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.
lt'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,
l 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.
lt'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!
lt'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, l 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. . .
l think l'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.
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!
l 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
l'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.
Did you read Variety today?

"' The Jazz Singer."

All-time smash in the first week."

-All-time flop in the second.
-We start today.

-Good luck.
-Thanks.

I'm now Count Pierre de Battaille, the Duelling Cavalier.

-What's it about?
-The French Revolution.
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.

-l've been pretty upset too.
-Kathy, look, l. . . .

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

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

l'm such a ham.

l'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--

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 snifter--
-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 knowes
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 l say what l 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.
l 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 *Dueling 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

-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.

lt'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? -lt'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.
l'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 hoofer 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?
lt's a new one. For the modern part, called "Broadway Melody."

lt's the story of a hoofer who comes to New York.

First, we set the stage with a song. lt 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.
l 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
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

And singin'
Just singin' in the rain

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

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