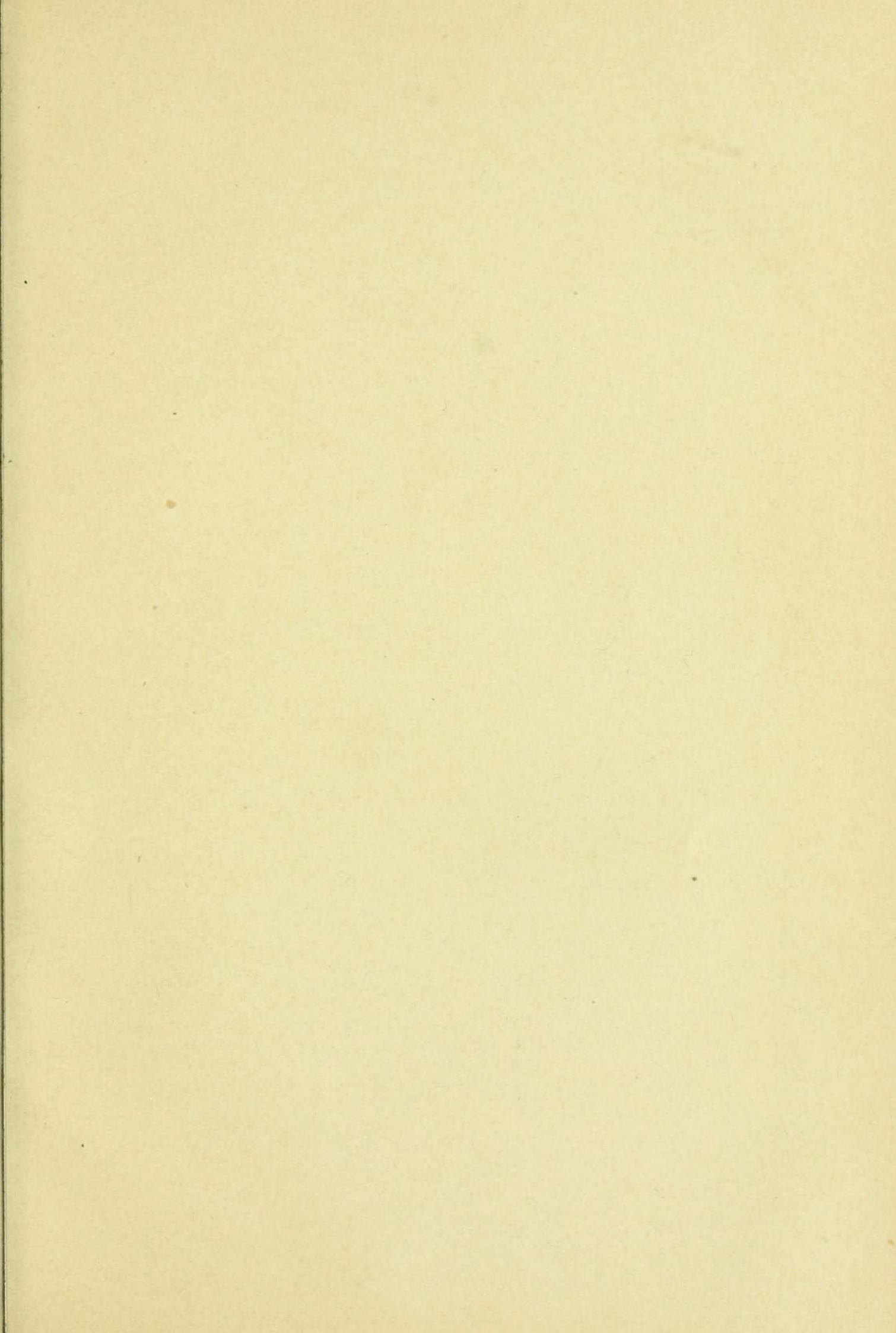




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THE FUN REVUE

A Musical Grouch Cure
In Five Treatments

PRESCRIPTION BY

FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF

*"Fifty-Fifty," "Mary's Millions," "Civilizing Susie," "How
to Stage a Minstrel Show," etc.*



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

PS 3519
© 247 F8
1921



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By
FREDERICK G. JOHNSON

DEC 19 1921

THE FUN REVUE

(Originally presented by the Serve-Your-City Club of
Wilkes-Barré.)

THE FUNMAKERS.

PART ONE.

PRISCILLA	<i>An Old-Fashioned Girl</i>
PRUNELLA	<i>Identically Likewise</i>
LUELLA	<i>Decidedly Otherwise</i>
SAMMY	<i>A Playground Kiddie</i>
TOMMY	<i>Another One</i>
WILLY	<i>Ditto for Him</i>
JOHNNY	<i>Just One More</i>
MICKY	<i>A Tough Kid</i>
ANNE	<i>A Playgrounddette</i>
DAISY	<i>That Goes Again</i>
SUSIE	<i>Still Another</i>
LI'L ROLLO	<i>His Mother's Pride</i>
DIANA	<i>Rollo's Big Sister</i>
MISS FITT	<i>Playground Teacher</i>
CAPT. JACK DALTON	<i>Late of the A. E. F.</i>
JAZBO JONES	<i>A Dark Knight Errant</i>
MR. JINGLING	<i>Who Owns the Circus</i>
ZAZA	<i>The Wild Woman</i>
MILLE. SPINELLI	<i>The Snake Charmer</i>
HINDU MAN	<i>The Wonder Worker</i>
FATIMA	<i>How She Can Dance!</i>
LEMONADE VENDER	<i>It's Ice Cold</i>
BALLOON MAN	<i>Anybody Else Want One?</i>

*Playground Kiddies, Clowns, Circus Attendants,
Villagers, Etc.*

PART TWO.

PETE	<i>A Gay Young Salt</i>
SKEET	<i>Full o' Pepper</i>

PART THREE.

(Optional with Director.)

PART FOUR.

MARY	<i>His Country Girl</i>
ANNIE.....	<i>His Oldtime Girl</i>
PEGGY	<i>His Summer Girl</i>
CHERIE	<i>His French Girl</i>
CARMEN	<i>His Spanish Girl</i>
VIRGINIA	<i>His Southern Girl</i>

—and.....THE LUCKY MAN

PART FIVE.

MARIE	<i>The Maid</i>
MOSE	<i>The Butler</i>
CUTHBERT CASHBONDS	<i>The Bootlegger</i>
HARRY HALLROOM	<i>Poor but Proud</i>
POLLY PRIMROSE	<i>The Bride</i>
MR. GOODLY	<i>The Preacher</i>
DOLLY, MOLLY, MAY and FAY.....	<i>Polly's Friends</i>
WILL, TOM, DICK and JIM.....	<i>More Friends</i>

Bridal Party, Wedding Guests, Etc.

SCENE SYNOPSIS.

PART ONE	<i>"Oh, Baby!"</i> <i>(A Municipal Playground; full stage.)</i>
PART TWO.....	<i>"Pity the Sailors on a Night Like This"</i> <i>(A Street; in one.)</i>
PART THREE	<i>"Rhythm a la Mode"</i> <i>(A palace interior, or a woodland scene; full stage.)</i>
PART FOUR	<i>"Some Sheet Music Covers"</i> <i>(Plush drop; in one.)</i>
PART FIVE	<i>"The Bootlegger's Bride"</i> <i>(A drawing room; full stage.)</i>

TYPES AND COSTUMES.

PART ONE.

PRISCILLA *and* PRUNELLA—Juvenile costumes of the hoopskirt-and-pantalette period.

LUELLA *and* ANNE—Little girl costumes of the somewhat dressed-up type.

DAISY *and* SUSIE—Little girl costumes; may be simple gingham dresses.

JOHNNY—"Silly kid" type; blond shock wig; boy's clothes, tight fitting. Make up with vertical lines on eyelids and most of eyebrows erased with grease paint.

MICKY—"Tough kid" type; old cap; sweater or jersey; patched knickerbockers; big shoes.

LI'L ROLLO—A big boy or man as large as a baby carriage or go-cart will hold without breaking. He represents a gigantic infant and should have a fat or chubby face. Wears a white baby cap and a white "nightie."

DIANA—A small girl, in little girl's clothes, but must be big enough to push the carriage containing ROLLO. May wear gingham apron and do hair in pigtails, to give drudge or slavey effect.

OTHER CHILDREN—Varied style of juvenile attire. Some are neatly dressed, others shabbily. Avoid having them uniform. Get all the variety and contrast possible.

MISS FITT—Old maid type; severe black dress with skirt pulled low at the back; spectacles.

CAPT. JACK DALTON—A dashing young man. White flannel trousers, blue coat and straw hat; or any neat business suit; or military uniform if desired. Carries walking stick (or sword or swagger stick, if military).

JAZBO—Blackface comedian. May wear overalls or any grotesque minstrel costume. Negro wig.

MR. JINGLING—A loud and glib talker and something of a roughneck. Loud clothing; plaid suit; red vest; silk hat; flashy necktie and jewelry; patent leather shoes.

ZAZA—A girl with bobbed hair should have this part if possible. The hair, freshly washed and fluffed out, will add

to the wild effect. Her arms are bare and the costume may be simply made of a four-yard length of some flowered silk, satin or sateen material, suitably draped to the knees or below; flesh or champagne hose; straw sandals or plain black pumps. Or any other flashy and freakish costume scheme will do equally well.

MLLE. SPINELLI—An evening dress of the “vamp” variety, preferably green, and well sprinkled with spangles, will answer; spangled hair ornament; plenty of jewelry. She carries a large imitation snake coiled around her neck and one arm.

HINDU MAN—Hindu, Arabian or any other available oriental robe costume; turban; brown grease paint make-up; turban makes wig unnecessary.

FATIMA—This is a “property” horse, with two boys forming the front and rear legs respectively. Use a papier mache head if available; but a cotton bag, cut the right shape and stuffed with rags and painted, will do. A feather duster will serve for the tail. The “body” can be bag shaped and the legs can be two old pairs of pajama trousers, with feet attached. Dye the whole thing brown and dapple the costume with white spots. (A regular property horse costume can be rented from a professional costumer, but the outfit described will answer the purpose, and will get plenty of laughs if it is desired to economize.)

LEMONADE VENDER—White duck jacket; blue uniform cap, such as worn by conductors, porters, etc. Basket.

BALLOON MAN—Baggy corduroy trousers; white shirt with neck open; dark vest; red bandana handkerchief at neck; old felt hat. Swarthy make-up; black hair or wig.

CLOWNS—Usual bright clown suits; white skull caps. Clown white make-up with carmine triangles on cheeks.

HINDU’S ATTENDANTS—May be either male or female; oriental costumes, less ornate than HINDU’S.

PART TWO.

PETE *and* SKEET—Two juvenile comedians, preferably good singers and dancers. Both wear sailor uniforms, either

blue or white as desired. SKEET's clothing may be ill-fitting if desired.

PART THREE.

Optional.

PART FOUR.

MARY—Rather shy and demure. Gingham dress; pretty sunbonnet; has hair done in braids, with ribbons.

ANNIE—Irish colleen costume, if available. Or use any quaint old style dress, with poke bonnet and big ribbon bow.

PEGGY—Wears a modern summer dress, sports costume preferred.

CHERIE—Wears a dashing dance costume; may be a blonde.

CARMEN—Wears typical Spanish costume; a red rose in her hair; bright scarf; uses tambourine or castanets; should have black hair.

VIRGINIA—Wears a hoopskirt evening dress if available, or any pretty costume of the Civil War period. Should have dark hair.

THE MAN—Wears evening clothes.

PART FIVE.

MARIE—A French maid; black dress with rather short skirt; black silk hose; high-heeled black satin slippers or pumps; white lace cap and apron. Should be played by a girl of the "petite" type.

MOSE—Blackface comedian; misfit dress suit or butler uniform.

CUTHBERT—Middle-aged, pompous, stout, swaggering, loud-voiced. Make-up homely, with absurd drooping mustache, red nose, puffy eyes, half-bald wig, etc. A burlesque villain. Wears evening clothes.

HARRY—Straight juvenile make-up. Evening clothes.

POLLY—A pretty bride. She does not wear bridal veil until entering with the wedding party.

MR. GOODLY—Plain black suit; gray hair or wig; gray sidewhiskers; spectacles. Do not burlesque the clergy as it is in bad taste, to say the least, and gives offense to many good people.

BRIDAL PARTY—This may be worked up as desired. Follow regular custom as to personnel, costumes and conduct.

DOLLY, MOLLY, MAY, FAY, WILL, TOM, DICK, JIM *and other* GUESTS—Evening dress.

MUSIC CUES.

PART ONE.

(*At rise.*)—OPENING CHORUS, once through.

(*For encore.*)—Repeat from "Tell Me Who" to finish.

Has to walk in the middle of the street.—Break by trap drummer.

Hey, Skinnay! Wait a minute!—"YOUR LITTLE GIRL."

Apropos of time, place and situation.—Bugle.

Aha! War is declared!—Military march, softly.

Well supplied with ammunition.—Stop.

Take the enemy at any cost.—Bugle.

That's right. With Carmen, she was absolutely charmin'.—

"CARMEN, SHE WAS ABSOLUTELY CHARM-
IN'."

An oyster is a fish built like a nut.—Introduction, and vamp if necessary, for ANNE'S solo (to be selected).

Wait a minute, Miss.—Stop.

The poor fish is cracked like a nut.—ANNE'S solo.

Bally what?—Circus music (gallop), soft and increasing.

Keep your eye on little old George W.—Loud.

Well, well, well, folks.—Stop.

The one and only original wild woman.—Chord, roll and cymbal crash.

Go back into the tent.—Chord.

From the banks of the dreamy Nile; Mlle. Spinelli!—Chord, roll and cymbal crash.

It all costs you but twenty-five cents.—Chord.

This or any other canvas; Fatima!—Oriental dance.

(*At exit of horse.*)—Stop.

I thank you for your kind attention.—Chord, and soft waltz in minor.

(*When girl is laid on couch.*)—Crescendo.

(*When scarf is held in front of couch.*)—Fast and loud; snare drum roll.

Go!—Stop suddenly, with crash.

Don't you know? Why, I'm the Hindu Man.—"HINDU MAN."

PART TWO.

(*To open.*)—"SAILING," refrain twice through; no encore.

I never knew what love could do till you sued me for breach of promise.—"SOON I'LL BE THE CZAR OF ZANZIBAR."

PART THREE.

Optional.

PART FOUR.

(*When drop closes in for opening.*)—Chord.

Home-made Fun Revue.—"MARY," introduction and chorus only, once through; no verse. Sustain last note for exit.

I'll show you an old-fashioned girl.—"LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY," introduction and chorus only, once through. Sustain.

A type that is more up to date.—"PEGGY," introduction and chorus only, once through. Sustain.

Now let's look overseas.—"CHERIE," introduction and chorus only, once through. Sustain.

I'll show you the kind that can dance.—"CARMEN, SHE WAS ABSOLUTELY CHARMIN'," introduction and chorus only, once through. Sustain.

Without a girl from Dixie.—"VIRGINIA LEE," introduction and chorus only, once through. Sustain.

(*For encore.*)—"VIRGINIA LEE," chorus only, once through.

PART FIVE.

(*At rise.*)—Soft, dreamy waltz.

Oo, la-la!—Stop.

I ain't got enough to pass around, so I guess I'll keep it all for myself.—"I AIN'T GOT ENOUGH TO PASS AROUND."

Where I didn't hear a lot of knockin'.—Lively fox trot.

(*When chorus is on.*)—Stop at end of chorus.
Serenade for the bride while we're waiting?—"CROONIN'
 'NEATH THE COTTON-PICKIN' MOON."
 (*Dark stage; HARRY in spot.*)—"THE SUNBEAM AND
 THE MOONBEAM."
For the wealth of Cuthbert Cashbonds, the bootlegger.—
 "SOLDIER'S FAREWELL," or "HOW CAN I
 LEAVE THEE?" very softly.
Being a bootlegger's bride isn't what it's cracked up to be.—
 Stop.
It is a shame she has to be a bootlegger's bride.—"JUST
 BEFORE THE BATTLE," fast and loud.
*We want to hear the Wedding March, not Just Before the
 Battle.*—Change to MENDELSSOHN'S WEDDING
 MARCH.
 (*When wedding party has formed.*)—Stop.
 (*Crash off stage.*)—Soft agitato.
She shall never become the bride of another!—Stop.
Yes, let this nonsense cease.—Plaintive.
Well, what are you going to do about it?—Stop.
You now are man and wife.—FINALE.

LIGHTING CUES.

House lights.—Dark throughout.

PART ONE.

(*At rise.*)—All stage lights up full, with white flood, until—
Just a little sweeter than the ones we hear today.—Stage
 lights dim; white spot on soloist entering left.
Still to us at twilight comes love's old sweet song.—Increase
 lights.
 (*Chorus repeats.*)—Love's old sweet song.—Up full.
Way back in sixty-three.—White spot on soloist entering
 right, and start diminishing stage lights.
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown.—Swing spot to quar-
 tet. Stage dim.
Swanee River, far, far away.—Stage lights up full; kill spot.

Hey, Skinnay; wait a minute!—Stage dark; white spot on soloist.

(After solo.)—Stage lights up full; kill spot.

Keep your eye on little old George W.—(*Beginning of circus spiel.*)—Stage lights half down; white spot on spieler on bench. Follow sideshow freaks, as they are introduced, with spot.

This or any other canvas. Fatima!—Red stage lights, half down; white spot on horse entering right.

(When horse exits.)—Stage lights half down; spot back to spieler.

I thank you for your kind attention.—Green stage lights, half down; white spot on HINDU entering right. Follow HINDU with spot until—

(Hypnotism bit.)—Hold spot centered on couch until—

Go! (Vanish of girl.)—Stage lights up full. Kill spot.

(For song.)—Flood with changing colors; white at finish.

PART TWO.

Stage lights up full throughout.

PART THREE.

Optional.

PART FOUR.

(For opening.)—Stage lights up full.

With our home-made Fun Revue.—Dark stage; white spot on center; follow girl.

(When she exits center.)—Stage lights up full; kill spot.

Now I'll show you an old-fashioned girl.—Dark stage; white spot on girl; follow girl.

(When she exits center.)—Stage lights up full; kill spot.

A type that is more up to date.—Dark stage; white spot on girl; follow girl.

(When she exits center.)—Stage lights up full; kill spot.

We'll now look overseas.—Dim orange foots; white spot on girl; follow girl.

(When she exits center.)—Stage lights up full; kill spot.

I'll show you the kind that can dance.—Dim red foots; white spot on girl; follow girl.

(When she exits center.)—Stage lights up full; kill spot.

Without a girl from Dixie.—Red, white and blue foots, dim; white spot on girl; follow girl.

(*When man and girl exit center.*)—Stage lights up full; kill spot.

(*For encore.*)—Keep lights up full; white flood.

PART FIVE.

(*At rise.*)—Stage lights up full.

(*When HARRY sits on table and takes picture from pocket.*)—Dark stage; white spot on HARRY for song; follow him to door center and swing to POLLY as she enters, singing; follow the pair for duet finish.

(*After song.*)—Stage lights up full; kill spot.

(*When music changes to Wedding March.*)—Stage lights half down; spot on center to catch wedding party entering.

(*When wedding party has formed down stage and music stops.*)—Stage lights up full; kill spot.

(*To finish.*)—Up full. White flood for Finalé.

NOTES ON STAGING.

“The Fun Revue” is designed to make it possible for clever entertainers to stage a big, spectacular musical production, similar in style to the professional revues, and yet avoid the heavy expense of hiring a professional coach and renting elaborate costumes and scenery—factors that frequently discourage the presentation of this attractive form of entertainment. “The Fun Revue” can be presented—for it has been presented—with amateur talent and direction exclusively. It is so flexibly planned that it makes use of whatever talent, scenery, music and costumes that are available in each instance. The instructions are complete, so that if given in a well-equipped theatre, the producers may take full advantage of scenic and lighting effects. It can be simplified as much as desired. The use of the elaborate lighting and musical effects is optional. It may be given on any stage where there is fair scenic equipment, and may be simplified as much as is necessary to fit the situ-

ation. Thus it is equally available to large, talented troupes who have elaborate scenic facilities, and to less fortunate amateurs who desire to put on a big show with limited equipment.

No attempt has been made to write a musical comedy with a plot. It is, as the original production was frankly advertised, "nothing but nonsense." The original cast was made up, for the most part, of young people who had never before appeared on the stage. There were only a few trained singers, and no trained comedians. The ensemble formations were very simple. It was the novelty of the entertainment, the diversity of the "stunts," and the speed and "pep" with which every member of the cast and chorus worked, as a result of thorough and enthusiastic rehearsing, that made "The Fun Revue" the most talked about amateur show of the season.

Follow the instructions here given as far as possible with the equipment at hand. But if changes are necessary they are easy to make. The flexibility of the entertainment is intentional. It should inspire originality and creative effort on the part of every amateur troupe that produces it. No book of dialogue and stage directions can be more than the groundwork upon which the producer and the performers must build up their own interpretation. The plan is practical all the way through. Follow it as far as talent and facilities permit, but alter where necessary. Consult theatre management regarding scenery and lights. Spot light is more important than flood. You can omit all light effects if you have to.

THE CAST.—If your troupe is small, a great deal of doubling is possible. The size of the chorus in Parts I and V is optional, and by very slight changes in the dialogue the number of speaking parts can be increased or reduced. If you have no one who can do blackface comedy, JAZBO can be cut from Part I, simply eliminating his entire scene; and MOSE in Part V can be played "straight" by a chorus man. Six of the chorus girls can work in Part IV. If you have plenty of people it may be better not to have any doubling, and to have each of the five parts pre-

sented by a different group. If you resort to doubling, make sure that the costume changes are possible, otherwise you will have stage waits that will ruin your show. Of course you will cast your show in accordance with the natural talent of the players. But previous training or experience is by no means essential. The parts are all short and easily learned. Don't worry about finding "stars" for the cast. Assign the parts as appropriately as possible with the talent at hand. Then rehearse, and keep everlastingly at it. Remember, "practice makes perfect." Aim for perfection. Put real energy and intelligent work into the show and the "talent" will naturally come to the surface.

THE CHORUS.—The chorus work is largely up to the ingenuity of the director. Following detailed instructions for drill and gestures frequently results in a stiff, wooden, wholly uninteresting performance. If you have at your command someone who is familiar with stage ensemble dances, you can get up some elaborate effects. Or a gymnasium instructor can lend a hand and help work up some effective drill evolutions. But these are not essential. The chorus work can be kept very simple. In fact it can all have the appearance of being largely impromptu. In that case, give up any thought of having military precision. Simply bring the crowd on and off easily and naturally. Have them appear interested and pleased always. If the performers look bored, the audience is sure to feel bored. Whether your chorus work is elaborate or not, here are a few cardinal rules of the chorus: Smile, *smile*, SMILE! Laughter is the most contagious thing in the world. Be interested in everything that happens. Do all your work with pep. The audience won't enjoy the show unless you enjoy it. The chorus is just as important as the main cast. Don't be disappointed because you are "just a chorus man" or "just a chorus girl." Work as hard as a principal and you won't be overlooked. You may be a principal next time. We can't all be generals in the army.

SCENERY AND PROPERTIES.—Use what you have at hand. Practically every theatre has a wood set and an interior, and some kind of a drop "in one," which means near the

footlights, allowing a narrow space while the stage back of the drop is being changed. In the original production Part I was staged in the desert of Sahara and Part V in an Arabian palace, but who cared? Make the best of what is at hand. The audience will like it all the more. If the theatre has no plush curtain, use whatever is available.

THE MUSIC.—If you wish you can substitute your own selections for any or all of the songs specified. The present selections have all been made with great care; all are appropriate and catchy and easy to sing. If you choose your own numbers be careful not to take any current hits that have already been “plugged” to death professionally. Your audience wants novelty. The use of an orchestra is not essential. You can put on a good show with just a pianist and violinist, or a pianist alone. If your musical director is not experienced, it may be wise to cut out some or all of the incidental music. All music specified is listed at the back of the book.

Now a word as to the acts themselves:

PART ONE.—For grown persons to impersonate children is always amusing, and “Oh, Baby!” gives endless chance for uproarious funmaking. The stage properties can generally be borrowed from the management of a local children’s playground. The chute-the-chute slide can be omitted if necessary, though it is very effective. The other stage props are all easy. Denison’s Minstrel Opening Chorus No. 1 is unsurpassed for opening this show, but the introduction and “Old Kentucky Home” should be cut. Start where the score is marked “tambourine solo.” The directions for action given with the words of the opening chorus in this book are merely suggestions. Avoid stiffness and artificiality. Stage the circus scene with lots of hustle and excitement, but have everybody absolutely quiet except where indicated. The magic act is explained in detail so that this stunt may be performed, if necessary, by a man wholly unskilled in sleight-of-hand. If you have a magician available, let him put on a trick or two of his own choosing. But his stunt must be brief, and he should choose tricks in keeping with oriental atmosphere. And don’t omit the bur-

lesque illusion, for it is a sure laugh-maker, and a big one. A light folding camp cot is best for the couch. Cover it with a bright spread that reaches to the floor on the side toward the audience. For the Hindu's crystal, a small fish globe will do nicely. The balloons are not essential but they help make a colorful picture for the finale, and work nicely with some crystal gazing business by the chorus.

PART TWO.—This is simply a sidewalk sketch to fill in while the stage is being arranged for Part III. The show is arranged to run a full evening without a break, but if it is desired to have an intermission, it should come after Part I. If an elaborate scene change is employed, it will be necessary to have an intermission at this point to complete the set for Part III while Part II is being enacted.

PART THREE.—This is reserved entirely for the introduction of musical and dancing specialties according to the particular talent at your command. It gives each troupe a chance to show its stars to their best advantage. It is a miniature vaudeville show in itself. As originally presented it consisted of five brief numbers which followed each other quickly without interruption or change of scene. They consisted of a character dance, a double ragtime number on two pianos, a solo toe dancer, and a quartet and an esthetic dance by six girls. Here is the place to feature your good novelty dancers, ragtime piano soloists or other performers on other instruments, quartet, etc. The stage setting is immaterial. There is no need of using a special set. It may be well to use the setting for Part V. A few bright screens, potted plants, Japanese lanterns, etc., will give it a novelty appearance, and by removing these properties and placing different furniture for Part V, the repetition of the scene itself will not be noticeable. No dialogue in this part.

PART FOUR.—This requires a male soloist in evening attire and six pretty girls who can dance and pose. The man should strive to direct attention to each of his girl partners rather than draw it to himself. Any popular song chorus which features a girl's name can be used, with the necessary change on the program. But see to it that the types and costumes are well contrasted, as in the examples given.

PART FIVE.—“The Bootlegger’s Bride” is a musical travesty on melodrama, and is designed to pile up a lot of laughs and send the audience home happy. WILL, TOM, DICK and JIM are supposed to be the chorus men who make up the quartet; DOLLY, MOLLY, MAY and FAY are four chorus girls who have been paired off with them and who have a few lines to speak. They are designated as principals for the sake of convenience and clearness. The lines may be changed around or doubled up as much as desired, but in a home talent show it is desirable to have as many speaking parts as possible. The wedding party may be elaborated as much as desired with best man, maid of honor, bridesmaids, etc., but it is not essential, and the details of the wedding party, which is all pantomimic, are therefore omitted to avoid confusion. Rehearse the ragtime wedding thoroughly. It must go with a good jingly swing and without a second’s break in tempo between the respective speeches. The melodrama should be done with intense seriousness, and of course overacted. Pick up the closing chorus immediately after the last line of dialogue. Permit no pause. Notice the change in finalé lyric from the minstrel version.

THE PRESENTATION.—Speed is the most essential quality of a show of this type. Keep it moving every minute. This does not mean to deliver the lines like lightning, or neglect the comedy business. It means simply to sustain the action, to have all specialties brief, to be very sparing of encores, to avoid stage waits, and to keep the audience amused every minute. Gauge the show at the final rehearsals, and cut as much as necessary in order to keep the whole program down to two hours. Follow this recipe and you will win your audience. The staging of a big musical production has much in common with the staging of a minstrel show, and amateur producers will do well to add to their library, and study carefully, the following three books: “How to Stage a Minstrel Show,” “How to Stage a Play,” and “How to Advertise a Play.” The preface which appears in “A Royal Cut-Up” and “In Hot Tamale Land” (musical comedies) also will be found very helpful.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Up stage means away from footlights; *down stage*, near footlights. In the use of *right* and *left*, the actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

THE FUN REVUE

PART ONE.

"OH, BABY!"

SCENE: *A municipal playground, full stage. Garden or wood drop; wood wings; an inclined playground slide, with ladder and top platform masked by wing up right, slants diagonally down stage toward center. Lawn swing up center. Seesaw up left. Park benches down left and right. Stage may be further dressed with set trees, bushes and rocks, cut branches and potted plants, ad lib.*

LIGHTS: *Up full at rise.*

At rise, PLAYGROUND KIDDIES of chorus are flocking on swing and seesaw, playing horse and leapfrog, etc. SAMMY, TOMMY, WILLY, MICKY, SUSIE and DAISY come down the slide, one after another, starting as soon as curtain is up. Some CHORUS KIDDIES may follow if time permits. Meanwhile DIANA pushes ROLLO in from down left in a baby carriage or go-cart and allows him to taste a lollypop. Other CHORUS KIDDIES can enter from both sides, on roller skates, riding velocipedes, kiddy-cars, scooters, etc., if desired.

Curtain rises as orchestra begins opening chorus number and principals above named begin their entrances. Principals and chorus should all be on just before end of the "Old Zip Coon" movement, and form semicircle across stage from left to right, with principals in center of the arc, and boys and girls alternately. At the break all do breakstep.

FULL CHORUS and PRINCIPALS (*sing*). How do do? —How do do? (*Stoop forward slightly with hands behind back. Nod left, then right.*)

We're here to welcome you.

(*Extend hands toward audience in welcoming gesture.*)

We will sing—anything—

(*Take erect posture, placing right hand on breast.*)

That we know, both old and new.

(Graceful sweep of left hand from left to right. During the above, work gradually down to footlights. Now work back up stage in the same manner, to clear apron for soloist.)

We'll start off with an old-time song
That most of you will say
Is just a little sweeter than
The ones you hear today.

(All turn, facing half-left, toward soloist.)

PRISCILLA enters, down left. Stage lights dim. Spotlight on soloist.

PRISCILLA (*sings*). Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows
Softly come and go.
Though the heart be weary,
Sad the day, and long,
Still to us at twilight
Comes love's old sweet song.

(During this solo, PRISCILLA works slowly across stage and then back, finishing at left end of semicircle. Increase lights.)

FULL CHORUS (*sings softly*). Comes love's old sweet song. (*Lights up full.*)

FULL CHORUS (*snappily*).

But the young folks like to shake their shoulders,
Yes indeed they do.
They keep the old folks guessing
What the world is coming to.
If the girl who used to do the old-time
Minuet were here,
How would she treat the man who dared to
Whisper in her ear—

LUELLA enters left. She sings her line with snap and "pep," while doing a lively little dance step.

LUELLA (*sings*). Come on and shimmy! Come on and shimmy! (*Takes position left of PRISCILLA in semicircle.*)

FULL CHORUS (*sings*). They'd string him higher than a kite.

(*Point upward and toward the left with right hand.*)

Or tie him to a tree;

(*Swing hand to right, still pointing up.*)

The girls who used to sing this song

Way back in sixty-three.

(*Finish gesture with downward sweep and pointing off right to soloist entering. Lights grow dim.*)

PRUNELLA *enters, right, in spot.*

PRUNELLA (*sings*).

Don't you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,

Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?

QUARTET *or* FULL CHORUS (*sings*).

Way down upon the Swanee River,

Far, far away. (*Lights up full.*)

LUELLA (*coming down center, sings*).

Old-time songs are dear,

But the age of pep is here.

We're going to wind up with the kind of

Song you'll hear next year.

(LUELLA *takes position in center of semicircle. During the next chorus all the boys and girls "pair off," each pair holding hands and looking into each other's faces, swinging their clasped hands back and forth with semi-embarrassed "puppy love" business.*)

FULL CHORUS (*sings*).

Tell me who you're going to get to

Make love to, when I go.

Tell me who you're going to call for.

Tell me who you're going to fail for.

Tell me who you're going to get to

Do housework, when I go.

Tell me who you're going to get to

Bring home the dough.

Tell me who you're going to get to

Sing love songs, when I go.

Tell me who you're going to sigh for.
 Tell me who you're going to cry for.
 Tell me who you're going to get to
 Take all your rings out of pawn.
 Tell me who you're going to get to
 Make love to when I'm gone.

(*No encore should be taken unless the audience absolutely demands it. In this case, use the "Tell Me Who" chorus only.*)

SAMMY (*looking off right*). Cut it out, kids! Here comes the playground teacher.

SUSIE (*in ragtime tempo*). Here comes teacher, ain't she sweet—

TOMMY. That old girl has such big feet—

WILLY. Has to walk in the middle of the street—

(*All do break-step; break by trap drummer.*)

MISS FITT *enters from the right.*

(*KIDDIES play quietly, in pantomime; avoid "posing."*)

MISS FITT. Mercy me, children, what a noise you are making! Now do please be little ladies and gentlemen.

DAISY. Well, we are little ladies and gentlemen—as little as possible.

MISS FITT. Micky Flynn, you played hookey from school this morning. You missed your spelling lesson.

MICKY. I know me spellin' lesson, all right.

MISS FLYNN. I'll try you. Can you spell "hat"?

MICKY. Nope.

MISS FITT. What? You can't spell a simple little word like "hat"?

MICKY. No, ma'am.

MISS FITT. Why, if you grow up as ignorant as that, you'll starve to death.

MICKY. If I grow up with your disposition, I'll get murdered.

MISS FITT. I'm not going to let you play any games here with the other children until you have learned your spelling lesson. Now take this book and see if you can't learn some-

thing. (*Hands him a spelling book.*) Sit down on that bench and study.

MICKY. Aw, what's the use? When I grow up I'm goin' to get a job where I don't have to know nothin'.

MISS FITT. Indeed? And what are you going to be when you grow up?

MICKY. A school teacher. (*He goes sulkily to a bench and studies. The other kids laugh boisterously. SAMMY has gone out, right, unnoticed, during the above scene.*)

MISS FITT (*looking the children over*). The idea! Johnny Jones, you were late for school this morning.

JOHNNY. Yes, teacher.

MISS FITT. What made you late?

JOHNNY. Well, it was like this. (*Delivers following lines with gradually increasing speed, finishing as fast as he can articulate.*) The alarm clock stopped last night and it was so dark and foggy this morning that the hired girl didn't wake up till late, and then when she tried to get to the kitchen window in the dark she upset a pail of water on the kindling wood; it was the water the mackerel was soaking in, and it was on a chair and the wood was under it, and then because the wood was wet the fire wouldn't burn and the other wood that father was going to chop wasn't chopped yet, and our next door neighbor didn't have any wood and the girl had to go down in our back pasture and cut some, and when she got there there wasn't any and she came back and went to the store for some, and then the storekeeper told her she needn't take it with her 'cause he'd send it right over to our house, and she believed him, and when she got home the wood wasn't there and it was a long time before it come, and when it did come it was all wet from the rain and fog, 'cause the storekeeper never covered it up, and when she tried to start the fire again it wouldn't burn any better than our own wood, and then Maw she put on her hat and hurried over to the next-door neighbor and tried to borrow her stove but they was getting their own breakfast, and we could only get the use of one hole at a time, and our kettles and pans wouldn't fit their stove holes, and we had to wait till some

of the neighbor's pans and kettles was washed, and Maw said she never saw such a dirty lot of pans and kettles in all her life, and then Maw tried to cook oatmeal so I could hurry and get to school, but the neighbor didn't have any bread in her house, and I had to come back home and dress Mary and Pete so they wouldn't be late for school, and then the baby woke up and he began to cry and Maw hurried back home to see what was the matter with it, and while she was finding out what was the matter with the oatmeal—I mean with the baby—the oatmeal burned, and we all had to wait till the kettle was cleaned again and some more baby cooked—I mean some more oatmeal cooked—and when that was done I had to hurry and eat just a little bit so I wouldn't be late for school, and I would have just got here on time only Pete got the nosebleed awful and I had to wait till Maw washed her hands so she could write out an excuse to you for my being late yesterday. (*He is completely out of breath when he finishes.*)

MISS FITT (*helplessly*). Well, Johnny, I guess you're excused.

(*JOHNNY joins playmates at swing or seesaw.*)

MISS FITT. Micky. (*No response.*) Micky! Have you learned your spelling lesson yet?

MICKY (*looking up from book vacantly*). Huh?

MISS FITT. Have you learned your spelling lesson?

MICKY. Yes'm.

MISS FITT. I'll try you. Give me the book. (*Takes book and opens it.*) Can you spell "hat"?

MICKY. No'm.

MISS FITT. Why, that's the first word on the list. H-a-t, hat; t-i-e, tie; p-i-n, pin. Don't you remember?

MICKY. Yes'm.

MISS FITT. Now remember, h-a-t, hat; t-i-e, tie; p-i-n, pin. Now spell "hat."

MICKY. I can't.

MISS FITT. I just told you "hat" is spelled h-a-t.

MICKY. Yes'm.

MISS FITT. I'll try you again. Now spell "hat."

MICKY. I forgot again.

MISS FITT. Dear me! Well, I'll try another way. What does h-a-t spell?

MICKY. I dunno.

MISS FITT. Think carefully, Micky. What was the first word I taught you to spell?

MICKY (*guessing wildly*). "Tie"?

MISS FITT (*trying to be patient*). No, Micky. I said h-a-t. (*He stands in stupefied silence.*) H-a-t. When you come to school in the morning, doesn't your mother always see that you haven't forgotten to put something on your head?

MICKY (*brightening*). Yes'm.

MISS FITT (*pleased with her progress*). Of course. Now tell all the little boys and girls what you put on your head every morning before you go to school.

MICKY (*triumphantly*). Kerosene oil!

SAMMY *dashes in from the right.*

SAMMY (*shouts excitedly*). Gee-whiz, fellers! What do you think?

SUSIE. What happened, Sammy? Is the school house on fire?

SAMMY. Better than that. The circus is coming to town!

ALL (*excitedly*). Oh, where is it?

SAMMY. They've just started to unload at the—(*local railway line*) tracks, over by—. (*Name well-known building or other location near point where circuses usually de-train locally.*)

(CHILDREN, all but SAMMY and LUELLA, *exeunt right, excitedly and noisily, shouting such characteristic remarks as "Have they got elephants?" "I want some pink lemonade!" "I want a balloon!" "Did you see the clowns?" etc.* MISS FITT *follows after them, shouting, "Now, children, do watch out for those wild animals," etc.* LUELLA *sits sadly on bench at left and SAMMY stands alongside, fidgeting.*)

SAMMY. Don't you like circuses? Come on and see the elephants.

LUELLA. Haven't you ever been in love?

SAMMY. No; but I've had the measles. Are you in love?

LUELLA (*sighs deeply*). I never knew I could feel so blue.

SAMMY. Feelin' blue on circus day? (*Disgustedly.*) Gee, ain't that jest like a woman! (*Yells off.*) Hey Skin-nay! Wait a min-nut! (*Runs off right.*)

(*Lights: Stage dark; spot on LUELLA.*)

Solo by LUELLA: "Your Little Girl."

JACK DALTON *enters breezily from the left, pauses at center, and looks admiringly at LUELLA, who has sat on the bench at left and is moodily poking her parasol into the ground. Observing him, she snubs him by turning one shoulder toward him.*

JACK (*aside*). I've been trying to meet that girl for the past two days, but she can't see me. (*Looks at her a moment.*) By Jove, I have an idea! I'll employ my army training, using military tactics and terms apropos of time, place and situation. (*Bugle call.*) Aha! War is declared! (*Military march. He goes through the motion of unsheathing a sword with his cane, which he places to shoulder; paces across and faces audience, down right; sword salute.*) Mobilization!

(*LUELLA pretends alarm, makes face at him, opens parasol and shields herself with it.*)

JACK. The enemy is already entrenched. (*Marks time, with cane at shoulder.*)

LUELLA (*peeking around parasol*). Goodness! War is declared, and I am unprepared! I wonder if my hat is on straight. (*Fixes hat.*)

JACK (*in gruff voice*). Captain Jack Dalton, you are hereby assigned to scout duty. The enemy is reported within a short distance of our advance guard. Reconnoiter her position and report to headquarters immediately. (*Salutes imaginary officer, sheaths sword, marches across and back, then goes to bench.*)

(*LUELLA keeps parasol between them. He tries to peek at her several times, but each time she foils him with parasol. JACK turns his back to her and faces audience, mark-*

ing time. As he does this, LUELLA lowers parasol, takes out powder puff and powders face. He slyly turns and sees her, then marches briskly across right and salutes.)

JACK. I have the honor to report that the enemy is strongly entrenched behind a strong fortification of red parasol, and (LUELLA again powders nose) appears to be well supplied with ammunition. (*Music stops.*) Especially smokeless powder. (*In gruff voice.*) Captain, you must take the enemy at any cost! (*He salutes. Bugle call.*) The advance! (*With hand at sword hilt, JACK creeps stealthily toward bench, and LUELLA shrieks. She peeks around parasol and makes a face at him. He runs back in comedy alarm.*)

JACK (*hurrying right*). The retreat is made for strategic reasons. (*Salutes.*) General, the enemy appears to be too strongly fortified to attack with the force now under my command. Have you any further orders? (*Gruffly.*) Captain Jack Dalton, my compliments for your conduct on scout duty, and you are hereby ordered to lay siege to the enemy, and s t a r v e her out!

LUELLA (*screams*). Starve me out? Horrible!

JACK (*gruffly*). You are not to take her to — soda fountain (*localize*) until she surrenders.

LUELLA. Oh, dear me!

JACK (*to her*). Enemy, there is the ultimatum. The siege commences. I shall have to starve you out.

LUELLA. Scoundrel!

JACK. The enemy opens the engagement with one small calibre gun.

LUELLA (*rapidly*). You villain! How dare you presume to annoy me in this manner? It is cowardly of you to persist in inflicting yourself and your odious attentions upon me. I am sure I never gave you the least encouragement for you to assume that your presence would be welcome to me. You are no gentleman, otherwise you would recognize the fact that my only desire is to be alone, a l o n e!

JACK. The enemy now employs a rapid-fire machine gun. Three thousand shots a minute.

LUELLA. Brute!

JACK. Forty-two centimetre.

LUELLA (*pauses and sighs*). Oh, dear. Isn't a siege a dreadful thing.

JACK. Terrible. Starving to death is worse than being half shot.

LUELLA. And some of those sieges lasted a very long time, didn't they?

JACK. They sure did. Look at the siege of Paris—six months. Siege of Ladysmith two years. Port Arthur—nine years.

LUELLA. Goodness me! I'm beginning to feel the effects of this already. (*Pauses, sighs and moves to far end of bench.*)

JACK (*sits by her*). War isn't so bad, after all. (*Puts left arm around her.*) The enemy is almost surrounded by our left wing. (*Squeezes her.*) We are advancing rapidly in close formation. (*Gets up, crosses briskly down right, and salutes.*) General, we have met the enemy and she is ours.

LUELLA (*has arisen during his cross and gone to extreme left.*) Oh, no, she isn't.

JACK. Why not?

LUELLA (*laughing*). You forgot to sign the armistice! (*Quick exit left.*)

Enter SUSIE, DAISY and four or six other PLAYGROUND GIRLS. They step into view just in time to see LUELLA go, and they laugh heartily at JACK.

SUSIE (*laughing*). Oh, girls! Did you see what I saw?

GIRLS (*in unison*). We'll say we did! (*All laugh.*)

DAISY (*laughing*). Oh, girls! Did you hear what she said?

GIRLS (*in unison*). We'll say we did! (*All laugh.*)

JACK. Are you laughing at me?

GIRLS (*in unison*). We'll say we are! (*All laugh.*)

JACK. So you're giving me the ha-ha.

SUSIE. That's about all we *can* give you.

JACK. Is that so! Well, you ought to have seen me when I was in Spain, with Carmen.

GIRLS (*in unison*). Carmen?

JACK. That's right. With Carmen; she was absolutely charmin'.

Solo and chorus by JACK and GIRLS: "Carmen, She Was Absolutely Charmin'."

(If desired, a chorus group of Spanish dancing girls, with tambourines and castanets, may be introduced. Introducing a girl dancer to do a characteristic Spanish solo dance, while JACK sings the chorus, or as an interlude between the first and second verses, also will prove effective. At close of number all exeunt, leaving empty stage.)

JAZBO JONES enters, singing the last few words of the chorus of "Carmen, She Was Absolutely Charmin'," without musical accompaniment. He walks aimlessly to the footlights and stands staring stupidly at the orchestra leader.

LEADER. Here, you! Get off the stage!

JAZBO. Who?

LEADER. You!

JAZBO. Me?

LEADER. Yes, you!

JAZBO. What fo'?

LEADER. We don't want any stage hands coming out here spoiling the show.

JAZBO. Law, man, Ah ain't no stage hand.

LEADER. What are you?

JAZBO. Ah is the stage expector.

LEADER. Don't try to tell me you're the stage director. Why, Mr. — (*name*) is the stage director for this show, and everybody knows it.

JAZBO. Ah ain't said stage "director." Ah is the stage expector.

LEADER (*sarcastically*). Stage expector! The idea! There's no such thing.

JAZBO. Man, you is hyah to 'tend strictly to yo' own business, and not to reveal yo' ignorance.

LEADER. What are you doing out here on the stage? What is this job of stage expector, anyway?

JAZBO. What is Ah doin' out hyah on the stage?

LEADER. Yes. What are you doing out here on the stage?

JAZBO. Standin' hyah.

LEADER. Don't you know that Miss — (*name*) is supposed to sing her solo now?

JAZBO. Yas, suh, she is s'posed to. But s'posed to ain't is.

LEADER. How can she sing while you are spoiling the show?

JAZBO. Well, boss, you see she wasn't jest quite completely ready. She had to borrow a safety pin. So Mistah — (*name of stage manager*) says to me, "Jazbo," he says, "go out and hold the audience." 'Tain't often a man gits a chance to hold a full house.

LEADER. But what about this job of stage expector?

JAZBO. Well, Miss — (*name*) ain't hyah to sing her song now, but Ah expect 'er.

LEADER. Aren't you going to tell a funny story, or something?

JAZBO. You reckon the audience would like me to tell a funny story?

LEADER. Of course they would. Do you think they want you to stand up there and look foolish?

JAZBO. Not when the awchestra leader is in full view. Well, hyah's a good one. They was two travelin' men met each otheh down to the — Hotel (*localize*), an' one of 'em says to the otheh—

LEADER. No, no, don't tell that one!

JAZBO. Why not tell that one? It's a funny one.

LEADER. Respectable people won't listen to a story like that.

JAZBO. You listened to it with both ears pinned back, when Ah told it out in the alley. Ah don't know no otheh stories.

LEADER. Well, then tell some riddles.

JAZBO. Don't know no riddles.

LEADER. I'll tell you one. Lean over so I can whisper it.

JAZBO. Another one of them travelin' man stories, eh?

LEADER. No, but I have to whisper it so you can spring it on the audience. They don't want to hear me tell it. You want to make them laugh; surprise them.

JAZBO. If one of your jokes makes 'em laugh, it'll surprise everybody.

LEADER. Never mind that. Now, listen. (JAZBO *leans forward and LEADER whispers to him across the footlights.*)

JAZBO (*grinning and straightening up*). That's a good one. That'll make 'em laugh. (*To audience.*) Now, audience, I will make you laugh. (*Chuckling.*) This is a good one, this is. Now, listen. Get this. Why is a—why is a oyster—why is a oyster like a—(*hesitates, then turns to LEADER*). How does that dog-gone joke go, anyway?

LEADER. You've got it all mixed up. It isn't "why is an oyster like" anything. It is simply, what is an oyster?

JAZBO. Oh, yes. (*To audience.*) It is simply what is an oyster? (*Pause.*) That part ain't so funny, but wait till you hear the rest of it. It is simply what is an oyster? (*Pause.*) Now, wait. Get this. You'll laugh your head off. What is an oyster? (*Pause.*) Give it up? (*Bursts into uncontrolled laughter.*)

LEADER. Well, go ahead and spring it!

JAZBO (*struggling to keep from laughing*). What is an oyster? The answer is, an oyster is—an oyster is—(*his laughter fades away and he looks worried.*) An oyster is—(*to LEADER*). You went and made me fo'get the answer.

LEADER. You don't know how to tell a joke, anyway. You ask me what is an oyster, and I'll tell you, and then we can go on with the show. Come on, now. Make it snappy!

JAZBO (*aggrieved*). Ah knows how to tell a joke, all right. But how kin anybody tell a joke when they fo'get what the joke is?

LEADER. Never mind. Go ahead and ask me, what is an oyster.

JAZBO. Well, then, George (*use LEADER'S first name*), what is an oyster?

LEADER. An oyster is a fish built like a nut.

Orchestra goes loudly to introduction of next song. ANNE enters from the left and JAZBO exits right. Before the introduction is finished, JAZBO re-enters hastily and goes up to ANNE.

JAZBO. Wait a minute, Miss — (*uses her real name*).
(*Music stops.*)

ANNE. What's the matter now?

JAZBO. Ah jest thought of a joke.

ANNE. You just tried to tell a joke. And a fine mess you made of it, too!

JAZBO. Ah didn't make no mess of it. It was a mess befo' Ah told it. That was one of George's jokes. Ah just thought up one of mah own.

ANNE. Well, hurry up and tell it.

JAZBO. Listen. It goes like this: Why is an oyster like—

ANNE (*interrupting*). You just told that one.

JAZBO. This ain't the same oyster. The joke is, why is George like an oyster?

ANNE. That sounds like the same joke.

JAZBO. Ah know. The question is almost synonymous. But the answer is mah own invention. Now you ask me, why is George like an oyster?

ANNE. Well, why is Mr. — (*use LEADER'S surname*) like an oyster?

JAZBO. The poor fish is cracked like a nut.

(*LEADER makes gesture as if to throw violin at JAZBO, who makes a quick running exit, right.*)

Solo by ANNE.

(*The choice of this song is entirely optional with the stage director and the soloist. It is a good position for a "kid" song, for which ANNE may have retained her playground attire. Or she may appear with changed costume.*)

Just before ANNE finishes singing, MR. JINGLING enters from the right and stands quietly near the wings, watching her. She starts right, as though to exit, and he intercepts her.

JINGLING (*suavely*). Well, little girl, you have a remarkable voice. You ought to go into the profession.

ANNE (*timidly*). It's getting late, and I ought to go home, and not talk to strangers.

JINGLING. Oh, no. Good little girls don't go home. They wait till they die, and then they go to heaven. And do you know where bad little girls go?

ANNE. They go to the — Station (*local*) to meet the traveling men.

JINGLING. Don't you know who I am?

ANNE. No; who are you?

JINGLING (*proudly*). You are now looking upon the countenance of the one and only George W. Jingling, sole owner and manager of Jingling's Grand Imperial Circus, Side Show and Carnival—positively the greatest, grandest and most gorgeous exhibition under this or any other canvas.

ANNE (*not impressed*). You don't say. That's a cute vest you have on; but rather hard on the eyes.

JINGLING. I guess you don't understand. I am George W. Jingling, *the* George W. Jingling, known the world over as the greatest circus man in the history of civilization!

ANNE. Oh; are you the clown?

JINGLING. Clown? I should say not! I hold the most responsible position on the lot.

ANNE. You don't say so.

JINGLING. I am the barker.

ANNE. Barker? Then it's a dog and pony show?

JINGLING. Not at all. My work is very difficult. I stand outside and holler while the people buy the tickets.

ANNE. Then you can take a day off. When we sold tickets for the Fun Revue, the people did enough hollering themselves. (*Looks off right.*) Why, they have the tent up already! (*Beating of bass drum is heard off right.*) And what a lot of funny looking people! What are they going to do?

JINGLING. Young lady, the ballyhoo is just about to begin.

ANNE. Bally what?

(*Fast circus music starts softly, and increases.*)

JINGLING. The ballyhoo; the spiel; the bunk; the good

old hokum. Beware of pickpockets and well-dressed strangers, and keep your eye on little old George W.!

Fast circus music is now very loud. Enter two CLOWNS, down right, beating bass drum and cymbals, followed by an irregular group of KIDDIES. They march briskly across to left, then back to bench at right. Meantime JINGLING mounts the bench, and the children crowd around him. Other KIDDIES keep straggling in during the following scene, until all are on. After JINGLING begins his "spiel," the CLOWNS quietly exit, taking drum and cymbals with them. The KIDDIES are very noisy when they enter, but all are quiet when "spiel" starts. Lights half down; spot on JINGLING.

JINGLING (*on bench at right*). Well, well, well folks. (*Music stops.*) Here we are! Step right up and gather around, but don't crowd! Plenty of room for all! Now, ladies and gentlemen, before the main show starts under the big top, we are going to let you see some of the marvels and wonders that are in store for you when you buy your tickets at the door. Remembah, this performance is entertaining and instructive as well as amusing, and there is nothing to offend either man, woman or child. Step right up, folks, and gather around for the free exhibition!

LEMONADE VENDER *enters from the right, carrying a basket of refreshments.*

VENDER (*shouts*). Candy—peanuts—pink lemonade! Nothing sold inside the big tent! Candy—peanuts—pink lemonade! It's ice cold! (*Several KIDDIES crowd around and buy from him in pantomime, during JINGLING'S "spiel."*)

JINGLING. Now, folks, I will first introduce to you one of the most remarkable and sensational novelties ever known to man; the anthropological monstrosity that has baffled the medical and scientific world; the most amazing freak that has ever been exhibited on this or any other platform! Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to introduce Zaza, the one and only original wild woman!

Loud chord, snare drum roll and cymbal crash. ZAZA enters from the right, bows and climbs on the bench as JINGLING steps down. MISS FITT, eyeing ZAZA curiously, enters after her. There are excited exclamations from the KIDDIES, such as, "Oh, isn't she awful!" "Well, what do you think of that?" "I wish they'd put her back in the cage!" and other suitable comments ad lib. to make up a moment of general clamor. In the midst of it MISS FITT is heard shrieking, "Willy, keep away from that creature!"

SAMMY (to JINGLING). Gee, Mister, we got wilder women than that right around Public Square (*localize*).

MISS FITT (to JINGLING). Professor, would you mind explaining why Zaza is wild?

JINGLING. Certainly, madam. We cut out her tongue, so she can't talk. That will make any woman wild. Now, Zaza, step down off the platform and go back in the tent. (*Chord. Exit ZAZA, right. Applause by all.*) Ladies and gents, Zaza will take a leading part in the big show, and it's all for twenty-five cents, two dimes and a jitney, two bits, or a qua't'-of-a-dollah! Next comes one of the most stupendous novelties ever revealed, who as a part of the main show will make your eyes bulge, your teeth chatter, your hair stand on end, and chills and fever run up and down your spinal column. Folks, I direct your attention to Mademoiselle Spinelli, the one and only Sicilian snake-charmer, and her poisonous pet, the fatal whang-whang from the banks of the dreamy Nile. Mademoiselle Spinelli!

Chord, roll and crash as before. Mlle. SPINELLI enters from the right with monster fake snake twined about her neck and shoulders. The children fall back in fright. She mounts the bench.

JINGLING. Ladies and gents, this little lady is the most fearless and intrepid person who ever flirted with death. Inside the big tent you will see her descend into the serpents' pit and subdue the poisonous reptiles by the power of her will and the glitter of her eye. And it all costs but

twenty-five cents. (Mlle. SPINELLI *steps down and exits right. Chord. Applause by all.*)

LEMONADE VENDER (*is heard shouting from amidst the crowd*). You can't enjoy the circus without a nice, cold drink! Anybody else want one? Candy, peanuts, popcorn, pink lemonade!

During the next speech the BALLOON MAN quietly enters from right with a big bunch of toy balloons, which he distributes to all the crowd, as though selling balloons in pantomime.

JINGLING. Ladies and gents, the free show is only half over! I next call your attention to one of the most remarkable and amazing attractions ever shown in this country. There are thousands of imitations, but this is the one and only original. I refer to Fatima, the oriental dancing wonder, never before seen under this or any other canvas. Fatima!

Lights all down. Spotlight. Oriental dance music, with tomtom and clarinets dominant. TWO ATTENDANTS enter from the right, carrying incense jars in upstretched arms. They walk slowly and impressively to center, then one goes to extreme right, down stage, and the other to the extreme left. They bow low. FATIMA, a property horse, then enters, executes a brief comedy dance, and exits right, followed by ASSISTANTS with incense jars.

JINGLING. Ladies and gents, these are only a few of the sights and wonders that will dazzle the eye and benumb the intellect when you have bought your tickets at the door. Before the box-office opens I ask you to remain but one minute more, and witness still another sample of the great show that is about to begin. The most mysterious and awe-inspiring spectacle ever shown. Remembah, the closer you watch the less you see, and the quickness of the hand deceives the eye! I beg to introduce the Hindu Man! I thank you for your kind attention!

(Music: Grand chord, followed by soft waltz in minor.)

HINDU MAN *enters from right, arms folded, walking slowly and imperiously. His TWO ASSISTANTS follow him*

in. FIRST ASSISTANT carries two silk handkerchiefs each about twelve or fourteen inches square, a red and a blue. The blue has been "faked," as follows: It is really two blue handkerchiefs, sewn together at the edges all around except at one corner, where about an inch of each edge forming the corner has been left open, thus leaving a small opening to the bag. Inside the double handkerchief is a small silk American flag, about eighteen inches long. The lower corner of the flag, diagonally opposite to the blue field of stars, has been tied, by a small knot, to one of these unsewn corners, and the flag then pushed into the blue handkerchief. The three white stars in the extreme corner of the flag have been made blue with dye or blue ink, and this blue corner of the flag protrudes, but is apparently the corner of the blue handkerchief. When correctly arranged as described, the blue bag now looks like a plain blue silk handkerchief, along with the plain red one. The FIRST ASSISTANT carries these in one hand, with studied carelessness, so that when handing them to HINDU he gets the blue one at the prepared corner. SECOND ASSISTANT carries a sheet of newspaper, which has been "faked" as follows: It is really a double newspaper sheet, pasted carefully together along both ends and at one long side, leaving the other long side open. This must appear to be simply a single sheet torn from a newspaper. When HINDU enters, he carries in the crook of his left arm, and held in place by the folds of his costume, an American flag like the one concealed in blue double handkerchief. It has been rolled in a compact ball, and the last corner pinned down with a small pin, so it will not spring apart prematurely.

HINDU comes down front at center, ASSISTANTS following him and standing slightly back of him, one at either side. HINDU deliberately extends right arm and shows it back and front, fingers spread apart, casually pulling back right sleeve with left hand as he does so, to show audience that nothing is hidden in his right hand. He repeats this same business, showing left hand empty and pulling left sleeve back at elbow with right hand. As he makes this

gesture, his right hand takes the flag ball from left elbow. He should watch his left hand intently, just as he has watched right hand before. This helps to misdirect the attention of the audience, whose gaze will be fixed on outspread left hand at the moment that he gets flag ball with right. He now brings the hands together and performs a little rubbing motion between the hands, pulls out the pin, and gradually develops the flag from the finger tips. When fully produced, he holds it up, shows back and front, lays across one arm of FIRST ASSISTANT, shows hands empty as before, and bows gracefully. Crowd applauds when trick is completed. (Note: HINDU performs this sleight-of-hand act directly to real audience, all those on stage who do not take active part in this specialty having drawn up stage and watching him with intent interest. Thus his back is really turned to them, which is of course contrary to what it would be in real life. But the purpose is to mystify your audience, and the incongruity is permissible. So HINDU must perform to the real audience, not to his make-believe spectators on the stage.)

After the applause following flag production, HINDU takes red and blue handkerchiefs from FIRST ASSISTANT, casually shows them as unprepared, and "ties them together," fastening a corner of the red silk to the blue corner of flag protruding from double blue. He then wads them together, with the red outside, taking care that the flag is not prematurely pulled out, and beckons to FIRST CLOWN, who steps forward. HINDU places the crumpled tied silks in one hand of CLOWN and has him hold this hand well aloft, thus keeping the crumpled silks in full view of audience. HINDU now takes newspaper from SECOND ASSISTANT, casually shows it unprepared, and forms a cornucopia with it, taking care that the open edge of double sheet forms the top edge of cornucopia. Under pretext of smoothing interior of cornucopia and perfecting its shape, he separates the two sheets, so that the inside of the double sheet becomes the inside of the cornucopia. Points cornucopia toward audience so they can see it is empty, takes flag from

FIRST ASSISTANT *and places it inside of cornucopia, pushing it well down. Beckons SECOND CLOWN to come forward and places cornucopia in his hand, and has him hold it aloft. ASSISTANTS quietly exeunt right. CLOWNS stand close to footlights, right and left respectively. HINDU, with empty hands, makes impressive gestures, as though he is causing the flag to pass from FIRST CLOWN'S hand to SECOND CLOWN'S hand. Steps quickly to FIRST CLOWN, snatches cornucopia from him, opens the paper out flat and shows it empty. (Flag is between the two sheets and bulge in crumpled paper will not be noticed.) As soon as he has shown paper clearly empty he crumples it up carelessly and hands it to FIRST CLOWN. Steps across to SECOND CLOWN, takes a corner of red handkerchief and pulls it with a sweeping gesture, CLOWN releasing the crumpled silks. The jerk pulls flag out of double blue silk, and the three are shown tied together, flag between red and blue silks. Flag apparently has passed from cornucopia and tied itself between handkerchiefs. HINDU shows the tied silks, with a graceful bow, and hands them to SECOND CLOWN. Applause. CLOWNS quietly exeunt left.*

As the CLOWNS exit, the FIRST and SECOND ASSISTANTS enter right, carrying a light couch (a folding camp cot will do), covered with a rich drapery or spread that is large enough to reach the floor. They place it at center, parallel with footlights. HINDU takes a crystal from couch, impressively beckons to one of the PLAYGROUND GIRLS (preferably a small one), who steps timidly forward. He faces her, gazes sternly in her eyes, holds crystal in front of her face and makes a few slow hypnotic passes. She closes her eyes, becomes rigid, tips backward and is caught by FIRST ASSISTANT. SECOND ASSISTANT lifts her by her feet, and FIRST ASSISTANT holds her up by the shoulders; HINDU removes large scarf from couch and ASSISTANTS gently lay GIRL on couch. HINDU makes a few more passes over her, then takes one corner of scarf, hands FIRST ASSISTANT another corner and they hold scarf in front of couch and GIRL. Music grows loud and fast. HINDU

shakes the scarf to make it ripple and shouts "Go!" snatching scarf away and showing that GIRL has vanished. Music stops. (She has simply rolled off the back edge of couch as soon as concealed by scarf and is lying on the floor.)

Loud applause. HINDU throws scarf on couch and bows. As soon as the vanish has created its full effect and the applause of the audience has subsided, ASSISTANTS pick up couch and exit with it right, showing girl on floor. (This business must be timed at exactly the right moment, to get the full effect. Be guided by the response of the audience. Do not do it too quickly. Also, do not start dialogue until laughter has subsided, as this burlesque magic comedy bit is sure-fire.)

GIRL (sitting up, and looking up, dazed, at HINDU). Say, who are you, anyway?

HINDU. Don't you know? Why, I'm the Hindu Man!

Solo by HINDU MAN: "Hindu Man," with ensemble chorus.

(For this number all the participants in Part I are brought in, and the dances, drills and groupings are optional with the stage director. An excellent effect is had by all the chorus having toy balloons and hold them in "crystal gazing" fashion while singing the chorus. This is your Part I finalé. Work up the ensemble in spectacular style, and with as much flash as possible. If your director is not experienced in staging production numbers, it will be well to have HINDU sing one verse and one chorus, with all players grouped as attractively as possible and watching him with keen interest. Then repeat chorus, full ensemble, once through, and—)

SLOW CURTAIN.

PART TWO.

“PITY THE SAILORS ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS.”

SCENE: *A city street, in one (in front of curtain).*

Enter PETE and SKEET, in sailor uniforms, singing:

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home
again.

Sailing, sailing, over the bright blue sea;
To see a schooner cross the bar, that is the life for me.

Sailing, sailing, all around the town;
Whenever we try to pick 'em up, they always throw us
down.

Sailing, sailing, we are the gallant crew
A cruising half-seas over on the good ship Fun Revue.
(*Music stops.*)

(*The music is the refrain of “Sailing,” found on page 27 of “The Golden Book of Favorite Songs.”*)

SKEET (*continues to sing, unaccompanied*). Sailing, sailing, over the—

PETE (*interrupting*). Here, what's the matter with you? The song is finished.

SKEET. I know it. I was singing the encore.

PETE. The encore? You should wait for the audience to applaud before you sing an encore.

SKEET. I wasn't taking any chances.

PETE. I suppose you think that's funny?

SKEET. I'd think it was funny if we got an encore, with you singing.

PETE. Never mind my singing.

SKEET. I don't mind it; I'm used to it.

PETE. I've heard enough about that song.

SKEET. I guess the audience has heard about enough of it, too.

PETE. Whoever told you you were an actor?

SKEET. Nobody. I just came out here so you wouldn't get all the blame for the song.

PETE. You're a fine looking sailor, you are!

SKEET. Sh! This is only a disguise! I'm not a sailor.

PETE. Not a sailor?

SKEET. No, indeed.

PETE. What are you—a detective?

SKEET. Sh! I'm a breath detector for the government.

PETE. Do you wear a badge?

SKEET. No; a gas mask.

PETE. How did you get the job?

SKEET. I'm very fond of reading.

PETE. Oh, come off! What has reading got to do with breath detecting?

SKEET. You have to know all the best cellars.

PETE. Did you get the appointment through the civil service?

SKEET. No; it was a different law that got me the job.

PETE. What law was that?

SKEET. The law of the survival of the fittest.

PETE. Are there any other requirements?

SKEET. You have to have a musical education.

PETE. Do you expect me to believe that?

SKEET. Sure. A breath detector has to recognize the songs of all the different nations.

PETE. What's the idea?

SKEET. Well, there's the national air of Italy, for example.

PETE. The national air of Italy?

SKEET. Sure; garlic.

PETE. You can't arrest a person for eating garlic.

SKEET. I can if I detect it on their breath.

PETE. Why, nobody can eat garlic and conceal it.

SKEET. Oh, yes, they can.

PETE. How can they?

SKEET. Eat at the —— (*local hotel or restaurant*) and I'll never detect it on your breath.

PETE. How come?

SKEET. They charge you so much it'll take your breath away.

PETE. What would you do if you found I had been drinking?

SKEET. I'd be sorry I hadn't met you sooner.

PETE. You don't mean to say you ever drink anything?

SKEET. Yep; anything.

PETE. I never drink anything stronger than coffee.

SKEET. Oh, I can't touch that stuff. I have a brother who is a confirmed coffee drinker, and he hasn't slept a night for nearly four years.

PETE. He hasn't! How does he stand it?

SKEET. He's a night watchman and sleeps in the daytime.

PETE. Not so bad. But I want to ask you a question.

SKEET. Go ahead and ask it.

PETE. Doesn't your job give you a lot of queer experiences?

SKEET. I'll say it does. Listen. Last week I pinched a guy with a quart bottle on his hip.

PETE. A quart bottle.

SKEET. I asked him what it was. He said it was Scotch whisky.

PETE. Was it real Scotch?

SKEET. Was it Scotch? One drink and I started to sing "The Campbells are Coming." Another drink, and I started counting the camels.

PETE. Don't you know the camel is the symbol of prohibition?

SKEET. "Simple" is right.

PETE. I didn't say "simple"; I said "symbol." A camel will go nine days without a drink.

SKEET. Of course it will. And don't you know the camel is the most unintelligent animal that ever came out of the ark?

PETE. What makes you think so?

SKEET. The camel is the only animal in a circus menagerie that nobody has ever been able to teach to do tricks.

PETE. Not so good. But now that you're back in town, aren't you going to come back to my wife's boarding house?

SKEET. Your wife's boarding house?

PETE. Why, yes. Don't you remember when you used to board at our house?

SKEET. Don't I? I wish I could forget it. Your wife was a nice woman, but she ran the worst boarding house I ever saw.

PETE. Well, I like that!

SKEET. Well, I didn't like it.

PETE. Then why didn't you leave?

SKEET. Leave? Say, I got so weak I couldn't leave.

PETE. The idea!

SKEET. I got so thin I had to wear a pad under my suspenders to keep my shoulder blades from cutting them in two.

PETE. Impossible.

SKEET. Yes, the place was impossible. When dinner was ready the cook used to wring a towel instead of a bell.

PETE. You're making light of my wife's cooking.

SKEET. Your wife's cooking was so light I couldn't keep it down. But that wasn't all. I didn't mind getting hash every day, but when she put prunes in it on Sunday and called it plum pudding, that was going too far.

PETE. There's one thing my wife prides herself on, and that's her coffee.

SKEET. Her coffee? Say, her coffee was so weak she had to give it a tonic to make it come to the table. But the butter was strong enough.

PETE. I want you to understand that my wife has good butter!

SKEET. Maybe. But she keeps it from the boarders. And those pies! They were awful!

PETE. Maybe you don't know that my wife was making pies when she was a little girl.

SKEET. I guess those were the pies we got hold of.

PETE. I've heard enough of my wife's boarding house. Do you understand?

SKEET. I've had enough of it, too. We will now render

that popular ballad entitled, "I never knew what love could do, till you sued me for breach-of-promise."

Song by PETE and SKEET, "Soon I'll be the Czar of Zanzibar," and quick exit.

PART THREE.

"RHYTHM À LA MODE."

Curtain which served as back drop for Part II rises and reveals a palace interior or woodland exterior, full stage.

There is no dialogue in Part III, this act consisting of a program of dancing and vocal and instrumental music, the details of which are optional. See introductory notes.

The curtain which falls at the conclusion of Part III is hung "in one," so that when it descends it leaves the narrow strip of stage by the footlights ready for the presentation of—

PART FOUR.

"SOME SHEET MUSIC COVERS."

The curtain against which this scene is given should be, if possible, a plush drop, hanging in loose folds, and with a division at the center through which the characters come and go. These directions assume that such a drop is used, through a street or conservatory or ballroom drop, or any other curtain "in one" may be used, the players making entrances and exits either at right or left as convenient.

The act opens with lights up full. Music: A chord. THE MAN enters through opening in curtain and recites this prologue:

THE MAN. Now, friends and music lovers,
 We'll bring in quick review
 Some living music covers
 For the songs we sing to you.

And this will also introduce
 Some members of our show.

They'll hold the stage a moment,
And then away they'll go.

You'll soon forget our faces and
You'll soon forget our play;
But when the show is over, and
You all have gone away,

If the mem'ry of this nonsense
Brings back a smile or two,
We'll know we've entertained you
With our home-made Fun Revue.

(While reciting the prologue he moves casually to the left, well away from the center, and as he finishes, the stage is darkened, spot light is thrown on center, music starts, and—)

MARY enters through the curtain, into the spot. She takes an attractive picture pose, which she holds for a moment, while the orchestra completes the introduction.

(He sings the chorus of "Mary" once through, she meanwhile executing a few dainty little dance steps, and timing this so that she gets back to center, ready for quick exit, just before the finish. For finish she resumes original pose, which she holds a moment, while orchestra holds final note of chorus. Then she exits quickly through curtain. Lights up.)

THE MAN (*recites*).

I know you like Mary, for she is the kind
Who can put your head in a whirl.

I have sung you the song of an old-fashioned name;
Now I'll show you an old-fashioned girl.

(He steps aside and points toward center, stage is darkened, pink spot is thrown on center, and orchestra plays chord as before.)

ANNIE enters through curtain into spot, holds old-fashioned pose for a moment, then he steps forward gallantly and takes the tip of her hand and escorts her to footlights.

(They waltz to the chorus of "Little Annie Rooney," while he sings the words. They should do the straight old-fashioned waltz, with no fancy or modern steps; their positions may be somewhat stiff, to get a slightly humorous effect, but the dance should not be burlesqued. He brings her back to center at finish, where he releases her hand and steps away, and she takes her first pose, smiling demurely at him, while orchestra holds final note. She exits quickly through curtain. Lights up.)

THE MAN *(recites)*.

We're all fond of Annie, the old-fashioned girl,
With manner demure and sedate.
But now, by your leave, we will bring into view
A type that is more up to date.

(Lights, introductory music and business as before.)

PEGGY *enters through curtain into white spot, and holds pose.*

(He sings the chorus while she executes a dance, which should be more pretentious than that of MARY. She poses and exits in same manner as the others. Lights up.)

THE MAN *(recites)*.

The modern girl is full of pep;
She's always sure to please.
We've seen the kind we have at home,
Now let's look overseas.

(Music and business. Dim orange stage lights; white spot.)

CHERIE *enters through curtain into white spot, and poses. He then advances briskly to her and they do a spectacular fox trot together, while he sings the chorus. He steps aside as she poses and exits at close of song.*

THE MAN *(recites)*.

They're lovely and charming, though some may be vain,
Those mademoiselles from dear France.
But if you will come with me down into Spain
I'll show you the kind that can dance.

(Music and business. Dim red stage lights; white spot.)

CARMEN enters through curtain into white spot, and poses. She then executes a characteristic Spanish dance, with castanets or tambourine, while he sings the chorus of "Carmen, She Was Absolutely Charmin'." He steps aside and she poses and exits at finish.

THE MAN (*recites*).

We haven't time for May or Flo
Or Genevieve or Trixy,
But no revue would be complete
Without a girl from Dixie.

(*Music and business. Red, white and blue stage lights, dim; white spot.*)

VIRGINIA enters through curtain into white spot, and poses. While he sings the chorus of "Virginia Lee," she dances the schottische. On the last line of the chorus he takes center, holds out his hands to her and she comes to him, shyly and smilingly, and places her hands in his. Together they pose the final picture, and both exeunt quickly through curtain. Lights all up.

(*For encore: Music, one chorus of "Virginia Lee."* Lights all up. THE MAN enters through center of curtain, singing chorus. MARY, singing, follows him in. He takes her hand as she comes through, and gracefully directs her to go right. ANNIE, singing, enters in the same way, and he escorts her toward the left. Then comes PEGGY, whom he guides farther right than MARY; then CHERIE, farther left than ANNIE, CARMEN, to extreme right, and VIRGINIA, to extreme left. Each girl joins in singing as she enters. When VIRGINIA comes on he accompanies her to extreme left, and all exit, in closely formed line, right, CARMEN first and THE MAN last. This must be timed so that entrances will be equally spaced, and exit is finished just as chorus ends, and the curtain is raised to reveal—)

PART FIVE

THE BOOTLEGGER'S BRIDE

SCENE: *Drawing room or ball room, full stage. Large arched entrance center, and doors right and left. A piano down extreme left. A small table down extreme right. A few chairs, and decorations ad lib. The stage should be as clear as possible to allow for freedom of action, with just enough furniture and decorations to make it appear properly dressed.*

LIGHTS. *Up full.*

MUSIC. *Soft, dreamy waltz for rise.*

The curtain against which Part IV was given is raised, or drawn apart, revealing MARIE flitting daintily about, waltzing to the music and dusting the furniture with a feather duster. After a moment MOSE enters deliberately, from right. He is eating from a dish of ice cream which he has in his hand, and this takes his entire attention.

MARIE (*noticing him*). Oo, la-la! (*Music stops.*) Is ze big black man preepared for ze wedding?

MOSE. Lady, Ah is a butler what has butted fo' de best famblies, an' mah middle cognomen is preeparedness. Ah is preepared fo' anything. (*Eats.*)

MARIE. But eez eet not sad? For Mees Polly to wed ze homely Meestair Cashbonds, when her heart eet break for love wiz handsome Meestair Hallroom?

MOSE. Mam'selle, mah job am to buttle wid neatness an' dispatch, not to interrogate into de whichness of de what. (*Eats.*)

MARIE. But ees not love wondairful, and marriage a tragedy?

MOSE. Gal, you said consid'able. Ah been married mah-self, an' believe me, too much is plenty. (*Eats.*)

MARIE. Men! Black an' white, zey all ze same. Always zey sink of nossing but ze stomach! (*Pettishly.*) *Pourquois* you no bring me ze *glace*, *aussi*?

MOSE. Poorqaw Ah don't fetch you no grub? (*Eats.*) Well, Ah ain't got enough to pass around, so Ah guess Ah'll keep it all fo' mahself. (*Music, introduction.*) (MOSE puts dish on table and advances to footlights.)

MARIE (*scornfully*). Poo-poo for you! (*Shrugs, and exits right.*)

Solo by MOSE: "I Ain't Got Enough to Pass Around."

After song there is a loud knocking off center, and MARIE enters from right.

MARIE (*to MOSE*). Somebody ees knocking. Do you not hear?

MOSE. Ah never was to a weddin' in mah life where Ah didn't hear a lot of knockin'. (*Exits through center door to admit guests. MARIE takes dish from table and exits right.*)

Music, the chorus of any lively fox trot. DOLLY and WILL, MOLLY and TOM, MAY and DICK, FAY and JIM, followed by other GUESTS, enter in couples, through center door, dancing in ballroom style. They enter as rapidly as possible, each couple continuing dancing until all are on stage. Repeat chorus as often as necessary, but twice through should be enough to bring them all on. Music stops at end of chorus after all are on.

WILL. Well, here we are, all ready for the wedding!

DOLLY. Yes, and I'm just dying to see the bride.

MOLLY. Oh, isn't it simply wonderful to be a bride!

MAY. But I don't think Polly really loves Mr. Cashbonds.

FAY. Of course not, silly. How could anyone love *him*? He's perfectly awful!

TOM. Then why is she marrying him?

MOLLY. Why he's fabulously rich. Don't you know that?

TOM. Since when?

MOLLY. Just lately.

TOM. How did he get rich so quick?

MOLLY (*mysteriously, putting finger to lips*). S-s-h! (*All lean forward eagerly.*) They call her the bootlegger's bride!

(The other girls exclaim, "Oh, isn't that awful!" "How perfectly terrible!" "Horrible!" etc.)

DICK. I always thought that Harry Hallroom was the man she really loved.

MAY. That's right. They're perfectly crazy about each other.

DICK. Poor Harry. Well, I guess it can't be helped. How about having a little serenade for the bride, while we're waiting?

Song by QUARTET: "Croonin' Neath the Cotton-Pickin' Moon."

(During the specialty, the guests are grouped informally about the room, with interest centered on the quartet singers, who are at the piano; at finish—)

CASHBONDS *enters pompously through center door. All are polite but chilly to him.*

CASHBONDS. Well, folks, I see you're all here, waitin' for the weddin'. Howdy do, everybody?

ALL *(distantly)*. Good evening, Mr. Cashbonds.

CASHBONDS. Where's the bride?

DOLLY. The bride doesn't generally appear before the wedding, Mr. Cashbonds.

CASHBONDS. Oh, she don't, hey? Well, she ought to. Ain't every girl that gets the honor of being the bride of Cuthbert Cashbonds.

MOLLY *(aside)*. Isn't he terrible! *(Other girls nod assent.)*

CASHBONDS. I s'pose she's nervous. Just like a woman. Weddin's don't excite me; not even my own. *(As he starts this speech he comes down to footlights and delivers it in regular monologue style. The guests, in couples, gradually wander off the stage, using all three exits.)* I was to a weddin' the other night. Friend of mine gettin' married. It was his second offense. He lost his first wife—in a crowd. He never went back to look for her. The bride had been married before, too. Three times; once for love an' twice for general housework. It was a big party. I

mean the bride was a big party. She weighed two hundred and ninety-six pounds; four pounds less than a horse. I was the best man. They wanted to have me give the bride away. I refused. Of course, I *could* have given her away; but I kept my mouth shut. It's only rich guys like me that can get married nowadays. It's pretty tough to have to pay forty cents for a pound of steak. And if you pay twenty, it's tougher yet. And the houses they build nowadays ain't no good. They built an apartment house over in — (nearby town) that was such a bum piece of work that the tenants wouldn't pay their rent. The building settled, but nobody else would. The plaster all fell off the ceilings. The only thing that stayed up was the rent. (*Looks around.*) Well, if they ain't all went and left me! I'll look around and see if I can't sell somebody a quart. (*Exit left.*)

Bell rings off center. MARIE enters right and crosses to center door, where she meets HARRY.

MARIE. Meestair Harry Hallroom! Why do you come here now?

HARRY. I want to see Miss Polly, Marie. Tell her I have come to say goodbye.

MARIE. I do not know eef she can come —

HARRY. Just tell her I'm here. I'll wait.

MARIE. Oui, M'sieur. (*She curtseys and exits center door.*)

(HARRY takes a photograph from his pocket and gazes at it, then half-sits on edge of table. Stage dark; white spot on HARRY.)

Solo by HARRY: "The Sunbeam and the Moonbeam."

(*He sings the first verse and chorus. The chorus is repeated, HARRY remaining silent, and POLLY singing off stage. Her voice grows louder as she approaches, and she enters through center door as she sings the words, "And love was born that Sunday morn."* HARRY listens in rapt attention when he hears her sing. He approaches door, the spot following him so that it is full on door, with HARRY at the

side, as POLLY enters. They sing the second verse in dialogue form, he taking the first and third lines, and she the second and fourth. They sing the chorus together, either in harmony or unison. They should keep close together, to remain in spotlight. Both remain on stage at finish. Stage lights up full.)

POLLY. Why did you come here? It only means unhappiness for both of us.

HARRY. Didn't you want to even say goodbye?

POLLY. My heart is broken!

HARRY. It is not too late! Polly, how can you scorn my poor but honest love for the wealth of Cuthbert Cashbonds, the bootlegger?

(Music, very softly, "Soldier's Farewell" or "How Can I Leave Thee?")

POLLY. It is my parents' wish. You know I must wed him to save my father from ruin.

HARRY. Then I have no chance? You no longer love me?

POLLY *(sadly)*. I love you with all my heart. But there's not a chance.

HARRY *(brokenly)*. Then—goodbye, forever! *(He kisses her hand, bowing low, and exits mournfully, center door. She dabs her handkerchief to her eyes. This scene is to be worked for comedy, but play it melodramatically, with intense seriousness.)*

POLLY *(alone)*. Oh, dear me! *(Wistfully.)* This being a bootlegger's bride isn't what it's cracked up to be. *(Exits right. Music stops.)*

Enter QUARTET from left.

(Note that most of the dialog from here on is in ragtime verse. The lines should be spoken with very marked rhythm, except the prose passages.)

WILL. We're waiting for the wedding.

TOM. The time is very near.

DICK. I haven't seen the parson.

JIM. I wonder if he's here?

During these speeches DOLLY, MOLLY, MAY and FAY enter from the left.

DOLLY. I saw the bride a while ago,

MOLLY. And goodness, how she cried.

MAY. I hardly think she wants to be
A bootlegger's bride.

FAY. A bootlegger's bride?

WILL. You say she really cried?

TOM. It is a shame she has to be
A bootlegger's bride.

(Music, "Just Before the Battle, Mother," loud and fast.)

PREACHER *enters at center.*

PREACHER *(shouts).*

The ceremony now will start,
So cease your silly prattle!

DOLLY *(shouts).*

What is the music that I hear?

WILL. It's "Just Before the Battle."

PREACHER *(shouts to orchestra).*

That song is wholly out of place;
Are you a lot of cattle?

We want to hear the wedding march,
Not "Just Before the Battle."

Music changes to Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Lights half down. POLLY and CASHBONDS enter through center door, with wedding party. PREACHER stands down stage, slightly right of center, facing half-left. POLLY and CASHBONDS come down to him, standing slightly left of center and facing half-right. POLLY is at CASHBOND'S left, thus being nearer the audience. Wedding party take appropriate positions, the whole group balancing down center, and all persons partly facing audience. As principals enter center, chorus enters right and left and occupies sides and back of stage. Music stops. Lights up full.

PREACHER. O friends and feller citizens,

The show will now begin.

If anybody starts a fuss,

You musn't let him in.

WILL. We musn't let him in?

PREACHER. You musn't let him in.

POLLY. Oh, dear, I feel so nervous.

CASHBONDS. I need a drink of gin!

PREACHER. Has anybody any kick
Before the knot is tied?

CASHBONDS. Of course they ain't, so hurry up
And hitch me to the bride.

Loud crash off stage. Music, soft agitato. Wedding party separates, leaving center clear. All look in terror toward center door. HARRY enters dramatically.

HARRY. Let me in! I will see her, I tell you! No power on earth can tear her from me. (*Comes down and faces POLLY.*) Ah, there you are, perfidious one! I meet you face to face!

CASHBONDS. What does this mean?

HARRY. It means that the wedding cannot go on! You are the man who would blight my life, who ruined my career, who would steal the heart of the girl I love! But she shall never become the bride of another! (*Music stops.*)

CASHBONDS. I think the man is crazy!
Let's send for the police!

HARRY. You call me crazy, do you?

PREACHER. Yes, let this nonsense cease!

(Plaintive music.)

HARRY. Ah, no one believes me! You think I'm a raving maniac. Well, maybe I am. If so, there (*points to POLLY*) stands the woman who robbed me of my reason! Once we were happy—very happy. All was happiness and sunshine, and she was contented with my poor but honest love. And then—then this man (*points to CASHBONDS*) came between us! She was dazzled by his wealth. What chance had a penniless bricklayer against the blandishments of the leading bootlegger in ——— (*local*) County? He showered her with diamonds—automobiles—all that wealth could buy. And she got too classy to go out with me in my sec-

ond-hand flivver. (*To POLLY.*) Well, what are you going to do about it? (*Music stops.*)

POLLY. I've made a terrible mistake
For I have been misled.

You'd better beat it, Cuthbert (*to CASHBONDS*),
For here's the man I'll wed! (*Points to HARRY.*)

CASHBONDS. I guess I've lost the race.

HARRY. And I will take your place.

CASHBONDS. Well, I can lose a fight and keep
A smile upon my face. (*Joins GUESTS.*)

(*Wedding party has re-formed, with POLLY and HARRY.*)

PREACHER. As I was just about to say,
When all the row began,
Will you (*to POLLY*) accept the ownership
Of this, your lovin' man?

POLLY. Yes; he is simply grand! (*Looks languishingly at HARRY.*)

PREACHER. Then take him by the hand.

POLLY. I never cared for Cuthbert.

HARRY. I'm glad that he got canned.

PREACHER. Now, Harry, will you cherish
Little Polly all your life?

HARRY. You bet I will!

PREACHER. The knot is tied.
You now are man and wife!

Finalé by PRINCIPALS and FULL CHORUS: "Good-Bye, Everybody."

ALL (*sing*).

Good-bye, everybody, we will see you soon;
Lots of fun to shine beneath the old stage moon.
Here's our hand—You've been grand—
We'd like to entertain you morning, night and noon;
Maybe some day some of you will be up here,
With some of us down there applauding, too;
If such a thing comes true,
We'll show you what we can do;—
We hope we've entertained you with our Fun Revue.

CURTAIN.



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