.
- I want to see her.
- Your public's calling, get back out there.

Thanks, folks.

It's been five years now  
since you've said hello to me and Florrie...

...but this time she asks to be excused.

Joe, it's a boy.

Go on.

Well, it looks like I've got a son.

Born in the Palace Theater.

Here's a toast to vaudeville,  
the greatest entertainment in the world.

It made me what I am today, a papa.

And it's pretty nice, I tell you.

Having that little home down there  
on Long Island...

...where you can take  
the wife and kiddies.

Where you can lay off all summer long...

...in the country instead of a crowded  
boarding house in the roaring '40s...

...where there's nothing but streets  
to play in, like I had when I was a kid.

What other business is like that,  
I ask you? There ain't none.

Vaudeville, boy, you're something.

Listen, you mugs, quiet.

With so many of the best in one bunch,  
I'm tempted to warn you.

There's a shadow coming up,  
may change things a whole lot.

It's getting taller, that shadow,  
and wider, very fast.

The motion picture.

Shadow is right, making faces.

Flash in the pan.

Motion pictures change things?

Not until the Hudson catches fire.

- Yeah. he's right.
- Okay, okay, boys, I hope you're right.

Here's to 40 weeks, may it last forever.  
I tell you, Joe,  
there's no vaudeville anymore.  
Now, take the Palace Theater...  
...go there any day in the week,  
even Monday, what do you see?  
A lot of people buying tickets  
for a talking picture.  
I don't know what to make of it.  
Something's gotta be done.  
Every vaudeville performer in Seaport  
is broke, and owes everybody in town.  
I never thought that pictures  
would take the place of vaudeville.  
- Maybe if you and Mom had a new act.  
- New act, new act?  
You talk like your brother.  
- Where is Mickey?  
- He's in town at the music publisher's.  
He wrote a song last night.  
He'll write another tonight,  
like last night and the night before.  
Kids have to go through their  
song writing age, I remember when you did.  
And I wrote some pretty good ones too.  
And what did it get me, nothing.  
Mickey is wasting his time.  
He'd better learn a trade  
and forget about show business...  
...or he'll wind up like me.  
- There must be some theaters left, Dad.  
- A lot of empty ones.  
But, darling, with a good bill  
you could open them.  
There's a lot of good acts here that would  
be tickled to death to have the opportunity.  
Say, that's an idea.  
A road show with a lot of old-timers.  
So a guy's got to do it himself, eh?  
Okay.  
I'm going over to Brice's  
and see what he thinks.  
And that 10-percenter said  
that vaudeville was dead.

Not with a lot of troupers like us  
around here.

- Will you okay this lyric?

- Wait a minute, I want to hear this song.

Good morning, good morning

We've danced the whole night through

Good morning, good morning to you

Good morning, good morning

It's great to stay up late

Good morning, good morning to you

When the band began to play

The stars were shining bright

Now the milkman's on his way

It's too late to say good night

So good morning, good morning

Sunbeams will soon smile through

Good morning, my darling, to you

Here we are together

A couple of stayer-uppers

Our day is done at breakfast time

And starts in with our suppers

Here we are together

But the best of friends must party

So let me sing this parting song

From the bottom of my hearty

- Good morning

- It's a lovely morning

- Good morning

- What a wonderful day

- We've danced the whole night through

- Danced the whole night through

- Good morning, good morning to you

- Good morning, good morning to you

- How do you do, do, do?

- I said good morning

- See, the sun is shining

- A good morning

Hear the birdies sing

- It's great to stay up late

- It's great to stay up late

- Good morning, good morning to you

- Good morning, good morning to you

When the band began to play

The stars were shining bright

Now the milkman's on his way  
It's too late to say good night  
Good morning, good morning  
Sunbeams will soon smile through  
Good morning, good morning  
Sell it, Ma, sell it.  
Good morning, my darling, to you  
- How was it?  
- Where did you swipe that?  
Oh, quit your kidding.  
Words and music by Michael Z. Moran.  
Why, it'll sweep the country. Won't it?  
- Nothing very new there, Mickey.  
- Oh, what good is new?  
It's the same old rose  
you see every year.  
But it's just a little fresher,  
but it's the same thing, isn't it?  
- How many have you brought me, Mickey?  
- I brought you five that you didn't publish.  
But I ain't mad,  
I'm gonna give you another chance, see?  
You can't be wrong all the time,  
nobody is.  
- How much do you want for it?  
- The usual, 1000.  
I'll give you 100.  
- A hundred.  
- A hundred.  
- Honest?  
- Oh, that's wonderful.  
Mickey, he's gonna publish it.  
He is.  
Oh, he's fainted. Quick, get some water.  
He's... Get some water.  
Oh, Mickey, please speak to me.  
Wake up. Oh, dear.  
It was too much for him.  
He couldn't believe it.  
Good thing I didn't say yes  
to the thousand...  
...or he'd have dropped dead.  
- Yeah.  
Are you all right, Mickey?

Speak to me, Mickey.

- What happened?

- Mr. Randall's gonna publish your song.

Look, here's your advance check  
for \$ 100.

Gee, Mr. Randall,

you don't know what this means to me.

I'll never forget you.

You know, you can always be my publisher.

I'm telling you that.

You better get him home  
before he passes out again.

- Don't have to worry.

- I understand.

I'm not ever gonna get  
the big head like...

- You can always be my publisher.

- Okay.

Wait a minute, friend, you've got my head.

Didn't hurt, though. Didn't hurt.

- See you later.

- It's all right.

You know, it's just like coming home  
from a big battle the winners.

- Yeah, it was a tough fight, Ma, but we won.

- Oh, Mickey, I'm so proud of you.

But think of all the time lost  
because my stuff wasn't recognized before.

Oh, well, all geniuses  
have trouble getting started.

Sure, that's what makes them geniuses.

Oh, Mickey, aren't they pretty?

Wait a minute, I wanna pick some.

Just think of it, Pat. My first 100 bucks.

- And it's only the beginning too.

- Is it really the beginning?

Does it mean

that I'm really on my way in the theater?

- I want success so.

- And you'll have it.

I know you will, Mickey.

Just think when our names  
are up in electric lights.

You, the big composer and producer,

and me, the singing star.  
Oh, and I'll work hard for you, Mickey,  
honest I will.  
Yeah, then when we go  
on our vacations to Europe...  
...you know, like you read in the paper.  
- Our folks won't have to worry.  
- No.  
We can pay the bills then.  
Pat, sometimes  
do you ever feel older than your folks?  
Lots. Especially when they talk about  
40 weeks on the road.  
Yeah, and making a comeback.  
Gee, it must be terrible to be a has-been.  
Don't talk like that. It scares me.  
We gotta work hard  
and make a lot of dough for our folks.  
That will be fun.  
Oh, won't it be fun, Mickey?  
Oh, with both of us in there pitching,  
it certainly will be.  
It's got to be.  
Pat, I'd like to buy you a little something  
out of this 100 bucks, but l...  
Oh, we gotta pay our grocery bill too.  
Well, l... Just the same  
I'd like to show my appreciation some way.  
Would you like my pin?  
It's your music class pin.  
Well, what do you want me to say?  
You know what I want you to say.  
Well, I won't.  
All right then, don't.  
Oh, Pat, I do.  
You do what?  
I do,  
what you want me to say and I won't.  
Very much.  
- Well, that settles that.  
- Yeah.  
Gee, you know, it's good for a man  
to have responsibilities.  
Your act is just as sure fire as it was

when you were knocking them in the aisle.

Say, Dad. Dad, what's going on here?

Mickey, we're going on the road,  
all of us.

- Oh, gee, that's swell, Dad. When do leave?

- Mickey, none of us kids can go.

None of the kids can...

What do you mean, Dad?

Well, you see, son, it's only the acts  
that go, no excess baggage.

You call talent excess baggage?

Dad, there's a lot of entertainment  
on this side of the room.

You folks are responsible for it.

We're your kids, chips off the old block.

Most of us were born in theaters,  
greasepaint in our veins.

You say you don't want us  
to go on a stage. No.

You want us to be lawyers and brokers  
and your girls to marry rich guys.

- I suppose that's bad being a broker.

- Clark Gable ain't on relief.

- You're too young, all of you.

- Oh, yeah?

I suppose I'm too young  
to sell a song I wrote.

Look, 100 bucks in advance.

- What?

- Mickey, you sold your song.

- Yeah, Mom, and it's all yours too.

- Oh, Mickey, I'm so proud of you.

- Thanks.

- Of course, I always knew you had talent.

Well, so do the other kids.

I've seen them do their stuff.

Take our sister for instance.

What a voice, a natural.

Two more years and she'll be in the Met.

Patsy and Don Jr. and Dody  
are swell dancers.

- But our acts are routine, they're standard.

- I'll say they're standard.

So standard that when you miss a line



the audience can prompt you.  
All right, I'm sorry.  
I don't mean to be fresh,  
but I've got a new slant on things.  
Got my finger on the pulse of the public.  
You wanna hear something?  
Molly and Patsy come on over here.  
Look out. Spread out kids,  
give us room to work here, will you?  
Get set. We'll show them  
whether we got talent or not.  
Wait, until you hear,  
this will send you solid.  
Now, come on, kids, give your all.  
To look at us you'd never dream  
The two of us were twins  
In fact it's quite ridiculously odd  
But speaking pedagogically  
And not too biologically  
We're really just like two peas in a pod  
We both like to swim  
And we both like to dance  
We both could fall in love with Gable  
If we had the chance  
Our tastes are just the same  
Except for just one thing  
I like opera  
I like swing  
We both like to eat  
But it pains us to discuss  
The fact we like potatoes  
But potatoes don't like us  
But when we want to sing a song  
We're really on a spot  
For I sing sweet  
And I sing hot  
You are my lucky star  
My darling, you're my lucky star  
I saw you from afar  
Rudolpho  
Robert Taylor  
Minneapolis and St. Paul  
You are  
My lucky star

Once there was a barber  
A barber who lived in Spain  
He was a barbering fool,  
A shaving fool, shaving fool from Spain  
He was kind of crazy,  
He was always singing in the rain  
His name was Figaro  
The barber of Seville  
Figaro  
Figaro  
Figaro was Spanish  
Every time there's a bullfight  
He quits  
Shave and a hair cut, six bits  
Hi de ho Figaro, Hi de ho Figaro  
Hi de ho ho de ho fig fig Figaro  
Hi de ho Figaro, Hi de ho Figaro  
Hi de ho ho de ho fig fig Figaro  
Figaro  
Figaro  
Figaro  
We're gonna break it up tonight  
Stand back  
Give them room  
- You've gotta clown  
- Yeah, you gotta clown on old Broadway  
Broadway rhythm, it's got me  
Everybody dance  
Broadway rhythm, it's got me  
Everybody dance  
Out on the gay white way  
And each merry cafe  
Orchestras play  
Taking your breath away with that  
Broadway rhythm, it's got me  
Everybody sing  
Everybody stand right up and dance  
- Hey, Pop, how did you like that?  
- Oh, it was fine. Grand, son.  
Great, but you see, for instance,  
that number, it just wouldn't fit in.  
- Well, for Pete's sake, why?  
- Because we're doing a comeback show.  
The kind of acts we did on the big time.

They've got value, a selling point.

Oh, I get you, Pop.

I've gotta show you,

just like the rest of the world.

I thought we could help you, but

you don't want us on the stage, do you?

- Just because you're all... Just because...

- Wait a minute, Mickey.

All right, I hope you're all a big success.

Mickey's sort of excited, that's all.

- Wait a minute, Mick.

- Don't mind what the folks say, Mickey.

- We're with you.

- Sure we are.

- Everything will be all right.

- Buck up, Mickey.

I shouldn't have shot my mouth off  
the way I did.

It's all right, they understand.

I wouldn't wanna hurt Dad

for all the show business in the world.

- Forget it.

- Certainly, our time will come.

- You bet it will.

- Sure, sure.

Listen, you kids,

I think our time has come.

- What do you mean?

- I'll tell you.

Might as well face it, our folks  
are up against it, and up against it good.

I've been snooping around...

...know what I found out?

- What?

There's a frame up to get the actors  
and their kids out of it.

Our houses are mortgaged unless payments  
are up to date by July 1 st or out we go.

Yeah, I know something else too.

Miss Steele of the Welfare Society...

...is getting a petition to send us  
to a state work school.

- Work school?

- Are you kidding?

- Can I go too, Mickey?

- Quiet, will you, Bobs?

She thinks we ought to be learning a trade  
instead of the theater.

She's against show business.

Just be her chance,

while our folks are on the road.

We can't go on the road.

No, we're too young.

We're excess baggage.

You willing to stick together  
and pull yourselves out?

- You bet.

- I've got an idea.

Our folks think we're babes in arms?

We'll show them whether we are or not.

I'm gonna write a show for us

and put it on right here in Seaport.

The most up to date thing

these hicks here have ever seen.

Opening night, we'll have Max Gordon,

Sam Harris down to give us the once over.

How about it, kids?

We'll get every kid in this town on our side

and we'll start now. What do you say?

All right. Come on kids, let's go.

They call us babes in arms

But we are babes in armor

They laugh at babes in arms

But we'll be laughing far more

On city streets and farms

They'll hear a rising war cry

Youth will arrive

Let them know you're alive

Make it your cry

- They call us babes in arms

- We never dance

- They think they must direct us

- Got no chance

- But if we're babes in arms

- To find romance

- We'll make them all respect us

- Why our arms?

- Why have we got our arms?

- And what's our eyes?  
- What have we got our sight for?  
- Our sight for, fight for.  
Play day is done  
We've a place in the sun  
We must fight for  
So babes in arms  
- To arms  
- To arms  
To arms, babes in arms  
- We don't wanna go to county farms  
- No  
Come on, you babes in arms  
Stand up for your rights  
We're coming, we're coming  
Come on, you sons and daughters  
We gotta fight  
We're coming, we're coming  
George Washington was just a kid  
When he chopped down that tree  
But if they'd locked him up for that  
Where'd this country be?  
- We gotta stand  
- We gotta stand  
- We gotta stand right up  
- We gotta stand right up  
We got to stand right up  
And tell them that we're right  
Yeah, we gotta fight. Yeah, we gotta fight  
Fight, fight  
What do we cheer for?  
What are we here for?  
Why were we born?  
What do we cry for? What do we die for?  
Why do we mourn?  
Life doesn't stop, life doesn't wait  
It goes on  
We've got to step  
We've got to skate into the dawn  
It's a new day  
It's a new day, our flag's unfurled  
Come on, let's tell it to the world  
On city streets and farms  
You'll hear a rising war cry

Youth will arrive, let them know you're alive  
Make it your cry  
They call us babes in arms  
A tisket, a tasket,  
Who wants your yellow basket?  
They think they must direct us  
Babes in arms are growing up,  
Growing up, growing, growing  
But if we're babes in arms  
Going around the mulberry bush  
Who wants to go around the mulberry bush?  
We'll make them all respect us  
Hooray, hooray, it's Emancipation Day  
- Why have we got our arms?  
- We got arms so we can fight  
What have we got our sight for?  
Play day is done  
We've a place in the sun  
We must fight for  
So babes in arms  
To arms  
In the beginning,  
we will see Patsy singing...  
...the most recently published song  
number "Good Morning," followed by...  
Where is the other piece of music?  
What are you doing, son?  
Oh, nothing. Just scribbling.  
- Another song?  
- A show.  
You're so much like me, you're funny.  
- I am?  
- Exactly.  
You know, I used to troupe  
with your grandpop, was he stubborn.  
I used to try to get him  
to put new things in the act.  
You know, like you do to me?  
- Wouldn't he do it either?  
- Not a chance.  
- What happened?  
- What happened?  
He was the greatest headliner in vaudeville,  
right up to the day that he died.

Yeah, I know what you mean, Pop.

You know, Mickey,

you're like a lot of kids.

You think your old man is finished,  
washed up.

Why, Dad, listen here.

They don't come any better than you.

Anyway, your mom and me  
are leaving in the morning.

I'm sorry you can't go along  
the way you used to.

I'm going to miss you, a lot.

Yeah.

I know, Dad.

But I'm depending on you to stay here  
and take care of things.

- I hope things break real big for you, Dad.

- Thanks.

- Is Judge Black in?

- Yes, ma'am.

I wonder what cause  
she's agitating for now.

I never saw a woman get so excited  
over other people's business.

My duty is concerned  
with those poor children.

And something has got to  
be done about it.

I want my nephew to tell you  
what he knows.

Go on.

Well, the vaudeville kids  
kind of run in a gang.

They seem to be  
cooking up something.

Next thing you know, we'll have  
a series of filling station robberies.

- Who's the ring leader?

- A tough little kid named Moran.

There's no doubt about it, judge,  
he's a bad influence around town.

- Do you know him very well?

- No. Just to speak to.

I go to military school upstate.

Just step outside, Jeff.  
I want to talk to Judge Black alone.  
As you very well know, John,  
I'm head of the welfare board here.  
And I'm serving notice on you...  
...that I'm not gonna let  
innocent children be the victims of society.  
Their parents have no income. We don't  
know if those youngsters eat regularly.  
We know they stay away from school  
half the time. They're undisciplined.  
They haven't a chance of learning  
an occupation that'll support them.  
I call that criminal.  
But, Martha, you'd be taking them away  
from their homes.  
Homes? Those poor little things  
haven't any worthy of the name.  
Martha, my whole life's  
been lived in this town.  
I saw the actors come in.  
They built their homes here.  
They built the church, the library.  
Why, their taxes even paved the roads.  
They're sweet lovable people.  
Just grownup children.  
And we ought to thank God...  
...for the pleasure and laughter  
they've given us in our drab lives.  
Right now they're having hard times.  
And you want me to help you  
torment these poor folks...  
...by taking their children  
away from them?  
I won't do it, Martha.  
- You mean, you won't...?  
- And that's final.  
You'd sacrifice the children  
for the grownups.  
All right, John, I accept your challenge.  
I'll see this thing through alone.  
Our bankroll will only stand two Cokes.  
I never drink anything  
but Cokes anyway.



Two great, big, large,  
wonderful, expensive Cokes.

- Here.

- Patty, look, let's pretend.

All right, where are we?

We're in the Stork Club in New York City  
and it's after our opening night.

- I'm in tails and a white tie.

- And I have on an ermine coat.

Oh, Mickey,

I've just got to have an ermine coat.

Oh, sure, sure.

And the Cokes here, this is champagne.

Oh, aren't you just mad  
about champagne?

Yeah, but if this was champagne,

I'd rather have the money it costs instead.

Now, don't worry about it.

You thought up that big parade  
to advertise the show...

...and anybody that can think that up...

...can think up anything.

- Thanks.

Just think when those

New York producers sign us up.

You know, I've been thinking,  
maybe we should get us an agent.

Sometimes you get worse than I do.

I'm worried about getting the show on.

I never realized how much a piece of  
cellophane and a yard of cheesecloth cost.

What have you planned?

Our folks owe the stores a lot of dough,

**I'll say:**

"If you want to collect that money  
you've got to put dough into our show...

...so we can be a success  
then pay you back."

I don't understand,

but it sounds wonderful.

I got the ideas out of a paper.

Seems a lot of countries are  
borrowing money...

...so why can't an American go in and borrow money the same as anybody else? Sometimes I think that being a great Broadway producer...  
...isn't going to be big enough for you, Mickey.  
Here comes trouble.  
Do take the darlings, Alexander.  
Let them walk around a bit.  
In California, we have drive-ins.  
You stay in the car.  
- Who's the girl with him?  
- I think it's... It is. It's Baby Rosalie.  
- Remember the kid movie star?  
- Oh, yeah.  
Hello, Patsy. Miss Barton, this is Miss Essex, the once famous Baby Rosalie.  
How do you do?  
I remember you very well.  
Really? Did you see my biggest success, The Queen's Little Daughter...  
...or did you see my smash hit, The Baby General?  
Well, let me see, l...  
It all seems so long ago.  
Sauerkraut juice, please.  
- I watch my weight very carefully.  
- Yes.  
I hear you're going to produce a show.  
Oh, he is. This is Mickey Moran.  
- How do you do?  
- Anything for me in your show?  
I'm dying to get back in the harness.  
You? In...  
Why, I think that would be swell.  
And with your name and all...  
You don't wanna fool around with a punk like this.  
You be quiet. You wanna come over to my place for dinner and talk it over?  
- Tomorrow night? Oh, l...  
- Say, listen.  
My aunt's gonna put you in the state work school where you belong.

Why, you...!  
- Please, don't fight over me.  
- Stop it. Mickey!  
- Don't worry, it's a pleasure.  
- Stop it! Stop it!  
Oh, my perfumes.  
Hey, get out of here.  
Get out of here.  
Get out of here, all of you. Get out.  
Come now, come now, quiet, please.  
This is not a picnic.  
This is a very serious matter.  
Proceed, Mr. Marks.  
And when these young roughnecks  
finished up...  
...my drugstore looked as though  
they'd taken an ax to it.  
I want you to know that seven bottles...  
...of my most expensive perfumes  
were busted.  
Forgive me if I say I told you so.  
Martha, my faith in human nature  
would be shattered if you didn't.  
Why doesn't somebody tell  
what he said to my brother?  
I'll tell. I was there.  
He told Mickey his aunt was  
gonna put him in the state work school.  
I hope you see  
how this proves every point I made.  
Even with provocation,  
wrecking this man's shop...  
Wait a minute. Wait a minute.  
Young man, I'll trouble you  
to step into my private office.  
There are things I'd like to clear up.  
The rest of you will kindly wait here.  
- Mickey.  
- Well?  
Let you in on a little secret.  
I don't need those glasses  
any more than a rabbit.  
But in times of stress,  
they're the best safety valve I ever had.

Gives me time to think too before acting.

- You ought to find something like that.

- Oh, I got it.

You mean I ought to think first  
and then bust-up drugstores afterwards.

Come over here and sit down.

- Quit school, huh?

- Yeah, last fall.

Tried to get a job. Started writing songs,  
you know, show numbers.

Where's your father playing now?

Schenectady.

Good booking?

I'm so worried about my family, judge,  
I'm sick inside me.

Miss Steele might be right, Mickey.

It's not fair for you youngsters  
to be carrying grownup burdens.

I'm wondering if you were my son, if  
I wouldn't rather see you in some school...  
...getting an education.

Yes, I think if I were your parents,  
I might sign Miss Steele's petition.

No, no, no, judge, you don't understand.  
She don't understand either.

Why, she don't mean no harm to us...  
...but we're not her kind of people  
or yours either.

We belong in show business.

We gotta start young so we can get  
some steel in our backbone.

Well, gee, we're developing it.

You couldn't teach us a trade.

We got one.

And you couldn't do without it.

We're only kids now...

...but someday we're gonna be  
the guys that make you laugh and cry.

Think that there's a little stardust left  
on life's dirty old pan.

She don't understand.

Why, she'd put butterflies to work  
making rubber tires.

I'm not saying I hate her, but why can't

people leave other people alone?  
Defense sustained. Case dismissed.  
I'll give you 30 days probation  
to square yourself with Mr. Marks.  
Here he is now.

- What happened, Mickey?

- Was it all right?

Oh, everything's swell.

I guess I showed you, twerp.

The judge bought out the whole front row.

Look at that.

Come on, kids,

we got some rehearsing to do.

Isn't that marvelous?

It seems we stood

And talked like this before

We looked at each other

In the same way then

But I can't remember where or when

The clothes you're wearing

Are the clothes you wore

The smile you are smiling

You were smiling then

But I can't remember where or when

Some things that happen

For the first time

Seem to be happening again

And so it seems that we have met before

And laughed before

And loved before

But who knows where or when

Come on, put some life in that song,

will you?

Patsy, will you hook my collar

in the back for me, please?

So you're going to dinner

with Rosalie tonight?

Don't go getting jealous.

We haven't got time for that.

- She made eyes at you.

- Oh, you're crazy.

I'm not. She's practicing to be a glamour  
girl, so she can get back into pictures.

If those two sing that song like that,

the audience will think it's a lullaby.  
It seems we've stood  
And talked like this before  
We looked at each other  
In the same way then  
But I can't remember where or when  
That's right. With feeling like that.  
I figure you have to know  
what you're singing about...  
...before you can give  
the idea to others.  
Don and Molly don't know  
what they're singing about?  
They're just bashful in front of people,  
that's all.  
Come on, let's go out  
and see if we can't needle them up a bit.  
And so it seems that we have met before  
And laughed before  
And loved before  
- But who knows where  
- But who knows where  
- Or when  
- Or when  
That's what the audience will be doing  
if you sing the song like that.  
- We were just rehearsing.  
- Yeah. Well, that's no excuse.  
Molly's heard pop say a million times,  
do your best always if you wanna improve.  
Wait until Dad's suit fits you  
before you try to talk like him.  
The coat fits all right. I can button it up so  
nobody can see how loose the pants are.  
I wanted my white pants,  
but wouldn't they be at the cleaners?  
She'll be so busy talking about herself  
that she won't notice.  
Maybe not, but lay off me.  
You gotta get some feeling into this.  
This show is all business.  
- Get in there and try the number again.  
- Do we have to do it in the canoe?  
It's cramped in there, you can't move.

All right.

Then come on, do it over here...

...so long as you get some feeling into it.

Spread out.

Kids, get back to your places.

We're gonna try the number again.

- Bring that settee down here, please.

- I wish they would make up their minds.

Spread out.

Give them plenty of room to work.

Start the number back of the settee here  
and later on you can come around in front.

For goodness' sake,  
put some real feeling into it.

All right, Antonio.

Give them the introduction.

It seems we stood

And talked like this before

We looked at each other

In the same way then

But I can't remember where or when

The clothes you're wearing

Are the clothes you wore

The smile you are smiling

You were smiling then

But I can't remember where or when

Some things that happened

For the first time

Seem to be happening again

And so it seems that we have met before

And laughed before

And loved before

But who knows where

Or when

And so it seems that we have met before

And laughed before

And loved before

- But who knows where

- But who knows where

- Or when

- Or when

Swell. Swell.

That's the way to sing. In a few minutes,  
go over the number again...

...so you'll be sure you got it perfect.

Tony, listen.

Go over that interlude again,  
that was terrible.

Well, I gotta go, kids.

Good night, everybody. Come on, Pat.

Send them all home at 9 and tell them  
to be here at 10 in the morning.

Okay. I hope you have a nice dinner.

Oh, this is all business, Pat.

You look wonderful, Mickey.

Thanks, for always saying the right thing.

I can lick wildcats now.

- Good night.

- Good night.

I beg your pardon, sir.

Whom do you wish to see?

Baby... Miss Essex.

- I'm afraid she'll be unable to see you, sir.

- Why not?

Miss Essex is expecting  
an important theatrical impresario.

Hey, that's me.

Oh, I don't believe I heard the name, sir.

I know you didn't, because I didn't say it.

It's Moran, Michael Z. Moran.

Oh, I'm sorry, sir.

Won't you... Won't you step in, sir?

Thanks.

Oh, Michael.

I hardly expected you so soon.

So nice to see you again.

Yes, nice to see you too.

I know I kept you waiting.

No, you haven't kept me waiting.

I mean, that is...

...I have been waiting to see you  
ever since I met you in the drugstore.

You're just as impetuous  
as I thought you were.

I am?

Dinner is served, Miss Rosalie.

Thank you, Bartlett.

Oh, I almost forgot.



You haven't met my darling yet.  
This is Kai.  
- Cute, isn't he?  
- This is Mr. Moran, Kai, baby.  
You give him a nice wet kiss.  
Oh, I hope he didn't frighten you.  
No, no, no. No, he didn't at all.  
He's an affectionate little fellow,  
isn't he?  
Now, you run along and play,  
Kai, darling.  
He has temperament,  
just like me, daddy says.  
Gee, the crickets  
are pretty thick out tonight, aren't they?  
I've never tasted a tastier...  
Miss Essex.  
Oh, don't call me that.  
Call me Baby, everybody does.  
Well, all right.  
What do you do with yourself, Baby?  
I study voice, French and dancing.  
That's why I didn't  
go to Maine with father.  
You see, I'm preparing for a comeback.  
I don't see why I should accept failure.  
Why I should let them tell me I'm through.  
Do you?  
Heck, no. That's why I think my production  
would be perfect for you.  
Do you think so?  
Oh, I was praying you'd say that.  
Oh, Michael, don't tell me you're going  
to give me my chance.  
Well, if I had the dough, I would.  
How much do you need?  
Well, let me...  
Let me see.  
We're gonna use a barn some actors used  
last summer, turn it into an outdoor theater.  
I figured if we all pitched in together...  
That is, for the scenery and the costumes  
and everything, it would run us about \$287.  
Have you got it yet?

No.  
Well, you have now.  
Move over here where we can talk.  
- Oh, it will be exciting.  
- Yeah, yeah.  
I can hardly wait.  
We'll work together wonderfully,  
you and I. How about an orchestra?  
We can have the Rangerettes  
in for nothing.  
Enchanting. It'll be a great show.  
Shall we drink to that?  
Why, you bet.  
Good luck.  
I hope so.  
Cigar, sir?  
Oh, do have one. They're daddy's best.  
Well, I can't pass up anything like this.  
I suggest, sir, it would draw better  
if one bites the end off.  
How could I make a mistake like that?  
Don't draw the cigar smoke in,  
Mr. Moran.  
Blow it out for your own sake.  
This is... This is delightful.  
When does the show start rehearsing?  
Well, as soon as I can get it...  
When?  
Well, I'll phone you.  
I'll phone you tomorrow  
and let you know.  
You'll have to excuse me, please.  
I've got another appointment.  
Thanks for the dinner.  
It was swell while it lasted.  
- Hey, Mickey, here's your pants.  
- Where have you been?  
Go on, get up there in your place,  
would you?  
All right, kids, that's enough.  
Take a rest. We'll try the dance later on.  
In the meantime, we'll take a reprise  
of this "Where or When" number.  
Pass the parts out.

We'll take the other in a little bit.  
- Hey, Mickey.  
- What do you want?  
Have you told Patsy yet?  
No, I've tried to get it out a million times.  
I just can't do it.  
Well, she's on her way in and  
Baby Rosalie will be here any minute now.  
Well, I guess it's gotta be now.  
- Come on, take over, will you, Don?  
- Sure.  
Oh, Mickey,  
I've practiced until I'm nearly hoarse.  
- Gosh, isn't it wonderful?  
- Yes, it sure is, Pat.  
But come over here, l...  
I wanna talk to you for a minute.  
What is it?  
- We're in a tough spot, Pat.  
- Yeah?  
Yes, we've gotta have a lot of dough  
to put on this show.  
Well, we need an angel,  
you know, and...  
Can you take it?  
Dish it out.  
Well, we found an angel.  
But in order to keep her,  
we have to give her the lead in the show.  
Sing my songs?  
The songs you wrote for me?  
Say my lines?  
Oh, Mickey...  
We were gonna do it together.  
This was gonna be our first show.  
You and me in there pitching,  
just like you said.  
Yes, I know, but what can we do?  
I can't bear it.  
Oh, don't cry, Pat, because if you do,  
then I'm just gonna call the whole thing off.  
Because, I mean,  
this is too much for me.  
Who's crying?

Don't be silly.  
Pat, would you punch me right in the nose  
if I asked you to understudy?  
Katherine Cornell did it.  
I should be proud.  
It's gonna be a tough job, kid...  
...because this Baby Rosalie  
is just a bundle of temperament.  
Will you help me keep her quiet,  
and will you stick in there and pitch?  
Put her there.  
Pat, you're...  
You're the tops.  
Hello, there.  
Hello, everybody. Hello.  
Alexander,  
do take the little darlings for a walk.  
Thanks.  
Just getting the kinks out.  
All right. Come on, kids,  
let's try the Antony and Cleopatra sketch.  
And I want the scene set just like we're  
gonna have it with props and everything.  
A little pepper now.  
Stand up, honey, so I can brush you off.  
It's so close today.  
Yes, it is sultry, isn't it?  
- May I get you a glass of water?  
- Thank you, my dear.  
Isn't she a sweet little girl?  
All right...  
...bring the window up in position.  
Over the divan, please. There, that's fine.  
Okay, give me the parts now, will you?  
There, that's fine Bobs.  
Don, here's your part. Sid?  
- Yeah.  
- Miss Essex, please.  
And I'd like Miss Essex's  
headdress now.  
This is the gate here  
and the guard keepers right there.  
Now, this Cleopatra's throne room.  
A very luxurious layout

overlooking the Nile.

This is a swell divan covered  
with satin cushions and ostrich feathers...  
...jewels and pearls, things like that.

- Glorious.

Don, you entrance from over here  
and you see Baby reclining...  
Will you recline, please, Miss Essex?  
That's fine. Now, look.

This Mark Antony  
is a sort of a man about town.  
Very... Very suave, see?  
You, Baby, you're Cleopatra,  
the queen of Egypt.  
Very beautiful, lovely and...  
And suave, see?

You hardly know him.  
He's busted up your army...  
...so the only way you can keep  
your throne is to have him fall for you.

Listen, Don. You're a...  
You're a Clark Gable-type.  
Very modern, polished, and, well,  
full of suaveness. You see what I mean?

- Yeah, you mean we're suave.

- Yeah, that...

Come on, now.

Let's try it once everybody.

From the beginning now,  
from the curtain.

Ready? Curtain.

- Greetings, Mark. What's new?

- Your Majesty.

No, no, no, that's not quite it, Miss Essex.

Look, do you mind if I show you?

Stand over there. Now, watch me.

You're down here.

You're reclining here. You watching?

Now, I want you to get up  
and I want you to slink.

Slink, a regal slink.

Sort of bouncing-like, see what I mean?

All right, go ahead, Don.

Your Majesty.

- What's your name?  
- Just call me Baby, everybody does.  
Just call me Baby, everybody...  
No, what I meant was,  
what was your line?  
The only man in the world  
who I would go to meet.  
You're the only man in the world  
I'd go to meet.  
See? More... More...  
- Suave?  
- Yes.  
Well, go on. Now, let's try it again.  
Come on, right from where we left off.  
Here we go.  
You're up there, Baby. That's it, fine.  
Your Majesty.  
I have a feeling  
I'm going to find Egypt fascinating.  
Terrible. Terrible. Don, terrible.  
- I didn't think so.  
- It's the way you read the lines.  
There's no feeling to it or anything.  
Maybe we'd better try it here on the couch.  
Don, come and sit beside her.  
I want a more virile approach,  
like Clark Gable would do it.  
Come on, do it once for me, will you?  
Your Majesty, I have a feeling  
I'm going to find Egypt fascinating.  
No, no, that's still not it, Don.  
Let me show you, will you?  
Just stand up there for a minute. Look.  
Now, see here, Cleo.  
You've stalled me for the last time.  
You can't push Mark Antony around  
like that and get away with it.  
Last month, I took over the south side.  
Now, I'm taking over the palace.  
And what's more,  
I'm taking over you, see?  
Get your things packed.  
We're taking a honeymoon on the Nile.  
I've got a barge waiting

with the motor running.  
Now, you see?  
That's more the way Gable would do it.  
- Well, Gable and I work differently.  
- Yeah, that's why he works more often.  
Okay, Sid, it's your cue.  
Don, you're over here now.  
Cleopatra, who is this man?  
- Who's this?  
- Well, that's your uncle, Croesus.  
But Cleopatra didn't have an uncle.  
Well, she has now.  
- Shall I keep going while I'm hot?  
- You're as cold as an ice cube.  
Look, I want this uncle  
to be a violent character.  
Like Lionel Barrymore would play it.  
I mean, when he comes into this room...  
...and finds his niece here  
with a strange man, he's...  
He's gotta be...  
- Suave?  
- No, furious.  
Look, Sid,  
let me show you what I mean, huh?  
Now, this is the way Barrymore would do it.  
Now, watch, Sid.  
Now, see here, Cleo.  
This isn't by chance  
one of your latest admirers, is it?  
Why, uncle,  
I don't know what you mean.  
Don't try to act innocent, my child.  
The whole town's talking.  
Now, see here, sonny, we don't like  
strangers hanging around this place.  
I'll give you just 48 hours to get out.  
Pardon me, Don.  
When I go, Cleo goes with me.  
I love her, you see?  
Out of the way, uncle. We're leaving.  
Now, look here, Cleo. I'm your uncle.  
I love you as if you were my own niece.  
But this man is marrying you

just for your money.  
She's going with me, understand?  
Do you love me  
because I'm worth \$50 million?  
Nonsense. I'd love you  
if you only had \$40 million.  
Money isn't everything.  
And I love you.  
Yes, that's fine, Miss Essex.  
That's just right.  
Here, Don, you take over from there.  
Come on, Clark Antony,  
finish the scene.  
Well, if you insist.  
- Is this the sleeper bus for Schenectady?  
- Yes, sir.  
Have you seen a little girl about...?  
Oh, never mind.  
Oh, Pat. Patty.  
Look, let me talk to you.  
- Will you listen to me, please?  
- No, I won't.  
- Wait a minute, that's acting like a big baby.  
- I'm not a baby, Mr. Moran.  
- Then why are you going to Schenectady?  
- I wanna see my mother.  
- Why?  
- None of your business.  
Wait a minute, Pat.  
Listen, I'm doing the best I can.  
Oh, you're doing grand for Baby Rosalie.  
- Whatever I've done, I've had to do.  
- Did you have to kiss Baby Rosalie today?  
Well, that's my business, honey.  
I'm a director.  
Then you'd better get to work,  
Mr. Ziegfeld.  
The Girl Scouts  
are just clamoring for you.  
- Oh, you don't have to talk...  
- Here. I suppose you want this too.  
Indian giver.  
Listen, how can I be an Indian giver...?  
Oh, Pat, listen.



Won't you let me explain?  
Hey! Hey, Patsy!  
Give me a chance to explain, will you?  
Will you let me...?  
I cried for you  
Now, it's your turn to cry over me  
Every road has a turning  
That's one thing you're learning  
I cried for you  
What a fool I used to be  
But I'll find two eyes  
Just a little bit bluer  
I'll find a heart  
Just a little bit truer  
I cried for you  
Now, it's your turn to cry  
Over me  
I know I'm no glamour girl like Baby...  
Like her.  
But maybe someday, you'll realize that  
glamour isn't the only thing in this world.  
If your show's a flop, you'll find  
you can't eat glamour for breakfast.  
Anyway,  
I might be pretty good-looking myself...  
...when I grow out  
of this ugly duckling stage.  
And you're no Clark Gable yourself.  
But that's all right.  
You go your way and I'll go mine.  
Don't worry about me. I'll recover.  
Time is a great healer.  
But in the future, if we should meet again  
at the opera or at a ball...  
...and I'm dazzling in my diamonds  
and pearls and ermine wraps...  
...and surrounded by lords  
and dukes and princes...  
...you'll probably be sorry.  
And you'll probably realize that life is...  
...just an idiot's delight.  
And as I speed through the dark night  
into the abyss of oblivion...  
...I can only say thanks.

Thanks for the memory.

I'll find two eyes

Just a little bit bluer

I'll find a heart

Just a little bit truer

I cried for you

Now, it's your turn to cry

Over me

- George, everybody in?

- All but Eddie.

- He'll be here shortly.

- Fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes.

- You're on seconds, folks.

- Okay.

- Who opens the show tonight?

- You fellows do.

We do? What's the idea...?

Hey, Joe, why do we open the bill?

Listen, we've gotta take turns  
in opening the show.

- We're all headliners.

- But we got a terrific finish.

- You want to see anyone?

- Yes, I wanna see my mother, Mrs. Barton.

- Okay. Dressing Room Number 4.

- Thank you.

We'll try it that way tonight  
and we'll see how it works.

- For the love of Mike, Patsy.

- Hello, Mr. Moran.

- What are you doing here?

- I got kind of lonesome for my mother.

Things got so tough

you had to come up here, huh?

- Oh, no. Everything's just fine.

- Lillian, Lillian, I got a surprise for you.

- Look what I found in the hall.

- Why, Patsy.

Why, did the house

burn down or something?

Can't a girl come to see her mother

without everybody thinking she's crazy?

Hello, Mrs. Moran.

- Hi, Patsy.

- When did you get in here?  
Patsy, tell me, what's Mickey doing?  
What's Mickey doing?  
He's got a lot of kids together and he's gonna put on a show, a wonderful show.  
- He's doing what?  
- Dear, don't get excited.  
- He didn't say anything in his postcard.  
- Is Junior in it?  
- How's Dody?  
- How Frankie's dance?  
- It's grand.  
- What's this baloney about a show?  
It's the truth.  
He wrote it, and now he's gonna produce it.  
And he's got the Rangerettes and Baby Rosalie and...  
Oh, he's got a lot of kids.  
No kidding. It's gonna be swell.  
Why did Mickey do this?  
Miss Steele said that we weren't having the proper care...  
...and she threatened to send us to the state work school.  
- What state work school?  
- An institution?  
How do you like that?  
Our kids in a work school.  
Listen, folks, let's give up this silly tour and go home.  
- I'm going home.  
- Right.  
George, we can't do that just because the going is tough.  
- I know business will pick up next week.  
- You told us that last week...  
I'm gonna put you all out of here...  
...because I wanna talk to Patsy.  
- Right you are. Everybody get out of here.  
Mickey's show sounds elegant.  
Where did he get the money?  
- I don't know.  
- Isn't Baby Rosalie the movie baby?  
- She's the star of the show.

- Wonderful.

Now, dear, tell me, why aren't you in it?

Oh, I thought I wanted a theatrical career,  
but I changed my mind.

Why?

Too many heartaches.

- Now, what do you know about heartaches?

- Well...

You and Mickey quarrel?

You did, didn't you?

And you quit the show

and came up here to see me?

You shouldn't have done that, Patsy.

Well, he took all my songs

and gave them to her.

Doesn't matter.

- Why not?

- Mickey was doing it for everybody.

Patsy, your daddy was a minstrel man.

So was his daddy.

They did plenty of crazy things,

but they never walked out on a show.

But, Mother, Mickey and I were...

And she kept putting her arms

around him and I just couldn't...

Sid, girls, what are you standing

around for? Hurry up, get ready.

Aren't you finished with that?

I may be a sap about the men I pick,

but I'm no quitter.

So there. My family are all troupers

and we don't walk out on any show.

Who said anything about

walking out on any...?

Oh, women.

See who it is, Millicent.

- Is Miss Essex dressed?

- Come in, Michael.

Oh, how's our little star? Fine, I hope.

- A little nervous. Sit down.

- Thanks.

- How's our director?

- I'm a little nervous too, and then some.

That's a sign of a good trouper.

Then I must be great. Gee, I wished I hadn't plastered my name all over everything.

- You'll get used to it. Look at me.

- Well, maybe.

Get out of my way or I'll put you in jail where you belong, the lot of you.

My father!

Well, there you are, young lady.

- Where's this Michael Z. Moran?

- I'm him.

So you're the smart twerp that was going to exploit the prestige of an important name.

- Why, for a nickel...

- Wait a minute...

Wait nothing. Here, young lady, get into this coat. We're getting out of here.

- But she's the star of the show.

- Don't make me laugh.

I'm grooming her for a comeback.

Millicent, you pack up. Come on.

- But, father, I've got a great part.

- Listen, you can't take her away.

- Take her. She's a pain in the neck.

- Come on.

- Listen. Will you listen?

- Father, dear...

- She's got money in the show.

- Kiss that goodbye.

I'll tell you when you have a great part just as I always did.

- What are you gonna do?

- What about the audience?

- Are we gonna give a show?

- What's gonna happen?

Quiet, will you?

I don't know what I'm gonna do?

Give me a chance to think.

Come on with me, Patsy.

Everybody out but Patsy.

The show is going on.

The curtain goes up in seven minutes.

Now, snap into it, will you, kids?

Get your makeup on.

I wrote this show for you, see?

Get out there and show them  
I wasn't crazy when I did it.  
Don't think things have changed  
between you and me. Go out and sell it.  
- Oh, Mickey, you're...  
- Never mind.  
I know what I am, an Indian giver.  
What's the delay, Mickey?  
I didn't know  
you could have so much trouble.  
Would you do me a favor?  
Would you make a speech...?  
Mickey, here's your makeup.  
You'd better hurry.  
Tell them that Patsy's going on instead.  
- What's happened?  
- Tell you later.  
Would you do that for me, please?  
- All right, Mickey.  
- Thanks.

My daddy was a minstrel man  
When minstrels were the thing  
When Mr. Bones and Mr. Jones  
Danced the buck and wing  
When Eddie Leonard was so great  
And Primrose was the king  
Gee, I'd like to be a minstrel man  
I'd like to black my face  
Put on a stovepipe hat  
Get out an old banjo  
And go once again down memory lane  
With an old-fashioned minstrel show  
Going to run all night  
Going to run all day  
I'll bet my money on the bobtail nag  
Somebody bet on the bay  
Here they come.  
Hurry, we go on in a minute.  
I'm hurrying.  
Come from Alabammy  
Come from Alabammy  
Come from Alabammy  
Come from Alabammy  
Come from Alabammy

With my banjo on my knee  
I come from Alabammy  
With my banjo on my knee  
I'm going to Louisiana  
For my true love to see  
Now, it rained all night the day I left  
The weather, it was so dry  
The sun so hot I froze to death  
Susanna, don't you cry  
Oh, Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me  
I've come from Alabama  
With a banjo on my knee  
Oh, Susanna, oh, don't you cry for me  
I come from Alabammy  
With my banjo on my knee  
Gentlemen, be seated  
Mr. Bones, Mr. Bones  
I've a question to ask  
- There is something that I want to know  
- Well, tell me, sonny  
Mr. Bones, will you tell me  
And answer me right  
Who's that lady  
You were with last night?  
Now, Mr. Interlocutory  
You are a curious man  
But I will tell you if you want to know  
Now, so help me, Moses  
And upon my life  
That was no lady, that was my wife  
Hallelujah upon his life  
That was no lady, it was his wife  
Mr. Tambo  
I've a question to ask you tonight  
And with all your fancy knowledge  
You should know  
Mr. Tambo, will you tell us  
And give us a treat  
Tell us why does a chicken  
Cross the street  
I has studied up my geography  
Studied up my history  
Studied up my poultry with pride  
And I am here to repeat

A chicken crosses the street  
Just to get on the other side  
Mr. Rooster, don't you hide  
The chicken crossed the street  
To reach the other side  
There's a grand old minstrel man  
Whose name we hold so dear  
I know that you'll remember him  
The moment that you hear  
Ida, sweet as apple cider  
Oh, sweeter than all I know  
Know, know, know, know, know, know  
Come out, oh, won't you come out  
In the silvery moonlight  
Of love we'll whisper so soft and low  
We were sailing along  
- We were sailing along  
- On Moonlight Bay  
Down the silvery bay  
We could hear the voices ringing  
They seemed to say  
- You have stolen my heart  
- A maiden's heart  
- Now, don't go away  
- Don't you ever go away  
As we sang love's old sweet song  
On Moonlight Bay  
I am here to state  
I am here to relate  
To explain and make it plain  
That I'm just wild about Harry  
And Harry's wild about me  
The heavenly blisses of his kisses  
Fills me with ecstasy  
He's sweet just like chocolate candy  
Or like the honey from a bee  
Oh, I'm just wild about Harry  
And he's just wild about...  
Cannot do without  
He's just wild about me  
I'm just wild about Mandy  
And Mandy's wild about me  
I'm just wild about Harry  
And Harry's wild about me



The heavenly blisses of his kisses  
Fill me with ecstasy  
He's sweet just like chocolate candy  
And just like honey from the bees  
Wait a minute, folks!  
Don't go. Please stay.  
Don't leave. It's only a little shower.  
Well, you'll have to admit,  
it took a hurricane to stop me.  
Mickey, that was a fine effort.  
Where's Dad?  
Mom, where's Dad?  
You have to keep pounding on the piano?  
Nobody can hear himself think.  
- Nobody can think in this house anyways.  
- You're so smart...!  
Children, please.  
Gee, I'm sorry, Mom.  
Don't worry, he'll be home.  
He'll be home? Say, what is this?  
You two trying to keep something from me?  
Something happen that I don't know about?  
Where's pop?  
Mickey, don't shout.  
I'm nervous, that's all.  
- I wish your father was home.  
- He didn't come home.  
He didn't get up and go out before I did.  
- Where is he? What...?  
- Mickey, quit picking on Mama.  
If you must know, well,  
we're afraid Dad's been drinking.  
- Dad?  
- No, no, it isn't that.  
- I'm quite sure he's looking for work.  
- What? For the act?  
- No, he's through with show business.  
- Through?  
That's all he knows.  
That's all he's good for.  
He's trying to find something steady.  
Something we can depend on.  
Maybe you could sell Mr. Randall  
a couple of your songs to tide us over.

- I was over there this morning.  
- Well?  
They got enough songs on the shelf  
to drive the country crazy.  
I'll still keep on trying.  
Maybe Dad is right. Maybe he is through.  
But I'm not.  
Show business owes us something  
and I'm gonna collect.  
Is that so?  
We're through. All of us.  
Starting over.  
And if ever I hear show business,  
song writing...  
...or that word vaudeville mentioned here,  
I'll kick the tar out of you.  
You didn't raise me  
on that kind of talk.  
I'll take that rap.  
I didn't know any better. I do now.  
Come on, take it easy. Take it easy.  
The theater is full of promises,  
great promises...  
...so long as you hand over  
your heart and soul.  
Then something new comes along,  
you're tossed in the ditch.  
The procession goes on.  
Well, I got a job. I start tomorrow.  
Doing what?  
- Running an elevator.  
- Listen...  
- At least we'll eat.  
- Yeah, that counts me out.  
- What do you mean?  
- I'm getting out on my own.  
- No, you're not.  
- No? You just try and stop me.  
- Mickey.  
- Well?  
- Mr. Moran.  
- Yes?  
I've brought the papers.  
Papers? What papers?

After you've signed them,  
return them to Judge Black's office.  
Have the children there

**at 9:**

Hey, what...? What is this?

- Haven't you told them yet?

- I'll take care of this, thank you.

I'm sorry.

Dad...

Dad, you've... You've turned against us.

- You, you...

- It'll only be for the time being.

You'll get education there.

I can't do it no other way and

I won't let you be a tramp in the streets.

Listen, son, you gotta be something.

You'll thank me someday, I know you will.

Quit talking like that.

It makes me sick to hear you.

Go on, sign the papers!

- But that Steele, she'll never get me!

- Shut up.

All right, Dad.

Here comes Mickey now.

- Wait a minute.

- What's happened?

- What's the matter?

- Something the matter?

- What's up?

- Anything wrong?

They're gonna sign us

to the state work school.

- They are?

- Oh, no.

- Did you hear that?

- Hey, Mickey, here's a letter for you.

The mailman just brought it.

It's from Harry Maddox.

- Say, that's the big producer.

- Read it, Mickey.

- Yeah, go on.

- See what it says.

You read it, Don.

"Dear Mickey. Your friend, Judge Black,  
talked me into coming to see your show.  
It was the only time I came near  
being drowned and liking it.

Drop in and discuss your  
production with me.

Sincerely yours, Harry Maddox."

Say, anybody got a dime  
that I can get to New York with?

- Here, I got two bits.

- Oh, what a pal.

- Come on, let's go to the station with him.

- All right.

Look what it says in the paper  
about the show. "Babes In Arms..."

Come on, get back on the stage.

We got a lot of rehearsing to do. Come on.

Hello. Yes, this is the Harry Maddox  
Theatrical Productions.

Yes, ma'am. Yes, we're casting children  
for the new show.

You're welcome.

Stage mother. Why doesn't Mr. Maddox  
produce lbsen instead of kid shows?

You got me.

Sorry, Mr. Maddox is busy.

You'll have to wait.

Hello. Yes, Mr. Maddox.

No, he hasn't come in yet. Yes, sir.

- I beg your pardon.

- Only casting children today.

I'm Joe Moran. Mr. Maddox sent for me.

Mr. Moran. Oh, yes, he's expecting you.

Please come right this way.

Hello, Joe.

By golly, it's good to see you.

Thanks, Mr. Maddox.

Cut it out. Where did you get that  
Mr. Maddox stuff?

- Well, you're a big shot now, Harry.

- Apple sauce.

You know show business, up today  
and down tomorrow and back up again.

Sit down, sit down, I wanna talk to you.

Say, Joe, do you know it's taken me  
a month to find you?

Well, Florrie and me have got  
a place down near the job.

- You know, the kids went out on their own.

- Yeah.

Yes, I know. They'll...

They'll do that, kids will.

What I wanted to see you  
about was this.

- I'm in a spot where you can help me out.

- Oh, no show business.

The world has been changing so rapidly  
in the last few years, it's kept us all dizzy.

The public...

The public is like the Frenchman's flea...

...you put your finger on them  
and boom, they aren't there.

They're always hungry  
for something new.

I'm not interested in the public.

Didn't talk like that the night Mickey  
was born, back in the Palace Theater.

When everybody in the audience got  
to be your brother and your sister.

Gee, they were great that night.

Remember?

- Yeah, they were.

- A lot of that's come back, Joe.

Old-fashioned sentiment's  
not taboo anymore.

And, Joe, a song-and-dance man  
as great as you are...

...is just as much of a miracle  
as he ever was.

Leave me alone, Harry.

I want no part of it.

I stood on Broadway corners  
and watched the business I grew up in...

...that I was good in.

I watched it pass me by  
like I had no place in it.

Never turned around to see  
if your feelings were hurt.

Kids had nothing.

Home gone.

I got up out of the rosin  
as often as I could.

I'm tired.

- I'll stay where I am.

- You...

Kidding yourself that you can live  
without doing what you were put here for.

You mean to say that you think you can  
keep away from show business? No.

Joe, I'm offering you a job.

A job where you'll see the people crowding,  
sure they're gonna have a good time.

You get to the theater,  
you meet your pals...

...you get your makeup on.

You hear the orchestra tuning up.

The stage manager calls, "First act places,  
please. Curtain's going up."

Then the curtain goes up.

Oh, boy, what a thrill.

No, Joe. You and I,

we can't ever live without it.

We know too much about it.

What's your proposition, Harry?

Well, I've got a show.

A new show. A bunch of kids, see?

As fresh and sparkling as anything  
that ever hit Broadway.

But, well, they don't know as much about  
song and dance as they think they do...

...so I want you to teach them.

Show them how.

Yeah?

What do you say?

- All right, Harry.

- I knew you would.

You run home and tell Florrie  
all about it. And listen...

...you and she are having dinner  
with me tonight, just like old times.

Joe, by the way, there's somebody  
in the show that you know.

Who?

- Mickey.

- Mickey.

Now, now, now, don't get excited.

Just keep cool. The kid is swell.

No fooling, he's immense,

but he needs you, Joe.

He needs you more than anything  
in the world.

All right, call your rehearsal.

I'll make a trouper out of him.

A real trouper.

Give my love to Florrie.

Gee, I didn't think you were gonna  
be able to make it.

What a man. Thanks, Mr. Maddox.

You see, Mickey, I've loved your father  
much longer than you have.

I'm gonna make good for him too.

- You'll make good for a lot of people.

- Who?

For the kids who never had a chance.

For the kids a lot of wiseacres are telling...

...there is no such thing  
as an American dream.

Well, those kids have got  
their eyes on you.

Because you're being  
given your chance...

...and by the bones of Bacchus,  
you'd better make good.

Gee, it's bigger than just a show.

Say, it's everybody in the country.

Look at that kid, will you?

Hi there, neighbor

Going my way?

East or west on the Lincoln Highway

Hi there, Yankee

Give out with a great big thankee

You're in God's country

Where the grass is greener

And timber's taller

The mountains bigger

And troubles smaller

Hi there, chappy  
Look over the seas be happy  
You're in God's country  
A hundred million rooters can't be wrong  
So give a hand  
Give a hand  
Give a cheer for your land  
Where smiles are broader  
And freedom's greater  
Where every man is his own dictator  
Hi there, Yankee  
Give out with a great big thankee  
You're in God's  
God's country  
- Skies bluer  
- God's country  
- Hearts truer  
- God's country  
All of you who think  
It's so much easier to give in  
Count your many blessings  
For this wondrous land  
We live in  
Love its highways  
Love its alleys  
Its Rocky Mountains and ruby valleys  
Hi there, neighbor  
You don't need a sword or saber  
You're in God's country  
We've got no duce  
We've got no Fhrer  
But we've got Garbo and Norma Shearer  
- Got no goosestep  
- But we the got a Suzie Q step  
Here in God's country  
A hundred million rooters can't be wrong  
- So give a hand  
- Give a smile  
- Give a cheer  
- For your land  
We've got Nelson Eddy, lots of others  
We've got three of the four Marx brothers  
Hi there, Yankee  
Give out with a great big thankee



You're in God's  
God's country

- Grass greener
- Trees taller
- Mountains bigger
- Troubles smaller
- Sun brighter
- Skies bluer
- Loads lighter
- Hearts truer

Here we go a-marching  
A bunch of happy residents  
Here we go a-marching  
The nation's future presidents  
Hail to the chief

He's a very charming fellow

With a hi

With a ho

Hail to the chief

He's a most disarming fellow

Stand up my friends and shout hooray

- Hooray
- Hooray
- Hooray
- Hooray

My friends, my friends

It's been a lovely day

I signed a bill declaring war

On bugs in Carolina

I refereed a game of chess

Between Japan and China

I rang a bell that launched a ship

That sunk off Asia Minor

My friends, it's been a lovely day

My day, my day

Has been a lovely day

I breakfasted in Idaho

Then lunched in Indiana

I opened up a Turkish bath

In Helena, Montana

I launched a lovely Ferris wheel

And then dined in Louisiana

My day has been a lovely day

- It's been a lovely day

- It's been a lovely day
- Here in the U.S.A.
- Here in the U.S.A.
- What about Romania?
- India?
- And France?
- I can only say one thing
- What?
- Dance

What about the tepee girls

Who haven't got a chance?

I can only say to you

- What?
- Dance
- What about Pango Pango?
- Teach them to do the tango
- What of Brazilian mocha?
- It's better if you polka
- What about our wages when we dig?
- Brother, teach them to jig
- What about a pension for ma and pa?
- What about a pension for Artie Shaw?

What about the budget?

Relief? Finance?

- Gentlemen
- What?

Come on, students

Just dance, just dance

Wherever freedom's banners are unfurled

Sing this song from our hearts

To the hearts of the world

We send our greetings to friendly nations

We may be Yanks but we're no relations

Drop your sabers

We're all gonna be good neighbors

Here in God's

God's country