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De-Lovely

By Jay Cocks

Hello, Cole.
I let myself in.
We're not late, are we? I hate to be late.
No, we're fine.
That sounded lovely.
I hate funeral music.
Though, under the circumstances,
I suppose I should say my prayers.
Why start now?
Exactly.
If I believed in God,
he would be a song-and-dance man.
He would have to carry a tune.
Preferably one of mine.
Do you think he would like this?
In the still of the night
As I gaze from my window
At the moon in its flight
My thoughts all stray to you
You wrote that about Linda, of course.
Did I?
Songs don't have to be about
someone, you know.
We should start.
I thought we had.
Cole, you have to play us into it.
It's your life. Your music will be our guide.
Swell.
In the still of the night
As I gaze from my window
Oh, my God, that's me! I'm so young.
You satisfied?
He's very good.
He's not much of a singer.
You never were.
In the still of the night
The words, I can't hear the words.
While the world is in slumber
What's the matter, can't he take direction?
Cole, talk to me,
I'll pass your thoughts along.
He can't hear you.
In a musical,
everyone works for the composer.

Times have changed. May I borrow this?
Times have changed
Never open with a ballad.
This isn't one of
those avant-garde things, is it?
It's got to be entertaining, it's a musical.
And a love story, of course.
A little unconventional, but honest.
You're playing with my life.
It's my show.
Instead of landing on Plymouth Rock
Plymouth Rock
would land on them
In olden days
It's your life, Cole.
Was looked on something shocking
Oh, my God.
It's an opening number, of course.
It's the Berlins.
Irving, Ellin.
Irving gave me my start.
This is my whole life.
There's Monty Woolley from Yale.
Look at Monty.
That costume is all wrong.
He never wore that.
That's all wrong. Change it.
And black's white today
And day's night today
L. B. Mayer and the gang from MGM.
The Hollywood years.
When folks who still can ride in jitneys
found out that Vanderbilts and Whitneys
lack baby clothes
Anything goes
Boris and Jack.
Bill Wrather.
Gerald, Sara, Honoria, where are the boys?
Boys.
Anything goes
Hi, Mom.
And every night, the set that's smart
is intruding on nudist parties in studios
Anything goes

Fantastic.

So though I'm not a great romancer
I know that you're bound to answer
when I propose

Anything goes

If saying your prayers you like,
if green pears you like

If old chairs you like, if backstairs you like,
If love affairs you like

Stop, this is wrong for Linda.

She should sing a different part, stop.

Is it me?

No, dear.

It's backstairs and love affairs.

It's too early for complications.

We're gonna get ready for Paris.

If you're not in Paris, I'll see you later.

Come on, move along.

You're doing beautifully.

But then, you always do.

Remember, it's your story, too.

It's a love story.

-That's why I'm frightened.

-Don't be.

Have you ever seen a musical
without a happy ending?

All right, then.

We've just heard Anything Goes...

as if it's Cole's declaration of independence.

Independence from whom?

Never mind.

Don't argue with the director, love.

Leave that to me.

He's very strict.

She can't hear you.

I know.

You're seeing Cole for the first time.

You start to move towards him...

because there's a spirit in his eye.

Go ahead.

Move slowly.

You'll be fine.

Weren't we fools to lose each other?

Weren't we fools to say goodbye?

God, she was beautiful.
She could stop your heart.
No, start it.
You chose another
So did I
If we'd realized
our love was worth defending
Then the story's broken threads
we might be mending
They're so good, it's a shame
more people aren't paying attention.
Cole can take care of that.
Which one is Cole Porter?
The one who's standing, who's being
so serious about being playful...
that's my husband Gerald.
And the one who's playing at not being
serious at all, that's Cole Porter.
-Has somebody died?
-I think it was us, Cole.
-Linda Lee.
-Sara Murphy.
-We met at Lady Mendel's.
-Yes, indeed.
Is that Linda Lee Thomas with Sara?
-I really couldn't say.
-No, it is, and just as they described her:
The most beautiful divorce in Paris.
My God, she's ravishing.
Is this gonna be another Porter fascination?
An obsession without preliminaries?
Obsessions don't have preliminaries.
-Will you join me?
-I'm a married man.
No, come on grab a chair.
Let's really light a fire
under these deadbeats.
You begin.
I have heard, among this clan
You are called 'the forgotten man'
Well, did you ever?
What a swell party this is
Have you heard that Mimsie Starr
just got pinched in the Astor Bar?

Well, did you ever?
What a swell party this is
Take over.
-You're not gonna pinch her in the ass?
-I might.
Reggie's rather scatterbrained
He dove in when the pool was drained
Well, did you ever?
What a swell party this is
It's great, it's grand
It's wonderland
It's tops, it's first
It's DuPont, it's Hearst
What clothes, quel chic
What pearls, they're the peak
What glamor, what cheer
This will simply slay you, dear
Have you heard the coast of Maine
just got hit by a hurricane?
Well, did you ever?
What a swell party this is
Have you heard that poor dear Blanche
Got run down by an avalanche?
Well, did you ever?
What a swell party this is
What daiquiris
What sherry, please
What burgundy
What great Pommery
What brandy, wow
What whiskey, here's how
What gin and what beer
Will you sober up, my dear?
Have you heard, Professor Munch
ate his wife and divorced his lunch?
Well, did you ever?
What a swell party this is
Have you heard, it's in the stars
Next July, we collide with Mars?
Well, did you ever?
What a swell party
a swell party, a swellegant, elegant party
this is!
God, we're a hit!

Now we have a party.

-Shall we?

-Yes, let's.

My God.

Grace personified.

Was that me? Did I sweep you off your feet?

Because I hadn't intended
to do that for quite a while.

You really are smooth,
aren't you, Mr. Porter?

Never till now, Mrs. Thomas.

Your song was absolutely delirious.

Thank you. I'm never sure
if they get the joke.

-Especially when it's on them.

-Learn to trust your audience.

I trust it, I just wish I could expand it.

He seems a bit calculating, don't you think?

-Weren't you?

-Not entirely.

I said I was ambitious,
but I was anything but an opportunist.
After all, I spent 10 years in Paris...
just having fun.

What are we talking here, a love affair?

A business proposition...

or a social arrangement?

There was nothing arranged...

or negotiated about our relationship.

It was...

our own.

What about these gloves? Is it really true...

that you only wear them once

and then you discard them?

Yes.

To where do you discard them

when you're finished?

I send them to a cousin in Louisville.

Not this one, all right? Let me keep this.

Look at that hand. You should never
cover your hands, they're beautiful.

-They're ungainly.

-No, they're strong.

No one's ever thought of me

as strong before.

I think of you as strong and down to earth...

-and solid. I think of you in many ways.

-You're sweet.

Isn't that Diaghilev and his boy

from the Ballets Russes?

That's his premier danseur.

-Would you like to meet them?

-Don't know, would I?

Perhaps another time. Bonjour.

He is an acquaintance from yesterday.

An unmanned piano. Come on.

I know you hate to hear

That I adore you, dear

Not you, dear.

But grant me, just the same

I'm not entirely to blame

For

you'd be

so easy to love

Christ, that cue is as loud as my whistle.

And it's too early for another song.

If you can say it better than

you write it, fine. Otherwise, Cole sings.

All right.

The yearning for

So swell to keep every home fire

Thank you.

Burning for

We'd be so grand at the game

So carefree together

that it does seem a shame

If you can't see

Your future with me

'Cause you'd be

oh, so easy to love

Dear Cole.

You have so much nerve, Mr. Porter.

God, I'd be frightened.

I'm just showing off.

There are much worse things to be afraid of.

You have a dazzling gift

and a life to go with it.

What could you possibly be afraid of?

Myself.
I'm not afraid of that.
I hope you never will be.
Even when you really get to know me.
We'd be so grand
at the game
So carefree together
that it does seem a shame
If you
can't see
Your future with me
'Cause you'd be
oh, so easy
to love
I thought you would be
tired of your apartment.
You're gonna have to help me out here.
I mean, if this is really you.
Why?
This is how it was. This is how I was.
I wanted every kind of love
that was available.
I could never find them in the same person.
Or the same sex.
I've never had the urge to be
completely honest with anyone until you.
It's quite disturbing.
Especially since I haven't been
totally honest.
You knew so much about me
when we met, Cole...
don't you think I'd heard
a thing or two about you?
Then you know about....
Well, that I can be....
That I have...
other interests.
Interests, the pursuit of which
some people might find cruel to you.
You mean men?
Yes, men.
Let's just say you like them more than I do.
Nothing is cruel that fulfills your promise.
I've been promising all my life.

I've got a notebook
full of promise. Trunks full.
I want to be more than promising to you.
We could fulfill your promise together.
We could be singular as a couple.
Would you stay for dinner?
It will be just us.
I'd like that.
So, did you love her then?
Then? I don't know.
I thought I might discover what love was.
The physical side was always....
We could take it or leave it.
It was pleasant enough.
But the intimacy was stunning.
Good morning.
What's that?
It's an idea for a song.
This part, right here,
I think would go nicely with...
'I love you.'
What do you think?
I think that would be beautiful.
I do, you know.
You don't have to love me
the way that I love you, Cole.
Just love me.
It's so easy.
This verse you've started seems to me
The Tin Pan-tithesis of melody
So to spare you all the pain
Monty.
I almost didn't recognize you
under all that hair.
We've all matured since school, Coley.
At Yale, the only grooms
that interested you were in the stables.
Monty, behave yourself.
This is the happiest day of my life.
The night is young, the skies are clear
So if you wanna go walking, dear
Along with the bluebird, dogwood is
the great harbinger of the Kentucky spring.
-They're beautiful.

-Thank you.

I'm ready.

Ma'am.

Where is he?

You might prefer privacy.

I would not.

To holy matrimony, then.

And whatever further perforations
you may put in it.

-Excuse me.

-What?

Sorry, Monty.

It's good to see you again, Mrs. Thomas.

-It's Mrs. Porter.

-Not yet.

Don't blame poor Cody...

he was only doing what I told him.

My name never suited?

Thomas not proper enough?

It's another name for ''shame.''

So now you're all snug and proper, are you?

Marrying this fawn?

Why are you here, Edward?

There's a certain section of the bar here.

The left side, I think, significantly enough...

where your groom and his gentleman

friends like to call on each other.

I assumed, for symbolic purposes at least...

that the wedding would be held there.

I had to assume, you see...

since my invitation never arrived.

-I would invite you to hell.

-No need.

Already there.

Too bad you never cared for it.

In spite of caring for you once--

My fault, then.

You offered care, I needed passion.

What does the fawn need?

Can you supply him?

Surely not with everything.

And what can he give you?

Pride.

Don't turn your back on me, Mrs. Thomas.

That's so funny.

From what I remember,

it was the position you most favored.

-Are you all right?

-I'm fine.

Wait.

Mr. Thomas, you have

the most peculiar sense of timing.

You think you can make her happy

because you won't violate her delicacy?

Because you don't need her as a woman?

I think maybe

we define 'woman' differently.

I don't define it as 'punching bag,'

for instance.

Cole's not like you. He creates, you destroy.

And as you can see,

you're a failure even at that.

Let's get married.

See the crowd in that church

See the proud parson plopped on his perch

Get the sweet beat of that organ

sealing our doom

Here goes the groom, boom!

How they cheer and how they smile

As we go galloping down the aisle

It's divine, dear, it's diveen, dear

It's de-wunderbar, it's de-victory

It's de-vallop, it's de-vinner

It's de-voiks

-Mrs. Murphy?

-Absolutely.

The knot is tied and so we take

A few hours off to eat wedding cake

It's delightful, it's delicious

It's de-lovely

It feels so fine

-Thank you, dearest.

-For what?

For all of this, for our future.

For being with me just now with Edward.

That was nothing.

That was pest control, that's all.

To the pop of champagne

Off we hop in our plush little plane
Till a bright light through the darkness
They seem so happy.
Let's hope he doesn't misbehave.
Our day's complete
And what a beautiful bridal suite
It's dreamy, it's drowsy
It's de-reverie, it's de-rhapsody
It's de-regal, it's de-royal
It's de-Ritz, it's de-lovely
We settle down
as man and wife
To solve the riddle called married life
It's delightful
It's delicious
Now you love her, yes?
I said the words.
I meant them.
I wanted to mean them.
God knows I wrote them often enough.
And even more after we were married.
Maybe that says something.
They did always sound better
with music under them.
God, she was beautiful.
Venice.
We had such parties.
We had a floating dance floor
on the Grand Canal.
You know that Robert Browning
once lived in that palazzo?
He got a lot more written than I did,
but he didn't have half the fun.
There they are. Hello, Berlins.
Welcome to Palazzo Rezzonico.
I got so out of hand that finally
Linda had to bring in reinforcements.
And being Linda, she brought the best.
She single-handedly
orchestrated my reformation.
I have to say, the music is not bad, either.
-Is that Cole?
-Yes, it is.
This funny thing

called love
Just who can solve its mystery?
Cole?
You're Irving Berlin.
-Am I interrupting?
-No, I mean, yes.
But it's an honor to be interrupted
by America's greatest songwriter.
-What a pleasure.
-The most publicized, that's for sure.
And rightfully so.
Linda has told us so much about you,
she's left out the most important stuff.
-What would that be?
-Your songs.
I heard about them, but I've never actually
heard one played before.
You were listening to that?
That's a bit daunting.
I need a drink. Can I offer you something?
No, it's okay.
I'm gonna let you get back to your work.
I'd love to hear the tune when it's done.
It's a real pleasure. A real pleasure.
-Pleasure's mine, welcome to Venice.
-Thank you very much.
-We'll have some fun later.
-I look forward to that, Cole.
I was a humdrum person
Leading a life apart
When love flew in through my window wide
And quickened my humdrum heart
Love flew in through my window
I was so happy then
But after love
had stayed a little while
Love flew out again
What is this thing called love?
This funny thing
called love?
Just who can solve its mystery?
Why should it make
a fool of me?
I saw you there

one wonderful day
You took my heart
and threw it away
That's why I ask the Lord
in heaven above
What is this thing
called love?
What is this thing called love?
This funny thing
called love?
Just who can solve its mystery?
Why should it make
a fool of me?
I saw you there
one wonderful day
You took my heart and threw it away
That's why I ask the Lord
in heaven above
What is this thing
called love?
Bravo, Cole.
You know, Cole, you're spoiling us.
And, excuse me, you're pampering yourself.
You have far too much talent
to waste as an amateur.
And we must do something about that.
I think it may be the most beautiful
love song you've written yet.
Why, thank you.
There's quite a bit of you in it.
What do you think you'll call it?
I don't know, something about confusion.
Dinner is served.
Yes, let's eat.
Thank you for your indulgence.
That was the truth, for the most part.
There was a lot of Linda in that song.
I wish there could have been more.
We are leaving soon, you know.
The tour begins.
I heard.
I don't like it one bit.
I don't know
what I'm going to do without you.

Of course, you know...
it is only a European tour...
and I can travel.
I could mysteriously appear
in certain European cities from time to time.
But you are a married man.
What about Mrs. Porter?
Boris, I've told you...
Mrs. Porter...
tries very hard to want what I want.
Surely not everything.
Whatever I need.
As long as she knows
the rest belongs to her.
And what is the rest?
Everything that happens in the daylight.
Which is why I have to go.
-I'll see you there?
-Of course.
You could have a great career
And you should, yes, you should
Only one thing stops you, dear
You're too good, way too good
If you want a future, darling,
why don't you get a past?
'Cause that fatal moment's coming at last
We're all alone, no chaperone
Can get our number
The world's in slumber
Let's misbehave
There's something wild about you, child
It's so contagious
Let's be outrageous
Let's misbehave
When Adam won Eve's hand
He wouldn't stand for teasing
He didn't care about
those apples out of season
They say that spring means just one thing
To little lovebirds
We're not above birds, let's misbehave
I'm being hailed.
It's from Irving.
Irving?

-You knew.
-I had hoped.
No, you knew.
Okay, I didn't know
what the show was to be called.
It's to be called Paris.
And Irving has assured the producer...
that I'm the only one
with the suitable sophistication...
to do the show.
So it seems that we would be
leaving Venice...
to go to New York to do a show called Paris.
We'll go, won't we?
Darling, what do you think?
I know you would like to.
You orchestrated the whole thing,
you willed it into being.
I'm just not sure I'm ready.
Cole, I promise you, you are ready.
Irving Berlin believes in your talent.
He wouldn't recommend you
simply out of friendship.
No, I suppose not.
Cole, it will be a wonderful chance for you,
and a good change for us.
Yes.
Yes, we'll go?
Yes, it will be a big change.
I think we need a change.
I never intended this
to cause a breach between us.
It hasn't, it just....
Cole, we never had a formal agreement,
we don't need one now.
It's done.
I can't promise you that.
Just so it doesn't put us in jeopardy.
Or your music.
You really love me that much?
You are the rhythm of my heart.
They're playing your song.
Would you care to dance?
Why not?

They say that bears have love affairs
And even camels
We're merely mammals, let's misbehave
See, true love.
I'm not so sure about true.
Linda played that beautifully.
I think that's when I began to really love her.
All right, Linda, Cole,
smile if you're in love, please.
Didn't that make things
even more complicated?
-What things?
-Your other relationships.
No, why should it?
Isn't that why birds do it, bees do it?
Even educated fleas do it
Let's do it
Let's fall in love
In Spain, the best upper sets do it
Lithuanians and Letts do it
Let's do it
Let's fall in love
The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it
Not to mention the Finns
Welcome, sir.
Folks in Siam do it
Think of Siamese twins
Say hello to Mrs. Porter.
Richard, would you please take my hat?
People say in Boston, even beans do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Cold Cape Cod clams
against their wish, do it
Even lazy jellyfish do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Electric eels, I might add, do it
Though it shocks them, I know
Why ask if shad do it?
Waiter, bring me shad roe
In shallow shoals, English soles do it
Goldfish in the privacy of bowls do it
Let's do it
Let's fall in love
The dragonflies in the reeds do it

Sentimental centipedes do it
Let's do it
Let's fall in love
Mosquitoes, heaven forbid, do it
So does every katydid do it
Let's do it
Let's fall in love
The most refined
ladybugs do it
When a gentlemen calls
Moths in your rugs do it
What's the use of mothballs?
Locusts in trees do it
Bees do it
Even overeducated fleas do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Very cheeky. Excellent.
-That's so far.
-Listen to them.
One act down, one to go.
Darling, for you.
God, Linda.
Exquisite.
Just a little memory.
There are no little memories with you.
Patrick, you all right?
Is he all right doing that?
His doctors approve?
Probably not,
but he's got to have a childhood.
His sickness seems to come and go.
Patrick, let me give you
the key to the cartwheel.
It's all mental.
Keep your arms straight.
Here comes trouble.
You plant it, watch this, ready?
And plant it like that. See?
Good catch.
I always thought so.
Sun-tanned, wind-blown
Honeymooners at last alone

-You know, this was written as a duet.

-Thanks.

Oh, how lucky we are
While I give to you and you give to me
True love, true love
So on and on it will always be
True love, true love
Cole, I know this is your song,
but it just doesn't sound like you.

Linda thinks it does.

With nothing to do
Are you going to put it
in the new show you're working on?

-Why not?

-Because it doesn't sound like me.

Love forever true

Bravo!

Oh, my goodness,
could you be any more wonderful?

Come in.

-Hello.

-Hi.

I was lying in my bed just now, thinking...
I don't want to stay in that room.
I want to stay here tonight, is that all right?

Of course it is, darling.

Is everything all right?

Are you lonely?

No, I'm fine.

It's just that....

It's funny, this afternoon...

I was watching you...

and watching you

watching the Murphys' kids...

and I thought about how happy we are

and how much we have...

and then I thought about the Murphys

and how happy they are...

and I think we could be....

We are as happy as the Murphys,

but we could be happy in the way that...

the Murphys are happy

if we had what the Murphys have.

They bring them so much happiness.

I'm so glad I'm not trying
to write this as a song.
It would be a beautiful serenade.
Champagne,
or how do you wanna play this?
Comedy, tragedy? Musical comedy, farce?
Why don't we just play?
Good idea.
Night and day
You are the one
Only you beneath the moon
And under the sun
Whether near to me or far
It's no matter, darling, where you are
I think--
Stop!
-It's impossible, I just can't do it.
-Cole.
He is only an actor,
but he's still maybe right.
He's tried it seven times.
The song is a problem.
I told you, we should have given it
to Astaire.
Beard, the song is not a problem,
it's a challenge.
Just give me a moment.
Jack, dear boy...
what can I do to help?
Anything, just name it.
Write another song.
God, that cuts me right to the quick.
I know it's God-awful,
but it's the best I can do.
And we open in three days.
Look, Mr. Porter, the song goes
so high and so low, it is impossible.
It's not impossible.
Jack, I wrote it with you in mind.
I know you've got it. I can sing it,
and I have a range of three notes.
Where did you come up with it?
I get all my ideas from a little Chinese man
in Poughkeepsie.

Listen, you can sing this.
The problem is, you're not having any fun.
Just don't think about the melody.
Just think about the words.
It's about obsession.
It's about being in love.
You've been in love?
All right, obsess about it.
Just sing it with me.
Think about the lyrics and just look at me.
One more time. Jimmy?
Like the beat beat beat of the tom tom
When the jungle shadows fall
Like the tick tick tock of the stately clock
-As it stands against the wall
-It's relentless, it's obsessive.
Like the drip drip drip of the raindrops
When the summer shower is through
So a voice within me keeps repeating
You you you
Night and day
You are the one
Only you beneath the moon
And under the sun
That's beautiful.
Whether near to me or far
It's no matter, darling, where you are
I think of you
Night and day
Jimmy, try E flat.
Day and night
Why is it so
That this longing for you
Follows wherever I go?
In the roaring traffic's boom
In the silence of my lonely room
I think of you
Night and day
Night and day
Under the hide of me
There's an, oh, such a hungry yearning
Burning inside of me
And this torment won't be through
Till you let me spend my life

Making love to you

Day and night

Night and day

Bravo.

I never believed in anything,
least of all myself, until Linda.

She restored me to myself.

And I gave her back...

me.

Hardly payment in kind.

Irving swears that The Times critic
was dancing up the aisle.

Our producer was still standing
in the front row, applauding.

No triumph complete without this.

Thank you.

You're welcome. Let's not be late.

I'm gonna ride with Monty
if it's all right with you.

He says the London producers
are dying to talk to me...

about the West End transfer.

Is it all right if I join you later?

Can't you speak with him at the party?

No business at the party, only fun.

-It's all right, I'll be there soon.

-All right.

Bye-bye.

Beard, you know, you're very dear to me,
always have been...

but these opening night gifts of yours
are becoming more and more intricate.

It's not as elegant as one of
Linda's cigarette cases, I know...

but I believe it may be better suited
to the daring side of your nature.

Monty, you've always been so solicitous
vis--vis my nature. You pamper me.

I have to, my boy. Nature is a nasty bitch.

If nature were fair, I'd be Marlene Dietrich.

If you wake up and dream

Life will suddenly seem

as gay as it used to be

Never mind what they say

Let your dreams dream away
And you'll still be alive
when they're dead
Your words.
Yes, Monty, but it's a song,
not a call to arms.
Arms weren't what I had in mind.
I wanted to tell you privately
how much all your attention did for me.
And Night and Day,
how much it means to me.
From here on,
you two will have to improvise.
I'm gonna find some trouble of my own
in the Ramble.
Shall we have a cigarette?
Good morning.
This is something new.
To be inconsiderate,
to ignore your obligations.
I know.
I'm so sorry, I really am.
That was unforgivable.
Cole, you disappointed a lot of people
last night.
The London producers were there.
Some Hollywood people were most anxious
to speak with you.
I don't want to go to Hollywood,
and I don't want to fight.
I don't want to fight.
-And I don't want to blame.
-Thank you for that, dear.
But if things are gonna be different...
I'd like to know.
I'll tell you as soon as I know.
You must have known already.
I got the ending.
I didn't know how much my happiness
would hurt us.
We couldn't hear the songs
the same way anymore.
Suddenly the lyrics all sounded like code.
In olden days, a glimpse of stocking

was looked on as something shocking
Now heaven knows
Anything goes
Good authors, too,
who once knew better words
Now only use four-letter words
Writing prose
Anything goes
If saying your prayers you like
They love your song.
-If green pears you like
-If green pears you like
-If old chairs you like
-If old chairs you like
Don't you?
If backstairs you like
-If love affairs you like
-If love affairs you like
If love affairs you like
With young bears you like
Why, nobody will oppose
So though I'm not a great romancer
I know that I'm bound to answer
When you propose
Anything goes
Ellin says lrving is having
a great run in Hollywood.
The Gershwins are there--
You want me to leave
at the top of my game?
-If old hymns you like
-If old hymns you like
-If bare limbs you like
-If bare limbs you like
-If Mae West you like
-If Mae West you like
Or me undressed you like
I'll give this to you now in case...
Monty has more producers for you to visit.
The set that's smart is intruding on
nudist parties in studios
Anything goes
Anything goes
Anything goes

-By the way, do you want one?
-No, thank you.
-That's beautiful. From Linda?
-Yeah, of course, opening night.
Linda must be keeping Cartier in business
all by herself.
-She does spoil me. I don't deserve it.
-No, you probably don't.
Which reminds me, how's Linda?
She's all right.
A bit more fragile than usual,
but all right. How's Patrick?
There's a doctor in Zurich
who may give us more time.
They don't give you much hope
with tuberculosis.
So sorry.
Does Linda know? She hasn't said anything.
Yeah.
She said, 'We live in castles built on sand.'
I just think that life has been
one great carnival...
and now we're teetering on the high wire.
Yes, but you've got Sara to catch you,
and I have Linda.
Ever wonder who's there to catch them?
When they begin
The beguine
It brings back the sound
Of music so tender
It brings back a night
Of tropical splendor
It brings back a memory
evergreen
I'm with you once more
under the stars
And down by the shore
an orchestra's playing
And even the palms
seem to be swaying
When they begin
the beguine
To live it again
is past all endeavor

Except when that tune
clutches my heart
And there we are
Swearing to love forever
Promising never
Never to part
What moments divine
What rapture serene
Till clouds came along to disperse
the joys we had tasted
And now when I hear people curse
the chance that was wasted
I know but too well
what they mean
So don't let them begin
the beguine
Let the love that was once a fire
remain an ember
Let it sleep like the dead desire
I only remember
When they begin
the beguine
When they begin
the beguine
I am so terribly sorry, darling.
I know how late I must be.
Late?
-Linda, you missed the whole thing.
-I misplaced the cigarette case.
I'd rather have had you.
It would have been bad luck.
To hell with luck.
This feels very wrong.
I don't like bringing up this whole thing.
It happened and it was over,
and that was that.
We never brought it up again.
Finished, done.
Done, maybe. Finished?
-I won't have it.
-It's not your choice.
Anyway, I hope you like it.
Linda, what were you thinking?
You wouldn't have lost it.

I had hoped not.

-What are you talking about?

-Nothing!

Absolutely nothing. Definitely nothing.

Shall we go now?

I would hate to compound the felony

by making us late for the party.

That would be terrible, dreadful.

A tragedy too great to bear.

God, Linda, what's happened?

Nothing, just a small thing. It's just not like
being late or missing an opening.

A very small thing...

that stopped growing.

My sweet girl, I'm so sorry.

I didn't want to tell you like this.

I just went to the doctor,

he said I should rest, and it got so late.

I'm sorry.

I wanted it so, Cole.

I wanted it for us.

I know.

-I want to take you home now. All right?

-I don't want to go home.

I don't even feel like we have a home.

Then we'll find a new one.

We'll get out of town, we'll travel.

We'll find a new place.

Some place good for you and good for me.

If everyone's moved to Hollywood,

then we'll go there, too. We'll try it.

We'll make a fresh start.

Let's just get the doctor in tonight,

just to make sure you're all right.

No more doctors.

I already know I'm not all right.

Linda, then it wasn't meant to be, that's all.

So, fine, we'll be all right.

We'll be just fine with what was meant to be.

That's you and that's me.

That's what was meant to be.

I love you, Linda Porter.

I love you so much.

-Okay, darling, don't cheat.

-It's not in my nature to cheat.
All right, okay.
-All right. Ready?
-I'm ready.
My goodness.
Is it all right?
No, I'd like something a little bigger, please.
It's Hollywood, darling,
we do things big out here.
This is beautiful. Look at the bow.
Richard!
Let me show you the inside.
All of Metro is proud to have you
as part of our family, Cole.
You said that, L.B.
Thank you, I appreciate it.
I wanted to tell you again,
just to be sure you know.
-We know you'll be happy here.
-I'm already happy.
Swell. That makes me happy, you're happy.
You know who else makes me happy?
Irving Berlin.
Every song Irving Berlin writes, I love.
You know why?
Because his songs sound like
what people who aren't clever...
say to each other when they're in love.
Real love songs.
Not clever love songs.
Could you write real love songs?
When you write funny songs,
I want funny-funny, not clever-funny.
Could you do that for me?
You're stronger if you're not angry.
Tickle their ribs as you slide in the knife.
Try it.
I'll remember forever
when I was but three
Mama, who was clever, remarking to me
If, son, when you're grown up
you want everything nice
I've got your future sewn up
if you take this advice

Be a clown
Be a clown
All the world loves a clown
Act the fool, play the calf
And you'll always have the last laugh
Wear the cap and the bells
And you'll rate with all the great swells
If you become a doctor,
folks'll face you with dread
And if you become a dentist,
they'll be glad when you're dead
You'll get a bigger hand
if you can stand on your head
Be a clown, be a clown, be a clown
-Be a clown
-Be a clown
-All the world
-Loves a clown
-Show 'em tricks
-Tell 'em jokes
And you'll only stop with top folks
Be a crack jackanapes
And they'll imitate you like apes
Why be a great composer
with your rent in arrears?
Why be a major poet
and you'll owe it for years
When crowds will pay to giggle
if you wiggle your ears?
Be a clown, be a clown, be a clown
Be a clown, be a clown
All the world loves a clown
If you just make them roar
Watch your mountebank account soar
Wear a painted mustache
And you're sure to make a big splash
A college education I should never propose
A bachelor's degree
won't even keep you in clothes
But millions you will win
if you can spin on your nose
Be a clown, be a clown, be a clown
-Give 'em quips
-Give 'em quips

-Give 'em fun
-Give 'em fun
And they'll pay to say you're A-one
If you become a farmer,
you've the weather to buck
If you become a gambler,
you'll be stuck with your luck
But, Jack, you'll never lack
if you can quack like a duck
Be a clown
Be a clown
Be a clown
Jesus, though, it was a relief
just to have fun and...
do something trite and not care a damn...
and get paid a hundred times
what you'd be paid for something good.
I love you under my skin
They'll never know the difference.
What's it going to be called?
What's the dreariest title ever?
I bet Coley \$5...
that he could never write a song called
I Love You.
Get your money out. I'm telling you,
Louis B. Mayer is going to love this.
He's going to weep.
I need a time of year. A month.
-All right, April.
-June.
Perfect cliché, April.
'I love you' hums the April breeze
I love you under my skin
I love you
Is it a sin?
Certainly not.
'I love you'
hums the April breeze
'I love you'
Echo the hills
'I love you'
The golden dawn agrees
As once more she sees
daffodils

It's spring again
And birds on the wing again
Start to sing again
The old melody
'I love you'
That's the song of songs
And it all belongs to you and me
It was just
one of those things
Just one of those crazy flings
It's a real pearl.
Go ahead, dear, take it.
It's tiny, but trust me,
it's still the biggest thing...
you can get your fingers around
in this crowd.
-You'll make big bucks on this.
-That's swell.
It's something, isn't it?
Yes, it's lovely.
It's so imaginative to actually have the party
at the studio.
Is absolutely everything in Hollywood
connected to movies?
Everything good.
That's why we're trying to coax Cole
into permanent residency.
How would half of every year be?
I think Hollywood's fantastic,
it's like living on the moon.
Or 20,000 leagues under the sea.
When we started painting the town
Can you believe this?
Linda, Hollywood was your idea, not mine.
Now you're acting like
it's the worst place on earth.
I had thought that the change of weather
might be good for us both.
I had no idea how hot
the climate would really be.
The climate is good for growing flowers.
Everything grows wild, Cole.
And the pickings are far too easy.
Now and then

It was great fun
But it was just one of those things
-Mr. Porter, how are you?
-Mr. Nelson.
What you did with that song
is just splendid.
I'd love to introduce you to my wife.
Cole...
I hope we could coax you into a song.
Be right back.
-Good song.
-Thank you.
There's a plan for later.
Linda's being very prickly tonight,
but I'll try to get away.
-Plenty of company lined up?
-Good company, I promise.
Thank you all. This is indeed
an honor and a surprise.
Obviously L.B. wants you all
to get home early...
that's why he's asked me to sing.
So here goes.
Before you leave these portals
To meet less fortunate mortals
There's just one final message
I would give to you
Now you all have learned reliance
On the sacred teachings of science
So I hope through life
you never will decline
In spite of philistine defiance
To do what all good scientists do
Experiment
Make it your motto day and night
Experiment
It will lead you to the light
If this advice you'll only employ
The future can offer you infinite joy
And merriment
Experiment
And you'll see
Good night.
Thank you.

What a marvelous song.
I don't know it, do you?
Intimately.
You seem very happy, dear.
I am, darling. I wish you were.
-Excuse me.
-The Springs will take care of that.
I was actually thinking of going to Arizona.
It's so much further.
I don't mind.
I expect I'll be gone by the time
you come home.
Love for sale
Appetizing young love for sale
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled
Love that's only slightly soiled
Love
for sale
Who
will buy?
Who would like to sample my supply?
Who's prepared to pay the price
for a trip to paradise?
Love
for sale
Let the poets pipe of love
in their childish way
I know every type of love
better far than they
If you want the thrill of love
I've been through the mill of love
Old love, new love
Every love but true love
Love for sale
Appetizing young love for sale
If you want to buy my wares
follow me and climb the stairs
Love
for sale
Aren't there always copies
of those sorts of photographs anyway?
Cole wanted a set for himself.
These are not
blackmail pictures, Linda, they're--

Mrs. Porter.
They were taken for recreational purposes.
Cole has a heedless appetite for life.
I'm sure we agree he needs to be protected.
You became devoted
so very quickly, Mr. Reed.
He is so easy to love.
Beyond devotion, what are your ambitions?
I have thought of my own theatrical agency.
It would be a company that would...
keep their clients' best interests
close to heart, always.
As you and I do Cole's.
Of course. And how many backers
do you require?
Only one, Mrs. Porter.
Just let me know how much.
I'll leave these with you.
You don't sweat, do you? Not a drop.
I don't believe in wasting my resources.
Goodbye, Linda.
It's the wrong song in the wrong style
Though your smile is lovely,
it's the wrong smile
It's not her smile, but such a lovely smile
But it's all right with me
Welcome home.
Aren't you pleased?
-About the roses?
-Yes.
They're glorious. Are they for me?
Who else?
One never knows.
What's wrong, Linda?
Your friend Bobby Reed
has been to see me...
with his nefarious portfolio.
Yes, he told me.
-He told you?
-Yes.
I paid him, too, you know.
No, I didn't know.
Yes, he's an ambitious fellow.
It's all right.

I don't think it's all right, Cole.
I think it's disgusting.
He's exploiting both of us.
Well, yes.
I like to look at it as a kind of luxury tax.
A luxury tax?
What an extraordinary thing to say.
Do you have any idea how much
you've changed?
How much your behavior has changed?
You have put everything that you've
accomplished with your music at risk.
Darling, my work has never been better.
It's flourishing. Even if we're not.
Your music comes from your talent,
not from your behavior.
It's all the same thing. I can't put
my talent here and my behavior here...
and my eating, sleeping,
and drinking habits.
It's all me.
I have never asked you to change.
Just be discreet.
Linda, I have never been discreet.
What is discretion but dishonesty
wrapped up in a little good breeding?
I don't think you want me to be discreet,
I think you want me to be different.
I am partially responsible for all of this...
because I have spoiled you,
I have indulged you.
But so has the entire goddamned world.
And for what?
Just a little music.
Linda hated being late for anything.
And the next day she was late for lunch.
I only had to hear the clock strike...
and look at her empty place at the table
to know she was gone.
Gone back to Paris.
It's quite simple, really.
Two people who wanted
too much from each other.
Porter residence.

Hold one moment.

-Sir.

-Not now.

It's urgent, sir.

Yes?

All the money, all the music
had deflected reality for so long...

I didn't know that everything we had
was so fragile.

Hold it loose, hold it tight.

Everything breaks.

I'm going to take them to Paris next week.

All of this is just....

Got to get back to a better place.

And it would be good to see Linda.

Morning, Cole.

Are we the only ones up?

Our hostess just retired.

I've been up since 5:00.

Writing another hit, I'm sure.

I wish it was that easy.

Nothing comes easy anymore.

And when it does, it's lousy.

I write better in my own place
or the Murphys'.

I'm going to swear off these house parties
until I finish this score.

Remind me I said that, will you?

That melody sounds like
it could go somewhere.

Yeah, like out for a drink.

Have you heard from Linda?

No.

No. I've written, I've wired,
I've called. Nothing.

I'm sorry, Cole, I'm really sorry.

Maybe with time....

It'll take more than time.

I'll be back before breakfast.

Just seemed so much
to ask children to bear.

How long will you stay?

No idea.

Let's go inside, it's getting cold.

You see how far I'll go to get you back?
I think you've gone too far this time...
but I ought to be used to it by now.
I'm afraid his right leg should be amputated.
Perhaps the left as well.
There's really no alternative.
If you amputate his legs,
you will cut out his pride.
You'll break his spirit,
he would never work again.
He'll have nothing without his music,
it's the essence of him.
He'd have nothing to live for.
He would have his life, his friends, you.
Nothing. He would just be
living out his death.
You're asking a lot of him.
We are accustomed to asking
a lot of one another.
So what did the sawbones say?
You get to keep the old things.
And he expects you to walk, and so do I.
But only if I can walk to you.
As far as Williamstown?
Williamstown?
Massachusetts. I found a very pretty home.
It's on a hill, it has a work space.
Thinking of buying it.
A little bump.
-All right.
-Now?
A grand piano.
That is grand.
That's not quite right.
So shall I leave you to it?
Guess you'd better.
God, I can't work the pedal.
Can't work the pedals, dear.
God damn it!
I can't work the pedals!
And what did it take...
to finally work the pedals?
A few years.
A pharmacopoeia of pills.

A reservoir of Scotch
and 20 more operations.
Nonstop fun.
But over time, you got five shows
up and running.
Up? Yes. Running? Barely.
At least, according to the critics.
'Not up to Mr. Porter's usual standards'...
was the refrain.
So when Hollywood finally called again?
I was on the train before the second ring.
He is the same. One of Yale's sons
of whom we are all proud.
Cole Porter.
There's an, oh, such a hungry yearning
Burning inside of me
And its torment won't be through
Till you let me spend my life making love
to you
Day and night
Night and day
If I can survive this movie,
I can survive anything.
And you shall, darling, beautifully,
like everything else.
Thank you.
The movie will do very well,
and you'll be encouraged.
I wonder, it seems like every time
they operate, I lose songs as well as blood.
Remind me to call the studio and tell them
how much we "absolutely loved the movie."
Naturally.
Sorry. I'm all right.
Why on earth does Linda come back
to Cole anyway?
Because he's Cary Grant.
And she misses the music, as do I.
I must say, going down in history
as Cary Grant is not too bad.
Not for a boy from Indiana.
We should be grateful to them,
they found us a happy ending.
Yes, happy endings.

You don't get many of those,
do you, in Hollywood?
So this promises what, surgery number 25?
Twenty-six.
Good God. And how long will I have
to wear the cast this time?
A few months, we'll see how you mend.
What's that?
It's Linda.
It's gotten that bad, then?
Even if she'd agree,
I don't think surgery would help.
The lungs are too damaged.
Dr. Moorhead, are you saying that
Linda is dying?
God, what a swell party this is.
Four weeks, you rehearse and rehearse
Three weeks, and it couldn't be worse
One week, will it ever be right?
Then out of the hat, it's that big first night
The overture is about to start
You cross your fingers and hold your heart
It's curtain time and off we go
Another opening of another show
Miss Morrison, the line is ''away we go,''
not ''off we go,'' dear.
You couldn't manage to make me
hear you before...
and now that I can hear you,
you've got it wrong.
So shall we do it again?
Let's pick it up, dust it off, and get it right.
The tempo was good.
All right, everyone, let's go.
One week, will it ever be right?
Then out of the hat, it's that big first night
The overture is about to start
You cross your fingers and hold your heart
It's curtain time and away we go
Another opening
Just another opening of another show
Very good. Thank you, all.
Carry on. And chorus...
keep those consonants crisp.

The audience shouldn't think you're saying,
'An annoying opening for an ugly show.'
Let them come to that conclusion
on their own.
Please stop that knocking.
-Mr. Porter.
-What?
Your wife sent me to fetch you.
Fetch me for what?
-For tea.
-I don't like tea.
It's just a few steps. She's waiting.
Fine, come in. Fetch me, for Christ's sake.
-Who are you, anyway?
-Bill, Bill Wrather.
Bill rather? Rather what?
Bill Wrather. Yes, you're Linda's...
-decorating wizard. Yes.
-It's a great pleasure for me, Mr. Porter.
The pleasure is mine.
-Can I?
-No.
-Are you sure?
-No. Lots of practice.
I will take an arm, actually. Thank you.
Well, I'll be making my way.
Linda, a pleasure as always.
Indeed.
I'll see you soon.
Cole, that tune you were playing
was just beautiful.
I can't wait to hear that in the show.
-Goodbye now.
-Safe drive.
-Isn't he delightful?
-Lovely.
We've become such fast friends.
I was hoping that you might as well.
He'd be a good companion for you.
Linda?
I don't want you to be lonely.
I'm worried about you.
You don't need to worry about me
or your show, it's all taken care of.

I'm in God's hands, the show is in yours.
I do wish it were
the other way round, though.
Give me that cigarette.
Strange, dear
But true, dear
When I'm close to you, dear
The stars fill the sky
This really needs a proper singer.
I really can't do it justice.
Wait till opening night, hear it sung well.
I think it sounds fine right now.
And I won't be there, dear.
What are you talking about?
Why wouldn't you be?
You know the doctors, honey,
they're so boring.
I don't think I would add very much to it.
I'm sure it will be a great occasion.
It won't be any occasion if you're not there.
Darling, Bill will be with you.
He'll help you.
I wrote this for you. What's the point
of doing it if you're not gonna be there?
Well, that's why I want you to play it for me.
All the way through.
All right.
I won't do it justice, but I'll do it.
Strange, dear, but true, dear
When I'm close to you, dear
The stars fill the sky
So in love with you am I
Even without you
My arms fold about you
You know, darling, why
So in love with you am I
In love with the night mysterious
The night when you first were there
In love with my joy delirious
-Wait.
-Are you all right?
A few people may have been carried
out of my shows...
but no one's ever been carried in.

So taunt me and hurt me
Deceive me, desert me
I'm yours till I die
So in love
So in love
So in love with you, my love
Think of Linda a little and applaud a lot.
In love with the night mysterious
The night when you first were there
In love with my joy delirious
When I knew that you could care
So taunt me
And hurt me
Deceive me
Desert me
I'm yours till I die
So in love
So in love
So in love with you
my love, am I
In love with the night mysterious
The night when you first were there
In love with my joy delirious
When I knew that you could care
So taunt me
And hurt me
Deceive me
Desert me
I'm yours till I die
So in love
So in love
So in love
my love
am I
Bravo!
Sorry, we have to move on.
Please, let me enjoy this.
It took two years to get the backers
interested in this show.
No one wanted anything to do with it,
they thought I was finished.
We have to move on.
Very well.
We make quite a pair, don't we?

We're still les colporteurs of Paris.
Plying our humble trade.
I could hear the score.
Darling, it's giddy.
It's all about Paris.
Brings back fond memories.
-Those were fine days.
-Yes, they were.
-And we were fine.
-We were fine.
Finding each other.
Taking care of each other.
I have a little something for you.
It's a whole new flower.
A gentleman in Spain did it up for me.
It's a hybrid of two varieties of rose...
thought to be completely incompatible.
Yet look at it, it's perfect.
The Linda Porter rose.
Exquisite.
It's just a pale reflection of our life together.
It wasn't all beautiful.
You were always my life to be.
-I remember that song.
-It was about you.
They were all about you.
Not all of them.
But some, I hope.
How I have loved you, Cole.
I don't know how much longer I can stay.
Would you mind terribly if I went
just a little early?
Every time
we say goodbye
I die a little
Every time
we say goodbye
I wonder why a little
Why the gods above me
who must be in the know
Think so little of me
they allow you to go
When you're near
there's such an air

of spring about it
I can hear
a lark somewhere
begin to sing about it
There's no love song finer
But how strange the change
from major to minor
Every time
we say
goodbye
Goodbye
Sara.
Hello, darling.
Gerald.
How is he?
Cole is already seated.
He doesn't want anyone
to feel awkward about the leg.
He would still have the damn thing
if Linda were here.
And Monty was by for a visit.
He asked to be remembered, of course.
Good old Monty.
Noted.
So, Cole, when are we gonna
get another lyric from you?
I haven't the wit nor the will
to write any more.
Cole, you can write from everything
you remember.
You've had the most fascinating life.
Sara.
Memories.
It's like the phantom pains I get
in my missing leg.
They're not real and they hurt too much.
I'm a toy balloon that's fated soon to pop.
Cole, please. Don't.
Oh, my God.
My dear friends, I'm boring you.
Let us repair to the living room
for some goodbyes...
and some coffee
and some traveling music, shall we?

Bill is all packed,
and you all have a long drive ahead of you.
The invitation was for the weekend.
Let's pretend it's Sunday.
We'll be right there.

-Sara.

-All right, dear.

I wish you'd let me stay with you, Cole.

I want to stay.

Bill, please, let me at least

try to do something noble, all right?

What I'm trying to do is best for both of us.

Then can't both of us decide, not just you?

My sweet boy, there's nothing for you here.

Come on now, get the wheelchair.

It's the wrong time

and the wrong place

Though your face is charming

it's the wrong face

It's not her face

That was evil. I'm sorry.

I think you're trying very hard to misbehave.

-And you used to be a better actor.

-I used to be better at a lot of things.

At words poetic, I'm so pathetic

That I always have found it best

Instead of getting them off my chest

To let them rest, unexpressed

You're the top

You're the Coliseum

You're the top

Go on, get out of here.

Get outta town

Cole, by all means--

Before it's too late, my love

Take it easy, old friend.

Get outta town

Be good to me please

Why wish me harm?

Take care of him.

Why not retire to a farm

and be contented to charm

the birds off the trees?

We love you.

It's done
The little dream, it's done
So bid me a fond farewell
we both had our fun
Cole.
Was it Romeo or Juliet who said
when about to die
'Love is not all peaches and cream'
Little dream
-Goodbye.
-Goodbye.
Goodbye
Lonely, miserable, melancholy
What a perfect musical finale.
Don't worry.
Never open on a ballad,
never end on one either.
-Do you hear that playing?
-Yes, we hear that playing
-Do you know who's playing?
-No, who is that playing?
Well it's Gabriel, Gabriel playing
Gabriel, Gabriel saying
'Will you be ready to go
when I blow my horn?'
Oh, blow, Gabriel blow
Go on and blow, Gabriel, blow
I've been a sinner, I've been a scamp
But now I'm willing to trim my lamp
So blow, Gabriel, blow
Oh, I was low, Gabriel, low
Mighty low, Gabriel, low
But now since I have seen the light
I'm good by day and I'm good by night
So blow, Gabriel, blow
Go on and blow, Gabriel, blow
I want to join your happy band
And play all day in the Promised Land
So blow, Gabriel, blow
Blow, Gabriel, blow
Blow, Gabriel, blow
Blow, Gabriel, blow
Blow Gabriel, blow, blow, blow
I want to join your happy band

And play all day in the Promised Land
So blow, Gabriel, blow
Blow, Gabriel, blow
Blow, Gabriel, blow
In the still of the night
As I gaze from my window
at the moon in its flight
My thoughts all stray to you
In the still of the night
While the world is in slumber
Oh, the times without number
Darling, when I say to you
'Do you love me
'as I love you?
'Are you my life to be
'my dream come true?'
Or will this dream of mine
fade out of sight
Like the moon
growing dim on the rim
of the hill, in the chill
still of the night?
Like the moon
growing dim on the rim
of the hill, in the chill
still of the night?