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# Cover Girl

By Virginia Van Upp

The show must go on  
The show must go on  
To answer all the clamour  
For oomph and glamour and so on  
To captivate Tom, Dick and Harry  
Each Matilda, Kay and Carrie  
Cleopatra and DuBarry  
Puts her show on  
Way back in history  
Old Adam didn't give a care  
There was no mystery  
A rag, a bone, a hank of hair  
But since humanity  
Discovered vanity  
We only know the show must go on  
We only know the show must go on  
This clever lyrical endeavor  
Could probably go on forever  
But all we're saying is what you know  
That glamour is a woman's show  
The show most people like to view  
Is evident in burlesque  
That show must go on  
The show must go on  
The show must go on  
To answer all the clamour  
For oomph and glamour and so on  
But since humanity  
Discovered vanity  
We only know the show must go on  
But the show we show  
Is different because  
We don't depend on this  
Nor this for applause  
That sort of thing  
We scornfully dismiss  
For  
This  
We only know the show must go on!  
Hey, Genius!  
Coming.  
Oh, those poor people.  
The entertainment can start.  
The Genius is here.

Don't let the customers hear. The house  
can be emptied in three minutes.

Listen, kids.

That number's still ragged. On your  
entrance, keep your heads down.

- Our mothers told us not to do it.
- You can't teach old daughters new tricks.

We'll see if I can

**at 9:**

Rehearsals are at 10.

Go on, you got five minutes  
to make your change.

Those little dames can sure gripe.

The bigger the gripe,  
the better the army, Jim.

- And there is a great army.
- You're not kidding.

Well, I just won't show up.

I have an appointment at 9:00,  
and I'll keep it.

It's my chance to get out of here  
and into the big time.

- What big time?
- The big time has nothing to do with 9:00.
- You got a line on a job, Maurine?
- You bet I have.

It has nothing to do with 9:00 either,

**or 10:**

You can sleep all day.

- I've never heard of a job like that.
- No? Here, look for yourself.

Not that I think I'm the most  
beautiful girl in the world...

...but I think I can at least try.

"Vanity's Golden Wedding Girl.

Fame and fortune await the girl...

...on the cover

of Vanity's 50th anniversary number.

Who will she be? She could be you."

How could getting your face on  
a magazine get you into the big time?

A cover girl's face can unlock

any door.

- I've got a face. I'll use it.

- I don't understand.

If you can do better,

why should Mr. McGuire object?

The McGuire slogan is to get there

on your feet, not your face.

Can you imagine me asking him?

My name is Rusty Parker.

Parker.

Could I see Mr. Coudair

about the Vanity cover?

Miss Jackson, Mr. Coudair's assistant,  
does interviews. She'll try to see you.

Thank you.

What on earth are you doing here?

Oh, same thing you are, I guess.

You shouldn't be

such a good salesman.

Does Danny know you came?

Well, I didn't tell him,

if that's what you mean.

He's gonna be sore at me. But you...

...egads, he'll cut you up

in little pieces.

Well, he doesn't have to know.

Does he, Maurine?

No, of course not.

Save it, kitties. Don't waste it on me.

That redhead isn't bad.

No, she isn't.

All right, Marion, let the bars down.

Carry on, Colby.

Maurine Martin, please.

Egads, wish me luck.

That girl has a really lovely figure...

...if she knew how to walk.

Ever done any modelling?

No, but all you have to do is keep still,  
isn't it?

That always helps.

Does it matter I've never modelled?

No, in this case, we prefer it.

Now sit down and stand up

again several times.  
I mean stand.  
You're a very pretty girl,  
little on the brash side, however.  
Our girl has to be quiet and demure.  
After all, the cover is a bride.  
Who's the girl with you,  
the one with the red hair?  
Oh, she works in the same joint...  
I mean, the same nightclub  
in Brooklyn I do.  
Danny McGuire's. Why?  
She's pretty.  
Now smile directly at me.  
And she looks relaxed.  
If only you gals could realise how  
important it is to be quiet and relaxed.  
Nice teeth.  
Keep your nightlife down and  
your hopes up. You may hear from us.  
Thank you.  
Goodbye.  
B.J. Graham.  
Are my seams straight?  
They're all right, darling.  
Don't make the mistakes I made.  
Keep talking and move around a lot.  
Be animated.  
That's what they're after. Even if you  
overdo it, be animated.  
Don't relax for a minute.  
Don't let her know you're new.  
Say anything, but impress it on her  
you've modelled before.  
- But I haven't.  
- Rusty Parker.  
Don't forget. Be animated.  
Hello! How do you do?  
My name is Rusty Parker.  
And you're Miss Jackson.  
I've heard so much about you.  
I suppose you've noticed  
I'm so full of animation...  
...it's impossible for me to sit still.

My grandmother said it's because  
my glands worked right.  
I suppose you'd like to know  
about my experience.  
I've done so much,  
all kinds of things.  
I've been on more bottles...  
Cold cures are my specialty.  
You know, sneezes and animated stuff,  
things like that.  
I have some photographs here...  
I'd rather you wouldn't take them out.  
I don't feel up to capturing them  
if they get loose.  
I think there's something you can take.  
I'd find out about it.  
Take? For what?  
Those glands. They're going to turn  
on you one of these days.  
But why can't I be  
the Golden Wedding Girl, Mr. Coudair?  
Your face is familiar to everyone  
who picks up a magazine.  
- I want a new face.  
- I don't blame you. So do I.  
What is a new face anyway? I hear  
about them, but I've never seen one.  
All right, Mr. Coudair.  
But I don't know how a bride can be  
new and experienced at the same time.  
- May I come in?  
- It won't do you any good.  
Your face isn't new enough.  
Fine thing!  
I saw the Golden Wedding Dress.  
It's a dream. Don't you love it?  
For now, there's nothing  
about this contest I love. It's beautiful.  
If you got me a dress like that,  
I'd marry anybody.  
Then I'll be very careful not to, Jinx.  
We need you in our business.  
Stonewall, there's the layout.  
The dress is ready. There's

the deadline. Where's the face?  
I have brought you 10,000 batches  
of photographs by slow count.  
Colby and I have been looking too.  
You're very hard to please.  
- You don't know what you want.  
- I know exactly what I want.  
- I want a girl with a story in her eyes.  
- Drawing room or smoking room?  
What does a young girl think about  
when she's going down the aisle?  
That's the look I want...  
...that young, wondering, misty look.  
Well, now we have a clue, Jinx.  
She must be misty.  
I can find you a lot of foggy ones.  
Thanks for helping us, Jinx.  
Somebody helped me to get started,  
didn't they? Bye.  
John, I'm desperate.  
There isn't a thing that Harry Conover  
hasn't made well-known...  
...except this one. She's at least new.  
We've got to choose somebody.  
Very pretty girl.  
Let me go take a look at her.  
This mania you have for peering at  
these creatures in their native haunts...  
I should know after all these  
years I can't change you.  
Is this one worth going to Brooklyn  
to see?  
Where on earth is that?  
I think you take a bridge to get there.  
- Evening, Pop.  
- Oh, hello, girls.  
Hello, Danny.  
If you'd had a horse under you in North  
Africa instead of one of them tanks...  
...you wouldn't have got shot up  
the way you was and sent home.  
Where'd it get you, Danny?  
In Libya.  
Well, it don't show a bit.

- Evening, Pop.  
- Cold out, ain't it, Rusty?  
Sure is.  
Hi, chicken.  
Hello, Danny.  
Missed you for breakfast, lunch  
and dinner. Don't you eat anymore?  
- I wasn't hungry tonight.  
- Weren't you hungry this morning?  
Who stole my nylons? Egads, a very...  
- Not very.  
- Too much rehearsal last night, huh?  
- It was kind of a workout.  
- That why you slept late?  
Oh, I didn't sleep late. I went uptown.  
Shopping?  
No, I went to see a man...  
...about a face.  
I thought you went to buy me  
a wedding present.  
Why? You getting married?  
Didn't you hear?  
Why, no, Mr. McGuire.  
And who is the lucky girl?  
She's kind of a funny kid. She's sore  
because she's got diamonds in her feet.  
Can you imagine that?  
Rusty, not many people have  
diamonds in their feet.  
They threw me out, Danny.  
They didn't want me up there.  
They didn't like my face.  
You've got a beautiful face. Is it your  
worry they don't know their business?  
Well, I get so tired, Danny.  
This way, it takes so long  
before you get anywhere.  
If you can get there quicker,  
why shouldn't you?  
When you get there quick,  
you're out quick.  
Easy get, easy lose.  
I've never seen it fail.  
You gotta work for what you get.

You're gonna be a star, but you gotta  
get there on your feet, not your face.  
Old shortcut Susie.  
Old hard way McGuire.  
We're a fine pair.  
We're a wonderful pair.  
Aren't we though?  
Dally, dally, dally. Nothing around here  
all day but dilly-dally.  
I better get dressed.  
I said it 100 times.  
You don't get there on the steps.  
You get there on your...  
But it depends on what you're after.  
Day and night, night and day,  
all I do is work and slave...  
...to keep this place  
with its head underwater.  
My number comes up,  
it goes to pieces.  
People sitting on the steps, chef quitting,  
noisy kitchen, girls always gabbing.  
- I'm not complaining.  
- You're on.  
Coming!  
My butcher shop  
My grocery  
Can keep on saying no, sirree  
But lack of this  
Or that  
Doesn't knock me flat  
Foreign times like these  
Life's no life of these  
Although I'm no saint  
I have no complaint  
We must do that task  
And it's little enough

**They ask:**

"Who's Complaining?"  
I'm not complaining  
You'll see  
We'll see this thing through  
Because of Axis' trickery

My coffee now is chicory  
And I can rarely purloin  
A sirloin  
No complaining  
Through the campaigning  
Who cares if carrots are few  
I'll feed myself on artichokes  
Until that Nazi Party chokes  
So long as they don't ration  
My passion  
For you  
You know if things go on  
At the rate they're going  
And goods flow out  
At the rate they're flowing  
The time isn't very far away  
When this will be my typical day  
At breakfast time just after I get up  
If there's little on the breakfast setup  
For the little I'm served  
I'm well repaid  
By the little that's on the serving maid  
The trip downtown  
Which once was boring  
Now's a journey I keep adoring  
A man is a dope who yells and storms  
At the lack of the drivers' uniforms  
And at the office during the duration  
What a pleasure giving dictation  
It ain't so bad in the land of the free  
Being a dictator like me  
And when my lady and I go dining  
Though the menu's cloudy  
There's a silver lining  
That's the one.  
A fellow just looks around the floor  
Who could ask for anything more?  
Who could ask for anything more?  
Who's complaining?  
I'm not complaining  
The sacrifices are few  
- My shoes may not be leathery  
- My pillow not so feathery  
My legs may be forgotten

In cotton  
No complaining  
Through the campaigning  
I'll raise no hullabaloo  
My nails may lose their brilliancy  
But who cares what civilians see  
So long as they don't ration  
My passion  
For you  
Good night. Happy kitchen.  
Good night. Happy office.  
Good ni...  
Good night. Happy taxi.  
Good night. Happy smoking.  
Have that girl come  
and see me tomorrow.  
I'm glad you liked her. I thought she  
was quite unusual-looking for a blond.  
No, the one with the red hair.  
Oh, the red hair. Oh, the red hair!  
I'll be in the study for calls.  
I don't know why you pay me if you  
ignore my judgment. Stop whistling!  
I wear myself out, wading through  
10,000 girls, and out of the 10,000...  
...you choose a redheaded nervous  
breakdown who specializes in sneezes.  
She told me so.  
That one isn't a girl, John.  
She's a leaping thyroid.  
I don't believe I've been in a honky-tonk  
place like McGuire's for 40 years.  
I don't know why I've saved this. Take a  
look at it. You're interested in antiques.  
If we got her for our cover...  
- But, John, this is her.  
- Who?  
The... The girl, the gland case.  
This program is dated 40 years ago.  
How could it be?  
Well, it couldn't be, but it is.  
Forty years ago.  
The night I got this, I was sitting  
in a box with Tony Pastor.

She was the most beautiful thing  
I'd ever seen.  
I fell in love with her  
the minute I saw her.  
The favorite doesn't always win  
No matter what the odds  
Since nobody knows  
How they'll come in  
I leave it to the gods  
So wish me luck  
Because I'm going to bet on  
A sentimental hunch  
My heart is suddenly set on  
Somehow, I'm sure I've found  
The sure thing in you  
Something within  
Tells me we'll win  
Somewhere, my heart  
Has picked you out of the blue  
And since I'm only a beginner  
A winner I'll be  
But win or lose  
Whatever comes up  
You're thumbs up  
With me  
One thing I'm sure I'm sure of  
All my life through  
If love can figure out a sure thing  
That sure thing is you  
After the races are over  
After the races are run  
Loser or winner  
Let's go out to dinner  
And let's have a little  
Let's have a little fun  
Let's go to Rector's or Shanley's  
Champagne and duck are divine  
Let's lose our troubles  
Imbibing some bubbles  
Oh, let's have a little  
Let's have a little wine  
Then when we're mellow  
And feeling alive  
Let's take a drive along Riverside Drive

No drive in the country for me after dark  
My limit is just once around  
Central Park  
After the races are over  
Being with you will be bliss  
Perhaps you'll surrender  
When gentlemen tender  
Say, "Let's have a little  
Let's have a little kiss!"  
Though you are tender  
I cannot surrender  
To "Let's have a little  
Let's have a little kiss!"  
Somehow I'm sure I've found  
The sure thing in you  
Taking romance  
I take no chance  
Somewhere my heart has picked you  
Out of the blue  
But if it turns out that my long shot's  
A wrong shot  
Should be  
And all my castles come a' tumbling  
No grumbling from me  
Long shot  
One thing I'm sure of  
All my life through  
If love can figure out a sure thing  
That sure thing  
Is you  
- I've got to meet her, Mr. Pastor.  
- Now, John...  
...last time, your mother had the  
Decency League investigate my place.  
Mother's quite a girl.  
Shall we go backstage?  
No. Now, in the first place,  
Maribelle's already spoken for.  
See that boy at the piano?  
- Don't bother me with trifles.  
- And, John...  
...I promised your mother I wouldn't  
introduce you to girls.  
Maribelle isn't just another girl,

Mr. Pastor.

I'm going to marry her.

John. John!

- I'm ready, darling.

- Wonderful, so am I.

John, have you lost your mind?

At your most beautiful service,  
mademoiselle.

Well.

- Miss Hicks, how are you?

- Who is this?

- I never saw him before in my life.

- I'm John Coudair.

The only thing in your life,  
so make the best of it.

If anyone should enquire for us, we've  
gone to Rector's to discuss our future.

Unless it's my mother.

Then you haven't seen me.

Now just a minute.

You're a perfectly enchanting person,  
Mr. Coudair.

Not even bad-looking,  
in a strange sort of way.

But I have an engagement, and it's  
not with you or at Rector.

- But...

- I don't even know you.

What's the difference?

This was meant to be. Can't you see?

You don't belong in a dingy hole.

You should be surrounded  
by luxury, beauty, elegance.

I can give you these things, Maribelle.

Just climb aboard my magic carpet,  
and away we'll go.

From Rector's we went on to...

Pardon me.

Yes.

Oh, dear, I forgot all about it.

Yes, I'll look it over immediately.

Thanks for reminding me.

That advertising prospectus...

That advertising prospectus

the lender sent over.

Completely slipped my mind.

- Good night.

- Hey, wait a minute.

What does Maribelle got to do  
with this kid? Are they related?

I haven't the faintest idea.

By the way, don't wait until tomorrow.

Send that child a wire tonight, will you?

- Hello, Joe

- What do you know?

- I just came back from a bing-bang show

- A sing and a dance

- I'll take a chance

- Well, flippity-jippity

- Let's go!

- Okay.

Come on, pearl.

- Oh, how I hate oysters.

- Ain't they repulsive?

I don't get it.

Every Friday night for the last  
six months, they order oysters.

Then they don't eat them.

- We don't like oysters.

- Joe, we're looking for a pearl.

The night we find that pearl,  
that'll be it. It'll be an omen.

That'll be the time

when things break for all three of us.

- You know what?

- What?

I think it's a fake. I don't think  
pearls comes from oysters.

- Pearls don't come from oysters.

- How long since you left Harvard?

Never heard of it. Be reasonable.

How could a oyster give birth  
to a pearl?

How could an oyster give birth  
to an oyster?

Hey, that's something to think about.

Let them live their lives,  
and I'll live mine.

- When? I wanna see that.

- I don't.

Oh, you fools, you.

Rusty, did you find a pearl?

- No pearls.

- No pearls.

Well, better luck tomorrow.

Tomorrow!

Here we go again.

Let's keep on singing,

"Make way for tomorrow!"

The sun is bringing a new day tomorrow

Don't let the clouds get you down

Show me a smile, not a frown

Stand up and win

Turn about

Don't give in!

Let's give out!

To the blues

Just refuse to surrender

One smile

And you are a true, solid sender

What if it rains and it pours?

It only rains out of doors!

Let every frown disappear

And you'll find that tomorrow's here

Listen, all

This is Genius calling

- Hear ye!

- Hear ye!

- Why not gather rainbows while ye may?

- While ye may?

You can lose the gremlins

The goblins, the glooms

Laugh and they're back in their tombs

Let's keep on singing,

"Make way for tomorrow!"

The sun is bringing

A new day tomorrow

Don't let the clouds get you down

Show me a smile, not a frown

Stand up and win

Turn about

Don't give in

Let's give out  
To the blues  
Just refuse to surrender  
One smile  
And you are a true, solid sender  
What if it rains and it pours?  
It only rains out of doors  
Let all the frowns disappear  
And you'll find that tomorrow's...  
That's pretty. That's very, very pretty.  
Glad to see you.  
Hi, Mac.  
Hello, Harry.  
Maybe it's a draft notice.  
Danny, it's from John Coudair.  
Who's he?  
He publishes that magazine  
that wants a...  
He wants me to come  
to the office tomorrow.  
What do you suppose happened?  
How did he ever...?  
One hour rehearsal at 10, honey.  
I'll see you then.  
Yeah, I'll try to make it, Danny.  
Good night.  
I don't feel good.  
Oh, you don't? Where?  
In the hall.  
I felt sick the minute you got  
the telegram. Didn't you, Danny?  
I think Rusty knows what she wants  
to do with her own life.  
- Lf she wants to go it alone...  
- I don't wanna go it alone.  
I wanna go it with you, Danny, but...  
Well, the man sent for me, Genius.  
It just doesn't seem polite not to...  
Well, he might not even like me.  
Ever see a man that didn't?  
- Skip it, will you?  
- No, I won't skip it.  
I've got some stock in this corporation,  
and I'm certainly going to protect it.

I like Danny McGuire's Place  
and you two there every night.  
I like oysters and...  
- You hate oysters.  
- Ain't they repulsive?  
Then I like opening oysters, and I like  
the clowning around in Joe's Place...  
...and the laughs and the music  
and everything.  
I like that pearl we're gonna find.  
You don't want this.  
Do you?  
Now you two say good night  
like you mean it.  
Good night, chicken.  
Night, Danny.  
You're a genius at everything but  
minding your own business, aren't you?  
A girl's got a right to make up  
her mind about her own life.  
Why didn't you let her tear up  
her own telegram?  
It's things like this that make me  
a genius. Ain't they?  
Wait until the landlady sees the hall.  
All right, I'll clean it up.  
Big thing.  
- Rusty Park er to see you.  
- Send her right in please.  
All right, I'm trying not to be excited.  
What would you do if your youth  
walked in the door?  
I'd put braces on its teeth.  
- Hello.  
- Hello.  
Come in.  
This is Mr. Coudair, Miss Parker.  
- How do you do, Miss Parker?  
- How do you do?  
Well, you have ambitions  
to be a cover girl?  
Well... I did have.  
I find Miss Parker exceptionally reposed.  
- I thought you told me that she leaped.

- She did leap.

What happened to that lovely, gay,  
rose-in-the-teeth personality you had?

- Did I look like that?

- Exactly.

No wonder you threw me out.

I'm not a very good actress, am I?

That was acting?

That was acting.

Sit down, won't you?

We saw you, quite by accident,  
at Danny McGuire's Place last night.

- You dance beautifully.

- I've had good training.

Apparently.

It seems to come to you so naturally...

...I was wondering if someone  
in your family were a dancer.

Your mother, perhaps?

Oh, no.

My mother couldn't dance a note.

- She raised cattle.

- Cattle?

My grandmother was a dancer.

I don't suppose you ever heard of her.

- Maribelle Hicks?

- Your grandmother?

Oh, my goodness,

how time flies, doesn't it?

She was kind of a star.

Well, it seems I've mislaid  
a few years somewhere.

Is she living, Miss Parker?

Your grandmother?

- No, she died about six months ago.

- I see.

- All right, let's get to work.

- When I think what I've gone through...

...trying to find a girl who all the time was  
in your desk drawer, I could scream.

- I suppose you're finished with me.

- Finished with you?

My dear child,

we're just beginning with you.

Just climb aboard my magic carpet  
and away we'll go.  
Did you know Rusty  
won this contest, Maurine?  
Not until this came out today.  
That double- crossing little so-and-so.  
- I don't think Danny knows it either.  
- She takes a swell picture, doesn't she?  
Anyone would with  
the trouble they go to.  
Your grapes are so sour  
I can smell them from here.  
Be with you in a minute, kids.  
Pretty.  
Oh!  
What are you...?  
- In the mood to be great again tonight?  
- Yeah, I'm...  
Singing and dancing  
all the time, that's me.  
Oh, you're such a joy  
and comfort to us all.  
Yeah, I'm a joy and a...  
- Oh, by the way, Genius...  
- By the what?  
Oh. The way.  
- What's the matter with you?  
- Just trying out a new step. Like it?  
- Cut the clowning, will you?  
- Who's clowning?  
You're sitting on a piece of paper.  
Isn't he silly? Have I got time to sit  
on paper? I'm not even sitting.  
- Go bake a cake.  
- Genius, you're on.  
Coming!  
Danny, didn't you say  
she could live her own life?  
Genius!  
Go ahead, let them have the face.  
You got what's left.  
- Genius, you're on!  
- Yes.  
Hi.

Hi, yourself.

- I think it's swell. Congratulations.

- Well, thank you, Danny.

I think it's swell. Like you said, if you can get there quicker, why shouldn't you?

- Danny, you wanna know something?

- What?

You were right that you don't get there on your face. That magazine's been out all day and nothing's happened.

Nothing.

I guess I thought the sky would fall in or something.

Well, it didn't.

This puts me in a great spot, chicken.

If I'm sorry nothing came of it, I'm a liar.

If I'm glad, I'm a heel.

Where do we go from here?

Dancing around the world, Danny.

On my feet.

Sure, I'll marry you. Who is this?

Who?

The New York News?

Yeah, she works here.

- This it?

- This is it. We covered the waterfront.

You have to dig to find a precious stone.

It's up to you to put her in her proper place.

Brooklyn to Broadway in one cover, that's quite a jump.

She has an old magic carpet that came in mighty handy.

- I have a reservation. John Coudair.

- Your hat, sir?

Oh, yes, Mr. Coudair. This way, sir.

- Hello, children.

- Hello.

- Hello, Colby.

- Hello, Jinx.

- Hello. Good hunting, son.

- Thanks, pal.

The days of the good old knights are gone

But chivalry still carries on  
I wear no armour  
But to my charmer  
I hereby pledge my all  
In other words  
I'm at your beck and call  
Put me to the test  
And I'll climb you the highest mountain  
Or swim you Radio City fountain  
Put me to the test  
And I'll get you a queen's tiara  
Or a pyramid from the hot Sahara  
You can dress in sables  
At nightclub front tables  
If that is what my lady adores  
Put me to the test, lady  
Just make your request  
And anything that you desire  
Is yours  
Put me to the test  
Put me to the test  
- Oh, stop looking like an old mother cat.  
- What do you think?  
Why didn't you tell me she had talent,  
besides being exciting, beautiful...  
What do I think?  
- Is this what you want?  
- Yeah!  
Ladies and gentleman,  
your favourite cover girl...  
...and my favourite dancer, Rusty Parker.  
- You didn't bring a trumpet, did you?  
- Why a trumpet?  
I want to make an impressive entrance.  
- Nice going, Rusty.  
- Gee, you really...  
- Remember what he used to...?  
- Knew what she was talking about.  
- It was a wonderful feeling.  
- What are you crying about?  
I don't know.  
Kids, imagine a star being born to  
parents like me and Danny?  
More like someone

giving birth to an earthquake.  
Break it up, break it up.  
Rusty's skipping the next number.  
Take the girls on, will you?  
Thanks. I'm the act that follows the act.  
Give me some lights. I'll murder them.  
Rusty, this happens to very few people.  
Take care of it and treat it right.  
I beg your pardon.  
Oh, here you are.  
I've been in the theatre many years,  
and I've never seen...  
Excuse me, please.  
As I was saying, I've been in the  
theatre a number of years and...  
- As I was saying, I've been in the theatre...  
- I'm beginning to believe that.  
- Hello, Rusty.  
- Hello, Mr. Coudair.  
Hello, Miss Jackson.  
Danny, these are...  
- Well, this is Mr. McGuire.  
- How do you do, sir?  
I was saying that I've...  
This gentleman has been in theatre  
a good many years.  
You've been in my theatre many  
years too. Why don't you scram?  
- Of course we'll go. We...  
- That's all right.  
You're perfectly welcome  
to stay, but this guy...  
This guy is with us, Mr. McGuire.  
We brung him.  
- I'm sorry.  
- That's my one virtue: Nice friends.  
Rusty, this is Noel Wheaton of  
Wheaton's Theatre. This is Mr. McGuire.  
- Hello. How are you?  
- One side, please.  
We're a little crowded here.  
Would you mind moving?  
- Forgive us.  
- Make yourselves at home, will you?

Look, people with clothes on.

I have to get on next.

Would you excuse me? Maurine.

- Coming.

- Miss Parker...

- Oh, hello, Miss Jackson.

- Hello.

Why didn't you tell me

you wanted somebody animated?

I was just holding myself in

when I was in your...

- Have you gone batty or something?

- Is it something in me...

...that brings that out in people?

- Sorry.

Can't we go to your

dressing room and talk?

- Well, I dress with seven other girls.

- You dress with seven other girls?

Yes, and they talk a lot

and get dressed and undressed...

Wouldn't it be simpler if we just lay down

and let them walk over us?

- I don't know why we're here anyway.

- We're offering Miss Parker a job.

- Oh, but I have a job.

- Rusty, you gotta make that change.

- Mr. McGuire.

- Excuse me.

We are definitely in the man's way here.

Let's find...

How do you feel about

selling Miss Parker's contract?

Miss Parker has no contract.

- No... Oh, what are we waiting for?

- I don't know. What are you waiting for?

Miss Parker's free to

work for me if she wants?

Miss Parker'd be free to work for you

if she wanted to...

...whether she'd signed a paper or not.

You don't understand people

working together that way, do you?

- No, I don't.

- No, you wouldn't.  
- Make your change, Rusty.  
- Okay.  
- Well, I hope I see you again sometime.  
- You'll see nothing but me, beautiful.  
That sounds very exciting,  
coming from the great Noel Wheaton.  
You know, he said you were free to  
come work for me if you wanted.  
- I know he did. Good night.  
- Good night.  
- I guess my trumpet was out of tune.  
- I thought I heard a sour note.  
Baby! You were wonderful tonight.  
Oh, I beg your pardon.  
I mistook you for somebody else.  
- Glad to see you.  
- So sorry.  
Excuse me.  
- Oh, wait!  
- Gangway.  
- Busy little place tonight, wasn't it?  
- Yeah, wasn't it?  
One had to chop one's way through  
the upper crust, didn't one?  
Yeah, one did.  
Shortcuts are no good, huh?  
They only make you famous overnight.  
That's all. No work, no nothing.  
Just smile at the birdie,  
and boom! You're in.  
Name in all the papers. Big stars  
sending you pretty dresses for nothing.  
That was terrific tonight.  
You bet it was terrific.  
Best goodbye music  
I ever danced to.  
Yeah, tonight was really terrific.  
See a thing like that happen  
right under your eyes.  
Something you wanted for someone  
all their life.  
You haven't known me all my life.  
Six months then.

Seven.

Seven then.

Seven months, three days,  
four hours, 23 minutes.

It was Tuesday.

Long ago and far away

I dreamed a dream one day

And now that dream is here beside me

Long the skies were overcast

But now the clouds have passed

You're here at last

Chills run up and down my spine

Aladdin's lamp is mine

The dream I dreamed was not denied me

Just one look

And then I knew

That all I longed for

Long ago was you

I dreamed a dream one day

And now that dream is here beside me

Long the skies were overcast

But now the clouds have passed

You're here at last

Chills run up and down my spine

Aladdin's lamp is mine

The dream I dreamed was not denied me

Just one look

And then I knew

That all I longed for

Long ago was you

Egad, this place looks

like a funeral parlour.

Nobody cares if roses give  
me hay fever.

- Where are your shoes?

- In the dressing room!

- Get them!

- I can't! The dressing room...

...is full of photographers taking  
pictures of the mirror!

For Pete's sake, why?

It's gonna be in the Sunday paper. The  
mirror where Rusty first saw her face.

- Mr. McGuire.

- I know. Do the best you can.

That newspaperwoman is eating  
my precious food.

She is doing a story on what food  
makes the figure of Rusty Parker.

- I said, do the best you can.

- I quit.

All right, then quit!

- Genius.

- Yes.

- Where is Rusty? Find her.

- Relax.

She's all right. She's on the stage  
being interviewed.

- I'm 10 minutes slow.

- Are the flowers from Mr. Wheaton?

Yes, every hour, on the hour,  
for a week.

Can you tell us about their romance?

Which of you did she love  
before Mr. Wheaton?

It was I, but I beat her.

Mr. McGuire. Smile.

- Where's Rusty?

- We want her autograph.

Wait outside. We're trying to rehearse.

- Give me your autograph.

- You don't even know who I am.

Yes, I do.

- You're Rusty Parker's boyfriend.

- I'll tell him when he comes.

You can have my autograph.

Single file. I'll take you first.

You ain't nobody.

Maybe we can catch her  
out in the alley. Come on!

Just a minute. The girls  
are too busy to see you.

- Glad to see you.

- Glad to see you.

That's fine, John. Play billiards  
while my theatre falls apart.

- Good afternoon.

- What's good about it?

It's another day for me to worry about  
how I'll open my show.  
Now I'm sending roses  
every 15 minutes.  
You got me this way. Do something.  
I tried everything this side of kidnapping.  
What is this side of kidnapping?  
Please don't be humorous.  
You're humorous, both of you.  
You're attempting the impossible:  
Lure a girl away from a guy  
she loves with things.  
It won't work, and I'm damn enough to  
be glad of it. What do you think of that?  
I had the same problem with her  
grandmother. I mean, her mother.  
Whose mother?  
Nobody's, believe me.  
But it can be done.  
I want that child on Broadway.  
Everything's set and ready to go.  
- Frame's built, and no face to go in it.  
- You'll have the face. Let me work on it.  
Gladly, only work fast, will you? L...  
Immediately. Tomorrow night, in fact.  
Keep the evening open.  
Enter the mastermind.  
Good afternoon, gentlemen.  
All is clear, master.  
You may bring forth the treasure.  
No photographers, no adoring public.  
Zounds, princess, you are slipping.  
- Listen to what I'm saying.  
- You said Mr. Coudair was sentimental.  
I said he can be sentimental  
on his own time. Then what?  
Look.  
- Genius, explain it to him.  
- Mr. McGuire...  
You don't need to explain. You want  
to skip the show and go to a party.  
The second show.  
It's an anniversary dinner  
at Mr. Coudair's house.

- Imagine, eating in a house.  
- It's Vanity's 50th birthday.  
Why waste good food  
on an old hag like that?  
Will you please stop clowning?  
I'm the Golden Wedding Girl,  
so he wants me there.  
And because you work  
at Danny McGuire's, I want you there.  
Do you only think of what you want?  
Mr. Coudair has the right  
to want something.  
Once won't hurt. The guy's sentimental.  
It can't happen again for 50 years.  
You think he'd be sentimental  
if she worked in Wheaton's show?  
He wouldn't. Why should he  
kick our show around...  
...because it's Brooklyn?  
- It's not kicking your show around...  
...that he's brought you more business  
because of me than you've had before!  
I wondered when that was coming.  
That's what the ads read. " Come to  
Danny McGuire's to see Rusty Parker."  
All the more reason you should  
be there when they come.  
I'll be there, Danny, for the first show.  
But after the first show, I'm leaving.  
And you can get mad if you want to.  
Oh, she's a great kid, always clowning.  
You don't think she'd really do that,  
do you?  
Great sense of humour, that kid.  
Peace, it's wonderful.  
What quieted all of you down?  
- Where's Rusty?  
- She went to a party.  
You should've seen how swell  
she looked.  
Just one word from you, and she does  
what she likes, doesn't she, boss?  
- On stage.  
- Just the six of us?

Space it a little. You can cover it.  
We will, Danny.  
Yeah, great sense of humour, that kid.  
You know, Danny, the funniest thing  
just happened.  
Coudair's more sentimental than  
anybody I heard of. Did you know that?  
- Touching.  
- He's even sentimental about us.  
Yeah, he just phoned. He wants you  
to come to the party to pick Rusty up.  
Imagine that. A guy like him who's  
got a barrelful of rubies...  
...and he's sentimental about a pearl.  
I guess he thinks it'd be nice  
if we were friends.  
You have a great brain. Sometimes  
it almost frightens me, you're so bright.  
You know, sometimes  
it almost frightens me too.  
But you're going to the party,  
aren't you, Danny?  
Sure.  
Sure, I'm going.  
I love parties.  
Here's the church, there's the steeple.  
Open the door, and where's the people?  
I beg your pardon.  
Oh, a nursery rhyme.  
I beg your pardon.  
Yes, sir. Will you come into the study?  
Mr. Coudair asked  
that you be brought right in.  
- Nice to see you, Mr. McGuire.  
- Nice to see you too, Mr. Coudair.  
I guess I'm a little mixed- up.  
Your message said Rusty'd be here.  
Yes, well, we changed plans  
at the last minute, and we've...  
Won't you sit down and have a drink?  
Thanks.  
Where is Rusty, Mr. Coudair?  
I don't really know.  
She and Mr. Wheaton had some sort of

an evening figured out, I understand.  
This isn't the right direction  
for Mr. Coudair's house.  
You're being kidnapped. You like it?  
You're not very complimentary.  
You're not scared.  
What are you talking about?  
Aren't we going to a party?  
Sure we are. But I just want to stop by  
my theatre first for a couple of minutes.  
I have kind of a problem that I thought  
maybe you could help me with.  
All right?  
Why, I suppose so.  
But won't Mr. Coudair wonder  
where we are?  
I don't think so. No.  
Beauty like hers demands things,

**Mr. McGuire:**

Luxury, gentle living, money.  
- I have these.  
- Are you sure she wants them?  
What beautiful young girl doesn't?  
Have you given her the chance  
to make up her own mind?  
Have you?  
That's fair enough.  
Why don't we leave it up to her?  
She won't leave you.  
She's in love with you.  
- I'm in love with her.  
- I doubt that.  
If you were, you wouldn't let her  
remain in obscurity.  
Don't you think I'd make her go  
if I thought she'd be happier with...?  
No, Mr. Coudair, I don't believe  
she would be.  
I don't believe it for a minute. L...  
Beautiful, isn't she?  
Yes.  
I've never seen that picture before.  
Is it new?

That is a picture of Rusty's  
grandmother, Mr. McGuire.  
- I was very much in love with her.  
- Well, I'll be darned.  
That's exactly what I said to myself  
when I first saw Rusty.  
Amazing resemblance, isn't there?  
She was a dancer too,  
worked at Tony Pastor's.  
Tony Pastor's, huh?  
It was wrong for her...  
...as Danny McGuire's is wrong  
for her granddaughter.  
You decided that right away, huh?  
Yes, so I asked her to marry me.  
Did she?  
Sit down, won't you?  
I'll never forget the day I asked her up  
here to meet my mother.  
My mother was society,  
and Maribelle a girl from the stage.  
Maribelle stood there with her chin up  
and her knees shaking...  
...and Mother was looking  
her over very thoroughly.  
Mother just shook her head  
and said, "Poor John."  
I don't suppose you remember  
a song called "Poor John."  
That's how she punished me...  
...by singing it until everyone  
in New York knew that I was "Poor John."  
Let me tell you about one night.  
I ought to think myself a lucky girl  
I know  
'Cause I'm engaged  
But still somehow  
I don't think so  
John, that's the name of my finance  
You see  
There's no mistake  
He's very fond of me  
He took me out for walks  
And, oh, he was so nice

He always used to kiss me  
On the same place twice  
Often in the park  
We would sit and spoon  
And I was, oh, so happy  
Till the other afternoon  
John took me round to see his mother  
His mother  
His mother  
And when he introduced us  
To each other  
She weighed up everything that I had on  
She put me through a cross-examination  
I fairly boiled with aggravation  
Then she shook her head  
Look ed at me and said:  
"Poor John, poor John"  
His mother  
She put me through a cross-examination  
I fairly boiled with aggravation  
Then she shook her head  
Look ed at me and said:  
"Poor John, poor John"  
John took you around to see his mother  
His mother  
His mother  
And when he introduced them  
To each other  
She weighed up everything that I had on  
She put her through a cross-examination  
I fairly boiled with aggravation  
Then she shook her head  
And look ed at her and said:  
"Poor John, poor John"  
She weighed up everything that I had on  
She put her through a cross-examination  
I fairly boiled with aggravation  
Then she shook her head  
Look ed at me and said:  
"Poor John, poor John"  
Hello, Maribelle.  
Hello.  
I wish you weren't upset  
about the way Mother...

- She's lived a sort of conventional life.  
- Upset?  
Why, I'm delighted.  
Mr. Pastor's delighted.  
The piano player's delighted.  
Everybody's delighted.  
We think your mother's very intelligent.  
Listen, Maribelle, l...  
A very intelligent woman. Why, she  
knows I don't belong on Fifth Avenue.  
She knows I belong right here. And now  
I do too, not that I didn't know it before.  
I don't believe it.  
I didn't before and still don't.  
Oh, John, dear, we've been through  
all this before.  
But I didn't quite know  
how right I was until...  
I was very uncomfortable  
in that pile of rock you call a house.  
That was because of Mother.  
From now on, Mother doesn't exist.  
Nothing exists that can come  
between you and me, do you hear? I...  
What's that?  
That's him.  
He's hard to keep out, isn't he?  
Maribelle, listen to me.  
I know what he has to offer.  
I know what this has to offer.  
It's nothing to what I can give you.  
He loves you.  
But not the way I do. Forty years from  
now I'll love you more than I do now.  
What you have now,  
you can have a million times.  
All the things you tell me

**are important:**

If you marry me, you'll have  
all of them. I promise.  
The very best that money can buy.  
Now do you understand  
my interest in Rusty?

It's like my youth has come back after  
having been away a long, long time.  
Who was playing the piano?  
A very ordinary, young fellow  
who worked there.  
In love with her.  
What difference does that make?  
He had nothing to offer her.  
Like me.  
If you like.  
Thanks for a very interesting evening,  
Mr. Coudair.  
But it's after 1:00, and Rusty'll  
be waiting at a place we know.  
I wouldn't be too sure about that,  
Mr. McGuire.  
At the risk of repeating myself,  
Rusty wants what we have to give her.  
Good night, Mr. Coudair.  
It certainly is big, isn't it?  
You ought to see it when it's filled  
with 2000 people.  
Two thousand?  
And look at the orchestra.  
We only have six in ours.  
What do you do with so much room?  
Watching you at McGuire's, I'm amazed  
how well you handle the space.  
I'd think you'd be knocking  
each other down.  
Sometimes we do wish we had  
a stage as big as this one.  
This stage is yours  
for the asking, Rusty.  
My goodness, it must be at least  
a half a mile wide.  
Did you ever dance on a stage  
as big as this?  
It's more like flying than dancing,  
the freedom of it.  
Close your eyes. Go on, close  
your eyes just to get the feel of it.  
Looks like she's not coming,  
huh, Danny?

Maybe she forgot it was Friday.  
Hey, don't be a schlemoil.  
Schlemiel.  
Beauty like Rusty's demands  
things, huh?  
She loves me. I love her,  
and that's all two people need.  
Then why didn't she meet you  
at the oyster bar tonight?  
Something happened.  
She'll explain it tomorrow.  
Wait a minute, Danny McGuire!  
She stood you up, and you know it.  
She's out with Wheaton,  
and you know that too.  
So she's out with Wheaton.  
What difference does it make?  
Danny!  
Don't be such a hardheaded Irishman  
for once.  
If you really loved Rusty,  
you'd let her go.  
Coudair's right. You have nothing  
to give her. Wheaton has everything.  
Hey!  
Danny!  
You can't run away from yourself.  
You gotta make up your mind,  
and I'm gonna see that you do it now.  
Wait a minute! Stop!  
Hi, Lucy! Am I late?  
Can't you see for yourself?  
I dreamed a dream one day  
And now that dream is here beside me  
Long...  
Danny!  
Hello, Rusty!  
Yeah?  
What's Maurine doing  
singing my number?  
She was here. Maurine, go to the piano  
and get up on the second A. You're flat.  
Okay, Danny.  
But you knew I was coming.

Did I? It's a quarter of 11.  
Rehearsals are called for 10.  
Is 45 minutes something  
to make a crisis about?  
Kind of an amazing thing  
happened last night, Danny.  
It's no use my trying  
to explain it to you...  
...because I can't explain it to me.  
I don't suppose you understand  
what I mean, do you?  
Sure we do. It's very clear,  
isn't it, Danny?  
Do you mind if I take care of this  
my way for a change?  
I don't know why  
you're making a big deal...  
You've met so many people,  
you forgot what I look like.  
I'm the man with the whip.  
I'm the guy who's got a swell place  
that means more to me than anything...  
...or anybody.  
If you're late, Maurine goes in.  
She should get up in it...  
...because it looks like  
she'll end up doing it.  
You see, to Maurine,  
this place comes first.  
You've hated it ever since  
I got to be a cover girl.  
You want to be the big shot.  
There isn't any room  
in Danny McGuire's for any big shot.  
Well, if you don't want me here,  
why don't you say so?  
If I'm messing up your precious  
little place, why don't you say so?  
I've got someplace to go.  
I'm not dependent on...  
Why don't you go then?  
Okay.  
I'm certainly glad I found out you felt  
this way, Danny, before it was too late.

- You bet I'll go. I've got...  
- I know. You told me.  
So if you wanna see me again,  
Danny McGuire...  
...you can just come to Broadway...  
...to a big show!  
Why don't you cut off your arms  
and legs and do a good job of it?  
Soldiers and civilians  
People by the millions  
Want to see the perfect cover girl  
So I've tak en  
Lots of candid-camera shots  
Of beauty  
My duty  
There's nothing lik e perfection  
So in that connection  
I present my perfect cover girl  
Number one I list her  
How can I resist her?  
I've seen the one I go for  
One I've look ed high and low for  
Life's not complete  
Till I meet that girl on the cover  
My problem has me sighing  
She k eeps electrifying me  
But is she fancy-free?  
We'd mak e a team  
That could be supreme  
With love that's everlasting  
It wouldn't be extreme  
To call us perfect casting  
Love, help a helpless lover  
Love, come and help uncover that girl  
On the cover for me  
I've seen the one I go for  
One I've look ed high and low for  
Life's not complete  
Till I meet that girl on the cover  
My problem has me sighing  
She k eeps electrifying me  
But is she fancy-free?  
We'd mak e a team  
That could be supreme

With love that's everlasting  
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To call us perfect casting  
Love, help a helpless lover  
Love, come and help uncover that girl  
On the cover for me  
I've seen the one I go for  
One I've look ed high and low for  
Life's not complete  
Till I meet that girl on the cover  
- Fun tonight, beautiful?  
- Lots of fun. It always is.  
Glad we ditched  
Jackson and Mr. Coudair?  
I like them.  
You can like somebody  
and not want to live with them.  
- Yes.  
- You can't love someone...  
...and not want to.  
- No.  
Can you?  
No.  
Do you know I've never asked  
anybody to marry me?  
You've missed half your life.  
The first half.  
I wouldn't like to miss  
the second half too, Rusty.  
Oh, I'm home! I'm always so surprised  
when I get home so quick.  
When I lived in Brooklyn it took...  
Okay.  
I'm in love with you, Rusty.  
But that's no surprise to you, is it?  
Not exactly.  
I want to marry you.  
That's a surprise, isn't it?  
I never thought of you  
as a family man, exactly.  
Oh, good heavens, I'm not.  
But...  
...I don't suppose you're in love  
with me at all, are you?

I think you're one of the swellest persons  
I've ever known.  
There's no emotional hangover,  
is there, Rusty?  
I mean, from Brooklyn?  
Well, then?  
Can I tell you tomorrow?  
Okay, beautiful.  
If you don't care  
that I'll age 10 years tonight.  
You should be a very distinguished-  
looking man 10 years from now.  
I might even like you better.  
I'll tell you tomorrow.  
That's all, brother.  
This is where you live, beautiful.  
Not me.  
Lend me your car for a while?  
I'll send it back.  
Where are you going?  
Brooklyn, James.  
Cinderella wants to take  
another peek at the ashes.  
Hello, Pop.  
Well, Rusty.  
Thought I heard a noise down here...  
...but I didn't know it was  
that big noise, Rusty Parker.  
How are things, Pop?  
I imagine Danny's gotten along  
all right without me, hasn't he?  
He said he could.  
- Has he?  
- I wouldn't know.  
He closed the place up  
and went away...  
...right after you left.  
Where is he?  
Him and Genius is entertaining  
at Army camps.  
I see.  
Well, you needn't look at me  
like I'd done something.  
He closed the place down,

I didn't.  
Didn't you?  
Give me a drink.  
- You've had too many now.  
- So I've had too many.  
- Give me another one.  
- Lf you say so.  
Certainly I say so.  
And I'm a very big noise,  
don't you know that?  
You've got to run when I say so.  
- The toast of the town, huh, Rusty?  
- That's right.  
But to you, I'm only a crumb,  
is that it, Joe?  
Go ahead, say it.  
You're thinking it.  
What's the difference?  
You're thinking it.  
You're a friend of Danny's, aren't you?  
Then he told you why  
he went away, didn't he?  
To entertain at Army camps.  
Don't let that fool you.  
He was sick of Brooklyn.  
Well, who isn't?  
Rusty! Darling, we've looked  
all over the place for you.  
Oh, hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.  
Sit down. Sit down. Right here.  
These stools are reserved  
for my friends.  
- Joe, these are my friends.  
- Hello, Joe.  
My friends are sick of Brooklyn too.  
Aren't you sick of Brooklyn?  
Noel got worried  
when you didn't send the car back.  
I was scared to death.  
I asked John to help me find you.  
I didn't know my way around.  
Joe, give my friends a drink.  
Have a drink.  
I was afraid something

might have happened to you.

Or that you had decided  
to stay in Brooklyn.

Me?

Stay in Brooklyn?

Why do you think I'd stay in Brooklyn?

After all I went through  
to get out of it.

For heaven's sakes, what do you  
think I am, a vicious circle?

Where's your drink?

Joe, did you know

I was going to get married?

Did you?

Did you?

Well, I am.

- To you.

- Rusty...

Certainly.

This is what I've wanted for me  
all my life.

Isn't it?

Well...

...I've got it.

- Pay the man.

- Wait a minute, beautiful.

That's the first drink

I ever seen that kid take.

You must have made her  
awfully happy up there, mister.

That's why I say,

do you need money?

See your local finance company.

No questions. No call-makers.

Just leave your eyeball for security.

Now, radio station GI presents  
a truck-to-truck hookup...

...featuring Red Herring and his  
gee- but-they're- grand glee club.

Put me

To the test

And I'll climb you the highest mountain

I'll swim you Radio City

Fountain

Put me to the test and I'll get you  
A queen's tiara  
Or a pyramid from the hot Sahara  
- What's that?  
- Jazz.  
You can dress in sables  
At nightclub front tables  
If that is what my lady adores  
My lady adores  
My lady adores  
Your eyes, your lips  
Your gown, your beautiful eyes  
They're driving me mad  
I'm going insane  
You beautiful lady  
You wonderful lady  
You...  
Sorry.  
Test me  
Put me on my mettle  
How would you like a snowball  
From Popocatepetl?  
How would you like some crooning  
That's too, too divine?  
We'll lull you with a lullaby  
That's strictly Hawaiian  
Put me to the test  
Make your request  
I'll climb the highest mountain  
I'll swim the smallest fountain for you  
To the test  
- Boy  
- Make your request  
- Hawaiian poi, boy  
- I'll go to the Sahara  
I'll get a queen's tiara  
Oh, murder!  
Solid! Jackson! Zoot!  
First I promise you  
I'll climb the highest mountain  
Then for you I'll swim  
The Radio City fountain  
Though I'm scared of height  
And I can't even float

Just put me to the test  
And here's what else I'll do quote  
Get a snowball right from Popocatpetl  
I'll be Hansel if you'll be my Gretel  
If we can't please you  
Then perhaps my clarinet'll  
- Why don't you put me  
- Why don't you put me to the test, babe  
I'll do the rest, babe  
Make your request, babe  
Anything your heart desires  
- An orange from Pomona  
- A bronc from Arizona  
- Or a Hansel and a Gretel  
- Snow from Popocatpetl  
- All of this?  
- All of this is...  
A mountain or a fountain  
Or a solid murder, Jackson, or a...  
Is yours  
Pardon me, may I have the next dance?  
No, thanks.  
I'm sitting this one out.  
- Glad to see you.  
- Glad to see you.  
What are you trying to do, you...?  
- Lady present.  
- Lady?  
- Ladies?  
- Where?  
- Where's the lady?  
- There she is. Over there.  
Oh, there she is again.  
Relax. You ain't even  
in her world, sad sack.  
- I can dream, can't I?  
- Wake up. She's getting married.  
I read it in the paper.  
Enter, my lord. Enter.  
What have we here?  
A tavern?  
A likely place, my lord.  
A likely place.  
- I'll wager the coffee is rancid.

- True, my lord. True.

Joe, how are you?

Am I glad to see you birds.

Where you been anyway?

Military secret.

- The boys look pretty good?

- Plenty good.

Look at them, and you won't worry about who'll be boss over there.

- Well, give out.

- What'll you have?

Oysters!

What do we generally have?

Just the two of you?

Did you bring anyone with you, Genius?

No.

Oysters!

Good old Joe.

He's bald. He's fat. He says "pearls."

He says "oysters." I love him.

You know? I love him too.

- You know why?

- Why?

Because he's dumber than me.

- Dumber than I.

- Okay. He's dumber than both of us.

Here we are.

Well, Joe, here we go again.

You wanna kill the magic?

Come on, pearl.

Well, Joe, what do you hear about anybody?

Rusty, Danny?

Okay, what do you hear about the little redhead?

- She's moved. You know where?

- And if I did...

...she's moving again.

She's getting married.

Tonight, Danny.

Tonight?

Hey, Danny, you found it.

- Found what?

- The pearl, Danny. You found the pearl!

- Nice timing.

- I told you it was a fake.

Sure you did.

- Give me a cup of coffee, will you, Joe?

- Right, Danny.

You see, I'm a genius at everything  
but minding my own business.

Rusty ought to have that pearl  
after looking for it for six months.

If she's gonna marry anybody but Danny,  
she'll need all the luck she can get.

- McGuire know you came here?

- Oh, no.

He'd kick my teeth in  
if he knew I came here.

Danny's got it figured out  
that Rusty's happy with what she's got.  
He don't wanna mess it up.

- Is she happy?

- Oh, she's very happy.

She lost 10 pounds,

but, of course, it's very becoming.

If she thinks about it too much,  
she can go out and get a little tight...  
...which she's doing quite often lately.

You probably know what you're doing.

That was a swell thing those kids had.

I'm glad I'm not the one that broke it up.

I couldn't sleep nights.

Danny will be wondering where I went.

If Pearl there is on her toes,  
she'll take care of this some way.

How can I get out without passing  
those people? I'm a back-door character.

Take the door on the left, Genius,  
and thanks for coming.

Oh, sorry.

I thought you were somebody else.

Well, mastermind?

- What can I do now?

- Don't be so stubborn!

You've made a mistake. Admit it.

You've still got time.

Aren't you even superstitious?

That pearl's magic. You're liable  
to be struck dead or something.  
What pearl's magic?  
This one.  
Where did you get this?  
A person by the name of Genius  
brought it.  
Said a person by the name of Danny  
found it tonight.  
Danny's at Joe's.  
I've never seen such a  
silly-looking pearl in all my life.  
- It's all lopsided.  
- Lf it's silly, why are you crying?  
I'm not crying.  
I'm crying because I always cry  
when people are getting married.  
Getting married's awful.  
Who ever thought of it  
in the first place?  
Well, we're almost there.  
Danny's leaving again tonight.  
Oh, but I can't run away now.  
Not at the last minute.  
Your grandmother could, and did.  
What's the matter,  
your family getting soft?  
- My grandmother?  
- Go on. Tell her.  
Her grandmother got her into this.  
It's up to her to get her out.  
She ran away from me, Rusty.  
At the very last minute.  
In this same room.  
To this same music.  
But she didn't belong with me.  
She belonged to her piano-playing boy  
who had the right things to give her.  
Just as you belong to Danny.  
I managed to k eep him away  
from the wedding...  
... but just closing the door didn't shut  
him out, because I made a mistak e.  
I forgot to hide the piano.

When she saw that...  
... well, she didn't hear  
the "Wedding March" anymore.  
She only heard their music...  
... that I could never learn to play.  
Dearly beloved, we have gathered  
together here in the sight of God...  
...and in the presence of this company...  
...to join together this man  
and this woman in holy matrimony.  
Wilt thou, Noel, have this woman  
to thy wedded wife...  
...so long as ye both shall live?  
I will.  
And wilt thou, Rusty,  
have this man to...?  
L...  
I'm afraid not.  
Thank you very much, but...  
...my grandmother had the happiest life  
of any woman ever...  
...because she went back  
to Danny. See?  
I mean, she went back  
where I belong and...  
It wouldn't even be nice if I got married  
to you with this pearl in my hand.  
It's got a silly shape,  
but it's very magic, Noel.  
And we'd probably be struck dead, and...  
My grandmother was so happy.  
Well...  
I can't risk getting struck dead,  
can I?  
I think you'd better take that thing  
and get out of here before it goes off.  
It looks loaded to me.  
- Goodbye, beautiful.  
- Thank you, darling.  
Oh! Thank you. Thank you.  
The dream I dreamed was not denied me  
Just one look  
And then I knew  
That all I...

Let's keep on singing,  
"Make way for tomorrow!"  
The sun is bringing  
A new day tomorrow  
Don't let the clouds get you down  
Show me a smile, not a frown  
Stand up and win! Turn About!  
Don't give in! Let's give out!  
To the blues, just refuse to surrender  
One smile and you  
Are a true solid sender  
What if it rains and it pours?  
It only rains out of doors  
Let every frown disappear  
And you'll find  
That tomorrow's  
Here