

# **Singin In The Rain Script**

*Singin ' in the rain*

*Just singin ' in the rain*

*What a glorious feelin '*

*We're happy again*

*We'll walk down the lane*

*With a happy refrain*

*And singin '*

*Just singin ' in the rain*

*This is Dora Bailey...*

... talking to you from the Chinese  
Theater in Hollywood.

What a night, ladies and gentlemen.

Every star is here. . .

. . .for the premiere of *The Royal Rascal*  
the outstanding event of .

Everyone breathlessly awaits. . .

. . .the arrival of Lina Lamont  
and Don Lockwood.

Look who's arriving now.

It's that famous 'zip' girl  
of the screen. . .

. . .the darling of the flapper set,  
Zelda Zanders!

Zelda! Oh, Zelda!

Her new red-hot pash,  
J. Cumberland Spendrill lll. . .

. . .that well-known eligible bachelor.

Zelda's had so much unhappiness,  
I hope this time it's really love.

And here comes that  
exotic star, Olga Mara!

And her new husband,  
the Baron de la Bonnet de la Toulon.

They've been married two months already,  
but still as happy as newlyweds.

Well, well, well.  
It's Cosmo Brown!

Cosmo is Don's best friend.

He plays piano on the set  
for Don and Lina. . .

. . .to get them into  
those romantic moods!

Oh, folks, this is it!

The stars of the picture,  
those romantic lovers of the screen. . .

. . .Don Lockwood and Lina Lamont!

Ladies and gentlemen,  
when you look at this couple. . .

. . .it's no wonder  
they're a household name.

Like ''bacon and eggs. ''

''Lockwood and Lamont. ''

Don, tell me confidentially,  
are these rumors true. . .

. . .that wedding bells will ring  
for you two?

Lina and I have no statement  
to make now. We're just good friends.

You've come a long way together.  
Tell us how it happened.

Lina and I have made  
many pictures together--

Oh, no, Don.  
I want your story from the beginning.

Dora, not in front of all these people!

The story of your success  
is an inspiration. . .

. . .to people all over the world.

Please!

Well, any story of my career. . .

. . .would have to include  
my lifelong friend, Cosmo Brown.

We grew up together,  
worked together.

Yes?

Well, Dora, I've had one motto  
which I've always lived by:

'Dignity. Always dignity. '

This was instilled in me by Mum and Dad  
from the very beginning.

They sent me to fine schools,  
including dancing school. . .

. . .where I first met Cosmo.

And with him, I used to perform



for Mum and Dad's society friends.

*They used to make such a fuss over me.*

*If I was good, I was allowed  
to accompany Mum and Dad to the theater.*

*They brought me up on Shaw...*

*...Molière, the finest  
of the classics.*

To this was added rigorous  
musical training. . .

. . .at the Conservatory of Fine Arts.

*We rounded out our apprenticeship  
at an exclusive dramatics academy.*

*And at all times...*

*... the motto remained:*

*'Dignity.*

*Always dignity. ''*

*In a few years, we were ready  
to embark on a dance concert tour.*

*We played the finest  
symphonic halls in the country.*

*Fit as a fiddle and ready for love*

*I can jump over the moon up above*

*Fit as a fiddle*

*And ready for love*

*Haven 't a worry*

*Haven 't a care*

*Feelin ' like a feather*

*That's floatin ' on air*

*Fit as a fiddle*

*And ready for love*

*Soon the church bells will be ringin '*

*And a march with Ma and Pa*

*How the church bells will be ringin '*

*With a hey-nonny-nonny*

*And a hot-cha-cha*

*Hi diddle diddle*

*My baby's okay*

*Ask me a riddle*

*And what does she say?*

*Fit as a fiddle*

*And ready for love*

*Audiences everywhere adored us.*

*Get out of here!*

*Finally we decided to come  
to sunny California.*

*We were stranded--  
We were resting up...*

*... when movie studio offers  
started pouring in.*

*We sorted them out and decided  
to favor Monumental Pictures.*

*Lina, you hate him. Resist.  
Keep the mood music going.*

*Now, Phil, come in.  
Keep on grinding.*

Now you see her. Now here's the bit,  
Bert, where you get it on the jaw.

Cut! No, no!

That wasn't right!

You're supposed to go over the bar  
and crash into the glasses! Again!

Okay, Bert? Bert!

Oh, that's swell, just swell.

Take him away, fellas!

We've lost

more stuntmen on these pictures!

It'll take hours to get  
a new one from casting.

Mr. Dexter, I can do that.

-You're a musician.

-That's a moot point.

No kidding!

What's your name?

Don Lockwood, but people  
call me Donald.

Wise guy, huh?

Okay, I'll try you.

Get this guy into Bert's suit!

And remember, Lockwood, you might be trading that fiddle in for a harp.

Camera!

Phil, come in. Now you see him.

That's it.

Here's where you get it on the jaw.

Cut!

That was wonderful!

-Got any more chores you want done?

-Plenty!



Okay.

*My roles in these films were urbane...*

*...sophisticated, suave.*

And of course,

all through those pictures. . .

. . .Lina was, as always,

an inspiration to me.

Warm and helpful.

A real lady.

Hello, Miss Lamont.

I'm Don Lockwood, the stuntman.

It was a thrill working  
with you, Miss Lamont.

Hey, Don.

Meet the producer  
of the picture, R.F. Simpson.

I saw some rushes and asked Dexter  
who the stuntmen were.

He said they were all you. I'm putting  
you and Lina together in a picture.

Come by later

to discuss a contract.

Thanks, Mr. Simpson!

Are you doing anything tonight,  
Miss Lamont?

That's funny.

I'm busy.

*Lina and I have had the same  
wonderful relationship ever since.*

But most important of all,  
I continue living up to my motto:

' 'Dignity.

Always dignity. ' '

Thank you, Don.

And I'm sure you and Lina will continue  
making movie history tonight. . .

. . .in your greatest picture,  
*The Royal Rascal.*

Get enough, boys?

She's so refined. . .

. . .I think I'll kill myself.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

Thank you, thank you.

We're thrilled at your response  
to *The Royal Rascal*.

We had fun making it, and we hope  
you had fun seeing it tonight.

We screen actors aren't much good  
at speaking in public.

So we'll just act out our thanks.

-It's a smash!

-Don, Lina, you were gorgeous!

-Lina, you looked good for a girl.

-What's the big idea?

Can't a girl get a word in edgewise?

They're my public too!

The publicity department. . .

. . .thought it'd be better  
if Don made all the speeches.

Why?

You're beautiful. Audiences think  
your voice matches.

We gotta keep our stars  
from looking bad at any cost.

-No one's got that much money.

-What's wrong with how I talk?

Am I dumb or something?

No, but Don's had  
so much more experience--

Next time, write me out a speech.

I could memorize it.

Sure. Why don't you recite  
the Gettysburg Address?

What do you know about it,  
you piano player? Are you anybody?

Donnie, how can you let him talk  
to me like that, your fiancée?

My fia--

Lina, you've been reading  
those fan magazines again.

Look, you shouldn't believe  
all that banana oil. . .

. . .that Dora Bailey dishes out.

Now, try to get this straight:  
There is nothing between us.



There has never been  
anything between us.

-Just air.

-Oh, Donnie, you don't mean that.

We'll be late for R.F.'s party.

Better go in separate cars  
to break up the mobs. Come on.

Ta-ta, Donnie! See you there!

'Donnie. '

Can't that girl take a gentle hint?

Haven't you heard? She's irresistible.

She said so.

I can't get her out of my hair.

This romance for publicity. . . .

The price of fame. You've got glory.

Little heartaches go with it.

Look at me. I got no glory.

I got no fame. I got no mansions.

I got no money. But I've got--

-What have I got?

-I don't know.

I gotta get out of here.

Don't tell me. It's a flat tire.

This car hasn't given me trouble  
in nearly six hours.

-Hey, there's Don Lockwood!

-Hey, give me an autograph!

-Give me your autograph!

-I want a souvenir!

I want a souvenir too!

You're playing rough here!

You're tearing my--!

Hey, Cos, do something!

Call me a cab!

You're a cab.

Thanks a lot!

-Keep driving.

-Get out!

-Everything's all right!

-I'll call a cop!

-Just a few blocks.

-Don't hurt me!

-I'm not a criminal.

-I don't care--

You are a criminal!

I've seen that face. You're a gangster!

I've seen your picture in the paper  
or in the post office. Officer!

-This man jumped in my car and--

-Why, it's Don Lockwood!

-Don Lockwood?

-How are you? Out for a ride?

Just a lift. My car broke down.

I got surrounded by--

-You're a lucky lady. Anything wrong?

-No.

-No, I should think not. Good night.

-Good night, officer.

Thanks for saving my life.

I'll get out now.

I'm driving to Beverly Hills.

Can I drop you someplace?

I'd like to get out of this suit  
if you're going by Camden and Sunset.

Yes, I am.

I'd like to know whose  
hospitality I'm enjoying.

Selden. Kathy Selden.

Enchanted, Miss Selden.

I'm sorry I frightened you.

I was getting a little  
too much love from my fans.

That's what you were  
running away from.

They did that to you?

That's terrible!

Yes. Yes, it is, isn't it?

It is terrible.

Well, we movie stars get the glory. . .

. . .we have to take  
the little heartaches that go with it.

People think we lead lives  
of glamour and romance. . .

. . .but we're really lonely.

Terribly lonely.

I can't tell you how sorry I am  
about taking you for a criminal.



But it was understandable, under  
the circumstances. I knew I'd seen you.

Which of my pictures have you seen?

I don't remember. I saw one once.

-You saw one once?

-You were dueling.

And there was a girl. Lina Lamont.

I don't go to the movies much.

If you've seen one,  
you've seen them all.

-Thank you.

-Oh, no offense.

Movies are entertaining enough. . .

. . .but the screen personalities  
don't impress me.

They don't talk or act.

They just make a lot of dumb show.

Well, you know.

Like that.

You mean, like what I do.

Well, yes.

Here we are, Sunset and Camden.

Wait, you mean I'm not an actor?

-Pantomime isn't acting?

-Of course not.

Acting means great parts,  
wonderful lines, words.

Shakespeare. Ibsen.

What's your lofty mission in life that  
lets you sneer at my humble profession?

-I'm an actress. On the stage.

-Oh, on the stage.

I'd like to see you.

What are you in?

I could brush up on my English  
or bring an interpreter.

If they'd let in a movie actor.

I'm not in a play now.

But I'm going to New York--

You're going to New York,  
and someday we'll all hear of you.

Kathy Selden as Juliet,  
as Lady Macbeth, as King Lear!

You'll have to wear a beard!

At least the stage  
is a dignified profession.

Why are you so conceited?

You're nothing but a shadow on film.  
You're not flesh and blood.

-Stop!

-What can I do? I'm only a shadow.

Keep away from me! Just because  
you're a big movie star. . .

. . .you expect girls to faint  
at your feet. Don't touch me!

Fear not, sweet lady.  
I will not molest you.

I am but a humble jester. And you?  
You are too far above me.

Farewell, Ethel Barrymore.

I must tear myself from your side.

Is this R.F. Simpson's house?  
I'm one of the Coconut Grove girls.

-Yes, the floor show. Around the back.

-Oh, I see. Thank you.

-Nice party, R.F.

-Thanks, Roscoe.

You really think  
you can get me in the movies?

-I should think so.

-Really?

-Hello, Don. The picture's great.

-I loved your picture.

-Did you come by way of Australia?

-Hello, Cos. Excuse me.

Cos, tell me the truth.

Am I a good actor?

While I work for Monumental,  
you're great.

-No kidding. You can tell me.

-What's the matter? You're good.

Keep telling me from time to time.  
I feel a little shaken.

The new Don Lockwood.

-Hi, R.F.

-It's colossal. Where have you been?

There you are. Where were you?  
I was lonely.



-Hello, Lina.

-Okay, fellas. Hold it.

Together again, my two little stars,

Don and Lina.

No kidding, folks, aren't they great?

All right, open that screen.

-A movie? We just saw one.

-Gotta show one at a party. It's a law.

Everybody, I've got

a few surprises for you.

All right, sit down, sit down.

This'll make you laugh.

There's a madman coming  
into my office for months--

-You got that gadget working?

-All set.

Okay, let her go.

*Hello.*

*This is a demonstration  
of a talking picture.*

*Notice, it is a picture of me  
and I am talking.*

*Note how my lips  
and the sound issuing from them...*

*...are synchronized together...*

*...in perfect unison.*

*-Who's that?*

*-Somebody's behind that screen.*

*-Come out, Mr. Simpson.*

*-Oh, no. I'm right here.*

*My voice has been recorded  
on a record.*

*A talking picture.*

*Thank you. Goodbye.*

Well?

-It's just a toy.

-It's a scream!

-It's vulgar.

-You think they'll ever use it?

I doubt it. Warners is making  
a picture with it, *The Jazz Singer*.

-They'll lose their shirts.

-It won't amount to a thing.

They said that about  
the horseless carriage.

Let's get on with it.

Okay, boys.

Come on, my little starlets.

I have a surprise.

A special cake.

I want you kids  
to have the first piece.

Well! If it isn't Ethel Barrymore!

I do hope you'll favor us with something  
special. Say, Hamlet's soliloquy. . .

. . .or a scene from *Romeo and Juliet*?  
Don't be shy.

You make about the prettiest Juliet  
I've ever seen. Really.

*All I do is dream of you  
The whole night through*

*With the dawn I still go on  
Dreaming of you*

*You're every thought  
You're everything*

*You're every song I ever sing  
Summer, winter, autumn and spring*

*And were there more than  
Twenty-four hours a day*

*They'd be spent in sweet content  
Dreaming away*

*When skies are gray  
When skies are blue*

*Morning, noon and nighttime too*

*All I do the whole day through  
Is dream of you*

*It's the cat's meow!*

*All I do the whole day through  
Is dream of you*

I had to tell you how good you were.

Now that I know where you live,  
I'd like to see you home.

-Listen, Mr. Lockwood--

-Say, who is this dame anyway?

Someone lofty and far above us all.

She couldn't learn anything from  
the movies. She's a stage actress.



Here's one thing I've learned  
from the movies!

-I'll kill her!

-Lina, she was aiming at me!

-You never looked lovelier.

-It was an accident.

-It happens to me six times a day.

-Where is she?

Donnie?

Excuse me.

Where'd Miss Selden go?

She grabbed her things and bolted.

Anything I can do?

Sorry. I don't have time to find out.

Kathy! Hey, Kathy!

Keep it going.

More steam in the kettle!

More action, boys. More rhythm.

More steam and more water.

-Hi, Maxie.

-Hi, Don.

Good morning, fellas.



You're an aristocrat.

She's a girl of the people  
and won't give you a tumble.

Well, it's a living.

Good morning.

Keep the background moving. Hit him.  
Knock him down!

Get up there and hit him again.  
Hurry!

Why bother?  
Release the old one under a new title.

You've seen one, you've seen them all.

-Why'd you say that?

-What?

That's what that Kathy Selden  
said to me.

That's three weeks ago.

Still thinking about that?

-I can't get her out of my mind.

-How could you?

She's the first dame  
not to fall for you in ages.

-She's on my conscience.

-It's not your fault she was fired.

-I've got to find her.

-You've been trying to.

Short of sending out bloodhounds.

Come on, snap out of it.

Don't let this get you down.

You're Don Lockwood.

And he's an actor, isn't he?

What does an actor learn?

'The show must go on, come rain,  
come shine, come snow, come sleet!'

*The world's so full  
Of a number of things*

*I'm sure we should all  
Be as happy as--*

*But are we? No  
Definitely, no*

*Positively, no  
Decidedly, no*

*Short people have long faces*

*Long people have short faces*

*Big people have little humor  
Little people have no humor at all*

*In the words of that immortal bard  
Samuel J. Snodgrass*

*As he was being led  
To the guillotine*

*Make 'em laugh  
Make 'em laugh*

*Don 't you know everyone wants to laugh*

*My dad said, ''Be an actor, my son*

*But be a comical one''*



*They'll be standin ' in lines*

*For those old honky-tonk monkeyshines*

*Now you could study Shakespeare*

*And be quite elite*

*And you could charm the critics*

*And have nothing to eat*

*Just slip on a banana peel*

*The world's at your feet*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make--*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Don 't you know everyone wants to laugh?*

*My grandpa said,*

*'Go out and tell 'em a joke*

*But give it plenty of hoke''*

*Make 'em roar*

*Make 'em scream*

*Take a fall, butt a wall*

*Split a seam*

*You start off by pretending*

*You're a dancer with grace*

*You wiggle till they're giggling*

*All over the place*

*And then you get*

*A great big custard pie in the face*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Don 't ya--?*

*All the--*

*What--?*

*My Dad--*

*They'll be standing in lines*

*For those old honky-tonk monkeyshines*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Don 't you know everyone--?*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

*Make 'em laugh*

Ready, Don?

-All set.

-Here we go again.

-We have another smash here.

-I hope so.

-You're darn tootin' .

-Where's Lina?

Here she is, Mr. Dexter.

Well! Here comes our  
lovely leading lady now.

This wig weighs a ton.  
Who'd wear a thing like this?

-Everybody wore them.  
-Then everybody was a dope.

-You look beautiful.  
-You look great. Let's get to the set.

Thanks, Joe.

I looked for you at Wally Ray's party.

Where were you?

I've been busy.

I know you've been busy.

Looking for that girl.

-As a matter of fact, yes.

-Why?

-I've been worried about her.

-You should've worried about me.

I'm the one who got

whipped cream in the kisser.

But you didn't lose your job.

She did.

Darn tootin' she did.

I arranged it.

What?

They weren't gonna fire her,  
so I told them to.

-Why--

-Don, now remember.

You're in love with her  
and have to overcome her shyness.



Cosmo, mood music.

Roll 'em!

Okay, Don.

Now enter.

You see her.

Run to her!

Why, you rattlesnake, you.

You got that poor kid fired.

That's not all I'm gonna do  
if I ever get my hands on her.

I never heard of anything so low.

Fine. Looks great.

What did you do it for?

Because you liked her. I could tell.

So that's it.

Believe me, I don't like her  
half as much as I hate you.

You reptile.

Sticks and stones may break my bones.

I'd like to break every bone  
in your body.

You and who else, you big lummoX?

Now kiss her, Don.

That's it. More.

Great! Cut!

You couldn't kiss me like that and  
not mean it a teensy-weensy bit.

Meet a great actor.

I'd rather kiss a tarantula!

-You don't mean that!

-I don't--?

Joe, bring me a tarantula.

Listen--

Stop that, lovebirds.

-Let's get another take.

-Hold it!

Hello, Mr. Simpson.

-We're really rolling.

-You can stop rolling at once.

-All right, everybody! Save it!

-Save it? We're shutting down.

Well, tell them!

Go home until further notice!

What is this?

-What's the matter?

-*The Jazz Singer*, that's what.

*Oh, my darling little mammy*

*Down in Alabamy*

It's no joke. It's a sensation.

The public wants more.

-More what?

-Talking pictures.

-It's just a freak.

-We should have such a freak.

I told you talking pictures  
were a menace.

We're going to make *The Duelling  
Cavalier* into a talking picture.

I'm out of a job. I can start  
suffering and write a symphony.

We'll make you head

of the music department.

Then I can stop suffering  
and write a symphony.

Wait! Talking pictures!  
You should wait--

Every studio's doing it. All the theaters  
are putting in sound equipment.

-We know nothing about it.  
-What's to know?

You do what you always did.  
Just add talking.

Believe me, it'll be a sensation.  
'Lamont and Lockwood. They talk! ''

Well, of course we talk.

Don't everybody?

*I got a feeling*

*You're fooling*

*I got a feeling*

*You're havin ' fun*

*I get the go-by*

*When you are done foolin ' with me*

*It's a holiday, today's*

*The Wedding of the Painted Doll*

*It's a jolly day*

*The news--*



*Should I reveal exactly how I feel?*

*Should I confess--?*

*I got a feeling you're fooling*

*I got a feeling you're--*

*It's a holiday, today's--*

*Should I reveal*

*Exactly how I feel?*

*Beautiful girl*

*You're a lovely picture*

*Beautiful girl*

*You're a gorgeous mixture*

Who's that? She looks familiar.

I've featured her in nightclub shows.

She'd be good as Zelda's sister.

Excuse me.

*There may be blonds and brunettes*

*That are hard to resist*

*You surpass them like a queen*

*You've got those lips*

*That were meant to be kissed*

*And you're over sweet*

*Beautiful girl*

*What a gorgeous creature*

*Beautiful girl*

*Let me call a preacher*

*What can I do*

*But give my heart to you?*

*A beautiful girl*

*Is like a great work of art*

*She's stylish*

*She's chic*

*And she also is smart*

*For lounging in her boudoir*

*This simple plain pajama*

*Her cloak is trimmed with monkey fur*

*To lend a dash of drama*

*Anyone for tennis?*

*Well, this will make them cringe*

*And you'll knock 'em dead at dinner*

*If your gown just drips with fringe*

*You simply can 't be too modest*

*At the beach or by the pool*

*And in summertime, it's organdy*

*That'll keep you fresh and cool*

*You'd never guess what loud applause*

*This cunning hat receives*

*And you'd never dream the things  
That you could hide*

*Within these sleeves*

*A string of pearls with a suit of tweed*

*It's started quite a riot*

*And if you must wear fox to the opera*

*Dame Fashion says, "Dye it"*

*Black is best when you're in court*

*The judge will be impressed*

*But white is right when you're a bride*

*And you want to be well-dressed*

*Beautiful girl*

*For you I've got a passion*

*Beautiful girl*

*You're my queen of fashion*

*I'm in a whirl*

*Over*

*My beautiful girl*

-That's stupendous!

-Thanks. Kathy, come here.

This will start a trend  
in musicals.

Mr. Simpson might cast you  
as Zelda's sister.

That's wonderful!

-Hey, Kathy! That's Kathy Selden.

-Thanks anyway. It was nice of you.



-Wait a minute.

-That's okay.

Before Mr. Lockwood

refreshes your memory. . .

. . .I hit Miss Lamont with the cake.

It was meant for Mr. Lockwood.

I'm sorry.

I should've told you.

Wait. What's this all about?

We were gonna use her, but if

it'd make you unhappy--

-Unhappy? It's wonderful.

-He's been looking for her!

Do you speak for Lina too?

The Coconut Grove's owner  
may do what Lina says. . .

-. . .but you're the head of this studio.

-Yes, I am. She's hired.

Don't let Lina know she's here.

Take care of that.

Thank you!

I'm glad you turned up. We've looked

inside every cake in town.

-Is it okay for you to be seen with me?

-Lofty star with humble player?

Not exactly. Don't you usually  
have lunch with Miss Lamont?

Look, Kathy. All that stuff  
about Lina and me is publicity.

Oh? Certainly seems more than that. . .

. . .from what I've read in all  
those articles in the fan magazines.

Oh, you read the fan magazines?

I pick them up in the beauty parlor  
or at the dentist, just like anybody.

Honest?

-I buy four or five a month.

-You buy four or five. . . ?

To get back to the point. . .

. . . you achieve an intimacy  
in all your pictures--

Did you say all my pictures?

I guess I've seen  
eight or nine of them.

Eight or nine. It seems to me

I remember someone saying:

'If you've seen one,  
you've seen them all. '

I did say some awful things  
that night, didn't I?

No, I deserved them.

Of course, I must admit  
I was pretty much upset by them.

So upset that I haven't been able  
to think of anything but you ever since.

Honest?

Honest.

-I've been pretty upset too.

-Kathy, look, I. . . .

Kathy, seeing you again now that I. . . .

I'm trying to say  
something to you, but I. . . .

I'm such a ham.

I'm not able to  
without the proper setting.

-What do you mean?

-Well. . . .

Come here.

This is the proper setting.

-Why, it's just an empty stage.

-At first glance, yes.

But wait a second.

A beautiful sunset.

Mist from the distant mountains.

Colored lights in a garden.

Milady is standing on her balcony,  
in a rose-trellised bower. . .

. . .flooded with moonlight.

We add            kilowatts of stardust.

A soft summer breeze.

You sure look lovely  
in the moonlight, Kathy.

Now that you have the proper setting,  
can you say it?



I'll try.

*Life was a song*

*You came along*

*I've laid awake  
The whole night through*

*If I but dared*

*To think you cared*

*This is what*

*I'd say to you*

*You were meant for me*

*And I was meant for you*

*Nature patterned you*

*And when she was done*

*You were all the sweet things*

*Rolled up in one*

*You're like*

*A plaintive melody*

*That never lets me free*

*But I'm content*

*The angels must have sent you*

*And they meant you*

*Just for me*

*But I'm content*

*The angels must have sent you*

*And they meant you*

*Just for me*

*Now. . . .*

*Ta, te, ti, toe, too.*

*Ta, te, ti, toe, too.*

*No, no, Miss Lamont. . .*

*. . .round tones, round tones.*

Now let me hear you read your line.

'And I can't stan' 'im. ''

And I can't stand him.

And I can't stan' 'im.

Can't.

Can't.

Can't.

Can't!

Can't. Can't.

Very good. Now:

' 'Around the rocks  
the rugged rascal ran. ' '

-Around the rocks the rugged--

-No, no. Rocks. Rocks.

Around the rocks  
the rugged rascal ran.

-Very good.

-Hi, Don.

-Shall I continue?

-Don't mind me.

Now.

'Sinful Caesar sipped his snifter. . .

. . .seized his knees and sneezed. '

-Sinful Caesar snipped his sifter--

-Sipped his snifter.

Sipped his snifter.

Oh, thank you.

Sinful Caesar sipped his snifter,

seized his knees and sneezed.

-Marvelous.

-Wonderful.

Here is a good one.

' 'Chester chooses chestnuts,  
cheddar cheese with chewy chives.

He chews them and he chooses them.

He chooses them and he chews them. . .

. . .those chestnuts, cheddar cheese  
and chives in cheery, charming chunks. ' '

-Wonderful! Do another one.

-Thank you.



'Moses supposes his toeses  
are roses. . .

. . .but Moses supposes erroneously.

Moses, he knowses  
his toeses aren't roses. . .

. . .as Moses supposes his toeses to be. ''

'Moses supposes his toeses are roses,  
but Moses supposes erroneously. ''

But Moses, he knowses  
his toes aren't roses. . .

. . .as Moses supposes his toeses to be.

Moses supposes his toeses are roses,  
but Moses supposes erroneously.

A mose is a mose.

A rose is a rose.

A toes is a toes.

*Moses supposes his toeses are roses*

*But Moses supposes erroneously*

*Moses, he knowses*

*His toeses aren 't roses*

*As Moses supposes his toeses to be*

*Moses supposes his toeses are roses*

*But Moses supposes erroneously*

*For Moses knowses*

*His toeses aren 't roses*

*As Moses supposes his toeses to be*

*A rose is a rose*

*Is a rose is a rose is*

*A rose is what Moses*

*Supposes his toes is*

Couldn 't be a lily  
Or a taffy daffy dilly

It's gotta be a rose  
'Cause it rhymes with ''mose''

Moses

Moses

Moses

''A ''

All right, here we go.

Quiet!

Roll 'em!

*Oh, Pierre. You shouldn 't have come.*

She's gotta talk into the mike.

I can't pick it up.

Cut!

-What's the matter?

-It's Lina.

Look, Lina, don't you remember?

I told you.

There's a microphone right there. . .

. . .in the bush.

You have to talk into it.

I was talking.

Wasn't I, Miss Dinsmore?

Yes, my dear. But please remember,  
round tones.

'Pierre, you shouldn't have come. '

Pierre, you shouldn't have come.

-That's much better--

-Hold it a second.

Now, Lina, look.

Here's the mike.

Right here in the bush.

Now, you talk towards it.

The sound goes through the cable  
to the box.

A man records it  
on a big record in wax. . .

. . .but you have to talk  
into the mike first.

In the bush!

Now try it again.

-Gee, this is dumb.

-She'll get it. Don't worry.

We're all nervous the first day.

It'll be okay.

You know the scene where I say,  
'Imperious princess of the night'?

I don't like those lines.



Can I say what I always do?

'I love you. I love you. I love you. '

Sure. Any way it's comfortable.

But into the bush!

Again! Quiet!

Roll 'em!

Cut! We're missing  
every other word.

You've got to talk into the mike!

Well, I can't make love to a bush!

All right, all right.

We'll have to think of something else.

What are you doing?

-You're being wired for sound.

-What?

Watch out for those dentalized D's  
and T's and those flat A's.

-Everybody's picking on me.

-Okay, now look at this flower, see?

The mike is in there.

That's it.

The sound will run from it. . .

. . .through this wire, onto the record.

It'll catch whatever you say.

Now let's hear how it sounds, Lina.

Okay, quiet!

Roll 'em!

*Oh, Pierre, you shouldn 't have come.*

*You're flirting with danger.*

-What's that?

-It's picking up her heartbeat.

Swell.

Cut!

That's right. That should do it.

Now, don't forget.

The mike is on your shoulder.

Whatever you say goes  
through the wire onto the record.

Now, please, Lina, talk into the mike.

Don't make any quick movements or you  
might disconnect it. Okay, let's go.

Quiet.

Roll 'em.

Oh, Pierre, you shouldn't have come.  
You're flirting--

What's this doing here?

It's dangerous.

-You'd better not go in together.

-Lina's probably right inside the door.

-Oh, how I wish--

-Don't worry.

I'll lead the cheers in the balcony.

Good luck.

-Mr. Lockwood.

-Hello.

-What's that? The storm outside?

-It's those pearls, Mr. Simpson.

*I am the noblest lady of the court,  
second only to the queen.*

*Yet I am the saddest  
of mortals in France.*

*-What is the matter, milady?*

*-I can 't stand the baron.*

*He's such a catch.*

*All the ladies of the court  
wish they were in your shoes.*

*My heart belongs to another.*

Sounds good and loud, huh?

*Oh, Pierre!*

*You shouldn 't have come.*

*You're flirting with danger.*

*They will surely find you out.*

*Your head is much too valuable.*

She never could remember  
where the microphone was.

*'Tis Cupid himself*



*that called me here...*

*...and I...*

*...smitten by his arrow...*

*...must fly to your side...*

*...despite the threats  
of Madame Guillotine.*

*But the night is full of our enemies.*

*You hitting him with a blackjack?*

*Imperious princess of the night...*

...I love you.

I love you.

I love you. I love you. I love you.

I love you....

Somebody got paid for writing that?

Sounds like a comedy.

-It's a Lockwood-Lamont talkie.

-What?

This is terrible.

-What's that?

-The sound is out of synchronization!

-Tell them to fix it.

-Yes, sir.

*What's this? Yvonne?*

*Captured by Rouge Noir  
of the Purple Terror?*

*Oh, my sword!*

*I must fly to her side!*

*Yvonne, Yvonne...*

*...my own.*

*Pierre will save me. Pierre!*

*Pierre is miles away, you witch.*

*No, no, no.*

*Yes, yes, yes.*

*-No, no, no.*

*-Yes, yes, yes.*

*-This is a scream.*

*-Give me *The Jazz Singer*.*

'I love you, I love you,  
I love you. . . . '

-We're all ruined.  
-You can't release this.

We're booked to open  
in six weeks all over.

But you're such big stars,  
we might get by.

I never wanna see  
Lockwood and Lamont again.

-Wasn't it awful?  
-This is the worst picture ever made.

I liked it.

Well, take a last look at it.

-It'll be up for auction tomorrow.

-You're out of your mind.

No bank will foreclose  
until Monday.

-It wasn't so bad.

-That's what I said.

There's no kidding myself.

Once they release *The Duelling  
Cavalier*, we're through.

The picture's a museum piece.

I'm a museum piece.

-If you just get the technical end--

-No, it wasn't that.

This is sweet of both of you, but I--

Something happened to me tonight.

Everything you said

about me is true.

I'm no actor.

I never was.

Just a lot of dumb show.

I know that now.

At least you're taking it lying down.

No kidding. Did you ever see anything  
as dumb as me on that screen?

Yeah. How about Lina?

I ran her a close second.

Maybe it was a photo finish.

I'm through.



You're not through.

Of course not. With your looks,  
you could drive an ice wagon.

-Or shine shoes. Sell pencils.

-Block hats. Dig ditches.

Or go back into vaudeville.

*Fit as a fiddle and ready for love  
I could jump over the moon up above*

*Fit as a fiddle and ready for love*

Too bad I didn't do that  
in *Duelling Cavalier*.

-Why don't you?

-What?

-Make a musical.

-A musical?

Sure. Make a musical.

The new Don Lockwood.

He jumps about to music.

The only trouble is,  
after *Duelling Cavalier*...

. . .nobody'd come to see me jump off  
a building into a damp rag.

Turn *The Duelling Cavalier*  
into a musical.

-*Duelling Cavalier*?

-Sure.

There's six weeks before  
it's released.

Add songs, trim bad scenes,  
add new ones.

And you got it.

-Hey, I think it'll work.

-Of course!

It may be crazy, but we'll do it.  
*The Duelling Cavalier* is now a musical.

-Hot dog!

-Hallelujah!

Whoopee! Fellas, I feel this is  
my lucky day, March .

-Your lucky day's the th.

-What?

It's : already.

It's morning!

Yes. And what a lovely morning!

*Good mornin '*

*-Good mornin '*

*-We've talked the whole night through*

*-Good mornin '*

*-Good mornin ' to you*

*Good mornin ', good mornin '*

*It's great to stay up late*

*Good mornin '*

*Good mornin ' to you*

*When the band began to play*

*The stars were shining bright*

*Now the milkman 's on his way*

*It's too late to say good night*

*So good mornin '*

*Good mornin '*

*Sunbeams will soon smile through*

*Good mornin '*

*Good mornin ' to you*

*And you and you and you*

*Good mornin ', good mornin '*

*We've gabbed the whole night through*

*Good mornin '*

*Good mornin ' to you*

*Nothing could be grander*

*Than to be in Louisiana*

*In the mornin '*

*In the mornin '*

*It's great to stay up late*

*Good mornin '*

*Good mornin ' to you*

*Might be just as zippy*

*If we was in Mississippi*

*When we left the movie show*

*The future wasn 't bright*

*But came the dawn, the show goes on*

*And I don 't wanna say good night*

*So say good mornin '*

*Good mornin '*

*Rainbows are shinin ' through*

*-Good mornin '*

*-Good mornin '*

*-Bonjour!*

*-Monsieur!*

*-Buenos días!*

*-Muchas frías!*

*-Buon giorno!*

*-A ritorno!*



*-Guten Morgen!*

*-Guten Morgen!*

*Good mornin ' to you*

*Olé!*

*Toro!*

*-Hey, we can't make this a musical.*

*-What do you mean?*

*Lina.*

*She can't act, she can't sing  
and she can't dance. A triple threat.*

-What's so funny?

-I was just thinking.

I liked her best when the sound went  
off and she said, "Yes, yes, yes. "

"No, no, no. "

"Yes, yes, yes. "

"No, no--"

Wait a minute.

I am just about to be brilliant.

Come here, Kathy. Come here.

Now, sing.

I said sing.

*Good mornin '*

*Good mornin '*

Don, keep your eyes

riveted on my face.

*Good mornin '*

*Good mornin ' to you*

Watch my mouth.

*Good mornin ', good mornin '*

*It's great to stay up late*

*Good mornin '*

*Good mornin ' to you*

Well, convincing?

Enchanting. What?

Don't you get it?

Use Kathy's voice.

Lina moves her mouth  
and Kathy sings for her.

Wonderful!

-I couldn't let you do it.

-Why not?

You'd be throwing away  
your own career.

It's not about my career.  
It's only for this picture.

The important thing is to save  
*The Duelling Cavalier*. . .

. . .save Lockwood and Lamont.

Well, all right, if it's only  
for this one picture, but. . . .

-You think it'll get by?  
-It's simple to work the numbers.

Just dance around Lina  
and teach her how to bow.

We'll spring it on R.F.  
in the morning.

Don, you're a genius.

I'm glad you thought of it.

Oh, Cosmo.

Good night, Kathy. See you tomorrow.

Good night, Don.  
Take care of that throat.

You're a big singing star now, remember?

This dew is just a little heavier  
than usual.

Really?

From where I stand, the sun is shining  
all over the place.

*I'm singin ' in the rain*

*Just singin ' in the rain*

*What a glorious feelin '*

*I'm happy again*

*I'm laughin ' at clouds*

*So dark up above*

*The sun 's in my heart*

*And I'm ready for love*

*Let the stormy clouds chase*

*Everyone from the place*



*Come on with the rain*

*I've a smile on my face*

*I'll walk down the lane*

*With a happy refrain*

*Just singin '*

*Singin ' in the rain*

*Dancin ' in the rain*

*I'm happy again*

*I'm singin '*

*And dancin ' in the rain*

*I'm dancin '*

*And singin '*

*In the rain*

Why, that's wonderful!

We'll keep it secret until release. . .

. . .in case it doesn't come off.

I'm worried about Lina.

-She doesn't like Miss Selden.

-Lina won't even know she's on the lot.

Boys, this is great.

*The Duelling Cavalier* can be saved.

Now, let's see.

*The Duelling Cavalier* with music.

The title. . . .

The title's not right.

We need a musical title. Cosmo?

*The Duelling Mammy.*

I've got it.

-*The Dancing Cavalier!*

-That's it. *The Dancing Cavalier.*

-Remind me to make you a writer.

-Thanks. Have a cigar.

Thanks.

Now, what about the story?

We need modern musical numbers.

We throw a modern section in.  
The hero's a hooper on Broadway.

He sings and dances.

One night, he's reading *Tale of  
Two Cities*. A sandbag hits him.

He dreams he's in  
the French Revolution.

This way, we get in  
the modern dancing.

But in the dream,  
we still use the costumes.

Sensational! Cosmo,  
remind me to give you a raise.

Give me a raise.

*He holds her in his arms*

*Would you?*

*Would you?*

*He tells her of her charms*

*Would you?*

*Would you?*

*They met as you and I*

*And they were only friends*

*But before*

*The story ends*

*He'll kiss her with a sigh*

*Would you?*

*Would you?*

*And if the girl were I*

*Would you?*

*And would you dare to say*

*Let's do the same*

*As they*

*I would*

*Would you?*

*And would you dare to say*



*Let's do the same*

*As they*

*I would*

*Would you?*

Perfect! That Selden girl is great.

I'm gonna give her a big buildup.

-Swell!

-How much is left?

-One number.

-What number?

It's a new one. For the modern part,  
called ''Broadway Melody. ''

It's the story of a hooper  
who comes to New York.

First, we set the stage with a song.  
It goes like this.

*Don 't bring a frown to old Broadway*

*You gotta clown on Broadway*

*Your troubles there*

*They're out of style*

*For Broadway always wears a smile*

*A million lights*

*They flicker there*

*A million hearts beat quicker there*

*No skies of gray*

*On that Great White Way*

*That's the Broadway*

*Melody*

*Gotta dance*

*Gotta dance*

*Gotta dance*

*-Gotta dance*

*-Gotta dance*

*Gotta dance*

*Gotta dance*

*Broadway rhythm*

*It's got me*

*Everybody dance*

*Broadway rhythm*

*It's got me*

*Everybody dance*

*Out on that Gay White Way*

*And each merry café*

*Orchestras play*

*Taking your breath away*

*Broadway rhythm*

*It's got me*

*Everybody sing and dance*

*Oh, that Broadway rhythm*

*Oh, that Broadway rhythm*

*When I hear that happy beat*

*Feel like dancin ' down the street*

*To that Broadway rhythm*

*Writhing, beating*

*Rhythm*

*Gotta dance*

*Gotta dance*

*When I hear that happy beat*

*Feel like dancin ' down the street*

*When I hear that happy beat*

*Feel like dancin ' down the street*

*When I hear that happy beat*

*Feel like dancing down the street*

*Gotta dance*

*Gotta dance*

*Gotta dance*

*That's the Broadway*

*Melody*

That's the idea.

What do you think?

I'll have to see it on film first.

-On film, it'll be better.

-Don't forget.



Have Selden re-record

Lina's dialogue.

-It's all set up.

-And remember, don't let Lina know!

All set in there?

*Nothing can keep us apart.*

*Our love will last*

*till the stars turn cold.*

All right, Kathy. Go ahead.

*Nothing can keep us apart.*

*Our love will last  
till the stars turn cold.*

That's great! Perfect. Cut.

Till the stars turn cold.

Oh, Kathy, I love you.

I can't wait till this picture's finished.  
I'm gonna let Lina and everyone know.

Your fans will be  
bitterly disappointed.

From now on, there's only  
one fan I'm worried about.

There!

-What did I tell you?

-Thanks, Zelda. You're a pal.

I want that girl off the lot!

She ain't gonna be my voice.

Zelda told me everything.

-Thanks, Zelda. You're a real pal.

-Anytime.

Look, Don and I--

Don! Don't you dare call him Don!

I was calling him Don  
before you were born.

I mean--  
You were kissing him!

I was kissing her.  
I happen to be in love with her.

That's ridiculous! Everybody knows  
you're in love with me.

Now look, Lina.  
Try and understand this.

I'm going to marry her.

Silly boy.

She ain't the marrying kind.

She's a flirt trying  
to get ahead by using you.

I'll put a stop to that!  
I'm gonna go up and see R.F. right now!

The picture's finished. If she weren't  
in it, you'd be finished too.

She's the only one who's finished.  
Who'll hear of her?

Everybody. Why do you think  
Zelda's in such a sweat?

-Kathy nearly stole the picture.

-She's only doing you a favor.

And she's getting  
full screen credit for it too.

It'll say on the screen  
I don't talk and sing for myself?

Of course. What do you think?

-They can't do that.

-It's done.

-There's a publicity campaign planned.

-Publicity?

They can't make a laughingstock

out of Lina Lamont.

What do they think I am,  
dumb or something?

Why, I make more money. . .

. . .than Calvin Coolidge. . .

. . .put together!

'Monumental Pictures enthusiastic  
over Lina's singing pipes. '

I never said that.

'Premiere tomorrow to reveal

Lina Lamont big musical talent. ''

You can't pull a switch  
like this on us.

We were prepared for Selden.  
Now this. At least keep us informed!

Wait. I don't know anything  
about this.

-What are we gonna do?

-Nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

You wouldn't wanna call the papers  
and say Lina Lamont is a big fat liar.



Did you send this out?

I gave an exclusive story  
to every paper in town.

Rod, call the papers back.

-I wouldn't do that if I were you.

-Don't tell me what to do.

What do you think I am,  
dumb or something?

-I had my lawyer go over my contract.

-Contract?

And I control my publicity, not you.

The studio is responsible  
for every word printed about me.

If I don't like it, I can sue.

What?

I can sue.

If you tell the papers  
about Kathy Selden. . .

. . .it would be 'detrimental  
and deleterious' to my career.

I could sue you for the whole studio.

-That's a lot of nonsense.

-Says so.

Right here.

Contract dated June  
paragraph subdivision letter A.

'The party of the first part--'

-That's me.

-You win, Lina.

-We better take Kathy's credit off.

-All right, go ahead.

Let's just get this premiere over with.

Satisfied?

There's just one little thing more.

Want me to change the studio's name

to Lamont Pictures, Inc.?

R.F., you're cute.

Now, I was just thinking.

You've given her a part

in Zelda's picture. . .

. . .and she'll get

a bigger one in the next.

-So what?

-So. . . .

If she's done such a grand job  
doubling my voice. . .

. . .don't you think she ought to  
go on doing just that?

-And nothing else.

-You're crazy.

I'm more important  
to the studio than she is.

I wouldn't do that to her.

You'd take her career away.

People don't do that.

People?

I ain't people.

I am a. . . .

'A shimmering, glowing star  
in the cinema firmament. '

It says so. . .

. . .right there.

*Oh, Pierre, Pierre, my darling.*

*At last, I've found you.*

*Pierre, you're hurt.*

*Speak to me, speak to me.*

*I'll kiss her with a sigh*

*Would you?*

*Would you?*

*And if the girl were I*

*Would you?*

*Would you?*

*Oh, Pierre, hold me  
in your arms always.*

*-Lockwood's a sensation.*

*-Yes, but Lamont! What a voice!*

*It's going over wonderfully, isn't it?*

*Our love will last  
till the stars turn cold.*

*And would you dare to say*

*Let's do the same as they*



*I would*

*Would you?*

R.F., it's a smash!

-Congratulations. We owe you a lot.

-Thanks.

-We made it!

-It's a miracle!

It's great, just great.

You were fabulous.

You sang as well as Kathy.

-And I'm gonna for a long time.

-What do you mean by that?

I mean she's gonna go  
right on singing for me.

Listen, Lina.

I thought something was cooking  
beneath those curls.

Kathy has got a career.

This is the only time.

That's what you think.

-Come on, come on.

-Lina's getting carried away.

Listen, you boa constrictor.

Don't get any fancy ideas. Tell her!

Never mind! Listen to that applause.

Wait till the money rolls in.

You won't give that up because  
a nobody don't wanna be my voice.

-She's got something. It's a gold mine.

-Part of that choice is mine.

And I won't do it.

You've got a contract.

You'll do what R.F. says.

Why don't you tell her off?

This thing is so big--

-They're tearing the house apart.

-Take a curtain call.

Can I have my cigar back?

Listen! I'm an avalanche!

Selden, you're stuck.

If this happens, get a new boy.

I won't stand for it.

They'd come see me  
if I played opposite a monkey!

Don's a smash too. I'll say  
a few words. I still run the studio.

I'm not so sure!

You're Mr. Producer,  
running things, running me.

From now on, as far as I'm concerned,  
I'm running things.

Lina Lamont Pictures, Inc., huh?  
You've gone a little too far.

-They're yelling for a speech.

-A speech?

Everybody always makes  
speeches for me.

Tonight, I'm gonna do my own talking.  
I'm gonna make the speech!

-No, please!

-Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

This is Lina's big night  
and she's entitled to do the talking.

-Right?

-Right.

Ladies and gentlemen.

I can't tell you how thrilled we are  
at your reception. . .

. . .for *The Dancing Cavalier*,  
our first musical picture together.

If we bring a little joy  
into your humdrum lives. . .

. . .we feel as though our hard work  
ain't been in vain for nothing.

Bless you all.

-She didn't sound that way.

-Cut the talk, Lina. Sing!

I got an idea. Come here.

Now, listen.

What am I gonna do?

We've got it. Get a mike  
back of that curtain.

Kathy! Kathy will stand back  
from there and sing.

She'll be back singing, and I'll be  
in front. . .like in the picture?

-Right.

-You've gotta do it. It's too big.

She's got a five-year contract with me.



Get over to that mike.

You heard him, Kathy. Now do it!

I'll do it, Don.

But I never want to see you again. . .

. . .on or off the screen.

Now, come on, Lina.

What are you gonna sing?

-''Singing in the Rain. ''

-''Singing in the Rain. ''

''Singing in the Rain. '' In what key?

A-flat.

A-flat.

*I'm singin ' in the rain*  
*Just singin ' in the rain*

*What a glorious feelin '*  
*I'm happy again*

*I'm laughin ' at clouds*  
*So dark up above*

*The sun 's in my heart*  
*And I'm ready for love*



*I'm laughin ' at clouds*

*So dark up above*

*The sun 's in my heart*

*And I'm ready for love*

Stop that girl!

That girl running up the aisle!

That's the girl whose voice

you heard!

She's the real star of the picture,

Kathy Selden!

*You are*

*My lucky star*

*I saw you*

*From afar*

*Two lovely eyes  
At me they were gleaming*

*Beaming*

*I was starstruck*

*You're all*

*My lucky charms*

*I'm lucky*

*In your arms*

*You've opened heaven 's portal*

*Here on earth for this poor mortal*

*You*

*Are my*

*Lucky star*