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Dancing Lady

By Allen Rivkin

Thirty beautiful girls,
the pick of New York City.
Guaranteed to send a shiver
up and down the spine...
of each and every boy from 18 to 80.
The gallant extravaganza...
- I don't like the looks of this place, Tod.
- Come on, you'll get a lot of laughs.
Step right up, folks. Step right up.
Step right up.

Thirty beautiful girls,
the pick of New York.
- Where do they pick them from?
- Right off the streets.
Come, come.
You're talking of the ladies I love.

Hey, mister,
can you spare a quarter today?
- Come on, I'll buy you a ticket. One more.
- Thanks.

I ain't had no entertainment for weeks.
There you are, Mr. Farnsworth,
there you are.
- Has the striptease begun yet?
- No, not yet.
- Tod, what is a striptease?
- Oh, it's some more of that...

What?

Hey, young fella
Best to close your old umbrella
Have a glorious day
Throwing rubbers away
'Cause it ain't gonna rain no more
Hey, young fella
Put your raincoat in the cellar
While you're tying your tie
Take a peek at that sky
'Cause it ain't gonna rain no more
Look at that brave little rainbow
Fighting those clouds up above
I'm in the ring, Mr. Rainbow
With a horseshoe in my glove
Hey, young fella
Throw away your old umbrella

Give your trousers a hitch
'Cause we're gonna be rich
'Cause it ain't gonna rain no more
Hey, pipe the carriage trade.
Give him love
With a kiss
Hold him close to you
With love's caress
Lead him on to happiness
With a sigh
And the thrill
Close your drowsy eyes
Drift to paradise
Give him love
And you'll hold your man
Say, Janie...
get a load of Park Avenue, will you?
Yeah, doing the slums in ermine.
I'll pull it for you, baby.
Encore, encore!
Wait a minute, beautiful.
Come on over to the station house,
the Lieutenant is throwing a party.
- Can't I even get some clothes?
- No, he wants you just as you are.
Oh, it's that kind of a party.
- Yes, it's that kind of a party. Come on.
- Well, wait a minute. Don't get to...
All of you, sit down.
Hey, what's the big idea?
All right then! He should come.
Oh, goody, we're going on a buggy ride.
I won't even have to walk home.
All right, let's go.
Get in, Mr. Farnsworth. Get in.
Thank you so much for the lovely party.
- Where do we go from here?
- Night court.
Night court? Excuse me, I'll walk.
Order in the court!
You are charged
with giving an indecent performance...
at the International Burlesque house.
- Who's the arresting officer?

- I am, sir.

What did you see?

- Well, they were doing an indecent dance.

- What kind of a dance?

Well, it was something like this,

Your Honor.

These girls were doing a striptease.

A striptease. I see.

What is your name?

Rosette Henrietta LaRue.

Occupation:

Now, Miss LaRue,

just what constitutes a striptease?

A good constitution

and a couple of zippers.

- Don't be ambiguous.

- I won't if you won't!

Sergeant...

to what extent of exposure

does the striptease go?

Hey, don't ask him, ask me.

I'll be delighted to show you.

- No, you won't!

- What's the matter? Why can't I show...

Order!

Next defendant.

The judge could give you 15 years

for what you're thinking.

It'd be worth it.

- Name?

- Janie Barlow.

- Occupation?

- Social worker.

Why were you doing a striptease?

If you'd walked the streets

looking for a job...

and hadn't eaten for a week,

you'd do a striptease, too.

Do you mean to tell me

that in a city like this...

burlesque dancing

was the only work you could find?

It was the only dancing I could find.

- Did it have to be dancing?
- Yeah, it had to be dancing.
- Why?
- Because I'm a dancer.
Young woman,
am I the defendant or are you?
I don't know who's the defendant,
but I'm the victim...
and you don't have to rub it in.
I don't see any girls hauled in here...
for pushing pencils around on paper
or massaging a typewriter.
I'm a dancer and I'll keep right on
being one when I get out of here.
You'll get out of here
when you pay a \$30 fine.
You can't fine me, I haven't got a dime.
All right. \$30 fine or 30 days in jail.
Right this way, please.
Recess, 15 minutes.
Let's go some place and get a drink.
I'm bored.
- Yes. Let's do that.
- Okay.
Take them over to the St. Regis Roof.
I'll join you later.
All right.
Come on. Come on, on your feet.
What's the matter now? Raising the ante?
No, dearie, somebody's paid your losses.
- What? You mean...
- You're bailed out.
Why'd you pay that \$30 fine, Mr...
- Newton.
- Mr. Newton.
That's my business. Investments.
Sorry to tell you, but I'm
the kind of investment that don't pay.
- Why, I could give you everything...
- Can it.
Say, what're you writing all the time?
I'll tell you later.
You sure drink a good dinner.
Now, why did you want

to change the subject?

- What subject?

- You.

Don't you know you'll never get anywhere
with those notions of yours?

Maybe I will.

I'm like that guy
throwing quarters in the slot machine.

- I keep on trying.

- Listen, those machines are fixed.

It's 1,000 to 1 shot
unless you know the combination.

And I'm the little fellow
that knows the combination.

Little fellows like you have been trying
to teach me all sorts of combinations...
ever since I was a kid.

- But I only know one game.

- Dancing?

You said it.

Just the same, you're not playing
that right, with stopovers in jail.

I'll get my break.

I'm your break, beautiful.

I'm a chance of a lifetime, Janie.

You better take me up.

Oh boy, I won!

I'll stick to them 1,000 to 1 shots.

Sometimes they win.

I must say you're a pal.

Leaving me to get home from jail
on my own.

On your own? With that swell
Park Avenue juvenile bailing you out.

Why, you poor halfwit.

I sneaked off on purpose
just to give you a break.

You didn't stop to think I might have
to wrestle my way home, did you?

Oh, that's all right. Let him insult you.

Many a girl has cashed in
on a good, hearty insult.

Oh, I nearly forgot. He gave me a note.

Hope he signed his right name.

A \$50.

"Don't say 'them things.'

"Don't say 'can it.' Don't say 'guy.'

"Don't buy shoes with ribbons on them.

"Don't forget, what's a striptease
on Second Avenue is art on Broadway.

"The \$50 is to buy yourself a dress
without a zipper."

"Don't say 'can it.'"

"Don't say 'guy.'"

"Don't say 'them things.'"

Why, that Park Avenue know-it-all.

"Don't buy shoes with ribbons on them."

Fresh egg! And don't...

And don't get so noble with the groceries.

There's enough in this to eat for a month.

Oh, all right.

Now I owe him \$80.

Oh, how can you pal around with me
and still stay so dumb?

Say, what's the matter with them shoes?

These shoes.

Come on, baby, hit the hay.

The joint will be jammed tomorrow
and after our pinch tonight...

they'll expect us girls

to pull that zipper twice as fast.

I'm not going back to the joint.

I'm through with burlesque. I'm going up.

Up town and on my own.

Listen, hon, I've been up there
and I came down flat on my own.

Oh, can it.

Drop it.

Variety says Patch Gallagher
is putting on a new show.

What kind of a guy

is this Patch Gallagher, Rosie?

Compared to him

an elephant's hide is tissue paper.

But he sure knows his stuff.

I'm going to see him in the morning.

Yeah?

And I'm having breakfast

at the White House.
I'm going to work for Patch Gallagher.
You can dream better if you'll get to sleep.
I'm through dreaming.
I'm gonna start doing.
I'm going up where it's art.
Uptown.
I was never treated so disgracefully
in my life.
Don't lose your temper now.
And you all can tell that Mr. Gallagher...
that cotton will grow black
before I come to see him again, sir.
Where we all come from
gentlemen know how to speak to ladies.
- And you can tell him from me...
- Break it up.
You all go back
to the Mason-Dixon line, sugar.
What a wise agent you are.
Gallagher ain't tough enough.
You had to make him tougher.
Oh, I told you that Southern accent
would sound phony.
Now, wait a minute.
Listen, wait a minute, won't you?
Way up. Way up. Come on. That's it.
Now, back. Back, back.
All right, all right. Break it up, break it up.
Just a minute, Miss Warner.
All right, Harry.
- I met a Southern girl out there.
- Way from the South?
Now, don't tell me.
Don't tell me you're from the South.
And they want to build a statue
of my father...
but I wouldn't let them.
- Oh, stop. Come in.
- Yeah. That's true.
Don't tell me they want to make
a statue of your father.
- Look.
- Hello.

What do you want?

I was wondering if y'all could tell me
where I could find Mr. Gallagher?

What do you want Mr. Gallagher for?

Well, I'd kind of like to talk to him
about that Southern part.

About the Southern part.

- Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

- Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

There he is over there.

Take a good look at him.

It's funny, but I'm a little nearsighted.

I'm afraid

I'll have to get a little closer to him.

Come on, come on. You're big-eyed
enough to see that he's busy.

But I wouldn't take up any of his time.

The lady is leaving.

Look now,

I know if you'd let me get in there...

that he'd let me do this part.

I know he would.

Did you read that sign on the door:

"No more girls wanted"?

Yes, I read it.

Will you read it again

and get that mush out of your mouth?

How'd you like some of it in your eye,
you big bruiser?

- Steve.

- Okay, boss.

I've decided to take Miss Warner
for the part.

- Miss Warner?

- Yeah.

Oh, I see.

Congratulations, Miss Warner.

You all don't come from the South,
do you?

No.

- Steve.

- Yeah, boss?

That's all today.

Regular rehearsal a week from Monday.

Break it up! Break it up!
That's all for today.
The regular rehearsals start
a week from Monday.
- So, you took Warner, eh?
- Yeah. I know she's not so hot.
But with all the real talent
gone to Hollywood...
you gotta make the best
of what you can get.
We'll be down to using midgets
pretty soon.
Well, work on her.
Use the whip if you have to.
She's got to be loosened up
by the time we open.
I'll offer her candy. Maybe she likes candy.
- Offer her anything but more money.
- Okay, Mr. Gallagher.
Hello.
Hello.
Hello.
- Slumming again?
- No, I joined the Uplifters Society.
- Who's the victim?
- You.
I looked for you down at the burlesque,
I couldn't find you.
- You going after art?
- Gallagher.
You're finding out the machines are fixed
against your 1,000 to 1 shot?
- Lf you're running low on coins...
- No.
Don't pull that \$50 gag again, please.
Aren't you ready to give up?
I've been chasing that guy, Gallagher
around for days.
But I'm young yet.
Got a lot of time ahead of me.
Got a lot of sleep to catch up on, too.
- Goodnight, Mr. Newton.
- Hey, wait a minute.
Now, suppose I gave you a letter

to Jasper Bradley...

make it easy for you?

- Bradley?

- That's Gallagher's boss.

How about it?

What's there in it for you?

Now, this is no place to discuss that.

- Come on, let's go upstairs.

- Can't you read?

I'm no gentleman.

Besides, I need pen and ink for that letter.

You'll find pen and ink in the parlor.

- Okay.

- Hey, wait a minute.

You haven't told me yet where you cut in.

If you want it that way,

I won't cut in at all.

- At least not for a while.

- No. I'll do it for art's sake.

Okay. I'll take it.

But remember,

I stay out of your private collection.

- Good morning, good morning.

- Good morning, Mr. Bradley.

- Good morning, Miss Allen.

- Good morning, Mr. Bradley.

- Good morning, Miss Allen.

- Good morning, Junior.

I mean, Mr. Bradley.

What do you think

I want to see you about?

How about un-belting

with some more cash for this show?

You're not putting on

a dog and monkey circus, you know.

Look at these costumes.

- See anything wrong with them?

- No. They're very pretty. Very nice.

Yes, they're pretty. They're nice.

I suppose you can see

they're not of the same period.

The styles are only a hundred years apart.

What of it?

Nobody will know the difference.

Besides, they're the best we could rent.

So that's the gag. Rented.

You can afford to buy some, can't you?

Yes, I can,

but there are taxes and advertising...

and salaries for people like you

and Junior.

It costs money to send Junior to Harvard

to study the drama.

Well, you can write that off as a dead loss.

Oh, now, now,

don't get excited over nothing.

If you don't care about your rep,

I care about mine.

And I'm not going to put on

a charity bazaar for anybody! That's flat!

- Did I ever deny you anything?

- Never mind the salve.

- Do I get the costumes?

- All right, of course. Of course.

You didn't really mean to walk out on me

just for a few costumes.

Rather than send beautiful girls

out in those, I'd let them go on naked.

You know, Papa, that's a swell idea.

It's the same idea

that got you kicked out of school.

Come on, girls. On the stage.

Junior!

Yes, Papa.

Come in.

- Mr. Bradley...

- Go away, I can't see anyone. I'm busy.

- But I have a...

- I told you to go away. Go away.

All right, but there's a letter here

from Mr. Tod Newton.

Why didn't you say so in the first place?

- Newton. Tod Newton.

- Tod Newton.

- Show the lady in. Show the lady in.

- Yes, sir.

This Tod Newton has a lot of money.

Maybe we'll get some good costumes

after all.

My boy, you're learning the business.

Miss Barlow.

Miss Barlow. How do you do?

Why, this is wonderful.

Why didn't you come in before?

Well, your lady traffic cop out there had the signals against me.

Oh, that's a shame. I'm sorry.

- It won't happen again, I assure you.

- Thank you.

- Won't you sit down?

- Yes, thank you.

My son... I beg your pardon, you haven't met my son.

- How do you do?

- Mr. Bradley, Jr. Miss Barlow.

Hello.

Now, Miss Barlow, I think it would be best if you'd see Mr. Gallagher at once.

- Yes, thank you.

- Junior, will you escort Miss Barlow...

- down to Mr. Gallagher on the stage?

- Thank you.

- Mr. Gallagher is our director.

- Oh, I know.

And we're always looking for fresh talent.

- You can sing and dance, I suppose?

- Yes, sir.

- But, Papa, how about her rhythm?

- That's Gallagher's job, not yours.

Tell him a dear friend of mine sent Miss Barlow.

Thank you so much.

Now, Junior, be sure you take good care of our little friend.

Let out on your long line a little bit, will you?

When do you write your column, Ward?

You're always hanging around here or some other dump.

- Well, it gets written, doesn't it?

- I wouldn't know.

I don't get much time to read gossip.

Speaking of gossip, what's new?

You ought to know.

I suppose you got that story about one of our girls and the Ambassador?

No, no, what's that?

- Got a pencil around here?

- No, I haven't.

Well, never mind.

- When do you start rehearsals?

- Next Monday.

- Boy, I'd rather start boxing with Carnera.

- Here comes love!

- Hello, Ward.

- The rest of the name is King, my son.

That's all right. Call me Junior.

A very important friend of Papa's sent a girl around for you.

Papa wants you to take care of her.

She's outside.

I get it. One of those.

So Papa wants me

to give her a tryout, huh?

- Steve. Steve!

- Yeah, boss. Yeah.

Steve, a very important friend of Papa's...

has brought around a very important young lady for a very important tryout.

- Have you got any?

- Yes. I think we just have one left.

Steve will take care of her.

- The old brush off?

- Yeah, that's the way it goes.

These very important friends...

who want to put their dames

in the front row...

so they can show their friends

how well they can pick them.

Say, who is this very important friend of Papa's, anyhow?

You can just say a certain young man in the money...

and you won't be very far wrong.

Fine, fine.

Oh, well, never mind.

Got your music?

Is that all I get, a piano?

The last audition I gave

I had a 40 piece orchestra.

All right, little lady,

we'll dig up Paul Whiteman for you.

- That'll be swell.

- Wait a minute.

If you want a tryout,

get your rehearsal clothes.

- I didn't bring any with me.

- The wardrobe lady will give them to you.

- Okay, boss. Okay.

- Hurry up.

Do you want Junior to help you?

No, thanks.

Junior has enough to do to dress himself.

Hey, you mugs! Come here.

Okay, boss.

- Listen, fellows.

- What's the matter?

- We're going to have an audition.

- A raw edition?

No, an audition! You heard me.

- See that girl that went upstairs?

- Yeah.

We're going to give her the brush off.

- The brush off?

- Yeah.

- Same instruments.

- No instruments, we're going to sing.

Oh, you'll never know

Just what you start

You start with me, I'll break...

- That was a B flat?

- Yeah.

- Sing it.

- Yeah.

What do you know about music?

You're talking to one of the best musicians

in the country!

How are you in the city?

Oh, you

Boys, listen, I'm wrong.

We're not gonna sing it,

we're gonna play it.

Get the instruments.

You heard me, didn't you?

- We could sing it.

- You know I'm the boss, don't you?

- Get organized now, come on.

- Okay.

- Get the chairs. Get organized.

- Okay.

- You ready? Right.

- Right.

- Right.

- Right.

- Right.

- Right.

Stop. Stop. Everything's all right, isn't it?

- Yeah.

- I'm going to count off.

- One, two.

- Button your shoe.

- Three, four.

- Close the door.

- Five, six.

- Brush her off.

Hey, here she comes now.

All right, fellows.

Come on. Get organized.

Right. Right.

- What can we do for you?

- Well, what have you got?

- We got plenty.

- All right, let me have it.

I'll need a little more room, though.

You'll get it. All right, fellows, break it up.

Spread out!

That's it.

- Faster, please.

- Faster, the lady wants it faster.

Slower.

Slower. Give it to her slower.

Help the lady out.

Help the lady out, will you.

That's it.

- All right, a little step on now, fellows.
- Careful. Sit down, fellows, sit down.
Say, Curly, help the lady out, will you?
Okay, boys, I get it. It's the brush off, huh?
Okay.
All right, hold it a minute, will you?
Okay, bruiser, the first round's yours,
but I'm not licked yet.
Wait a minute. Wait a minute, will you?
Say, listen, Paderewski...
do them funny noises come out of you
or the piano?
Boss, come here, will you?
Boss, come here!
- What do you want?
- Boss, come here.
This girl's got plenty of talent.
Oh, Steve, don't be like that.
I'm busy, I haven't...
You got confidence in me, haven't you?
Look, come on with me, will you?
All right, all right,
we've got nothing to lose. Come on.
Very, very clever. There she is.
Oh, you.
- Get her out of here.
- Wait a minute, boss.
- Steve, I haven't...
- Boss, she's got plenty of talent!
Listen to me,
just watch her once, will you, please?
All right, let's see what you can do.
Steve, same instruments?
Get out of here. Take those chairs
and get out of here. Get out of here.
This is on the level, now, play it,
don't fake it!
Go ahead.
Say, Junior,
you don't happen to know the name...
of that important friend of Papa's, do you?
Sure, I know.
Got a pencil?
No.

- Well, don't you want to know his name?

- No, no, let it ride.

All right.

Report for rehearsal next Monday.

- Oh, Mr. Gallagher...

- And don't follow me anymore!

Yes, sir.

Steve, stick her in the front line
with the Closser unit.

Yeah, boss.

You sure have got rhythm, baby.

Yeah, well, keep your hands off it.

What is this?

Can't you quit shadowing me
now that you've got your job?

I'm not shadowing you now,

Mr. Gallagher...

I just wanted to thank you for the break.

All right, all right, thank me.

You may not think it's such a break
when I get through working you.

Listen, I've been through the mill already.

Why, I've worked in cheap vaudeville,
one night stands, honky-tonks, burlesque...

Well, what do you want?

To be made an Eagle Girl Scout for it?

I've been through the mill, too.

I've played honky-tonks.

But that isn't it.

It's just that you can't scare me away...

from my first break

by threatening to work me.

- You like to dance?

- Oh, I love it.

Well, it's good you do.

You may be a natural, you may be a flop.

You can't ever tell.

- Takes years and years of hard work.

- I'm not afraid of work.

- Takes guts and brains.

- Yeah, I know.

After you've given everything
maybe something will come of it.

- Maybe nothing.

- Something's got to come of it.
- I suppose if you feel you got it, you got it.
- Yeah.
- You like to dance?
- More than anything in the world.
- You want to work with me?
- Yes, Mr. Gallagher.
- Shake.
- Yes, sir.
- Now, beat it!
- Thank you!

How about a little drink
to our partnership, Mr. Newton?

All right.

Now remember, this is just a
private deal between you and me.

My friends wouldn't understand
an investment of this kind.

They don't want me contaminated
by show people.

It's Q.T. With me. I won't tell a soul.

By the way, do these girls
get paid during rehearsals?

Well, not as a rule.

But in Miss Barlow's case,
I think it could be arranged.

Fine, charge it to me.

But don't say anything about it to...

Or anybody.

- Well, here we are.

- Thanks.

Hey, look, would it be all right
if I gave a little party...
for the whole company tomorrow night?

Why the whole company, Mr. Newton?

Well, I've tried working it alone,
doesn't seem to get very far.

I see. It might work better
in a crowd, huh?

But don't expect Gallagher.

When he's directing a show,
he never goes out.

That's okay.

This is one show I'll direct myself.

The more I'm with you, the more I can see
My love is yours alone
You came and captured
a heart that was free
Now I've nothing I can call my own
Everything I have is yours
You're part of me
Everything I have is yours
My destiny
I would gladly give the sun to you
If the sun were only mine
I would gladly give the earth to you
And the stars that shine
Everything that I possess, I offer you
That my dream of happiness come true
I'd be happy just to spend my life
Waiting at your beck and call
Everything I have is yours
My life
My all
Goody, goody, champagne.
You know, this is my first time
to one of these doggy parties in years.
They're all right.
And at that, I wouldn't be here
if it weren't for Janie.
She made me stop hoofing
and start cooking.
We got a little joint around the corner
from Broadway.
Broadway isn't what it used to be
in the old days, you know.
Churchill's, Reisenweber's,
the old Madison Square Garden, all gone.
I heard of them.
Did you know New York
when they was here?
No, I was working
on the Kansas City Star in those days.
- Do you like gardenias?
- I love them.
I could take you in my yacht to Tahiti
where they grow wild, millions of them.
- Hoping I'd go wild, too, huh?

- Might do you a world of good, Janie.
Tod, dance me toward the bedroom,
will you?
I want to get my coat.
I'm going home.
Come on, let's dance.
You think you're a dancer, huh?
You'll never be an artist
until you find out what life's about.
You ought to open up
an art school for chorus girls.
Oh, excuse us.
There goes your great artist.
Is this the only way
I can get you in my arms?
- Janie?
- Yes, Tod?
Is it?
No.
We can always dance.
What are you doing with me, a striptease?
Tod!
Janie.
I must go home, Tod.
You sure about that?
Sure.
They were all at the party last night...
just because you said they could
stay in bed and rest up this morning.
- They were in bed all right.
- All right, Steve, I know all about it.
I can't play nursemaid to a hundred girls.
If they're tired for rehearsal this afternoon,
that's their hard luck!
- I'll be up in the gym.
- Listen, boss, I want to ask you something.
What's the matter? Sore because
you weren't asked to the party?
No, not exactly that,
but tell me, why am I a social failure?
- Ask your best friend.
- Even he won't tell me!
Wait a minute, what is all this?
What are you doing up here?

Oh, it's you.

I might have known wherever there's anything private I'd find you around.

I just sneaked up to get a little workout.

What's the matter, the one at the party last night wasn't so good, huh?

If you're so interested in our private affairs...

why don't you come and see?

I don't mix business with pleasure.

Well, it'd be a pleasure to me if you'd mind your own business.

Yeah? Say, listen.

It's my business to see that you gals keep your shapes, Duchess!

You mean,

to see that we don't give them away.

Listen...

I don't give a rap about your private life, only as to how it affects me.

Then stop handing out sarcastic orders.

It doesn't affect you at all.

Say listen, did you ever take a look at a dame who's been out too many nights?

The customers out front just love it.

Will you stop beefing.

You're not on the stage now.

- Why don't you watch yourself?

- Why don't you...

Feel better?

Well, what do you know about that?

He can actually smile.

You look nice when you smile.

Why don't you try it a little more often?

Come on. Come on. Play ball.

Okay, you asked for it.

- Say, are you doing that on purpose?

- Oh, I'm sorry.

Pretty ambitious, huh?

Getting up so early after a night out.

- A lot of sleep'd done you more good.

- I left early.

Yeah? Well, keep up the good work.

Maybe I'll give you a specialty number

all for yourself.

- Gee, really?

- Save it. Save it.

You haven't got it yet.

- Shoulder feel all right now?

- It feels swell when you rub it.

Oh, no, you don't.

It was nice you could get away.

Yeah. Mr. Gallagher traded me
the afternoon for working all night.

That was kind of him.

I nearly forgot. Got something for you.

- I only owe you \$25 now.

- Are you still at it?

Until the last dime is paid, Shylock.

Tod, I'm scared.

Come on, now. Just be yourself.

And remember, don't bite or scratch
no matter what happens.

Go on, now. Don't worry.

Gee, this is a swell... place.

- Who's that?

- That's one of the early Newtons.

He fought in the Revolution.

Looks like he started it.

You talking about those
darned old Newtons again?

He blew the top of his head off
with a duck gun.

You never heard of anything like that
from my side of the family.

This is my grandmother
on my mother's side. Mrs. Todhunter.
She's quite deaf, but she's the real thing.

- Nanny, this is Janie Barlow.

- What?

I'll have to write it for her.

So a Newton's
brought a woman into this house finally.

This is Janie Barlow.

Nice girl, isn't she?

When's the wedding?

Oh, but you...

Now, there's no use answering her.

Looks like good, healthy stock.

You know, Tod,

I didn't think you had it in you.

You know, we Todhunters

knew how to pick the women.

It was the Newtons

who were always a bit finicky.

- All right, darling, all right.

- Well, they were.

You know, I know what I'm talking about.

- Tod!

- Hello, kid.

I thought I heard your car.

Janie Barlow, this is my sister, Grace.

- How do you do?

- Hello.

- I'm so glad to know you.

- Thanks.

- And that's all the family there is.

- Tod!

Yes, Nanny.

Well, don't yell like that. I ain't so deaf.

You know you might have telephoned.

I could have prepared a little.

- All we want is a swim.

- Him?

- What him? Who?

- A swim.

Why didn't you say so?

I'll have Charles fix something

down at the lake.

- You like it?

- Love it.

- Afraid?

- Of what?

The country.

- I'm used to it.

- How so?

I milked a cow once.

What kind of a cow was it,

a Jersey or Guernsey?

I don't know. I didn't see the license plate.

Gee, this is a swell place.

You got everything in it.

All you need's a piano.
How'd you like to look
for a house and furniture?
Let's talk sense.
We want to be friends.
We can't be
unless you keep it on a sensible basis.
I'm suggesting a dandy basis.
Here, drink some of this.
Maybe it'll make you see things
the way I do.
No, thanks.
Everything's beautiful just as it is.
- Come on in.
- I don't like to mix my drinks.
The water's nice.
All right, you take the exercise
for both of us.
Come on in.
For a guy that's had as much practice
as you, you're a pretty poor shot.
Is that so?
Mr. Newton.
This is so sudden.
I learned that in the Navy.
I'll have to get myself a diver's suit.
You'll never get one
to fit you like the one you got on.
You know, you're too versatile
to be working just on land.
Why don't you find yourself
a nice mermaid?
I've tried mermaids.
They can't dance well enough.
And I dance and that's all.
It can't be very much fun for you...
going around with a girl
whose dancing is her career.
There are other careers besides dancing.
- Not for me.
- Marriage is a career.
- Marriage?
- Sure.
I'll buy a ring and a license

if it'll make everything cozier.
I didn't know you meant that, Tod.
Neither did I. It just occurred to me
down there in the water.
Sold?
No.
- I don't want to marry.
- You mean, you don't want to marry me.
I don't want to promise
to marry anyone yet, Tod.
I've got a job to go through with first.
- Not very much of a job is it?
- I don't know. Might be.
Mr. Gallagher's promised me
a chance at a specialty number.
And if I make good at that
and the show's a big hit...
it would mean everything to me.
And what if the show isn't a hit
or if you don't make good?
Well, then I guess...
It's got to be a hit.
I'll never get such a chance again.
- My whole career depends on it.
- Your whole dancing career, you mean.
Well.
Janie, suppose this big job of yours
turns out to be not so big as you think...
would you marry me then?
We love each other enough, don't we?
I think so, Tod, but...
The only "but" is whether or not
the show gets over.
If it does, you stick to show business.
If it doesn't, you stick to me.
For life.
Please say yes.
Please.
Hey, look what Ward King says
in his column.
"It is rumored that one of the new girls
in the forthcoming Bradley production...
"soon will go to the altar
with a gay blade..."

"from the social register section
of our town."

What does she do, hypnotize them?

- What has that Barlow dame got?

- Eyes, that's all.

Can't do it with eyes, my dear.

Maybe she's got a book that tells about it.

I've tried everything but a blackjack.

I'm going to talk to Papa

about you tonight. Anything I say goes.

Break it up. Get out of the nursery.

You, get in your overalls.

Say, do you realize

to whom you're speaking?

I'm democratic, I speak to everybody.

- I'll speak to Papa about you.

- Go on, you big tom-boy.

All right, girls, on your feet.

Come on, everybody.

- The Duchess!

- Yeah, that's right.

- You know we got a rehearsal today?

- Have we?

Steve, this is my roommate, Rosie LaRue.

- Take good care of her, will you?

- She needs it.

- I'll be down in a minute, Rosie.

- Okay.

Say, I remember you.

The third girl from the left

in the Florodora Sextette.

You want a wheelchair?

No, thanks.

I'll just take one of your crutches.

- Morning, Cyclone.

- The Duchess.

- All right, Steve.

- All right, boss.

Let's get going. Get the girls down

for the Bavarian number, will you?

- Okay. Excuse me.

- Goodbye, handsome.

What, are you getting sentimental?

All right, girls, the Bavarian number!

Quiet! Girls, quiet!
Come on, girls, Mr. Gallagher's waiting.
- Why don't you knock?
- What for? You ain't got nothing to hide.
Come on, girls, everybody. Come on, now.
Come on, stop that kidding.
Stop that playing cards.
Come on. Come on, girls, everybody down.
Come on, the beer number.
Come on, girls.
What's the matter with you?
Stop that, will you?
Take this, will you?
Everything will be ready
in a minute, Mr. Gallagher.
- All right, Steve.
- All right, girls, come on.
Come on. On your feet, everybody now.
Come on.
Jessie, take care of these girls, will you?
All right, come on, girls, the beer number.
Hello, Duchess.
Hello, Mr. G. How many nip-ups today?
I feel pretty light on my feet.
Yeah, how did you get that way?
The session in the speakeasies last night?
No. A nice, quiet evening in the open.
Trees and a lake and all that sort of thing.
- Out with the rich folks?
- Just one rich folk!
One's usually enough.
Do you think you could bring yourself
down to do a little work now?
Let's go.
- Oh, democratic, too?
- Yeah!
If you'd told us where you were...
we'd have brought the company out there
to rehearse.
- Come on, Steve, let's have it.
- All right, Miss Warner, this is for you.
- Hey, give me a pickup.
- All right, come on, girls.
Hey, listen, boys...

- you're the authors of this show?

- Yeah.

- Do you like it?

- I think it's splendid.

- Certainly.

- It looks great.

Well, that's too bad.

Because it's going to be changed.

- You can't do that without our say-so.

- We've got our rights.

It's in our contract.

It's in my contract,

that I don't have to put on a turkey!

What I say goes.

Mr. Gallagher, I might say I've been
expecting something like this.

Now, don't irritate Pinky.

You know how he is.

Sure, sure. I know how he is.

I had a cousin like him once.

We had to shoot him.

What's wrong, Mr. Gallagher?

What's wrong? Tell us that.

You tell me what's right.

The whole thing's terrible.

It all has to be re-written.

You're crucifying me!

Now, don't get excited, Pinky.

He isn't worth it.

Don't go to pieces, Pinky.

Don't go to pieces!

Oh, come on, come on.

Get back on your nest.

Then just what is your idea, Mr. Patch?

My idea would be to write
a whole new show.

- Oh! You're crucifying me.

- Now, listen!

This show as it stands
is Spanish-American War stuff.

Country girl, city slicker,
oatmeal, butterflies!

You can't get by
with that sort of thing today!

You gotta give them something
out of modern everyday life.

- Something out of the city streets.
- I'll kill myself.

Give them the slums, burlesque shows,
riveting machines.

A girl who has to beat time
to the city's rhythm.

A girl who craves to dance. Do you get it?

- How can Vivian Warner do that?
- Vivian Warner isn't going to do it!
- All right, break it up, break it up!
- Break it up, break it up!
- Barlow?
- Yes, sir.

In my office.

I've got a few things to say to you.

Yes, sir.

Steve.

Finish this and tell them all except Warner
to be back here at 8.00 tonight.

- You don't want Warner?
- No, without Warner.

Listen, everybody, we'll run through
this number once more...
and that'll be all for this afternoon.

Mr. Bradley wants to see

Mr. Bradley, Jr. Right away.

It's very important.

Babe. If you see Junior,
tell him Papa wants him.

Yes, sir. Papa wants you, Junior.

- I've been thinking things over.
- Yes, sir.

You're through with the unit.

Sorry I didn't make the grade,

Mr. Gallagher.

- I worked awfully hard...
- That's right.

That's why I'm taking you out of the unit.

- Why? Because I worked hard?
- No.

Because I want to put you on the top spot.

- The what?

- The top spot.
- Top spot?
- Yes, yes, yes, the top spot.
Where if you drop,
you've got twice as far to fall.
Well, maybe I'm a sap for trying it...
and maybe I can make something
out of you...
if you can stand up
when I get through with you.
I've got good legs, Mr. Gallagher.
Yes, so I've noticed.
But don't let them run away with you.
I won't. I'm sticking right here.
Well, don't. Go on home.
Clear all this stuff out of your mind
and be back here at 8:00 tonight.
Gee, I don't know what to say,
Mr. Gallagher.
- You don't know how much...
- Save it, save it.
Yes, sir.
Shake?
- And now, will you...
- Beat it. Yeah, I know. I'll beat it.
My dancing lady, there's nobody like you
You find such pleasure
in doing what you do
A change in music and suddenly you start
That little syncopated beat in your heart
You look inspired
That's one of your great charms
And when you're tired
start dancing in my arms
After a while, dear
These two happy feet
will beat down the aisle, dear
My dancing lady to you
When I look at you in admiration
Wondering where I got the luck
Landing someone quite so grand
When so many folks get stuck
You're supply of everything that's needed
Just meets my demand

Pardon if I seem to gush
But I say without a blush
After a while, dear
These two happy feet
will beat down the aisle, dear
My dancing lady, to you
All right, girls and boys,
come on, now break it up. That's all.
All right, break it up, everybody.
Take a rest now.

- What's the matter, cramp?
- A little. It's all right, though.
- Routine on that number's not bad.
- Thanks.
- Needs a little cleaning up, though.
- You're telling me.
- Sure you're all right?
- Yes, sir.
- Don't want to quit?
- No, sir.

Do you feel like going through
that opening number with Mr. Astaire?
All right.

- Freddy.
- Yes, Patch.

Show Miss Barlow the routine
on that opening number, will you?

- I'd love to.
- Good evening, Mr. Astaire.

Miss Barlow. Do you know the routine?

- I've seen it often enough, I'll try.
- That's fine.

Harry, give us the pickup
on that gang number, would you, please.

- Yeah, yeah.
- Thanks.

How does that Barlow
get to take Warner's place?

Didn't you ever hear of personality?

- All right, girls, stand back, stand back!
- Help me take her in my office.

Boss, I'll carry her.

- I always wanted to be a hero.
- Steve, take her in my office.

Come on, girls, get back. Get back!

All right, Paley,

go ahead with that number.

Come on, girls, now, snap into it.

Take her right in here.

- All right, get me the liniment, Jess.

- Yes, sir.

- It's over there, Jess.

- Come on, let's get the shoe off.

- Oh, take it easy.

- Yeah, all right. There you are.

Come on now, let's straighten it out.

- Come on, let go.

- I can't.

Yes, you can. Come on, let go.

That's it. Oh, that's better. That's fine.

- Give me the liniment, Jess.

- Yes, sir.

- You know, I had a charley horse once.

- It hurt, didn't it?

- Certainly it hurt.

- There, is that better?

- All right, boys...

- Yeah.

...get them back to rehearsal.

- Shall I take them, Steve?

- No, I'll take them.

- They got more confidence in me.

- Oh. Sorry.

Better keep it straight now. That's it.

Come on, keep it straight.

This is going to hurt a little.

Let it go easy now, right back.

That's it.

Wriggle your toe.

What kind of a gang are you running with?

What do you mean?

I see a lot of cracks

in Ward King's column about you.

It's no fun sitting at home all the time.

No, I suppose not.

What are you going to do,

marry into dough?

- I don't know.

- Well, don't do it.
Those guys are a lot of silk hats
and silk socks with nothing between.
That's what all these dames fall for.
Don't let it fool you.
It never works out.
But...
Dancing is your racket, Duchess. I know it.
I'm not going to run out on you.
I'm not getting married.
Is that on the level?
Sure.
You mean that, Duchess?
Sure, I mean it.
I'm not going to quit on you
after all you've done for me.
What do you take me for, anyway?
- You think you can make it now?
- Yes, sir.
Well, all right, on your feet, on your feet.
Sure you're all right?
Well, let's see you walk.
All right?
Well, what are you waiting for? Come on.
All right, Steve, come on.
Get them in their places
for the Dancing Lady number.
All right, boss.
Come on, girls. You heel-beaters.
Come on now. Come on, get up.
- Come on, now.
- Everybody, now, everybody.
- Come on, girls, please.
- Come on, move fast.
All right, Harry, drop that puzzle.
Give me a pickup here.
All right, break it up, break it up!
Just a minute. Come here, everybody.
This concerns you
so you may as well hear it now.
"Have decided to give up production
for this season owing to ill health.
"Stop.
"Am on way to South of France. Stop.

"Dismiss company immediately. Stop.

- "Junior sends best."

- Stop.

Signed, Jasper Bradley.

So, Junior sends best, a charming fellow.

He can't mean that. He can't do that to us.

No? You don't know Jasper Bradley.

- Isn't there anything we can do?

- Sure, we can go home and forget about it.

I'm awful sorry, Mr. Gallagher.

Save it, Duchess, save it.

What seems to be the matter?

We just got word,

they're closing the show.

Oh, that's too bad.

I guess I'd better get out of these.

I look kind of silly in them now.

I'll be down in a minute.

Well, that takes care of the 40-hour-week,
all right.

My folks begged me

not to become an actress.

Your folks needn't worry, you didn't.

You ready, Janie?

Yeah, I'm ready. And for what?

Well, it might be something pretty nice
if you just relax a little.

I don't want to rush you into anything.

We'll talk about getting married

when we get back from the cruise.

Cruise?

Where are we cruising,

up and down Sixth Avenue?

No, Cuba. I thought a little sea air
might do you good.

And Grandma thought so, too.

She's coming along to chaperone...

or maybe you'll chaperone Grandma.

And you can bring anyone along

you'd like to.

Rosette, if you want, in case I bore you.

Rosette would love Cuba or vice versa.

- Come on.

- Wait a minute.

- I want to see Patch.
- All right.
Come in. Come in.
Oh, it's you. I thought you'd gone.
I just wanted to tell you
how much I appreciated everything...
even though it didn't work out.
Oh, that's all right.
I've been in this racket for years.
If you don't get a good break,
you get a bad one.
That's show business.
What are you going to do?
- Keep a promise.
- Marriage?
Maybe.
I get it.
Well, goodbye.
- Goodbye. Lots of luck.
- Thanks, I'll be seeing you.
Sure, sure.
We'll sit around the fire, whittle sticks...
and talk about a girl
who traded Broadway for Park Avenue.
You shouldn't have said that, Patch.
No, no, I shouldn't have said that.
I shouldn't have said anything to you
but "beat it," the day you came in here.
Why did you say that to me, Patch?
I won't go this way.
I couldn't leave knowing the way you feel.
Oh, get out of here,
I told you to beat it, didn't I?
I can't go.
I don't want you to think
I'm letting you down.
Please.
Okay, Duchess.
Better luck with his show
than you had with mine.
Thanks.
You ready?
Not a bad jill at that, boss.
- What?

- The girl.

Well, boss, looks like
we're heading for the warehouse.

Yeah?

- Well, we're not.

- What do you mean?

Listen, Steve, Bradley can't do this to me.

I'm going to carry this show myself.

I'm gonna produce it.

I got some dough,

and what I haven't got, I'll get.

I'll hock my car, my clothes,

my house, everything.

That's great. And I got some money

I've been hoarding...

against the next depression

and you can have every dime of it!

- All right, drag it out. Get ahold of Warner.

- Okay, boss.

- Warner? How about that Barlow dame?

- Oh, let her go! She's gone Park Avenue.

Say, listen, Steve, from now on...

this is one theater

those guys get into only on a ticket.

Get those people back for rehearsal

tomorrow morning as usual.

That's great, boss.

Girls, girls, don't go way. Girls!

Hey, Grandma, here's mud in your eye.

Pie? Who wants pie in a place like this?

Grandma, you're getting to be a cut-up.

Having fun?

That's a swell dance.

- It's a little bit uncivilized, though.

- Maybe that's why it's so beautiful.

It isn't loaded down by a lot of...

- Drop it.

- Okay.

- Where do we go from here?

- Tod, let's go home.

- New York?

- Yeah.

That's the rhythm of the day

- All right, break it up, break it up!

- Break it up, break it up!

- Warner.

- Yes, Mr. Gallagher.

I just wanted to make sure that you understood this is a dancing number.

- I was under the impression I was dancing.

- Yeah?

Well, that just shows how we can all get the wrong impression sometimes.

My mistake!

That's not your first mistake,

Mr. Gallagher.

- No. My first mistake was...

- Was what?

Oh, let it go, let it go.

Start at it again, Steve.

- Listen, boss.

- Steve, I'm not gonna stand for that!

- I'll quit, so help me, I'll quit!

- Miss Warner, he's a little tired.

You know the show can't get on without you.

You're an absolute sensation.

- Well, I'll give him just one more chance.

- Thanks. You're a brick.

Come on.

Say, I got a letter here from Junior Bradley.

And I guess it's down at the office.

Anyway, he said that before his old man blew out on the show...

you were going to put the Barlow girl into Miss Warner's place.

Anything in that?

- Oh, what difference does it make now?

- Well, it don't make sense.

What don't make sense?

Well, he said...

Gosh, I wish I had that letter.

Well, anyway, he said that the reason his old man blew out on the show...

was that Tod Newton

paid him a lot of money to close it.

What?

- Say that again, I don't follow.
- Well, neither do I.
Now, look,
the Barlow girl is Newton's sweetie.
So, why should he buy out a show
and close it...
and take her away to Cuba
just as she's about to get a good break?
Doesn't make sense.
Yeah. It makes sense all right.
Well, I guess there's something about it
I don't understand.
You figure it out.
- Steve.
- Yeah, boss. Yeah.
Take over this rehearsal.
I'm going out and get a drink.
Oh, boss, I can't handle this.
You got a hippodrome here.
Do whatever you want to do with it.
I don't care.
Boss, listen, please.
We got a dress rehearsal coming up.
- We open in a week.
- A week?
- Lucky if we open at all.
- But, boss.
I see they're opening Dancing Lady
cold tomorrow night.
- Maybe it's something hot.
- Maybe it's shortage of dough.
Champagne cocktails, six.
None for me, Tod. I'm not thirsty.
I get it.
When a lady says she isn't thirsty...
she means all she can drink
is champagne cocktails.
You ought to write a book
about what women want.
Come on, it'll help your sea-legs.
I can still feel the motion of that boat.
That's what you call it.
Patch.
What? What?

Well, if it isn't the Duchess herself?

- Is that all you have to say to me?

- Oh, leave me alone.

Scotch, straight.

Patch, what's the matter with you?

- Me? Nothing's the matter with me.

- Hello, Gallagher.

Well, well, if it isn't the other half
of the firm.

Back from Havana so soon?

Somebody close your show, too?

Are you trying to be funny, Patch?

Tod's not in the show business.

Another.

- He's not in the show-business, huh?

- Come on away, Janie. He's just a little...

I'm a little drunk.

Is that what you're trying to say?

Well, drunk or sober,

my hat's still off to you.

There are more ways than one to close a
show and you've taught me a new one.

- That's enough, Gallagher.

- Hey, wait a minute.

What's the matter? Afraid your boyfriend
will get a poke in the jaw...

for throwing a hundred people
out of work...

just so he could take you

on a joyride to Cuba?

- I don't know what you're talking about.

- No? Not much.

You got paid for rehearsing.

Nobody else did.

- You didn't think Bradley gave you that?

- Shut up, Gallagher.

- Say, what is this?

- Oh, you don't savvy?

- No.

- Well, maybe I ought to speak Cuban.

But it's the same in any language.

I suppose you don't know

that your boyfriend here...

paid Bradley to close the show.

You can settle that with me, Gallagher.

Janie had nothing to do with it.

- Tod, did you?

- Oh, yes, Tod did.

And I'd like to take Tod over

to the theater right now...

and feed him to the boys and girls

for breakfast.

- They need something to eat.

- Mr. Gallagher.

Well, the show opens tomorrow night

and on my dough.

Mr. Gallagher, quiet, please!

All right, Joe. All right.

I'm not gonna tear up your joint.

But you better be careful

who you let in here.

The place will be getting a bad name.

- Oh, Janie.

- Tod, did you do that?

Sure. It was the only way I could get you.

- You don't know what you've done.

- I loved a girl.

I wanted to marry her.

All I did was make sure I could marry her.

Yes, and incidentally threw a hundred

other people out of work.

I didn't see it that way. I'm sorry.

It's a little late for that now, I'm afraid.

- Janie, l...

- I'll see you later, Tod.

Wait a minute. The boss is all steamed up,

and this ain't no Turkish bath.

- Get out of my way.

- No, wait a second.

No auditions today.

You're in a new show now.

Listen, bruiser, I'm mad

and I'm not fighting according to rules.

The boss is in enough trouble without you.

You see?

What is all this?

- Patch, I want to talk to you.

- What?

- You've got the wrong address, sister.
- You gotta listen to me.
I didn't know anything about that,
honest I didn't.
Don't give me that.
Do you think I'd do that to you
and the rest of them?
Would I do it to myself?
Patch, listen!
If you don't believe me about the others,
you've got to believe me about myself.
I wouldn't sell out my one chance.
Oh, it's not only you, it's everything.
Even the creditors are wise.
Hanging around
like a pack of hungry wolves.
But don't you see,
if you could show them a hit...
You can't kid them.
I'll be lucky if they let the curtain go up.
They know a hit from a bust.
Oh, Patch, if it's going to be a bust,
let me be there when it happens.
It's too late. We open tomorrow night.
But I know the routines.
Please let me go back in.
Forget about it, Duchess. It can't be done.
Life's too short.
So the great Patch Gallagher's
laying down.
So, life's too short?
So the first opus he's got his own dough in
is a flop!
Well, the wisies on Broadway will say
it wasn't Gallagher, it was Bradley!
- What?
- Without Bradley, Gallagher's a washout!
- What was that Bradley crack?
- That's what they'll say.
They'll put you on the pan and
keep you there till Bradley takes you off!
I've got a notion to...
If that's what it takes
to get you on your feet, go ahead!

- What are you looking for, boss?
- I'm looking for that opening number.
- Here it is.
- Well, all right, put it on!
- How about that Warner dame?
- Put her back where she belongs.
Say, that place has been closed for years.
- Say you know those routines?
- Sure I do.

All right, get out of that back drop
and let's see them.

- Right.
- Right.
- Let's go!
- Right away.

Heigh ho, the gang's all here
So let's have pretzels and let's have beer
Heigh ho, it's time to start
And put some spirit in the party
Oh, boy, the world's all right
We won't be singing the blues tonight
Let's give the grand old cheer
It's all so merry when the gang's all here!
Hail, all hail, put your worries up for sale
Hail, all hail, let the good old days prevail
Heigh ho, the gang's all here
We all have pretzels, we all have beer
Sing loud, the coast is clear
So let's make merry
while the gang's all here
Heigh ho
The gang's all here
So let's have pretzels
Let's have beer
Heigh ho
It's time to start
And put some spirit
In the party!
Oh, boy
The world's all right
We won't be singing
The blues tonight
Let's give
The grand old cheer

It's all so merry
When the gang's all here!
Stand up and sing
We've got the gang together
We always sang together
Stand up and sing
Get in the swing
We've got no time for waiting
It's time for celebrating
Get in the swing
Heigh ho, the gang's all here
So let's have pretzels and let's have beer
Heigh ho, it's time to start
And put some spirit in the party!
Oh, boy, the world's all right
We won't be singing the blues tonight
Let's give the grand old cheer
It's all so merry when the gang's all here!
Hail, all hail, put your worries up for sale
Hail, all hail, let the good old days prevail
Heigh ho, the gang's all here
We all have pretzels, we all have beer
Sing loud, the coast is clear
So let's make merry
while the gang's all here!
So in Bavaria
get yourself a sweet frulein
She can help you drink a stein
of good old beer
So in Bavaria
clink your glasses all around
Make that tinkle, tinkle sound
Spread good cheer!
In Bavaria, we take good care of you
In all this area skies are clear
So in Bavaria
Isn't this a happy scene
Ach, du lieber Augustin, drink your beer!
Let's go Bavarian
Get yourself a sweet frulein
She can help you drink a stein
of good old beer
Let's go Bavarian
Clink your glasses all around

Make that tinkle, tinkle sound
Spread good cheer
Here in Bavaria
they take good care of you
In all this area skies are clear, so
Let's go Bavarian
Isn't this a happy scene?
Ach, du lieber Augustin, drink your beer!
This is just an idle burg
More famous far than Heidelberg
And what's it famous for?
Beer! Beer! Beer!
No one cares for Piper-Heidsieck
Everybody laughs their sides sick
While they yell for more
Beer! Beer! Beer!
Here's a place where skies are never gray
Here's a place to drink your cares away
Let's go Bavarian
Get yourself a sweet frulein
She can help you drink a stein
of good old beer!
- How am I doing?
- So far, so good.
- Say, boss...
- Go change for your next number.
- Yes, sir.
- The customers seem to like it.
- Yeah? Well, we're not through yet.
- Come on, girls, everybody. Come on!
You're old-fashioned, you're pass
Rhythm 's in the air today
Come with me, leave the past
Life today is wild and fast
On your toes, everybody rise
On your toes, open up your eyes
This is the time for plenty of action
Action!
On your toes
Shout it to the skies!
Go, go, go, let her go faster
Faster, faster, follow master
Go, go, go, that's the rhythm of the day
Run, run, run, rhythm is master

Motors turning, wires burning
Run, run, run, that's the rhythm of the day
Even love is electric
Even love has a beat
Here's the only correct trick
Keep at fever heat
Up, up, up
Hitting the skyline
Pulses beating, keep repeating
Go, go, go, that's the rhythm of the day
That's the rhythm of the day
Nice work, Gallagher, old boy. Great show.
- Certainly enjoyed it, Patch.
- It's all right with me though.
Think you've got a hit.
Well, you double-crossed me, Janie.
You're a success.
You were marvelous.
Believe now that dancing
is my racket, Tod?
Well, I'll give in if you will, Janie.
Marry me.
You can still go on with this.
You can have your cake and eat it, too.
Tod, I love to say "can it" and I...
I love shoes with ribbons on them
and I got a perfect passion for zippers.
Well, you can put zippers on your sables,
if you like.
No. I'm afraid "them things"
won't mix with "those things."
- Steve. Steve!
- Yes, boss.
- I was just talking to one of the girls.
- Yeah.
Steve...
tell Joe to dim down
on that Dancing Lady number.
Dim down on Dancing Lady.
Yeah, but to follow Miss Barlow
with an amber spot.
- An amber spot.
- Yeah.
Yeah, an amber spot.

And tomorrow night I'll try a rose spot.

I get it. Miss Barlow.

Top spot, amber spot, rose spot.

Come in, come in.

- Oh, you're busy. Excuse me.

- No, that's all right. Come in.

Oh, and Steve...

during that dramatic bit tell them to follow Miss Barlow with a blue spot.

- A blue spot?

- Yeah.

- Blue.

- Good night.

- Good night, boss.

- Good night, Duchess.

Night, Steve.

White spot, amber spot, blue spot.

Looks like you're in a spot.

- Sure glad that first night's over.

- Yeah.

I saw your face once in the wings.

Made me feel as if

everything I was doing was wrong.

I guess I got that kind of a face.

You better go home and get some rest.

And don't stay out too late

with your boyfriend.

He's gone.

Yeah. Until tomorrow night.

He's gone for good, Patch.

Say, what is this you're dishing out?

Can't you take it?

English