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Don ' t Knock the Rock

By Robert E. Kent

Don't even stop to take your makeup off.
Get down to the side entrance. The cops are waiting.
Alan, if you're gonna pull any kind of a trick this time...
I told you, the car's at the curb.
The cops are waiting to get you to it.
What could I possibly pull?
Besides, no one knows what exit you're going out.
Come on.
What a crowd!
How'd they know I was coming out this way?
You got me, Arnie. I don't know.
Well, what do you expect?
When they see four cops rush in, they figure something's cooking.
You did it again. You set it up.
I...
You better get out, Mr. Haines.
The longer you wait the harder it's gonna be.
That's right.
Let him through. Let him through!
Arnie!
Give me a break, will you?
I did five shows today and I forgot to take my vitamin pills this morning.
Okay, honey, cut loose.
My purse!
Somebody stole my purse!
Help! Help, somebody! Stop the thief!
Somebody stole my purse!
That should get you the Academy Award.
Help! Police! Stop the thief!
When he came in, Mr. Freed stopped by the desk and said you might be in
need of this.
Alan's here already?
He and others.
Lots of others, a veritable multitude.
Who?
Oh, I don't know, Mr. Haines.
But to me, it sure looks like trouble.
Boy, that guy is just murder.
Take care of the car for me, will you?
It's Arnie!
What's going on here?
Mr. Haines, my name is Tina Stephens.
Oh, hi.
I'm president of the Arnie Haines Fan Club Number 206.

Well, I'm always happy to meet new friends, but I hardly expected to find anyone here.

Mr. Haines, we came all the way in from Philadelphia just to see you. Some of the kids are from your hometown.

I know. I've seen them.

But it wasn't possible to get into the theater.

So we thought we could see you here.

You did right, honey.

Arnie is always glad to say hello.

We thought you might autograph one of your records for us.

Just to prove to the other kids back home that we really talked to you.

Sure. I'd be glad to.

But maybe you fellows and gals could do me a favor.

You name it.

Well, tell me, what's all the shooting about?

Why do people like yourselves want to see me or talk to me?

Because you're Arnie Haines.

You stay out of this. You...

I'm sorry. You tell me, please.

Golly, Mr. Haines...

maybe it's the way you sing, or the beat or something.

You don't really know, though, do you?

Isn't it enough that we want to see you and talk to you?

Sure, and I'm grateful, brown eyes. Thank you.

Will you autograph the record?

Sure, is it the one on the machine?

Somebody got a pen?

I got one, Arnie.

Now, in a nice, bold hand.

"What's all the shooting about?" Brother.

I'm not through with you yet.

Here you go. Here, it's yours.

And thank you.

Thank you very much for coming up...

and anytime you're in New York, you come in again.

You hear? I'm glad to see you. Really.

Gee, thanks, Mr. Haines. We will.

Bye~

Be careful going home, now.

What are you trying to do, get us thrown out of the hotel...

so you can get more of that idiotic publicity?

Alan, tonight's the last straw.

Arnie, you gotta do these things.

You never wanna string along with me, so...

You'll make a freak out of me whether I like it or not.
Look, everybody's trying to get into the newspapers, Arnie.
You gotta push the other guy aside and make news.
He seems to think that me running around in my underwear,
or getting...thrown out of a hotel is news.
Now, does that sound like news to you guys?
Oh, if you were Kim Novak, it might.
Oh, very funny.
Look, fellows, listen to me...
Arnie's right, Alan.
Maybe you have had a lot to do with us getting where we are, sure.
But you're getting everything all twisted out of shape.
You think nothing's more important than getting in the papers.
Listen, that's free publicity. That's our bread and butter.
Bread and butter, my foot.
We ate better back on the farm in Mellondale.
And we had more fun clobbering a guitar and drums there than we've ever had
since.
And don't tell us about the money we're making.
With you hounding the agency like a scared rabbit, trying to get us work...
like there's not gonna be a tomorrow, we're lucky we get any sleep.
Let alone a chance to spend some of that money on a little pleasure.
What are you trying to do, make us the richest guys in the Mellondale
cemetery?
Yeah, man. There just ain't no rock and roll music for a harp.
What do you guys want?
I'll tell you what I'd like.
I'd like some of those fresh-caught lobster and crab from back home.
Steamed clams, a weenie roast at the beach.
I want to lie on my back, look up at the sky...
and listen to the folks talk about all that good rain they get for their
crops.
That, and getting my own eggs out of the henhouse...
a watermelon out of the field.
You sound like you're hungry.
I know what he means.
We haven't seen our folks in over two years.
Tag? Dave?
That's right.
Are you really serious about going home?
Well, how about it?
No more work until September.
We'll spend all July and August back in Mellondale and really live it up.
Oh, Mammy, steam up those clams!

Yeah, that's for me.

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

What about all those bookings we've got scheduled for this summer?

\$80,000 worth.

Cancel them.

Cancel them?

That's right.

How can we cancel out on those dates, Arnie?

If not for the money, for all the good will

We'd be losing in every town we're supposed to play in.

I tell you, Arnie, we'd be letting them down.

Not if we can get another act to take over some of those bookings.

Who?

Well, maybe Bill Haley would play ball with us.

Sure, we've done him some favors.

Hey, Bill's rehearsing over at Brownie's tonight.

Come on, Alan, let's go see him right now.

Hey, just one thing.

Huh?

Who's your tailor?

You guys are murder.

I'll be dressed in a minute.

Man, they really go, boy.

Really something, huh?

Hi, Alan.

Hi, Billy.

Hi, Arnie.

Gee, you were just great. Just great.

Oh, Zee. Thanks.

You know, I don't know whether I ought to speak to you guys or not.

Why is that?

The only way I can get more publicity than you...

is to go up Broadway without my underwear.

Yeah, well, the next time it'll be Alan here doing the Lady Godiva, not Arnie Haines.

Say, Bill, I know you're going into the Castle Theatre next week.

But what are your plans after that?

Well, just a few recordings we have to make.

Hey, maybe you can do us a favor.

Can you take over some of our dates?

Man, you can't retire.

The government needs your taxes.

No, just a little vacation. Man, I'm tired.

Well, it's possible, Arnie.

I'll have my manager get in touch with your booking office in the morning.
I think it can be worked out.
Good. That's swell.
Anytime we can repay the favor, you just let us know.
How about listening to my new tune.
Goofin' Around? See if you dig it.
Sold.
Love to hear it, Bill.
Well, park yourselves.
Sit down, Arnie.
Thanks.
Hello?
Yeah, this is Alan Freed.
Oh, hi, Harry.
Yeah.
I told you you'd get a great story if you sent a man to cover the Haines show.
But, man, I got an even greater one for you now.
Yeah, the king is going home.
It's the greatest rags-to-riches yarn you've ever had.
It beats them all.
Cinderella, Horatio Alger.
Man, it's a natural, Harry.
"The triumphant return of Arnie Haines to his hometown."
"A town which Arnie Haines left as a farm boy and comes back to as a king."
Well, we made it.
You sure you won't be angry with me?
With my own mother?
Well, it's being done, you know.
Psychiatrists are blaming parents for everything these days.
It's really quite the thing to be angry with one's mother.
However, I'm sure I'll give you plenty of cause before I'm through with your Mr. Arnie Haines.
Mother...
Now, Francie, you wanted to come with me. That was all right.
But I've got a job to do.
I'm gonna write about Arnie Haines exactly as I see him.
And I've gotta ask you not to interfere.
Well, well, well, if it isn't the competition.
What's a genuine columnist doing at this wingding?
Let's just say I'm getting pains from Arnie Haines.
You drive all the way here?
Yeah. I thought it'd be a nice vacation for my daughter and myself.
The glamor boy due in soon?

Any minute.

My daughter, Francine, boys.

Hi.

How do you do?

And don't get any ideas.

She doesn't go for anyone who doesn't wear an Arnie Haines button.

Well, you'd better find a new hero, Miss MacLaine.

Anybody your mother doesn't like generally winds up in the tail end of nowhere.

My mother says her column is always fair.

We'll see.

Now, baby, you're taking all this too seriously. Relax.

Hey, what is this?

Looks pretty clear to me, boss.

Arnie!

Mr. Haines.

Mayor Bagley.

Hi, Sis.

How's Mom?

She's fine.

I didn't think anyone knew I was coming except my folks.

Your parents thought it best to wait at your home.

But if you want my advice, you'll take the next train back to New York.

Hey, wait a minute.

It's okay. Relax.

You want to keep me out of my hometown? Why?

I tell you, Mr. Haines, and we the people of Mellondale...

consider your so-called music outrageous.

Rock and roll is for morons!

You've seen the moral effect it's having on our younger generation.

And I say again, it's outrageous! Depraved!

Well, what's depraved about dancing?

We want Arnie! We want Arnie!

Stop it! Stop it!

Stop it!

I will not tolerate such behavior in this town.

Go home!

Children should be seen and not heard.

Boy, there's a quote from the Middle Ages.

Look, Mayor, the boys and I just came home for a rest, that's all.

We're not here to perform.

Now, if you don't bother us, we won't bother you.

I have no legal right to keep you out of town.

But I want to warn you.

Just one, one exhibition to ruin the morals of our younger people...
Just one toot.
And out you go.
Please stay. Don't go.
I suppose you think that the Mayor is right.
If I said yes, you'd think I'm not being fair.
Let's just say, "no comment."
Come on, let's get back to the hotel.
Arnie, you don't mean that you're gonna let that old windbag stop you from performing here.
He's not stopping me. I told the truth.
The boys and I just came home to rest up for the summer.
Now, look, let's forget the whole thing. It's really not important.
Oh, but we think it's important.
We're human beings, too, aren't we?
We've got some rights.
Look, if we don't break the law.
Bagley can't tell us what to do or what not to do.
You can't get...
Davey Loman, you get on home, before I take a stick to you.
Ma, I'm 17.
In that case, I'll have to get a bigger stick.
Gettin'.
The Mayor was right.
Arnie Haines, you stay away from our kids.
Look, kids, thanks.
Thanks a million for being here.
I really appreciate it, but I guess...
You'd all better get home before there's more trouble. Thanks.
Come on, break it up.
"Go home for a rest," he says.
"Lie on the beach, look at the sky...
"Get eggs right out of the henhouse."
We laid one big, fat, beautiful egg here today.
Come on, let's get out of here.
My suitcase.
Hey, look, you guys aren't gonna print what happened here today, are you?
Now, Alan, you started this.
You're the one who invited the newspaper people out here.
Okay. Now let them print what they came for.
Even if we did give you a break... Arline MacLaine won't.
MacLaine?
She writes that column. She's here?
She sure is.

The World as seen by Arline MacLaine.
And since you happen to be part of this world, Haines,
she's gonna take you apart.
But why? What have we done to her?
Well, she sounds as though you give her nervous indigestion.
It could be something about her daughter, though.
I just thought I'd tip you off.
Thanks.
My kid dances that stuff, same as the other kids.
I don't see anything wrong in it.
Just thought I'd tell you.
Thank you very much.
Well, maybe we ought to go back to New York.
The worst that can happen to us there is we get hit by a truck.
Yeah.
I'm staying.
If these folks are gonna keep thinking like this...
how do you think it's gonna be for our folks who have to live here?
How do you expect to change their minds?
I have plenty of time to think about that.
I'm going home to see my folks.
Yeah. So am I.
We'll see you at your house after dinner.
Okay. Good idea. Yeah.
So long, fellows.
Arnie, I'm sorry.
I'm not.
I tell you, I was beginning to think maybe I am some kind of a freak.
They called me everything but that today.
I guess that makes me normal, huh?
See you after dinner, too?
Sure, Arnie.
Come on, Molly.
Okay. See you tonight, Alan.
Bye, honey.
Bye.
They do make a cute couple, don't they?
In the old days, the kids used their energy for picking corn.
Hey, maybe we ought to go inside and get cheered up.
Let's go. Come on.
Good.
That must be the rest of the kids.
I'll get it.
Hey! Hi, fellows.

It's the boys! Hi, Alan!

Hello!

Hi, Chas! Tag, how are you?

Hey, fellows. How about that?

What are you, a Benedict Arnold or something?

Playing a Bill Haley record here?

We have to.

All the Arnie Haines records are worn out.

Try Haines' home. To heck with the beach.

And to heck with old Bagley!

Come on! Let's go!

Yeah, you got the rock, all right.

But I think your roll just stripped a gear.

I was on my way to the beach when I heard the music.

I thought you were inside.

I saw you through the window.

We don't always have people gamboling on the green out here.

This is purely clinical research.

I'm only interested in cause and effect, Mr. Haines.

The effect seems evident, and the modus operandi seems clear...

but the cause really eludes me.

Hey, hold on. Would you play that chorus over in a different key?

What I mean is...

It just seems like dancing to me.

Why are people like my mother and the Mayor so steamed up?

Your mother?

Oh, I'm Francine MacLaine. My mother writes a newspaper column.

That MacLaine.

What'd she do? Send you out here for more material to slug me with?

Hardly.

She doesn't think you belong in the company of nice little girls.

Well, so long, Miss MacLaine.

Wait a minute.

I didn't say that was my opinion.

I'd like to talk to you.

What about?

My mother's column appears in about 150 newspapers.

If she blasts you, man, you're blasted good.

I'd like to try and change her mind.

Hey, you on the level?

There's a principle involved.

Teenagers are almost adults.

They're entitled to their own opinions not what somebody dictates for them.

So you think your mother could make me or break me, huh?

Her column always manages to stir up something.
It's like living inside of a hurricane.
But I wouldn't want it to even try and hurt you.
Maybe we should both go to the beach.
It'll be nice and quiet there.
We can have a man-to-man talk.
Sure. Man to man.
I'll get a suit. Will you wait for me?
Go ahead. Sing it.
That was lovely.
I didn't know you could sing that kind of a song.
The people who buy my records like rock and roll.
The public always decides what kind of entertainment it's going to get.
It's a business, just like any other business.
Oh, that's for sure.
You know, I've come to the conclusion that
rock and roll is a symptom of the young people.
Asserting themselves for their right to do things as they think fit.
They resent the wrong kind of discipline by parents.
Parents would never understand that.
Sometimes people assert themselves in the wrong way.
How did you get so smart at your age, little girl?
Isn't that beside the point?
Pretty, too.
And you couldn't have spent your time in beauty parlors.
Thank you.
You know, for two years I've been wondering what all the shooting is about.
What people really see in the way I sing.
You just told me.
I did?
Sure. It isn't me at all.
Arnie Haines is just a name.
If it weren't Arnie Haines, it'd be somebody else.
Kids just pick somebody like me and wave me like a flag.
They wanna hold me in front of their parents' noses
like a pair of red britches in front of a bull.
Of course. That's it.
Miss MacLaine, you're all right.
Boy, I've been thinking for so long about...
Why did you kiss me?
Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't even know I had...
You know, you shouldn't look like that if you don't want to be kissed.
Strictly a sex attraction, wasn't it?
Are you serious?

Mother's kept boys away from me as if they had rabies.
She once read where wolves get rabies like dogs.
I'm sure that must mean something.
I found it quite profound.
Kissing you, I mean.
You're right. It is profound.
Maybe we'd better just talk for a while.
Yeah, and keep talking.
Arnie, I think you should play your rock and roll music at a public
function.
What for?
So that my mother can see for herself
that your music isn't detrimental to young people.
Oh, no deal. Bagley would run us out of town.
It doesn't have to be in Mellondale.
What if your mother doesn't like what she sees?
Why couldn't my mother have been the kind who just sits home and does
knitting?
Seems to me, though, we have nothing to lose.
If we don't do it, she's gonna clobber us anyway.
I know we can change her mind.
And if we do, she won't stop working until she makes things right.
All right. I'll talk to the boys.
If they go along with it, we'll run the dance.
Probably in Friesville the next town.
I think rabies are just wonderful.
Give me the out-of-town papers.
Yes, sir.
Let me see my little....
Yeah, keeping one.
Look at this. "Rock and roll barred by Haines' home town."
Wow. "Rock and Roll Revolt."
Every one of them.
Coast-to-coast frame-up.
Right across the country.
We're dead.
Services will be held in five minutes.
Now what?
Hey, there's one I got to see in particular.
What is it?
Herald Tribune.
Yeah, here it is, right here.
On the back page, it always is.
Boy, she doesn't pull any punches.

Bad, huh?

Now what are we gonna do?

We're gonna turn the other cheek, and let her take a sock at that, too.

We're inviting the lady to a dance.

Come on, let's go to Friesville.

Here you are. Keep the change.

Thanks a lot.

Here, have a good look, Bill.

Arnie Haines has ruined us.

Every booking we had across the country's been canceled.

Well, how do you like that?

He wants a vacation, so he takes us all with him.

Thanks for bringing me the good news.

There it is.

The Mayor owns this place.

Gee, I hope it works out.

Come on, let's see if he's around.

All right.

We're looking for Mr. Everett.

Well, I'm Tom Everett. Something I can do for you?

My name is Freed, and this is Arnie Haines.

Arnie Haines!

Oh, the rock and roll fellow?

There's only one, Dad.

Meet my daughter, Sunny.

She likes to come down and sing and dance with the band once in a while.

How do you do, Miss Everett?

Hello.

I've been reading about you in the papers, Mr. Haines.

Well, that's why we came to talk to you, sir.

Oh?

We'd like to put on a special rock and roll show here some Saturday night.

Man, that'd be the coolest!

Arnie Haines, right here in Friesville!

Whoa, now, honey, not so fast.

You can make more money in one night than all summer long.

Well, Mellondale's five times bigger than we are

and Friesville depends on Mellondale for a lot of business.

If Mayor Bagley was to get mad...

Oh, Dad, you don't have to kowtow to old Bagley one bit.

Why, every kid in town thinks he's stupid for banning Arnie.

And we can promise that a lot of top rock and roll artists

will appear here with us that night.

Just... Why you fellows going to all this trouble?

Well, we have a point to prove, Mr. Everett.
We'd like to show the rest of the country that
rock and roll is a safe and sane dance for all young people.
It hasn't hurt me any, has it?
You'd like to have Mr. Haines here real bad, wouldn't you?
I can't think of any other man in the whole world I'd want more.
You know, I think she's got every record you ever made.
Well.
Okay, Mr. Haines, you tell me what Saturday night you want, and we'll set
it up.
That's great. Thank you, sir, very much.
You can thank me.
After all, I was the one who sold my father.
Wasn't I?
You know, she's a pretty good saleslady when she gets started.
I'll walk Mr. Haines back to his car.
Why don't you two talk business?
Okay, Arnie, I'll handle it.
Mr. Everett, what's the first Saturday night you've got available?
Well, let's see. Next Saturday is booked.
You'd never think I'm not 18 yet, would you?
Is that a warning?
Everyone thinks I act much older.
You add me to the list, then.
How'd you manage to get like that, anyway?
Oh, I decided ages ago there wasn't much point in acting too young.
Just old enough, huh?
I like men.
Why shouldn't I be frank about it?
All women do.
They just don't come out and say so.
Where'd you learn that stuff?
Arnie, are there gonna be reporters and men taking pictures the night
you're here?
They'll be invited.
I think my father would like it if I were your date that night.
How do you know he'd like it?
Oh, he'd like it if I told him.
Oh, I see.
Miss Everett, look, I'm a lot older than you are, you know?
There. Now I just grew up five years.
See you, Arnie.
Great catfishes, Arnie! Where you been?
What's the matter, Molly?

The phone hasn't stopped ringing since you left the house this morning.
Newspapers?

Newspapers, your television sponsor, newsreels,
and a fellow named Ted Collier called from New York 13 times.
Wow, we didn't get in touch with Collier.

The office must be going crazy.

I'll get him right now.

Hey, who is this Collier character?

He runs the theatrical agency booking our act.

I gotta go with Alan, honey.

But Ted...

Ted, I'm trying to tell you that...

Ted, if you'll just listen to me.

Give me that, will you?

Teddy?

Ted, this is Arnie.

Well, if you'd just be quiet for a minute and listen,
maybe we could get someplace.

Yeah, we read the papers. We read all the papers.

We may have an angle, though, to overcome the whole mess.

We're gonna run a rock and roll show in the next town.

We want to prove something to Arline MacLaine.

Yeah, we know, but if we can get her to change her mind
and write in her column that rock and roll is a good influence for the
kids...

it'll be a solid argument for us.

Yeah, Ted.

Yeah, we think so, too.

You can help us a great deal.

I'll need the best rock and roll acts you can get. The best, though.

Yeah!

Wow!

Yeah, that's great. That'll do it. Thanks.

The date?

Saturday. Write it down, will you?

Saturday, July 17th?

17th, yeah.

July 17th.

Thank you, Ted. Thanks very much.

Yeah, me, too.

Well, we're all set.

Bill Haley and his Comets, Little Richard and his combo...

The Treniers, have all been canceled out on their dates because of the bad
publicity we started.

You started.
But those are the acts that are coming here.
Wow. That's the best in the business.
You bet your life.
That's \$1 million worth of talent on one stage.
Wow, Friesville won't ever forget that, I bet.
I'll tell the boys all about it, and I'll handle all the arrangements.
One arrangement I gotta handle myself.
Miss Francine MacLaine, please.
Now, would you mind telling me why you had me come way out here?
You saw that stuff your mother wrote about me.
It was horrible.
I'm worried.
Francine, I'm worried about the dance.
A woman like Arline MacLaine...
she'll never eat her words.
Please believe me. She isn't like she sounds in that column.
Not really.
She can be very warm and human and honest.
Wish I could believe that.
I know. Sometimes she goes smashing into things like Carrie Nation with a hatchet.
But she's not small.
She'd gladly eat her words, if only we could convince her.
I don't know.
Honestly, Arnie.
If you don't know her, I guess nobody does.
We'll go ahead with the dance.
Good.
You know, I've been keeping my ears open in town.
You'd be surprised at the things I found out.
Such as?
We have to make sure that Mayor Bagley doesn't hear of it.
That's for sure.
He has to make himself look good for the next election.
He knows if you prove him wrong, he's gonna look like a fool.
So that's it. Reelection.
It figures.
The only way we can advertise now is by word of mouth.
The kids will have to pass it on from one to the other.
My sister, Molly, can start the ball rolling.
And I've made friends with a group of kids from the little theater.
Good.
They can help spread the word around.

Very good.

But do me a favor.

Don't tell your mother about the dance until the very last minute.

Don't worry. I won't.

Hey.

Where does your mother think you are tonight?

At a hog calling contest.

Please don't tell her you were dating the head hog caller.

Hey, I gotta get you home before she gets the bloodhounds out. Let's go.

Arnie Haines, Friesville Palladium.

Arnie Haines, Friesville Palladium.

Friesville Palladium.

The Arnie Haines Show, Friesville Palladium.

The Arnie Haines Show, Saturday night, Friesville Palladium.

The Arnie Haines Show, Saturday night.

The Arnie Haines Show, Friesville Palladium, Saturday night.

Let's rip it up!

Well, Mother, how does it look?

As if they all need a sedative.

But you must admit, it's just dancing. That's all.

These kids aren't doing anything wrong.

Well, darling, how can I tell?

They all move so fast, it looks like a double exposure.

You promised you'd report only what you saw here, nothing else.

If you do that, I'll be satisfied.

I made a bargain with you, baby. I'll live up to it.

Where's your boyfriend?

Boyfriend?

Now, Francine, you don't honestly believe that I thought you were going to hog calling and pie baking contests?

Those were the best things I could think up.

Are you in love with him?

I don't know.

I hope so. I'd like to be.

Francie, you could do so much better.

I'm also old enough to be entitled to my own mistakes, Mother.

All right, darling.

I'm afraid this is as far as our date goes, Sunny.

I have other things to do.

Oh, you won't have any trouble finding boys to dance with here.

No trouble at all.

But I'll be seeing you later.

Well, I'm not sure.

I am.

You won't be on the stage all night.

Do we dig?

Consider it dug.

Good evening, Mrs. MacLaine.

Miss MacLaine.

Congratulations, Mr. Haines.

You must sing romantic ballads much better than I thought.

Mother. She knows.

I'm very sorry you don't think as much about rock and roll as your daughter does, Mrs. MacLaine.

Oh, she's very young, she'll get over it.

And what happens to you, Mr. Haines, when the public gets over rock and roll?

Well, if they ever do, then I'll go back to singing romantic ballads.

And I hope Francine's around to listen to them.

Check with you later.

Touche.

Touche.

Now one of the most fabulous of all rock and roll acts...

here are The Treniers!

How are we doing, Dad?

The newspaper gal digging us?

Yeah, real deep.

She sounds like she has us plowed way under already.

That's freedom of the press.

Yeah, and I always thought freedom of the press was a tailor who ironed your suits for nothing.

Shows you.

Hey, we're on next. We better get set, fellows.

Okay. The rest of the boys are backstage.

Good.

Well, at least the latest communique from Mellondale is a good one.

Mayor Bagley is sound asleep.

Who would ever think 500 kids would keep a secret?

Looks like the younger generation has some character after all, eh?

Light up the lantern and let the bells toll 'cause that man's coming out to rock and roll.

So take off your handcuffs and take off your chains...

while we dig with the mostest of Arnie Haines!

It's intermission time. Time to rest your feet.

Then Little Richard and his cats will be here with a beat.

You got 15 minutes, so set your clocks.

And then jive on back with your rolls and rocks!

See you later.

Now, look, Sunny. I can't run out like this.
I have guests in there.
I'm your date, whether you know it or not.
But I can't...
Oh, now come on.
If the world was made in six days...
we should be able to make a little time in 15 minutes.
Boy, something tells me your father missed up on a few spankings somewhere
along the line.
I parked it here just for us.
If you think I'm gonna go for a drive now...
Now, who said anything about driving?
I just want to talk. Get in.
Okay, start talking.
There.
Now I can always say I necked with Arnie Haines.
Necked?
You're the most scared man I ever did see.
I wish you were the most scared girl I ever saw.
Don't you know that in some countries, girls get married at 14?
That's it. You should go there.
By now, you'd be a great-grandmother.
You really are going to talk, aren't you?
Even if I can't think of a thing to say.
Well, try talking now.
You crazy kid!
What are you trying to do, mess me up and yourself along with me?
I could mess you up, Arnie Haines.
I could mess you up good.
Okay, if you're looking for a reason, you've got one.
And now, here's that real solid man of rock and roll...
Little Richard and Long Tall Sally.
Gonna tell Aunt Mary 'bout Uncle John,
He claim he has the misery but he's havin' a lot of fun,
Oh baby,
Yeah baby,
Woo~
Baby~
Havin' me some fun tonight.
Yeah~
Well long, tall Sally.
She's built for speed, she got.
Everything that Uncle John need, oh baby,
Yeah baby,

Woo~
Baby~
Havin' me some fun tonight.
Yeah~
Well, I saw Uncle John with long tall Sally.
He saw Aunt Mary comin' and he ducked back in the alley oh baby,
Yeah baby,
Woo~
Baby~
Havin' me some fun tonight, yeah Aow~
Well, long, tall Sally.
She's built for speed, she got.
Everything that Uncle John need oh baby,
Yeah baby,
Woo~
Baby~
Havin' me some fun tonight, yeah~
Well, I saw Uncle John with bald head Sally.
He saw Aunt Mary comin' and he ducked back in the alley oh baby,
Yeah baby,
Woo~
Baby~
Havin' me some fun tonight, yeah~
We gonna have some fun tonight,
We gonna have some fun tonight, wow~
Have some fun tonight.
Everything's all right,
Have some fun, have me some fun tonight.
Yes, what is it? What do you want?
It's Sunny Everett, Mr. Bagley.
What's wrong? Is your father sick?
No, he's fine.
I just thought you ought to know, Mr. Bagley.
There's a rock and roll show going on at the Palladium.
Well, has your father gone crazy?
Well, he needed the money.
But I don't think he knew what he was letting himself in for.
It's a mess, Mr. Bagley. Drinking and everything.
Real sinful!
Sinful, I knew it.
You better come right over.
I certainly will, immediately.
Okay, see you over there.
Right.

Okay, you want another? You've got it.
And you're going to meet the winners of the Harvest Moon contest...
Jimmy and Jovada dancing to Little Richard and Tutti Frutti.
Wop bop a loo bop a lop bam bam!
Tutti frutti, oh rutti. [x4]
Wop bop a loo bop a lop bam bam!
I got a gal, named Sue.
She knows just what to do.
I got a gal, named Sue.
She knows just what to do.
She rocks to the East.
She rocks to the West.
She is the gal that I love best.
Tutti frutti, oh rutti. [x4]
Wop bop a loo bop a lop bam bam!
I got a gal, named Daisy.
She almost drives me crazy.
Got a gal, named Daisy.
She almost drives me crazy.
She knows how to love me, yes indeed.
Boy you don't know what she's doin' to me.
Tutti frutti, oh rutti. [x4]
Wop bop a loo bop a lop bam bam!
I got a gal, named Daisy.
She almost drives me crazy.
Got a gal, named Daisy.
She almost drives me crazy.
She knows how to love me, yes indeed.
Boy you don't know what she's doin' to me.
Tutti frutti, oh rutti. [x4]
Wop bop a loo bop a lop bam bam!
Glad Dad had you in the house.
Thank you very much.
And now you're gonna hear something real great
by those wonderful guys who work with me.
Open up your earflaps and listen to Dave Appell and The Applejacks.
Francie, I am licked.
This is the most useless two hours I have ever spent.
Nothing has happened but the most violent exercise and I simply abhor
exercise.
You mean you'll retract what you said about Arnie and rock and roll?
I've swallowed bitter pills before in my lifetime.
I am sure I will live through it.
Mom, I love you.

Well, now...

You haven't said it like that since you were nine and a half.

Do we dig?

Consider it dug!

Somebody's been drinking something around here.

You don't say.

Sure, I say.

Smells like Four Roses.

Smells more like whiskey to me.

It's you.

I ain't the only one.

Oh, no, Sunny. This could be murder.

Sunny, this is gonna raise Ned.

You gotta get out of here.

No, sir.

Not before I get rid of all my liquor!

Get rid of all your...

Oh, Mother, no!

What's the matter with you, bringing liquor in here?

I didn't bring it.

What are you trying to do? Louse everything up?

I ought to slug you.

You and what glee club?

Me and a soprano's enough.

Look here!

That does it.

That washes us up for good.

It's a riot!

Yeah.

Yeah, Ted.

Yeah, I know, but the whole thing was a frame-up.

I'm telling you. That crazy Everett kid...

Yeah, all right. Goodbye, Ted.

He wants us back in New York real quick.

He says we're not only ruining ourselves.

We're ruining the entire rock and roll business.

Maybe I could murder Sunny Everett and plead self-defense.

Arnie, I'm sorry.

If I hadn't turned on so much pressure for publicity, this would never have happened.

It's not you. It's Bagley and the town and the Carrie Nations with their hatchets, like Arline MacLaine.

Why can't they believe us about that Everett kid?

We're licked.

Let's go home and pack.

Might as well, I guess.

Yeah.

And how does the world look to Arline MacLaine's daughter this bright and cheerful day?

Oh, please...

You did our boy in good.

Just like Samson and Delilah.

Yeah, you gave him a real crew cut.

Yeah, she sure did.

All right, guys, leave her alone.

You don't have to stand there and look so self-righteous!

I believe what you said about Sunny Everett, Arnie.

Thanks.

But what I want to know is why she did it.

You want to know why?

Okay, I'll tell you. Because I'm in love with you, that's why.

Yeah, if I hadn't been so crazy as to fall in love with you...

I wouldn't have given Sunny the brush-off the way I did.

Oh, I could have buttered her up a little, at least until the dance was over.

No, I had to be real smart and fall in love with you.

You, of all people.

You, with a typewriter for a mother.

What does she do?

Stay up all night, thinking up names to call me?

I tried to argue with her, Arnie. I tried to tell her what I thought.

What do you think?

It wouldn't make any difference now.

You don't trust anything I say.

If you're gonna say something, get it over with in a hurry, because we're leaving.

You're quitting?

Let's just call it a strategic withdrawal.

But that would be admitting that they're right.

Please, listen to me.

They're not right. You are.

I even explained to my mother that

parents don't want to blame themselves for what their children are doing.

I mean, the kind that cut up classrooms and have knife fights.

They don't want to blame themselves,

so they find something like rock and roll to blame it on.

If parents would only realize that...

their children are no different than they were 25 or 30 years ago.

Boy, did you just say something.

A faceful, but what does it mean?

We're not going back to New York.

Are you kidding?

What?

We're gonna make Mayor Bagley and all the rest of them apologize to us in print

and your mother's going to help us, whether she knows it or not.

But how, Arnie?

Those kids you were telling me about in the theater group. Are they any good?

Some of them.

Where can I get them together so I can talk to them in private?

They've been rehearsing in the school auditorium.

Too public.

Alan, we're going to a place called the Lonely Barn.

Arnie, we've had enough of this talk.

Let's get back to New York.

No, sir. If we leave now, we'll never live it down.

Tell the kids to stand by, will you?

Come on, Alan, we're gonna keep the Lonely Barn from being lonely.

Arnie?

Huh?

You said you loved me.

Hey, how about that? So I did.

Well, wait till later. We'll get real profound.

Ladies and gentlemen, when Francine MacLaine...

asked me to make the opening address for this wonderful little show she's put together.

I was extremely flattered.

It isn't often that Mellondale has a chance to participate in a cultural campaign.

One designed to give a distinct, moral uplift to an entire community.

Especially in the light of recent events concerning our young people.

So, although I know absolutely nothing of what the youngsters have prepared for us.

It is with the greatest possible pride I ask you all to enjoy.

The Pageant of Art and Culture.

You mean to say you don't know what kind of a show those kids concocted?

Or have you been too busy lately getting drunk?

Nobody's been able to find out what they're up to.

And now, my friends of art and culture, we are ready to begin.

In our first offering...

We will depict the world-famous painting by Pierre Renoir entitled...

Young Girls at the Piano.

We come to another famous classic.

Lady and Gentleman Drinking Wine by Jan Vermeer,
the famed Dutch painter of the 17th century.

Are they kidding with that cornball stuff?

I wish I knew.

And now, another art form...

Which has come down through the ages is that of terpsichore.

The art of the dance.

Our first presentation will be that of a dance that was all the rage...
when George Washington was the president of our country.

Wonderful! Wonderful! Now, that's the way dancing should be done.

Like civilized people.

Oh, Dad.

And then, times changed.

And new forms of the dance came into being.

Reflecting how people had changed in a changing world.

We're sure all of you remember this dance.

We're sorry, ladies and gentlemen, if you didn't like our little offering
of the dance you yourselves used to do.

We thought it would bring back many pleasant memories for all parents
to show them that they really need not worry so much about our younger
generation.

For it will grow up to be the same fine sort of people that parents are
today.

Young man, you planned this whole thing deliberately.

You're trying to confuse the issue about rock and roll.

I think that maybe we're the ones who tried to confuse the issue, Mr.
Bagley.

My own daughter made one point very clear to me.

She told me that we were just trying to find a scapegoat
for our own shortcomings in bringing up our children.

Rock and roll happened to be handy, so it was picked to get the blame.

I say we're wrong, and I'm ready to admit it.

Mrs. MacLaine's right. We're all a bunch of narrow-minded fools.

I'm ready to believe what Arnie Haines said about my daughter.

And I'll wale the living tar out of her hide just as soon as we get home.

Well, if it's up to me.

I'm willing to make a public apology to Arnie Haines right now.

And I hope that perhaps Mayor Bagley might do the same.

Apologize? Me, apologize to that swivel-hipped, gravel-throated...

Mayor Bagley, if you want my vote in the next election, you'll apologize.

And that goes for me, too.

Well, then, that's it.

An apology to Arnie Haines is in order.

Thank you. Thank you, Mrs. MacLaine.

But if Mayor Bagley's too embarrassed to make an apology right here and now...

he can send me a letter.

I'd love to publish it.

You'll get your letter, Mr. Haines.

But I'm apologizing right now, and I'll see that it appears in my column all over the country.

Well, then, let's get on with the show.

Ladies and gentlemen, some rock and roll terpsichore.

One, two, three, four.