

(She puts Rose in her mouth and acts up in Rhumba style)

- L - It's getting warm.
W - (Turns off Phone) Why don't you take your coat off?
L - No - no - I'd better keep it on.
W - But your coat is so wrinkled - Here take it off - I'll press it for you.
L - You will.
W - Why of course Mr. Blank.
L - That will save me 50 cents - Will you press the pants too?
W - No just the coat.
L - (Removes coat - Wife takes it eagerly)
W - Now you just sit down Mr. Blank - and I'll come back with the coat all pressed (She is about to leave in triumph)
L - Just a minute - (Takes coat - removes contents of inside pocket and puts in back pocket of pants -- Throughout this there is appropriate reaction by husband - hiding)
(Hands back coat) Now you can press it.
W - (Handing back coat to L) Now you can press it.
L - What?
W - Of course I'll press it -- but later - Now let's dance again - (She turns on Phone - she whisks him about and manoeuvres for tick et in back pocket)

- Landlord mistakes all gestures and starts to make a play for W's fanny with his hands - Finally his hands reach their goal - bringing up W with a shock and bringing up the H from his hiding place ----
H - Enough - I can't stand it any longer -
W - Alfred.
L - What are you doing here?
H - That's a hot one - What am I doing here - In my own home and you carrying on with my own wife --
L - I -- I -- I --
W - You've spoiled everything - We were just having some harmless fun,
H - Harmless - with you in his arms - and his arms on your --- (Turns to L) I'm going to tell you the truth - she was trying to vamp you - to get back the Sweepstakes Ticket.
L - What Sweepstakes Ticket?
W - The one he gave you in part payment of the rent - It belongs to us - you ought to give it back.
L - Oh - is that what you were trying to get? Why didn't you say so? Who wants it? Who needs it? Here -- Who ever heard of winning a Sweepstakes? (He is about to hand over the ticket when H interrupts)
H - But this ticket did win - it won the first prize \$150,000.
L - Every year Friends of mine buy tickets - but does anybody win -- does anybody ---- WHAT?
W - It's true - this ticket won \$150,000.
H - And it's all yours -- Honesty is the Best Policy.
L - \$150,000 -- (Looks at ticket and faints)
W - (Bends down and takes ticket from hands of L) You're right Alfred - Honesty is the best policy -- (puts ticket in bosom and they shake hands over the body of L)

SO THIS IS VENICE.

La, la This is Venice.
La, la, you can tell by the smell.
And by the way we play no tennis
But Billy Rose would be ecstatic
'Cause we have to be acoustic
We're so leary with the Goddamned Adriatic.
La, la la la la la, no tennis.
La la la la la la la la that's Venice
La la, poor Venice
Shed a tear for the Gondolier
As he must beat a retreat from the menace
Of Brooklyn teachers on Sabbatical
Who are on a search fanatical
For a life that's more romantic than grammar school.
Tak tak tak tak tak tak tak a menace
Tak tak tak tak tak tak tak tak tak poor Venice
And the lovely maid in the gondola
A tall serenader to fondle her
Marie
Oh, night of splendor
Oh, night of splendor
Oh, solo mio
Nie seh - la

La, la there's the Life
You know where you can go
To get the sun and air for your libido
Altho the sand you will have met in
Won't feel very much more Latin
Than the kind you find at Coney or Manhattan
It spells a lure on a tear
But you will find
It's just an old Venetian Blind
Things may be new but
Mr. Shabat
Thinks that for a few pennies
You still can be gondoliered in Venice
So sing la la la Venice
La la la la la la la la la Venice.

ON THE LONE PRAIRIE.

Oh, it's lonely on the lone prairie
No empty saddle left in the old corral
The old coyotes never howl for me
It's lonely on the old prairie
He hum on the range
The wagon wheels stay way from my deer
Old Faithful is a stranger he plays Silver for the Ranger
Oh, old Faithful isn't faithful any more
Hi-He Silver
Old Faithful isn't faithful any more.

L'AMOUR

L'Amour toujours
Toujours L'Amour
L'Amour toujours
L'Amour - a
Le garcen amour
Le seupcen amour
Les miserables amour
L'Amour - a
Tres chic amour
Tres bien amour
Tres tres amour
Amour-a
La la la la la
La la la la Lay?
Toujours l'amour
L'amour toujours.

GIVE ME SOME MEN

Give me some men
Make it eight
He said ten
With a yen to sing fortissime
Give me some men who will cry
That they're willing to die
For my Carissime
Who'll all stand together
And fight for the right they adore - se
Leave me alone
With a Baritone
And the Hell with Burgundy.

ONE MOMENT ALONE

One moment alone
One moment my own
One moment before we part
One moment to hold, enfold you closely to my heart
One moment of bliss
One moment to kiss
One moment we have to share
One moment alone to whisper darling just how much we care
Oh say you will come back to me
Yes, yes I shall come back to thee
My heart is ever thine your soul
My soul our love divine
One moment alone
One moment alone
One moment alone to say
One moment alone I love you darling
I love you, I love you, I love you alone.

IT REALLY DOES'NT MATTER

Oh, it really doesn't matter
It is just a bit of patter
Just a piece of idle chatter
With the 1 - 2 - 3
With some glannis on the craviss
And (wipe) wall
And it really doesn't matter much at all.

HURRICANE SWEEPS BROOKLYN

First time Breoklyn's been swept in years
Quite.

Very large Breoklyn.

Very small the Brenx.

Darling.

FRANCO RULE STIFLES SPAIN

FRANCO?

Whatever is that?

First it was Keene, then it was Screene, then it was Banke,
New , By God, it's FRANKO

Oh, ne, silly geese. Franke was that one who had THAT AFFAIR
with Johnny

Featherhead --- You mean Frankie

Methbrain, Frankie was the one who rode uptown on a pony.

That wasn't Frankie --- That was Yankee.

Love Will Find A Way.

Girls I have a little thing
I must confess to someone.

Love will find a way dear
To your heart someday dear
Litling, laughing, gayly singing
Joy ans Springtime gayly bringing
Then a maiden starts to
Dream a little
Scheme a little
You will hear it stealing
To your head revealing
All the sweetness, all the joy
One kiss can impart
That levely little day
Love finds its little way
To your heart.

HOLLYWOOD.

You know, We've been thinking
Uh-huh, we've been thinking
And we've begun to wonder if you really appreciate us
For the you applaud us
And sometimes reward us
With praise we wonder if you properly rate us
We don't like to boast
But we think the country's teast
Will in no time at all be us
So you'd better look again
So you can say you knew us when
The whole world is raising a fuss
For we've had offers from Hollywood
Their scouts came calling
And you may lose us
When they choose us
To replace some stars that are falling
So, picture us, just picture us
Don't you think I'd be better
in Garbe's parts than Greta
One look at me and Gary
Will commit Hari-Kari
So picture us, Just picture us
I'll drive Spencer Tracy
To selling shirts for Macy
And I'll have Jeel McGrea
Gray, Say,
When I get there Astaire better beware
And Boy oh boy will I anney Ley
No one will mean for Tene
Or his belipsticked Jean
Mr. Zanuck you know Darryl
Thinks I'm better than Madeliene Carrel
And I'll be able to mabry mere
Girls than Mr. Barrymore
I'll get all the plaudits
That were Claudette's
Seen the well dressed Carrel
Will be seen in a barrel
And Mr. Eddie Center
Will lose his faith in Santa
So picture us in pictures
We're gonna panic them
We'll make the M.G.M
Lion outrear himself
Picture us in pictures
When we are on our way
That reester at Pathe
Will want to crew himself
We'll be idels to the creatures
That dete on soublse festaires
The fan mags will get material
On how we brush our teeth and eat our cereal
So picture us in pictures
Just p cture us and then
Picture tee, saying you
Knew us when.

KENTUCKY FEUD.

Pa is sitting at table cleaning gun - Ma is setting table.

Pa - (Sings)

Ich bin an alte busk
 Fin Kaintuck
 And believe you me
 Ich hub nit kein luck
 Zetz ich mich aff 'm fairdele
 Glet ich sech bei 'm baudela
 Ich hub ess alles in drairdela

Yippi - ay- ay- ay- ay - ay ----- Maw.

Ma - Yes paw.

Pa - Hev yuh chopped the weed?

Ma - Yes paw.

Pa - Hev yuh milked the cow?

Ma - Yes paw.

Pa - Hev yuh piled the hay?

Ma - Yes paw.

Pa - Hev yuh fixed the plow?

Ma - Yes paw.

Pa - Hev yuh painted the barn?

Ma - Yes paw.

Pa - Had anneasy day ---- hain'tt yuh?

Ma - Yep - But ah wukked shvair and bitter yestiday.

Pa - Whar's Jennifer?

Ma - I dunne paw.

Pa - Ah reckon she's out with that youngatch again.

Ma - Dat ain't se gefairlach -- Jud is a right shaina bucher.

Pa - New maw - you know us laewries ain't got no use fer them Claghernes
 They're faird gonniffs.

Ma - Don't you think it was about time that feud was farribber?

It's a shenda and a charpa.

Pa - Mebbe - But mah fetter Ezekiah started this malchuma - and by gum -
 I'm gonna harge dem all - by gum.

Mam- But paw.

Pa - Ah'm gonna tzeschmetter them.

Ma - But paw.

Pa - Ich vill zai nemen azei vi Grant teek Richmond.

Ma - New whut kind of paskutzva talk is that?

Pa - Whut d'yuh think this is -- Kindersha shpiel?

Jen - (Comes in) Eve'nin' maw - Evenin' Paw -- Am I bregas.

Pa - Whut you bregas about -- whar yuh all been?

Jen - Schpatziren.

Pa - (Smells her breath) You been drinkin' schlivevitz.

Jen - Yup.

Pa - You all is schicker.

Jen - Yup.

Pa - Effen you don't leek out - you is gonna be a farblunziter meid.

Ma - But paw - she ain't no child - she's uffgevaksen new.

Pa - Halt dem pisk.

(Enter Lem and Jud Clagherne)

Lem - See here Paskuaniak.

Pa - Whut d'yuh want yuh Cooney Lemel.

Lem - You is jest suckin' around fer a frask in peemeg. Effen you wasn't
 such a tzickruchina - ah would take mah trusty bix and jest shees
 you up tze shticklach.

Pa - Effen you wasn't such a lange luksh, ah, would take this messer and
 carfe mahself out a shtickel flanken.

Lem - Zugst du.

Pa - Zug ich.

Ma - Boys - boys - den't krig sach.

Lem - (Aside) Gefairlache ying.

Pa - Lucky fer you, neighbor - ah get rachmeches en you. Whut you come here fer anyway?

Lem - Ah come about mah bucher and yeh techter.

Pa - You is just Meisha Kepeyer - You come about mah techter and your bucher.

Jen - But paw - ah want tuh be his kella.

Pa - Farmach de mail.

Jen - Ah wanna go tantzen aff a chasina.

Pa - With that grubyan?

Lem - He's not a grubyan.

Jen - He's a tzeluchismik.

Lem - Held en thar gal - Den't you make cheisik fummur boy.

Whut you been dein' with him?

Jen - Ah ain't been playin' Pisha Paisha.

Lem - You is just an eigelassena yachna.

Jen - Whut you think you bey is - A yeshiva Bucher? -- Ah reckon he ain't ne metziach.

Lem - You reckon - Ah suppose you'd call yourself a maivin.

Ma - Ah get only one thing to say.

Pa - Whut?

Ma - Luz zein sha.

Lem - (To Jud) Whut hev you get to say - Whut you standin' there like a farbkunzhitzen vantz.

Jud - Gay in draird.

Pa - Is that the way fer a Southerner to speak - Why den't yuh talk in a manner befittin' the South?

Jud - All right - Gay in draird - you all.

Lem - It'll help you like a teiten bankes - mah bey remains a bucher.

Jen - But ah den't wanna be an alte meid - Ah been countin' en becemin' a kella.

Jud - Nit by muttye.

Lem - Luz ihm tzurieh.

Jen - He didn't luz mi tzurieh - In Dead Man's Gulch he chepit sach tze mir - Oh paw - eh Maw - Ah'm genna harge sech -- Whar's that knife.

Jud - You can't do that - you can't harge s4ech with that knife.

Jen - Why can't I?

Jud - 'Cause that's a milchidika measser.

HOW TO BEHAVE ALTHO AN AUDIENCE

From the very beginning we want you to know
We think you're a definite part of the show
You're all of the factors
That stimulate actors
The spark that makes us go
And so--Just as you expect us to work for our applause
We think if we do our part
You should do yours

We know you're rammed in and jammed in
You hang from the ceiling
You squat on the floor
You sneak thru to peek thru
And the hole you saw isn't there any more
But just the same

YOU've got to play the game
When the curtains part you've got to get set
To be perfect jewels (jewels, to you) - *Mean is*
According to the rules
Of audience etiquette

is sticking to the rules

We expect you to laugh
If you're guest or you're staff
If you've heard the gag before we still want laughter
So tickle your neighbor
Don't bother to labor *not or*
With private explanations right after
No means from you
If we should do

Some thin that you've seen once more
For after all

We don't leave the hall
If we've seen that dress on you before,
You guys in a handstand
Out there on the bandstand
Be careful how you sit on flat-foot fleecy
No brilliant ad-libbing
Fertissime ribbing
Just because you feel a bit steegey

Don't hold the hand
Of the boys in the band
They'll be glad to make a date for later
Don't stand on your seat
And try to greet

That boy who came late 'cause he's a waiter

~~DOWN IN FRONT is the sort of cry we don't allow~~

~~Why not come Down in front instead of yelling take their seats away now~~

No heavy romancing

During ballet dancing *waltz*

Save it for the last dance on the floor

And when someone's singing

Refrain from flinging

Anote or two about to show you know the score

And kindly refraining from smoking

Kindly refrain from poking

Your elbow in your neighbor's eye

Don't try to get you six friends by

So now that we understand each other--and we ~~SH~~ DO understand each other
don't we?

BEEHAVE**2

We're ready to go Right on whith the show
The trumpeterthere
Is ready to blare
Everyene's het-up
The stage is set-up
The man with the cue-sheet is certain
So Sound you A
Music play
Take it awya away
Ring up the curtain,

AUTHOR AT WORK.

He enters

He: Come right in Little girl..don't be afraid..(She enters)

She lights a cigarette and surveys her surroundings

She: My what a delightful place.

He: I haven't had any complaints

He removes her wrap and exits

She sits on the couch and looks about.

She: Some dump.

He enters with a handful of etchings.

She: Oh, so you really do have etchings.

He: Of course -- I'm a Bachelor.

He sits beside her and shows her the etchings.

He starts to get cozy.

She isn't quite warmed up and repulses him.

She: Uh-uh.

He persists.

She repulses him again

But she loves it.

However, she mustn't be too anxious.

She: You don't think I let just any man take liberties the first time.

He: Ah, then she does let some men take liberties some time.

She: How about a drink.

He: Of course--I should have thought of that.

He pours a drink. He hands it to her and pours one for himself/

He: How about a toast?

She: Here's hoping you get what you're after.

They drink ----(FREEZE)

He puts the glasses away and goes to work..She repulses him.

He aside -- I'll propose to her.

He kneels and pulls her toward him..they struggle..She lands a left
hook..he counters with a right..they're in a clinch..she's
taking a terrific beating The bell!

He goes to answer it.

She adjusts her girdle.

He returns.

She: Who was it?

He: Just the neighbors ... They're complaining.

She: Seductively..Why mr. Finkleheff.. You mustn't mind that.

He can't resist her.

They clinch.....(FREEZE)

They are lost in ecstasy.

He lifts her in his arms and starts for the bedroom.....(FREEZE)

No! They can't do that.

THE HELL WE CAN'T.

Blackout.

ELASE.

Ceca: Today I shared a belegas with John Perena.

All: NO!

Gert: And tonight at Twenty one

Oh what fun

Clare Beebe Breakaw Luce

Gave the proletariat a verbal geese

Danny: She's inspired.

Ceca: I'm tired.

Jim: The market took a dive this afternoon.

Danny: Roosevelt.

All: Yaaaaaa.

Jim: Last night Elsa gave a party

Smart and arty.

Ceca: One of her best

Every one came dressed

As Barbara Frietchie.

Danny: Oh how peachie.

Gert: Last week it was Don Ameche.

Ceca: Dear Elsa.

Danny: We all had breakfast on Alka Seltzer.

Gert: Divine.

Jim: Lovely.

Ceca: Marvellous.

Danny: Wonderful.

All: Mad.

(Pause)

Jim: Watch out -- there come the reporters again.

All: What a bore ----- (Smile)

We're impeccable and serene

The pride of the twentieth Century

We adore the modern scene

With its rush-rush and drinking and wenchery.

Men: From the Sterk Club to Tony's

We rush with our cronies

Girls: The doermen all tip their derbies.

El Merrece where we go

Inflates each tired eye

Boys: With its zanies and sebras and Zervas

Ceca: You'll see us drinking our supper

In our favorite night club niches

Girls: We're girls from the class that's upper

Boys: And we are sons of riches.

All: We're chic, that is our credo

We're sleek ... Sunning at Lido.

We're weak ... In our libidos.

We're so blasé

Men: The girls that we were bred with

DEAR girls we go to bed with

Are girls we never wed with

We're too blasé

All: Our life

Danny: Our life

Is spent in stagnation

From dawn to dawn.

All: We try to look for sensation

From yawn to yawn.

Girls: We wreck

In silk and ermine

Perplex/lower class vermin.

All : Our sex
We can't determine.

We're-tee blase

All : The neb

Danny: The neb may get in a flutter

All : And cuss at us.

But we're so utterly utter

Coca : It s MARVELLOUS

All : We're blessedwith lots of beedle
The bestPeople are feudal.
The restLet 'em eat strudle
We're so bla - bla - so.

GRADUATION DAY OF THE SUBWAY GUARDS.

Students all around blackbeard.

1. Gee, I'm kinda worried about dis here examination. Dey say dis Dean McSwat is a tough egg.
2. If yuh git t'reugh his finals, yer good. Dat guy's been a subway guard fer years, and all of it on the I.R.T.
3. Yeah, he's broken de noses of some of de finest people in de weild.
4. Hey, Paleeks, it's after de rush heur, Dean McSwat eughta be here n' now.

Mc.--(Bell rings announcing his arrival) Sit down yeuse mugs. Plenty of room in de rear. Keep moving. Keep moving. (They all quiet down) Se yeuse guys is gonna be subway guards. Well, demerrew yeuse ge out into de main Underweild to make yer mark en de citizens of dis city. (Yells from students) Shut up. Now de feist ting I'm gonna ask yuh about is dis. (Points to football diagram on blackbeard) De passenger is comin down de steps. He get t'reugh on a fake dat fooled de guy in de change beeth. He's trying to make a end run wid a suitcase. He's out in de clear now, and he's get twe seconds tuh make de deer. You--and you alone stand between him and his goal. What would you do?

1. Grab his pants.
2. Pull his hat ever his eyes.
3. Sock him in de teet.

Mc.--Wrong, yeuse mugs, wrong. Yuh slam de deer in his face and take a piece of his nose wid it. Take his nose wid de slam. Now -- all kug together - what d'yuh do?

All--Take his nose wid de slam.

Mc.--Now dat finishes strategy. Now de last less on in anatomy. Always remember, de best way tuh cripple a passenger is to attack de spine slightly below de last vertebra. And de way tuh do it is dis. (Geese) (Metien) Now, all togedder heys. 1.2.1.2.1.2.1.2. Now, in case yuh miss de spine, yuh dislocate de Adam's Apple. (Diagram on blackbeard) Yuh do dis by takin de passenger A - Liftin' his chin B - wit de heel of the palm of de left hand C - placing de right palm D - on left elbow E - pushing it up on F - releasing de right fist G - and dislocating de Adam's Apple H - All dis is done on rhythm -- Now all together boys L.2.3.4. - (Repeat) Yeuse guys is wea k on dat last stroke. Try dat again 1.2.3.4. -- O.K. Now fer de voice culture - Let me hear yuh say 42nd Street.

All--(Yell an indistinguishable jumble ending with the word Street plainly heard:en the end)

Mc.-- Dat's leusy - Confidentially, it stinks. I heid de weild STREET. Don't let me hear dat aga in er nebody graduates. Now say 96th St. change fer de local.

All--(A terrific jumble net a word is heard)

Mc.-- Pfict. I couldn't understand one weid. (Sniffs) I notice some of you boys been cultivatin' de garlic habit widout my tellin' yuh. Very good. Very good. Dat shows Initia - Initiative. It also keeps de passengers in deir place. Well, seein' as how yeuse boys has been so good today, I'm gonna give yuh a taste of real p practical experience. I get a real live passenger fer yeuse to pbactice on.

All--(Shouts, cheers- McSwat rings the bell-cheer leader gets in front) Snack-crack-cheke-seak--Break his coax - ce-ax-ce-ax. Break his ce-ax - ce-ax - ce-ax -- McSwat -- McSwat -- McSwat -- (Enter attendat with turnstile, students attack attendant)

Mc.-- Sit down yeuse mugs. Dis ain't de passenger, -He's human. (They sit) Now (Attendant goes out) When dis guy comes in and sees de teinstile, he'll try to ge t'reugh it. Dat's one of de symptoms of a confined passenger. (Enter attendant with a little man named Zilch) Men-- meet Jee Zilch -- Give him a great b'gg hand. (They all come to Jee push him in the face and ge back) Mr. Zilch has been travelin' de subway from de Brenx tuh Union Sq uare fer 17 years, and he can stand anything.

Zilch-(Tries to go through turnstile) Let me go through I'm in a hurry.

Mc.- Where de hell d'yuh tink you're goin'?

Zilch-(Still trying to get through) Can't I get through new Midter?

Mc.- Keep yer pants on. Remember we're de safest railroads in de world.

New men, are yuh ready fer de spine test?

All-Let him go trough -- Let's get at him.

Mc.- All right Mr. Zilch. (Zilch puts his nickle in and walks through)

(Immediately all the students surround him and start geesing him --

yells - greans etc) All right men -- let's see what he looks like.

(They part shewing much bedraggled Zilch on the floor) Hew de yuh feel

Mr. Zilch?

Zilch-Oh, I feel fine.

Mc.- Is dat so? Well dis time we're tryin' it wid de weights. (Hands

him umbrella - bannana - packages etc --) O.K. new men - he's

goin' trough again - What D'yuh de new? (They whisper Adam's Apple)

All right Mr. Zilch. (Zilch goes through the turnstile as the men

line up on the ether side and keep yelling "Keep moving - plenty of

room - no shoving - move right in" they pounced on Zilch and commit

murder as McSwat is on the benches yelling "1.2.3 .4. etc. all the

packages etc fly into the air) O.K. men - let's see what he looks like.

(Zilch is completely out on the floor) He's out. (To Zilch) And

you calls yers elf a passenger. (To students) Take him away.

(They start to carry him out when a reporter enters with a camera)

Rep - One minute Mr. Zilch - I'm a reporter from the Subway Sun and I want

to take a picture. Steady now. (Snaps Picture) Have you any

statement to make Mr. Zilch?

Zilch - Thank God fer the five cent fare.