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Bathing Beauty

By Dorothy Kingsley

Hey, Carlos. Did you learn this song
I wrote for Miss Brooks?
She'll be here in a couple minutes.
When you sing,
put your heart and soul into it.
Don't let her get away from you.
Don't worry.
When I sing, they never get away.
Good.
On second thought, you better
put my heart and soul into it, huh?
Okay.
Ladies and gentlemen...
...the famous Colombian baritone,
Seor Carlos Ramirez.
Hey, Carlos, there she is.
Let go, Carlos, please.
Please, Carlos, don't...
Sorry.
Hello, how are you?
I'm sorry.
Hello, how are you?
Gee, it's fun to be people.
- Darling.
- Yes, dear?
I wrote a letter to Dean Clinton last night.
I told her to get a new swimming teacher.
Sweetheart.
I just put a call through to George Adams
and told him to find a new songwriter.
- Darling.
- Yes, dear?
- I've a surprise for you.
- What?
I can cook.
Sweetheart, I have a surprise for you.
I can't eat.
Have these things
taken up to my room, will you?
- Name, please?
- Adams. George Adams.
- Very well, sir.
- Hello, George, what are you doing here?
Hello, Cugie, I'm here to find out

what goes on with that crazy songwriter.
You mean Elliott?
I mean Elliott.
He came to write music
for my water pageant.
And what do I get?
Nothing. I send at least 20 wires
asking what's wrong.
What does he answer?
Nothing. Cugie, I can't stand it.
What's happened to him? Where is he?
He's at the pool, of course.
Where else?
The pool? What are you talking about?
He hates water.
But wait till you see what's in it.
Oh, no. Don't tell me it's a woman.
I can't believe it.
- Steve would never fall for a bathing suit.
- But wait till you see what's in it.
You know, he plans to marry that girl.
Settle down here and retire.
Retire?
- No, no, no...
- Oh, yes, yes, yes...
But what am I gonna do
with Harry James?
What will I do with my water pageant,
these pipes, pumps and faucets?
I don't know.
Have you seen a plumber?
I beg your pardon.
I don't think I know you.
You don't, huh? Listen.
Don't try to give me the brushoff.
- I knew you when.
- When he what?
Yes, of course. How stupid of me.
It's little Mary Donovan.
Maria Dorango to you,
you big phony.
"I'm gonna make a star of you,
my dear girl.
I'm going to put your name

up in lights."

You put my name in your address book
and that's as far as it ever went.

But I never forgot you.

I was just waiting for the right role.

Darling, are you sure you're going
to be happy living here?

I was never so sure of anything
in all my life.

From now on, no more Tin Pan Alley,
no more smoky nightclubs...

...no more Broadway producers
like George Adams.

I'll never write another
boogie-woogie tune as long as I live.

With you as my inspiration, I can write
important music like symphonies...

...and tone poems or sonatas.

- We're still gonna be married tomorrow.

- Yes, of course.

Providing my grandfather
wires his consent and my dowry.

Your dowry?

- You mean, I'm gonna get money too?

- Oh, come on.

He can't do this to me.

I'm his best friend.

I'll get those songs
if I have to stop that marriage.

Maria, I've got it.

How good an actress are you?

- Well, l...

- Fine.

You're about to play the biggest part
of your career. Come on.

If there is anyone here who can show why
they shouldn't be joined in holy wedlock...

...let him speak now

or forever hold his peace.

Do you, Caroline, take this man
to be your lawful wedded husband?

I do.

Do you, Steven, take this woman
to be your lawful wedded wife?

I do.

I now pronounce you man and wife.

Stop.

What's the meaning of this?

This man is my husband.

- What?

- What?

- What?

- What proof have you?

What proof have I?

Oh, now... No, no, believe me.

Caroline.

Would you care for some lunch,

Miss Brooks?

You've got to connect me.

She's my husband. I mean, I'm her wife.

She checked out. Well, did she

leave a forwarding address?

Oh, she didn't, huh?

Okay.

George, she's gone and I've lost her.

- Steady, Steve. Caroline isn't the only girl.

- Well, she is for me.

We'll leave for New York immediately.

In times of stress, work is the solution.

Now, you finish packing.

I'll pay the bill.

Buck up. You must bury yourself
in your music.

Yeah, I'd just as soon bury myself.

Hello?

Cugie.

That crazy Dorango woman
been around?

She disappeared?

Why does she do this to me?

- Steve, I saw her.

- Which one?

- The good one, Caroline.

- Where?

She was at the travel window
buying a ticket.

Well, ticket for what?

You know where she was going?

I don't remember.

Something like, a cow.

Cow? Don't tell me

she went to Moscow?

No.

Istanbul?

No.

- Is there some such place as Jersey?

- Well, there's New Jersey.

That's where Victoria College is.

She's gone back to her old job. Come on.

- Hey, is this Victoria College?

- It isn't West Point.

Well, we finally made it. Fling open
the gates, my good man, I'm in a hurry.

Just hold your horses. The gates don't
fling until I find out what you want.

Oh, I wanna see

Miss Caroline Brooks.

Take off your hat.

- l...

- You aren't gonna see her.

We don't allow men in this school...

...and especially,

we don't allow men with red hair.

Well, I didn't know...

Oh, you don't allow men, huh?

What's that guy, a tomboy?

That's Professor Evans.

Professors don't count.

That guy can't read, either.

Nobody gets through these

but parents, teachers, students.

- Well, now, l...

- But you are a parent.

What about Tom, Dick and Harry?

You're wasting your time, mister.

Tell her to call me

at the Town and Country Club.

It's a matter of life and death.

Mine.

- Very pretty, but that one's flat.

- Oh, how are you, Harry?

Where have you been?

We've been looking for you.
I've been trying to get into college.
- Where's George?
- Out with a posse looking for you.
- He needs that music, Steve, so do I.
- Don't worry. You'll get it.
- Yeah?
- I'll start first thing in the morning.
Swell, now, don't go away.
I'll be back right after this number.
If you don't mind, sir?
Well, thanks a lot.
What are you, a musician?
No, attorney.
- Do you wanna know something?
- No, I don't.
I was gonna be married next month.
I was married last month.
It's that darn charter.
If I don't change it, I'll lose my job.
And if I lose my job, I'll lose my girl.
And if I lose my girl, I'm lost.
- Yeah, I've already lost mine.
- Your job?
No, my girl.
- She's in Victoria College.
- So is the charter.
- What charter?
- The charter I have to change.
The... Look...
Here's my girl. The girl...
- Now, here's my girl.
- I'm very happy to meet you.
And here's the charter.
And here's me.
Now, I have to change that
before I can get that.
Is that clear?
Oh, sure.
You're biting my girl.
Now, what's your trouble?
Well, sir, speaking in your language...
...that is me.
I need a haircut, don't I?

That is Victoria College.
And this is the gate man.
And this...
...is Caroline, the apple of me eye.
Now, I have to get past this
to get into that...
...to get this.
What are you doing?
I'm putting the charter
back in the college.
What charter?
The charter that I've been trying
to change.
- Look, Victoria is a woman's college.
- Yeah, and they don't allow men.
No, but it says in the charter
they do allow men.
That's why they want me to change it.
What kind of a man would wanna go
to a woman's college?
None.
A man should go to a man's college.
And a woman should go
to a woman's college.
And a child should go
to a child's college.
That's right.
Charter?
Thank you, Professor Evans.
Your paper, "O'er Hill and Dale with Field
Glass and Camera" was most instructive.
- Splendid.
- Yes.
- Wonderful idea.
- Yes, it is splendid.
I'm terribly sorry to interrupt, Dean
Clinton, but there's a man in my office.
- Well?
- Well, he wants to register.
- Well, whom does he want to register?
- Himself.
It's probably some silly college boy
sent here on an initiation stunt.
Oh, he isn't a boy. He's a man,

with red hair, and he's very determined.
Why should a man wish
to become a student here?
He says he has a thirst for knowledge.
And he wants to quench it
in our swimming pool.
Caroline, will you take care of this matter
while we continue with the meeting?
But Dean Clinton, wouldn't you rather...
I mean, wouldn't you...
No, dear, no. You take charge of it.
Just act the way you say I act,
when I'm not around to hear you say it.
Miss Caroline, I can't figure out
how he ever got past me.
He must've climbed over the wall.
Shall I throw him out?
No, no, you wait out in the hall.
I'll call you if he gets violent.
Yes.
- Caroline.
- I'm Miss Brooks.
I understand you wish
to enroll in Victoria College, Mr...
Elliott. Steven Elliott.
The husband of the same name.
You're not gonna be anybody's husband
pretty soon, you Casanova, you.
- I've started annulment proceedings.
- Oh, no, Caroline.
You can't. I'm innocent, believe me.
I was standing there
getting married, and...
- Oh, Caroline, you've gotta trust me.
- Trust you?
How can I trust you?
You redheaded bluebeard, you.
Oh, I'm not a blueheaded redbear...
I mean, a...
Evidently you're not aware of it,
but this is a girls' school.
Evidently you're not aware of it,
Miss Brooks...
...but this is a girls' school for boys.

It says so in the charter.
Page 10, Section Six.
Of course, if you were to drop
the annulment proceedings...
...I might be persuaded not to enter.
You wait right here,
you blackmailer, you.
He claims this is
a coeducational institution.
That men and women are permitted.
He says it's in the charter.
Of course he's wrong?
- Unfortunately, he's right.
- What?
I was under the impression
our charter had been altered.
Lawyers have been working
on the matter.
At the moment,
a man is legally entitled to enroll here.
- Why... I've never heard.
- There's just one thing to do.
Have the fellow investigated.
- Oh, I don't think we ought to do that.
- Why not?
Well, think of the publicity.
Caroline is right. Victoria is noted
for its cloistered atmosphere.
Our students come
from the finest families.
Publicity of this sort
would be embarrassing.
Yes, that's right.
He must be gotten rid of
quickly and quietly.
- Yes, but how?
- Oh, that's very simple.
Each new student
is on two weeks' probation.
If during that period she or he acquires
a sufficient number of demerits...
...out she or he goes.
- Good.
- Yes.

Yes, now, if we all cooperate,
he should be out of here in no time.

Good.

Well, Steve, you get your wish.

- You mean you'll cancel the annulment?

- No, I mean we accept your application.

All right. Bring on the enrollment blank,
pencil sharpener and my roommate.

Oh, may I carry that for you?

Hey, what am I?

A coal miner or a student?

Oh, now, this is charming.

What is it, the Victoria swap shop?

Unfortunately, all our best rooms
are occupied.

I hope you'll be
very uncomfortable here.

Now, here's your sche...

Here's your schedule of classes.

You'll find them quite heavy.

Gosh, what a romantic spot
for a honeymoon.

Here is your book of rules
and regulations.

You know, you have
the longest eyelashes.

You're expected
to follow those implicitly.

Your hair's kind of silky.

Did you ever try braiding it?

We especially stress neatness,
truthfulness and punctuality.

You know,
I dream about you every night.

Now we come to the subject
of discipline.

Each student is allowed 100 demerits
per semester.

You're lovelier than I remembered.

And we give them very freely,
especially to you.

One hundred and out you go.

Well, I can hardly wait.

Oh, really?

And 20 demerits for insubordination.
How many demerits
for kissing a teacher?
Enough to expel you, you wolf.
Caroline, Caroline, are you all right?
Open the door.
How dare you lock that door.
Well, why not?
You're my wife, aren't you?
Open this door
or I shall be forced to break it down.
Call him off. Call him off.
Call him off. Call him off.
- Did this oaf attempt to molest you?
- What do you mean, oaf? I happen...
Steven Elliott, the new student here.
Oh, it seems I was a trifle hasty.
Please accept my apology, old man.
You see, I'm inclined to be a trifle touchy
where Miss Brooks is concerned.
Oh, yeah?
Who do you happen to be, bub?
Why, this is Professor Evans,
your botany professor, Mr. Elliott.
He knows all there is to know
about Tropaeolum.
"Nasturtiums" to you.
Yeah? Nasturtiums to you too.
Caroline, we must allow Mr. Elliott
to clean his room, mustn't we?
Yes, we certainly must.
He ought to be ashamed of himself.
Oh, and by the way, I almost forgot.
Here is your freshman beanie.
You will be required to wear it
at all times.
And...
...you may find this useful. Good day.
Thank you.
Come on, now.
Hurry.
Hey, come on.
Oh, will you do it, Miss Smith?
- Come on, please?

- Please, come on. Come on.
Ladies, please.
What are you talking about?
Come on, Smitty,
nobody can do it like you can.
Come on, please. Please, Smitty.
Now, girls, you know the rules.
- Come on, kids.
- Let's get rid of this stuff.
- Open the top. Let's get started.
- All right.
But if the faculty finds out,
I'll have to leave Victoria.
Lucky you.
That was super, Miss Smith.
- Now let's really get hot.
- Yeah.
Let's go below the border
for some South American jive.
- Yeah.
- Wonderful.
Okay, kiddies.
I mean, very well, ladies.
But everyone will have to help.
Okay, Smitty, we're with you.
Oh, wonderful.
Girls, big news. Steve Elliott's here.
Steve Elliott?
You're kidding. The man who wrote
"Boogie Woogie Sugie"?
And "Beat Me Daddy,
With a Boogie Brush"?
And "Dig Me Sister,
With a Solid Spade"?
Well, what are we waiting for?
Let's go.
"I have lost my pen in the garden
of my aunt?"
Hello.
"I have lost my pen in the garden
of my aunt in the Casbah."
I thought you would like to know.
What makes you think
I'd be interested?

Well, you should be.
She's your aunt too.
Oh, look, Caroline, why don't you let me
come over and talk to you?
I'm sorry, Mr. Elliott, you'll have to wait
until the last Sunday in October.
If you're still here.
That's when I hold my annual reception
for new students. Good night.
Well, look, l...
Hello?
Hello?
Relax, Stevey, this isn't French,
it's music.
Professor Hendricks won't be here
for 10 minutes. We set his clock back.
Oh, good.
His music sets me back about 10 years.
I must have taken a little catnap.
Catnap, my eye. You weren't purring,
you were snoring.
Don't men look silly
when they're waking up?
Don't men look silly?
I can imagine what you look like
when you wake up.
What do you mean?
Do you realize what girls go through
to make themselves beautiful?
How they look when they first get up?
Look, I'll show you.
Now, the chair will be the bed. See?
Here's an imaginary dresser
with the mirror and the makeup.
The mirror and the makeup
are important.
I'll take the part of the girl, see?
Now, you give me something to wake
me up like they do early in the morning.
Cheese it, here comes Piccolo Pete.
And now we come to the folk song,
or traditional type of melody.
A perfect example of this school
is the old Scotch ballad, "Loch Lomond."

You may illustrate, Miss Smith.

And no embellishments, please.

By yon bonnie banks

And by yon bonnie braes

Where the sun shines bright

On Loch Lomond

Oh, we too have passed

So many blithesome days

On the bonnie, bonnie banks

Of Loch Lomond

Oh, you take the high road

And I'll take the low road

And I'll be in Scotland afore ye

But I and my true love

Will never meet again

Are we keeping you awake,

Mr. Elliott?

Barely.

I suppose you think you could improve upon the melody, Mr. Elliott?

Oh, he has, many times.

Oh, indeed.

I shall give him another opportunity.

Thank you, sir.

You'll bring a sample

of your improvement tomorrow.

At which time,

I shall turn the class over to you.

- Tomorrow?

- Yes.

That's rather quick notice,

isn't it, professor?

Tomorrow, huh?

May I bring my own accompanist?

Oh, you may bring anyone you like.

And now, if you haven't

any objections...

...we will proceed with our music,

Mr. Elliott.

Here's coffee. I brought you some doughnuts too. I made them myself.

- I helped her carry them over.

- Oh, swell. Thanks a lot.

- Oh, here they come.

- Here they come.
I'll take the high road
And I'll take the low road
You're not a Tetrizzini
And, babe, you're no Caruso
But don't you get a tingle
Whenever our voices mingle?
You've heard that Sinatra fellow
I swoon when he gets mellow
Well, anything he can do I can do
Accompanied slightly by you
I'll take the high note
And you take the low note
And we'll make sweet music together
I'll sing in your key
And you'll sing in my key
We won't be off-key together
We'd be such a lovely duet
We might even sing at the Met
There's no telling how far we'll go
- If I sing high
- And I sing low
So I'll take the high note
And you'll take the low note
And we'll make sweet music together
Oh, I'll take the high note
And you take the low note
And I'll be in Dixie afore ye
Well, anything you can do
I can do too
Accompanied slightly by you
I'll take the high note
And you take the low note
And we'll make sweet music together
I'll sing in your key
And you sing in my key
We won't be off-key together
We'd be such a lovely duet
We might even sing at the Met
There's no telling how far we'll go
If you sing high
And you sing low
I'll take the high note
And you take the low note

- High
- High
- Da-da-da-de-a
- Da-da-da-de-a
- Da-do-dey
- Da-do-dey
High, high, high, la-do-da-de-a
I'll take the high note
And you take the low note
And we'll make
- We'll make sweet music together
- We'll make sweet music together
We'd be such a lovely quartet
We might even sing Rigolet
There's no telling what we could do
If I sing true
And I sing blue
High, low
High, high, high, high, the high note
I'll take the high note
And you'll take the low note
And we'll make sweet music together
We four together
We'll take the high note
We'll take the low note
And we'll make sweet music together
We'll sing in your key
We'll sing in your key
We won't be off-key together
We'd be such a lovely sextet
We'll do Lucia di Lammermoor yet
We'll give out with a hot gavotte
- lf Smith plays sweet
- And James plays hot
We'd be the best of all the octettes
We'd dance a ring around the Rockettes
Our Terpsichore is to the pernt
In fact, we've learned to kill the jernt
Two, three, kick
Isn't that redheaded fellow wonderful?
That's me.
- High
- High
- Da-da-da-de-a

- Da-da-da-de-a
- Le-do-dey
- Le-do-dey
High, high, high, high, da, high
I'll take the high note
And you take the low note
And we'll make
We'll make
Sweet music together
Splendid. A great improvement.
Thank you very much.
Well, there you are, professor.
Young man...
...due to circumstances
over which I have no control...
...I am forced to give you
an A in music.
Gee, you've got the longest eyelashes.
You know,
I dream about you every night.
Gosh, your hair's silky.
Did you every try it in braids?
Come in.
I knew you'd like it in braids.
How dare you come here?
Oh, now.

Rule 113:

"Students are invited at all times
to bring to the members of the faculty...
...problems of a personal nature."
Now, I have a problem...
...and it's very personal.
- Well, what is it?
Well, it's about my bed.
What about your bed?
Well, it's cold.
Now, don't tell me you forgot
to bring your hot-water bottle.
It's the first thing you packed
when we were going on our honeymo...
I'll see that you get another blanket.
Good night, Mr. Elliott.
Oh, I have another problem.

- What is it?
- It's about my bed again.
Not only is it too cold, but...
Well, it's too short.
My foot sticks out. Both of them.
Well, have it cut off. Both of them.
Well, I'd much rather
have a bigger bed.
One like the one we were going to buy,
you remember?
No. No, I don't remember.
You remembered
the hot-water bottle, though.
Oh, brother. What a bed that was.
Carved out of rosewood
with little cupids all over it.
You remember it.
It was in that store window in California.
If you miss the bed,
why don't you go back to California...
...and sleep in the window.
- I will, if you'll go with me.
Oh, Caroline,
you've got to believe me...
Caroline. Oh, Caroline.
Here comes that Evans
and that elephant again.
Hey, what's that guy
hanging around you for?
Why, we're very dear friends.
In fact, we're more than friends, we're...
We're practically engaged.
Well, congratu...
Engaged?
You're married to me.
I won't be when that annulment
comes through.
Caroline, are you there?
Just a moment, Willis, dear.
Willis, dear. You know
you're not in love with that creep.
Don't tell me who I'm in love with.
I'm not in love with you.
Now, now, you get out of here.

Go on.
Go ahead, open the door
for your lover.
I'll go out of your life
through the window...
...into the night.
Oh, get lost. Go on.
- Good evening, Willis.
- Good evening, my dear.
What...? What kept you so long?
Oh, I was just cleaning out my room.
Oh, come, come, come, Duke.
I know we're happy to see Miss Brooks
but we must behave like a gentleman.
Sit.
Sit. That's a good boy.
Willis, come sit here next to me.
I... I missed you
this summer, my dear.
Lake Tillamook wasn't the same
without you.
Well, I missed you too, Willis.
I wish I'd gone to Lake Tillamook
instead of California.
Really, Caroline.
That's the nicest thing
you've ever said to me.
Oh, Willis, stop teasing.
You know how I feel about you.
Why, Caroline.
Darling, I didn't know.
Duke hasn't been himself ever since
that Elliott person registered here.
- Perhaps I'd better investigate.
- Don't bother, dear.
He probably just smells a rat.
Don't you mean a mouse?
No, I mean a rat.
A large rat.
Whatever you say, my dear.
If you don't mind,
I'd like to go to the movies.
There's a double feature
in the village tonight.

If we hurry, we can still make it.

Oh, very well, my dear.

But I do hope

the pictures are educational.

- You get the car, I'll meet you outside.

- All right.

Oh, and suppose we leave Duke here
to keep an eye on the rat?

An excellent suggestion.

Duke, I don't want you to budge
from this spot...

...until Miss Brooks and I
return from the cinema.

Do you understand?

That's a good boy.

Oh, that's the way we say good night.

If you are not in your room by 9:00,
I will be forced to have you expelled.

Rule 110.

At the sound of the gong,
the time will be 8:55.

Bong.

Good night.

Lassie, go home.

- Oh, I'm in the wrong room.

- You certainly are.

- You ought to be in a cell.

- How are you?

You're carrying this
girl business too far.

Oh, this. I'm dressed like a dame
to escape a Dane.

- What?

- Who told you I was here?

Harry James.

Now, listen, schoolboy.

I'll give you 10 days
to finish my score...

...or I'll raise a scandal,
it'll blast you out.

- George...

- And the dean and Caroline with you.

- Oh, you wouldn't.

- Oh, wouldn't I?

I'd do anything for my water pageant.
Schubert's the only guy who got away
with an unfinished symphony.

Here.

Get busy.

It's no use, George.

Ever since the day I lost Caroline...

...why, I haven't been able
to write a line.

I've just been trying
to figure out a way...

...to kind of get her back.

If I could get my hands on that woman,
I'd choke the truth out of her.

Somebody put her up to that.

And I'll find out who. And when I do...

Hey, George.

How come you showed up so quick
in California?

- Where were you while I was...?

- Steve, it's me, your best friend.

You don't think
that after all these years...

- My dear fellow...

- No, it couldn't be. I'm sorry.

- You'll have to forgive me. I'm not myself.

- Steve, listen.

I'm interested in your happiness.

I want you to stay here in this school
until you win back your little bride.

I've tried, but it isn't easy.

The professors giving demerits,
Caroline giving dirty looks...

...everybody gives homework.

- Don't worry about it.

I'll help you.

You may not know it

but I was expelled from Oxford.

Really?

You can help me

with a little homework.

- There's three maps. Wait a minute.

- All right.

Four pages of history...

...five pages of geometry...
...six pages of chemistry...
...ten pages of botany...
...and a thesis on the love life
of a plover.

- The what?

- I don't know.

Look, do that for me and get it back
in the morning. Will you, George?

Steve, it looks as if

I'm working your way through college.

Yeah. Good night, George.

Hello?

Yes, I placed a long-distance call
to Xavier Cugat.

Put him on.

Hello. Hello, Steve, how are you?

Cugie? No, sorry, he's on stage
playing that Venezuela number you like.

Want to listen?

Say, Cugie, Steve Elliott's on the phone.

Hello. Hello, Steve.

Hello, Cugie?

Say, your number sounded wonderful.

Have you heard

from that crazy woman?

I grieve to tell you

we have heard nothing but silence...

...since the day of that incident.

She has vanished into hot air.

I know. I know. I know.

I sympathize with you.

I know your loss was great.

I too sustained a great loss.

When the seorita left,

she took my last pair of maracas.

Who cares about maracas?

She took my last pair of nylons.

- Maracas.

- Nylons.

- Nylons, I said.

- All right, maracas.

Fine.

Cugie's lost his maracas,

Lina's lost her nylons...
...and I've lost my Caroline.
"Geometry, 90.
Chemistry, 95.
History, 98."
Oh, well. My... This is awful.
There seems little hope of getting rid
of Mr. Elliott scholastically.
How do we stand on demerits?
Professor Evans?
Oh, well, 10 demerits for sleeping
through botany.
- Miss Phillips?
- Ten for defacing his map in geography.
- Professor Hendricks?
- Ten demerits for tardiness.
Twenty-five demerits for...
- Go on, my dear.
- For insubordination.
I see.
Anyone else?
Well, that's only 55. A long way
from the hundred we need to expel him.
You all realize that each hour
that young man remains here...
...our situation becomes
more precarious.
There must be some way
of stepping up his demerits.
Legitimately, of course.
Dean Clinton, you forget.
Tomorrow the young man starts with me
in eurhythmics.
Oh, yes...
...eurhythmics.
That was very,
very nice girls, very nice.
Now, the next thing
we shall do will be...
Well, come in, Mr. Elliott.
No, I don't think I'd better.
Will you please come in?
We have no time to play the
hide-and-the-seek, Mr. Elliott. Come in.

Well, well, well, look who's here.
Mr. Apollo.
Stomach in.
Chest out.
Shoulders back.
Head up.
Girls, line up, please.
One, and two, and three, and four,
and five, and six, and seven, and...
Oh, no, no, no, no.
What's the matter?
That was an accident.
My leg won't stretch.
It's all right this way,
but this is new to me.
- It won't stretch, huh?
- No, ma'am.
I shall stretch it for you.
Put your arm around there.
Straight. Give me your leg.
Give me your leg.
Up high, high, high, high...
Up. up.
Get up there. Get off of there.
Stomach in. Chest out.
Shoulders back. Head up.
To the bar.
Put your foot on the rail.
Up here. Up here.
You have some pretty tall friends.
Get up there.
Hurry up. Up. Up.
Get off the floor.
Get off the floor.
Stomach in. Chest out.
Shoulders back. Head up.
Girls, line up for the walking exercise.
Is that a way to walk?
Walking isn't up there.
It's here.
Well, I've been using
the wrong end for years.
Where is your carriage?
The secret of good carriage is pride.

Each day a woman
must say to herself:
"I have a secret.
I am beautiful.
I am beloved."
And she must carry herself
as if she believes it.
Watch.
I have a secret.
I am beautiful.
I am beloved.
Now you do it.
- Me?
- Yes, you.
Well, I'd rather not.
You will walk
or I will give you demerits.
I'm walking.
I have a secret.
I am beautiful.
- I am beloved.
- Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, Mr. Elliott.
We do not waddle like a duck.
That's the only way I know.
Hold your head up. High. High. High.
- It's hooked on back there.
- Well, hold it up high...
...and act like a proud horse.
Move over, Nell.
That will be 20 demerits
for bad stable manners.
Girls, sit down.
How many times
have I told you not to eat candies?
You will ruin your shape.
What shape?
The next one I catch eating candies...
And throw away on the floor
all the sticky paper...
...will get 25 demerits.
Line up, everybody, for the waltz.
Come on. Hold up.
Lively, make it lively. That's it.
Music.

Well...

...we might as well face it, dear.
Tomorrow is Parents' Day, isn't it?
And in spite of all our efforts,
Mr. Elliott's still here.

I know.

Frankly, I'm at a loss to explain
his presence here to the parents.
And as dean of Victoria...

...I'm responsible.

Perhaps...

...if some very attractive young person...
...could arrange an engagement
with Mr. Elliott tonight...
...and manage to keep him out
after hours...

We might also arrange to have
Professor Evans at the gate...

...to expel the young man
when he returns.

Perhaps we could.

Ladies and gentlemen...

...next,

we present a musical phenomenon.

Some years ago...

...in a little caf in Romania...

...Jascha Heifetz,

the famous violinist...

...heard a gypsy fiddler play a selection
that made such an impression on his mind...

...that later, he wrote

a brilliant adaptation of it.

Tonight, for the first time...

...we present these violin fireworks...

...as transcribed for the trumpet

by Harry James.

Ladies and gentlemen...

..."Hora Staccato."

- Darling.

- Yes, dear?

Pinch me, will you?

- What for?

- Never mind. Just pinch me.

Ouch, yeah, it's real.

For a minute,
I thought I was dreaming.
I can't believe it's really me,
sitting across from you.
It looks like you.
You know, I nearly gave up
a couple of times...
...but then you'd say
or you'd do some little thing...
...that made me feel you still cared.
Would I?
I knew once you had time to think...
...you'd never believe the stuff
that crazy woman said in California.
Please, Steve,
I'd rather not talk about it.
You know, Caroline...
...when you love someone,
you trust them.
No one could ever make me
believe anything bad about you.
I want to see Mr. George Adams.
It is very important that I see him.
I'll take care of this. How do you do?
- Glad to see you.
- What about the part?
Why haven't you sent for me?
I will see you in just one minute.
Thank you.
Hey!
Let me out of here. Open that door.
Well, I have our little house
all planned.
Now, over here will be the living room.
And here's the fireplace.
We could sit in front of it
during the long winter nights...
...and be kind of like this. That's you...
...and, well, this is me.
You're more like...
You know, I used to lie awake
nights in the janitor's room...
...sort of dreaming about this.
Now, over here is the dining room...

...with a big bay window and a cupboard
for my grandmother's Spode china.

I'm pretty sure she'll give it to us.

You know,

my grandmother's gonna love you.

- Do you think so, darling?

- I know so.

Now, over here is the hall
with a big winding staircase.

You know how kids like to
slide down banisters.

You are planning on children,
aren't you?

Yes, darling.

Then what are we waiting for?

Let's go to Victoria College,
throw things in the bag...

...and let's get out of here.

Well, you want to, don't you?

Well, yes, dear, of course I do.

But, well...

Well, they're playing
one of my favorite songs.

Let's dance awhile first, huh?

Oh, sure.

And now we give you
your favorite singing star, Helen Forrest.

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

'Cause I've found two eyes

Just a little bit bluer

And I've found a heart

Just a little bit truer

I cried for you

Now it's your turn

To cry over me

Hey, buddy, do you know

how I can get to Victoria College?

- Straight down the road about 20 miles.

- Thanks.

The figure is familiar...

...but I cannot place the voice.

Well, Duke, tonight we have occasion
for rejoicing.

Before the cock crows, Mr. Steven Elliott
will be out of our lives forever.

- Dear?

- Yes, darling?

There never really was anything between
you and that awful woman, was there?

Of course not.

I knew deep down in my heart
there couldn't be.

If she were really your wife,
she would have had a marriage license.

Of course, there were
those three little red-haired boys.

There are millions
of redheaded boys all over the world.
I couldn't be the father of all of them.

No, of course not, darling.

Forgive me?

- Are you happy?

- Happy? I'm delirious.

Why shouldn't I be?

Gosh, I've got my wife back,
I'm on the first lap of our honeymoon.

- A man couldn't ask for any more.

- No, only...

It took a long time to walk
from that church to the bridal suite.

- But we finally made it, didn't we?

- Well, not quite, dear.

What do you mean?

We're on our way to pack, aren't we?

Well, yes, of course.

But I'm afraid when we get to the gate...

...Willis might not let you in.

Willis might not, why?

Well, you're out after hours...

...and he's waiting to expel you.

I'm gonna knock that petunia-presser
right on his trapeoliums.
Hey, wait a minute.
How did he know you were with me?
Oh, l... I don't know, dear.
Unless it's because I told him.
You'd better turn here, dear.
- You told him.
- Oh, look, darling.
I simply had to get you out of school
before the parents come tomorrow.
And well, it seemed
the only way to do it.
Honey, I didn't know I was gonna
fall in love with you all over again...
...and that I'd wanna leave Victoria
with you.
Oh, that's different. Come on, let's go.
Oh, no. I can't leave
on such short notice.
- It's not fair to Dean Clinton.
- No, we've got to be fair to Dean Clinton.
- Oh, you're not mad, are you?
- Oh, no, I'm as happy as a lark.
You're just going in, I'm staying out.
Nothing to get mad about.
Oh, but, sweetheart.
You know you can't come in.
- Tomorrow's Parents' Day, and...
- Tonight is definitely not Husband's Night.
Besides, you can't
get through the gate.
Of course,
you could climb over the wall.
Yeah, the wall.
Just to pack your bags, of course.
Oh, of course. Yeah.
Will you come down to the room
and help me pack?
Of course.
I'll climb over that wall.
I'll jump over it.
I'll drive through...
...and tell Willis you've left.

He's there. Turn off the lights
the minute we burst into the room.

- Right.

- One, two, three...

Go.

Here. Put me down. Put me down.

- Okay, Bunny, we've got him.

- Steven Elliott, your hour has come.

You've been chosen to join the order of
the wise and worthy witches of Alpha Nu.

- Okay, kids! Give him the business.

- Now, wait a minute. What...?

Why don't you girls pick on
somebody your size?

Gosh, who's that?

I think it's one of your teachers.

- Jeepers. How'll we get out of here?

- You're witches, figure it out for yourself.

Here, what are you doing?

Hey, now, what are you...?

- Hello, Seor Elliott. I...

- Oh, no, not you.

I have to explain to you why I'm here.

It's just that I'm...

Steve, open the door, it's Caroline.

I only want to help.

Hurry, darling.

Sorry, pal, this is taken.

- Oh, goodness.

- Let me down. Let me down.

Let me dow...

Darling, hurry.

- Yes, dear?

- Don't just stand there. Come on.

Carry me over the threshold.

Oh, yeah, the threshold. Well...

Maybe you should come back later.

A week from Wednesday?

Come on, alley-oop.

There we are.

Are you cold, dear?

Yes, I am.

- I'll get you a robe.

- Thanks.

Oh, no, no, it isn't in there.
Oh, oh, is it over here?
No, no, it isn't in here either.
- Well, where?
- Well, I never wear the things.
Well, I'll get your slippers.
No, No. I never wear them, either.
What's that noise?
Suppressed steam.
Sometimes it goes on like that
all night.
- Really?
- Yes.
Maybe we'd better go
to your house, huh?
No, dear. If you can stand it, I can.
- Oh, I can't.
- Come on, sit down.
Relax.
Now, here we are all alone.
Yeah, all alone.
Just you and I.
Yeah, you and I.
How about a game of pinochle?
Chess?
Checkers?
Cribbage?
Jacks?
Steve, what's the matter with you?
Me? There's nothing the matter
with me. I...
Steve, I come to warn you.
- Who do you suppose is here?
- Who do you suppose is here?
Not fair, I asked you first.
Hello, Carlos. How are you?
With the exception of a slight cold,
good.
Slight cold.
Come in out of the night air, goodness.
- I'm not intruding?
- No. We're glad to see you. Aren't we?
My, yes. We can have a nice little game
of three-handed bridge.

- Good. I'll get the cards.
- I do not play the cards.
- I only play the guitar.
- Let's have a game of guitar.
Look, Carlos, why don't you find
yourself an audition somewhere else.
If you've got a bad cold,
you'd better take care of it, boy.
Go home and soak
your head. Good night.
Don't mind me. I'm broad-minded.
My parents aren't.
- They're on their way over.
- Your parents?
Yes, they got here ahead of time.
We've got to hide, quick.
Hide? What for?
There's nothing wrong here.
Yeah, that's what you think.
I think I hear them coming. Quick, hide.
We mustn't get the dean in trouble.
Let's hide somewhere. The closet.
Okay, No, no, no. not there.
Over here. It's cooler.
- There's something I must tell you.
- Hide.
What are you talking about?
- Get in there.
- Let me out.
But I assure you, Mrs. Allenwood,
the young man has already left Victoria.
Nevertheless,
I prefer to see it with my own eyes.
You see, everything is in order.
It seems to be, yes.
You are mistaken about Steve Elliott.
- He's a fine, upstanding young man.
- You.
Evidently, our fears are groundless.
Stuffy.
Who, my parents?
- It seems to be.
- Listen.
We must go back, Alonzo.

I've lost my lorgnette.

Here we go again.

Oh, no, no, no.

- Do you think you dropped it in here?

- I dropped it about here. Oh, there it is.

- Well, you're very fortunate.

- Thank you.

Very.

- Please, I can explain.

- You cellar Casanova.

I can explain, really I can...

Miss Brooks, will you please let me...?

- Oh, my.

- No, put me down.

- Excuse me.

- I know the whole story...

...I just can't live with it.

Let me go.

George, I've ruined everything.

I've embarrassed the dean,

disgraced Victoria College...

...and caused Caroline to lose her job.

- You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

- I am.

I came in to say goodbye.

Goodbye?

- Where are you going?

- I don't know.

I'd jump in the river

but the water reminds me of Caroline.

But what about my songs?

George, I'll make you a proposition.

Star Caroline in your water pageant...

...I'll see you get the songs

for the opening.

Star Caroline?

But she's unknown, Steve.

Well, that's my proposition.

You can take it or leave it.

- Take it? I got to take it.

- Oh, swell, George.

Wait a minute, Steve.

How does she look

in a bathing suit?

How does she look in a bathing suit?
Is he kidding?
Hide behind that piece of scenery.
You can see Caroline, she can't see you.
Oh, I know that,
but you don't have to rub it in.
Come on, Steve, hurry up. Hurry up.
Oh, Steve, darling, forgive me.
She told me everything.
- Who?
- Me.
I don't...
Please excuse me just a moment.
Excuse me one moment.
What am I doing? I can't swim. Help.