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"RED, HOT AND BLUE!"

A Musical Comedy

By

HOWARD LINDSAY
and
RUSSELL CROUSE

Words and Music

By

COLE PORTER

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Please return to Rm. 3124
1285 Ave. of the Americas
New York, NY 10019
"RED, HOT AND BLUE!"

ACT ONE
CAST
(In order of their appearance)

REPORTEEEES Played by

DEPUTY WARDEN MULLIGAN
WARDEN OF LARKS WEST PRISON
"RAILS" O'REILLY DUQUESNE
"POLICE" PINKLE
ANN HESTCOTT
GRACE
LUCILLE
CECILE
KAY
IRENE
"FINGERS"
BOB HAILE
SONNY HADDIE
PACHES LA FLANOR
"RATPACK" DUGAN
"SURE-THING" SIMPSON
"FLAP-EARS" METELLER
"LOUIE THE LOUSE"
WRS. PADDY
TINY
LOUELLA
SENATOR MUSKOVITCH
SENATOR MALVINSKY
SENATOR O'SHAUGHNESSY
SENATOR DEL GRASSO
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
FIRST MARINE
SECOND MARINE
DECORATOR

Geoffrey Errett
Earl Holy
Bill Houston
Norman Lind
Vivian Vance
Betty Allen
Lew Parker
Forrest Orr
Ethel Merman
Jimmy Durante
Dorothy Vernon
Grace Hartman
Lucille Johnson
Cecile Carey
Kay Fiscut
Ethelyne Holt
Paul Hartman
Bob Hope
Thurston Crane
Polly Walters
Bill Benna
Prentiss Davis
Leo Schippers
Bernard Wanassen
Mammy Abbott
Anne Wolf
Jeanette Owens
Lew Parker
Robert Leonard
Forrest Orr
Houston Richards
Norman Lind
Frank Archer
Bruce Covert
Houston Richards
SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1. - The Warden's Office at Larks Nest Prison.
Scene 2. - Mrs. Duquesne's Penthouse in New York City.
Scene 3. - A street Corner in Washington, D.C.
Scene 4. - A Committee Room in the Senate.
Scene 5. - Lottery Headquarters.
Scene 6. - Pinkle's Bedroom in the Dolly Madison House.
Scene 7. - Garden of the Dolly Madison House.

ACT II

Scene 1. - A Room in the White House.
Scene 2. - A Courtyard in the Marine Barracks.
Scene 3. - The White House Lawn.
ACT ONE

SCENE I.

The Warden's office in Lark's Nest Prison. It is a somewhat swanky office, with smart modern furniture, white desk and three chairs—upholstery to match desk and only the bars in the windows suggest a prison. On the walls are pictures of the prison baseball and football teams and also a few pictures of famous graduates, pretty tough mugs. Door upper right of center. This is the only entrance to this set.

The overture (one of Cole Porter's best overtures, by the way) dies down and we hear harmonious song before the curtains part. One half refrain of "Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe". Parting, they reveal MARSH, DWIGHT, DEL and RAY, four newspaper reporters, clustered round a desk singing. One has a telephone in his hand.

Nearby is DEPUTY WARDEN MULLIGAN, who seems a little impatient. Also TWO GIRL REPORTERS are on stage, one sitting on desk.

AT YE OLDE COFFEE SHOPPE IN CHEYENNE

REFRAIN:

'Twas at Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe in Cheyenne
Where I first met my sweetheart, Little Man.
I was soaping my stirrup
When she passed the maple syrup
And our wild Western romance began.

Curtain rises

Now she lies in the graveyard down the trail,
Laid away by little me, Windy Dan.
But though she's dead and gone
The maple syrup lingers on
At Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe in Cheyenne, in my Cheyenne.
(At phone)
Jeff
Hello! Give me the city desk .... Hello. City Desk? This is Weston. I'm in the Warden's office at Lark's Nest Prison. Keep the story exclusive! Hell, the place is lousy with reporters! I'll give you a flash as soon as I find out anything.
(He hangs up and the quartet sings part of a chorus with the band which is interrupted on MULLIGAN'S entrance)

Mulligan
What the hell's going on around here? Who gave you boys permission to practice in the Warden's office?

Bill
We sent for them. We've been sitting around here three hours waiting for the warden.

Mulligan
You boys finish your practicing in the gymnasium.

Arnita
This is the dullest prison I've ever seen.
(The band is packing up and leaving)

Jeff
Where is that guy? He's the warden of Lark's Nest prison, isn't he? He's supposed to run it. Isn't he ever here?

Mulligan
You know the Warden's on the air every Wednesday night.

Eleanor
That was last night.

Mulligan
He never comes back to Lark's Nest until the next day.

Arnita
This is the next day.

Mulligan
The Warden had to see his publishers this morning, and after seeing his publishers he had to take a screen test for Darryl Zanuck.

(PLANAGAN enters)

Planagan
Here's the Warden.

Mulligan
Here's the warden now, boys.
(The WARDEN enters)

WARDEN


Boy & Girls

Hello, warden.

JEFF

Say, where the hell have you been? We want to know about that prison break.

WARDEN

Now, now, hold your horses. I know nothing about any prison break. I just got back this minute. And I've had one of the most interesting days --

BILL

Well, find out about it.

ELEANOR

We've got an edition to make.

WARDEN

Well, then you will have to wait until I have an opportunity to investigate. And I promise you my investigation will be --

BILL

Well, when will it be?

WARDEN

Later this afternoon for at this moment I have an appointment with the head of the charity that helps ex-convicts. Mrs. Duquesne is a very old friend of mine and I --

ELEANOR

Wait, O'Reilly Duquesne? She's an old friend of mine. I broke the story when she married old Man Duquesne, the millionaire.

ARNITA

Yeah, but when old man Duquesne died and left her his fortune she gave me the interview. It was a pip, too. Got me a $5 bonus.

WARDEN

Mulligan, tell Mrs. Duquesne I'm ready to see her.

JEFF

I knew her when she was a manicurist at the McAlpin.

WARDEN

Mrs. Duquesne's gone a long way since then. She's doing a wonderful work.
(MULLIGAN enters)

Mulligan

Here's Mrs. Duquesne, Warden.

(WAILS enters)

Wails

Hi, Warden, I'm in again.

Warden

My dear Wails, it gives me great pleasure to -

Wails

Oh, newspaper people. Hello.

Boys & Girls

Hello, Wails.

Jeff

Hello, Wails. I never thought you'd be a philanthropist.

Say, listen. As long as my husband was alive I was true to him.

Arnita

No, he means your charity -- this gag about helping ex-convicts.

Wails

That's no gag. I'm on the level. It's been taken up by the Junior League.

Jeff

Yeah?

Wails

Sure -- they've accepted an invitation to my coming out party.

Bill

Are you giving yourself a coming out party?

Wails

Oh, it ain't for me. That's why I'm here, Warden. I've just been to the parole board. I've got five parolees here and my coming out party is for the five guys who are coming out on parole.

Warden

Well, if I have to lose my boys to anyone I'd rather lose them to you.

(To Reporters)

I've known Mrs. Duquesne a great many years.
(To Nails)
I remember the first time I met you -- you were just a slip of a girl.

Nails
I remember, too -- I brought my father a cake on visiting day.

(To Reporters)
Warden
I liked her from the start.

Nails
You had a funny way of showing it -- you made the matron take the saw out of the cake.

Warden
And I watched her grow and bud until one day I realized she had blossomed into full-flowered womanhood.

Nails
That was the day he tried to search me personally.

Warden
(Embarrassed and changing the subject)
Well, Nails, I'm a busy man. You boys and girls wait for me in the publicity department. I'll be with you in a moment.

(The REPORTERS start out)

Jeff
You'd better dig up the dope on that prison break.

Warden
And if it turns out there's nothing in that, I can give you a very strong statement against capital punishment.

Bill
That's capital.

Eleanor
You mean that's punishment.

Arnita
So long, Nails, see you in the funny papers.

Nails
That's O.K. if you spell my name right.

(The REPORTERS exit)
Warden

How Nails, what can I do for you?

Nails

Well, Warden, I'm trying to get some money for my charity. I want five fellows that are good at raising money -- the best you've got in the place.

Warden

Well, I have one man here who raised a check from $500 to $50,000.

Nails

He had big ideas.

Warden

He started in a small way, raising checks from $10 to $100 and he was so successful ---

Nails

I see. He forged right ahead. Well, that's not the way we want to raise money -- my lawyer's got a scheme that's legal but he says we ought to have somebody who knows the policy racket.

Warden

Policy Racket? The one you need is Policy Pickle.

Nails

Let me have a look at him.

(Picking up phone)

Warden

Let me talk to No. 924.

(Pause)

We have the best men in every field here. Ah, Pickle, well I'm glad I caught you. I want you to come up to the office a minute.

(Pause)

Well, I'd appreciate it very much. I'm sure they'll wait for you. Good -- that's fine.

(He hangs up and turns to Nails)

Nails

I was fortunate to catch him. He was just leaving.

Warden

Leaving?

Nails

You know you're too laxative with these boys, Warden.
Warden
Oh no -- I am merely trying to rehabilitate these men -- to
refit them for their place in society.

Nails
I wouldn't encourage them that way, Warden. From what I've
seen of society I'd rather be in jail.

(MULLIGAN enters)

Mulligan
Did you send for 524?

Warden
Yes, send him right in.

Mulligan
All right -- the Warden's waiting for you.

(POLICY PINKLE enters. He is dressed in
complete polo outfit of prison stripes,
with puttees, spurs and solar topee and
is carrying a polo mallet)

Pinkle
Hi, Warden. We're going to kill those guys today.
(brandishes mallet)
Feel that mallet. It's loaded with lead. Am I anticipating.
Am I anticipating? Make it snappy, Warden, I've got a date
with a horse.

Warden
Pinkle, I want you to give a few moments to a friend of mine.

Pinkle
And for that you're delaying the battle of the century! Down
on that field they're waiting for me -- my brave men and the
enemy, Danemore. The horses are champing at the bit. The
crowd is ready to send up its sheers. The world waits for
the result. And you ask me to talk to a friend of yours.
It's fantastic -- that's what it is -- fantastic.
(He starts out, sees Nails and turns)
Who's the dame?

Warden
This is the lady I wanted you to meet. Nails, this is Policy
Pinkle, the captain of our polo team. He's a ten goal man.

Nails
You mean he's been knocked for a goal ten times?

Pinkle
A punster. Telling me a pun. Be a punster of punsters.
Warden, go out and tell my horse I'll be a little late.
Pinkle (Cont’d.)

And don’t take may for an answer. I’ll pun you right off your feet, lady.

Warden

I’ll leave you with Mrs. Duquesne. She’s the lady who helps the boys when they get out of prison.

(WARDEN exits)

Pinkle

So you’re Mrs. Duquesne. Am I disillusioned — I thought you were an old lady with a beard.

Nails

Mr. Pinkle, they tell me you’re a good man at raising money.

Pinkle

Well — I don’t want to brag — but I got ten years and if they’d been any justice I’d a got life.

Nails

You and I are going to raise a lot of money together — my lawyer’s got a wonderful scheme.

Pinkle

If a lawyer thought of it, it’s no good, lady. You know what Aristotle says about the legal mind?

Nails

No.

Pinkle

That makes us even.

Nails

I don’t care what your friend says about lawyers — this one of mine is good. I’m nuts about him.

Pinkle

But is he nuts about you?

Nails

That’s how good he is — I don’t know.

Pinkle

You tell me about this scheme of his and I’ll tell you how good he is.

Nails

You’ll hear all about it tomorrow night. I’m giving a big party for you at my house in New York.
Pinkle
In New York? Listen, lady, they got strict rules here.
If you're not in bed by twelve o'clock when they turn out
the lights you're an old maid.

Nails
When you start with me you'll never see this place again.

Pinkle
You mean I've got to leave here.

Nails
Yeah, I've got it all fixed with the parole board.

Pinkle
Lady, I don't care if you've got it fixed with the Supreme
Court, six to three, maybe eight to one, Brandeis don't like
me.

Nails
But there's millions in it.

Pinkle
I can't leave the polo team until I get my letter.

Nails
Well, if you're expecting a letter you can leave a forwarding
address.

Pinkle
Oh, so you want to bandy words with me. Lady, this is no
time for bandages. My team depends on me.

Nails
I've got five paroles. Bring 'em along.

Pinkle
That gives me pause, lady. I would like to play Meadowbrook
and they won't come here for a game. If there's anything I
hate it's snobbery.

Nails
I want you to talk to my lawyer. I'll get him on the phone.
(She picks up telephone)
Hello. Get me Mr. Robert Hale in New York. Algonquin 4-8065.

Pinkle
It's no good, lady, I couldn't leave here. I couldn't give
all this up. It's my life. I love every minute of it.
The cheery good morning to the keepers when he wakes you.
The bright, silent faces at the breakfast table. Passing
notes to each other at Chapel. Our little chats in the
exercise yard. The hours well-spent on the rockpile. Oh,
the satisfaction of making little ones out of big ones.
Pinkle (cont'd.)
C'mon four o'clock and we're free for our games and our
romps. After the pleasures of the day a quiet evening in a
coccy cell with a good book. Good night. Lights out. And
the turn of the key in the lock. That's what you're asking
me to give up.

Nails
Gee, I didn't know you boys liked it so well in the big house.

Pinkle
The big house. That I should stay in the same room with any-
one who calls this the big house. This is the big home,
lady --- the big home.
(He exits. The telephone rings)

(WAILS goes to answer it when the low
wall of the prison siren starts and in-
creases to crescendo. The WARDEN rushes
on, excitedly. He rushes to the phone
and picks up the receiver)

Warden
What is it?

(REPORTERS and MULLIGAN rush on. The
siren sounds again)

Mulligan
It's another break, warden.

REPORTERS
Do you have one of these every day?
What kind of a place is this?
This is one you can't deny.

Warden
Go after them, man, go after them.

(PLANAGAN enters dragging in PINKLE)

Planagan
We've got them, warden. We found ten men hiding in cell 924.

Warden
That's your cell, Pinkle.

Planagan
He's the ring leader. He engineered the whole thing.

Warden
Pinkle, you're through -- you're off the team.
But, Warden, listen -- Pinkle

You're out of jail -- Warden

But let me tell you -- Pinkle

You're paroled. Warden

It's capricious -- that's what it is -- it's capricious. Pinkle

Nails

Did you help those ten men break out of here?

Pinkle

Hell, no. Who'd want to break out of here. I helped those guys break in.

BLACKOUT
(After Blackout on Warden’s Office. DANCERS enter in i from S.I. SHOW GIRLS from S.R. and sing “It’s a Great Life” – on Cue 4. Singing Girls enter thru Curtain C – and sing “Perennial Debutantes”)

IT’S A GREAT LIFE

Dancers

It's a great life, if you don't weaken,
Being a maiden in society today,
But unless you know the proper way to play
You're always in danger
Of meeting a stranger
In the hay.
It's a grand game, if you're just seekin'
Simple diversion in this age of trouble and strife,
And if you keep the limbs and nether
Fairly close together,
It's a damn swell
Racket for raising hell
Well, it's a damn swell life.

PERENNIAL DEBUTANTES

Wallace Sisters,
Singers and
Show Girls

Perennial Debutantes, we come out ev’ry season,
Perennial Debutantes, for a very simple reason, –
The year when first
As buds we burst
We met so many nice men,
We decided there and then
To come out ev’ry Autumn all over again.
It’s a pretty hard life we lead
What with all this heavy drinking,
But the terrible rate of speed
At least keeps a girl from thinking.
So if some day
You become passé
And the boys won’t
Ahak you to dehnde
Better start an intrigue
To join the Big League
Of Perennial Debutantes,
Of Perennial Debutantes.
(At finish of Number ALL exit up stage into Penthouse. DANCERS exit slowly out on terrace. SHOW GIRLS and SINGERS remain on for dialogue and Number: "Ours")
Vivian
Anne, you're the best President the Junior League ever had.

Sonny
She's the best of everything. Anne's the greatest girl in the whole wide -----

Anne
Sonny!
(She pulls him away down stage)

Vivian
Girls, let's go right to work.

Girls
Work?

Vivian
We've got something to talk about!
(they huddle into groups and gossip)

Sonny
Do you think they noticed anything?

Anne
Oh, Sonny, why not keep our love to ourselves. Let's keep it new and fresh.

Sonny
Then let's get away from people - away from New York.

Anne
Yes, dear, that will do it.
(Into Number:

OURS
Anne, Sonny
and Girls

VERSE:
He

The high gods above,
Look down and laugh at our love
And say to themselves "How tawdry it's grown"
They've seen our ears,
In front of so many bars
When we should be under the stars,
Together, but alone.
Cure is the chance to make romance our own.
OURS, (Cont'd.)

1st Refrain:

Ours, the white Riviera, under the moon
Ours, a gondola gliding on a lagoon.
Ours, a temple serene by the green Arabian Sea.
Or, maybe you'd rather be going ga-ga in gay Paree.
Ours, the silent Sierras greeting the dawn,
Or a sun-spotted Devonshire lawn dotted with flow'rs.
Mine, the inclination,
Yours the inspiration,
Why don't we take a vacation
And make it all ours.

2nd Refrain:

Ours, the glitter of Broadway, Saturday night,
Ours, a box at the Garden, watching a fight.
Ours, the mad brouhaha of the Plaza's Persian Room.
Or, if this fills you with gloom
We can go and admire Grant's tomb.
Ours, a home on the river facing the East,
Or on one of Park Avenue's least frightening tow'rs.
All the chat you're chattin'
Sounds to me like Latin,
Why don't we stay in Manhattan
And play it's all ours.

(All exit at finish)

(After Number enter GRACE)

Vivian
Hello, Grace. You're late. Where have you been?

Grace
Have I missed anything?

Cecil
The Guests of Honor haven't arrived yet.

(Enter SONNY and ANNIE)

Vivian
I won't be happy unless I meet a murderer.

Betty
A burglar would satisfy me.

Vivian
When are we going to meet these jailbirds?
Anne
You've been meeting them all evening. All her servants are ex-convicts.

(Enter FINGERS)

Sonny
I beg your pardon -- you're the new butler, aren't you?

Yes, buddy.

Fingers

Anne
Does Mrs. Duquesne know we're here?

Fingers

Yes, girlie -- the boss will show up in a minute.

Vivian
I can hardly wait for those men to get here.

Fingers
This is all right with me. I like the dames. Hello, Toots! -- Can I have the next dance?

Grace
But there isn't any dancing.

Fingers
If you change your mind, I'm in my pantry.

(Exits)

Vivian
I wouldn't have missed this party for anything.

Betty
I wish father would get us a butler like that.

Kay
Me, too. It might keep mother home nights.

(They form in a group. SONNY and ANNE have gone up stage into another group. FINGERS enters)

Pingers

Mr. Robert Hale.

(BOB enters and greets everyone. No one pays any attention to him)

Bob

(Finally turns to Fingers)

My name is Hale.
My name is Fingers.

Bob

Well, I'm mighty pleased to know you.

Fingers

It's nice knowing you, too. You're Bob Hale, aren't you? I've heard the Boss speak about you, Bob.

Bob

Oh, yes, Mrs. Daquesne -- a lovely woman, too.

Fingers

Yes, she got me out of jail.

Bob

Really, what's your racket?

Fingers

I'm a pick pocket by trade.

Bob

Well, we're practically in the same profession.

Fingers

Why? Are you a pick pocket?

Bob

No. I'm a lawyer. Say, how do you go about that pick pocketing. Do you have to go to school or do you just pick it up.

Fingers

Well, I started by standing on a corner one day. All at once a guy has his pocket in my hand.

Bob

Yeah it's funny the way those pockets keep sneaking up on you.

(GIRLS laugh)

I think they're coming to.

(He turns to Fingers, whispers in his ear and exits)

Fingers

Mr. Robert Taylor.

(BOB re-enters. The GIRLS turn and make a dash for him. BOB snubs them and turns to Fingers)
Bob

Yes, sir, you just keep dipping around - you'll come up with something one of these days.

Vivian

Mr. Hale, since when has it been au fait to chat with butlers?

Fingers

Lady I wasn't always a butler. This is just as tough on me as it is on you.

(FINGERS draws himself up and stalks out)

Bob

Vivian, that man was once the best pickpocket in New York. You've hurt him. Under that humble cloak beats a heart of gold and my watch.

Vivian

Did he steal your watch?

Third Girl

My necklace!

(She runs off after FINGERS)

Fourth Girl

My ring!

(She runs off, too)

Vivian

My bracelet!

(She and the other GIRLS, except GRACE, runs off)

Grace

My goodness!

Bob

You didn't lose that here!

(Grace exits)

(SONNY and ANNE come down to Bob)

Sonny & Anne

Hello, Bob.

Bob

Hello, Anne. Hello, Sonny.

Sonny

We can tell Bob our news, can't we?

Anne

Sonny, we promised not to tell a soul.
Bob's not a soul.

Sonny

Just a heel.

Bob

Sonny

Anne and I are desperately in love. We're going to be married.

Bob

Married? You must be desperate. Where's it going to be?

Anne

We don't even know ourselves. We'll just sneak away and be married quietly in the country.

Bob

Oh, that sounds fine. You can be married in the country, and then on your honeymoon you can go to town.

Sonny

It's going to be an elopement. Can you imagine? A moonlight night. A ladder against her window. She climbs down in the moonlight. And there I am at the foot of the ladder looking up into her eager, expectant face.

Bob

Yes -- if she comes down head first.

(SONNY and ANNE exit)

(FINGERS enters)

Peaches! Peaches!

Fingers

(Off stage)

Peaches

What do you want?

(Peaches enters)

Say, who are all these dames? What kind of a house is this! I gotta be careful. I'm out on parole.

Fingers

Don't let 'em worry you. They're society dames.

Peaches

Well they look like the night shift to me.

Fingers

Go tell the boss her boy friend's here.
Peaches

Oh, is Bob here?
(Sees Bob)
Yoo-hoo Bob. I got something for you.

Bob

(To Girls off stage)
My laundry's back.
What?

(Peaches walks to Bob, grabs him in a deathlike grip, kisses him vehemently -- with Bob all the time fighting her off desperately. He finally breaks from her)

I knew you'd get to like me.

Peaches

Bob

Peaches don't do that. You ought to be able to resist me.

Peaches

After all, Bob, I'm only human.

Bob

Who told you that?

Peaches

Bob, we're alone now - you know two is company.

Bob

Yes, and three is the result. And if you make any more passes at me you know what I'm going to do. I'm going to turn you over by my knee and spank you.

Peaches

O.K. How about tonight?

(Pingers enters)

Bob

Go tell Mrs. Duquesne I'm here.

Peaches

Yoo-hoo -- Nails -- Bob's here.

(Nails enters)

Peaches

Nails, don't you know better than to yell for me?

Well, you yell for me.
Nails
That's different. I'm supposed to yell for you.

Fingers
I don't think either one of you should yell at each other.
It shows lousy breeding.
(Exits)

Nails
Is that so? --- Breeding isn't everything.

Bob
No, but it's a lot of fun.

Nails
Now Peaches, you watch the door for a few minutes.

Peaches
I ain't supposed to watch the door, that's his job.

Bob
Now Peaches -- go watch the door.

Peaches
O.K. I'd do anything for you, Bob.
(Exits)

Nails
That's why I'm against prisons. They're a bad influence.
I have a hell of a time teaching these people manners.

Bob
Well, these ex-convicts are pretty tough on your guests.
Your charity shouldn't begin at home.

Nails
I feel so sorry for them --- Peaches there was sent to
reform school when she was just a child.

Bob
What for?

Nails
Contribute to the delinquency of an adult.

Bob
Well she can take contribution off her income tax if they're
for charity.
(Straightens tie)
I don't think these servants are any help to your social
standing.

Nails
Say, if I were sure of your society I'd say Nuts to social
Nails (Cont'd.)
standing. Gee, Bob, you know the way I go for you —
We could have a swell —
(Her eyes fall to his hands)
Say, whoever does your nails is terrible.

Bob
I forgot to bite them this morning.

Nails
You've got such lovely hands. They're kind of romantic.

Bob
Yeh! They've been around.

Nails
You ought to take care of them. It was your hands I fell
in love with. You stay when the others are gone tonight
and I'll give you a good manicure.
(Shows her own hands to him)
Look, I did 'em myself. Don't you think I got nice hands?

Bob
Yes.

Nails
I've got a nice arm, too, haven't I?

Yes.

Bob

Nails
Do you think I've got nice eyes?

Yes.

Bob

And nice hair?

Yes.

Nails
Gee, Bob, you can say nice things. Say some more.
(She cuddles up to him and sighs)

Bob
Well, let's see. Something nice, eh? Well, I had a very
nice day in court. A big day, really. A $10. case and
two small ones.
What's the matter with you? Just as I think I've got you warmed up, you cool off. You've got a funny attitude toward me. Don't you like me?

Of course I like you. Bob

You don't like me enough. Is there somebody else?

Well, yes -- and no. Bob

So that's it. Who is she? What's her name?

Baby. Bob

And your name's Daddy. One of those things. Where does she live?

I wish I knew. Bob

When did you see her last?

Let's see -- it was 1916. I was six and she was four. Bob

Don't tell me you got her into trouble.

Well, in a way -- we both lived on Riverside Drive and we used to play in her mother's kitchen. One day her mother was making waffles for us. She had the iron on the stove. Baby was standing on a chair beside the stove. I tried to steal a kiss -- you know -- one of those. It threw her off balance and she sat down -- on the waffle iron. Somehow that broke up the romance.

She's probably forgotten all about you. Bob

No Nails, she couldn't. It was a hot waffle iron. It did something to me, too. I've never been able to get her out of my mind.
Nails
You mean you've always been true to this memory?

Bob
Oh -- I've had nights when I've lost my memory.

Nails
It's kinda tough on me to have a dream girl to compete with.

Bob
I'm afraid it's a very deep fixation.

Nails
Yeah -- it's a terrible fixation for me. I wish I could help you find her -- that's how nuts I am about you.

Peaches
(Off stage)
Yoo-hoo -- Nails!

Whaddya want?

Peaches
Your guests are here.

Nails
Well, show 'em in -- I wish I could teach her not to yell.

Bob
Yes, it would help.

(Peaches enters)

Peaches
They've stopped to say Hello to Fingers.

Nails
Tell the girls, the guests of honor are here.

Peaches
The Warden came with them.

Nails
The Warden -- isn't that sweet?

Bob
Did you get him out, too?

Peaches
Girls, gentlemen in the parlor.
Mr. Warden Sloan and party of five.
Mr. Flap-dar Metalli.
Mr. Ratfac Dugan.
Mr. Slaughterhouse McCarty.
Mr. Louis the Louse.
Mr. Policy Pinkle.

Mr. Pinkle, I'm so glad you're here. I want you to meet my lawyer, Mr. Hale.

Nails

Hail and farewell. If there's anything I hate, it's a mouth-piece.

Pinkle

Girls, these are our guests of honor.

Nails

And they look like a mighty fine body of rats.

Bob

The finest in the world. Maybe I was wrong about you — I'm beginning to like you.

Pinkle

These young ladies are members of the Junior League.

Bob

A baseball team!

Pinkle

No, the Junior League means that these girls are in society, and the reason we're all here tonight is because Mr. Hale's thought of a wonderful scheme to raise money for my charity; and to help us, we're going to have Mr. Policy Pinkle and his own personal staff.

Pinkle

Wait a minute, lady — Is this scheme legal?

Bob

Perfectly legal.

Pinkle

Then we're licked before we start. I wouldn't be any good at anything legal.

Nails

I'm going to cut you in for ten percent.
Mr. Warden Sloan and party of five.
Mr. Flap-Ears Metalli.
Mr. Fatface Dugan.
Mr. Slaughterhouse McCarty.
Mr. Louis the Louse.
Mr. Policy Pickle.

Mr. Pickle, I'm so glad you're here. I want you to meet my lawyer, Mr. Hale.

Nails

Nails

Pickle

Nails

Pickle

Girls, these are our guests of honor.

Bob

And they look like a mighty fine body of rats.

Bob

The finest in the world, maybe I was wrong about you -- I'm beginning to like you.

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Pickle

A baseball team!

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Pickle

Wait a minute, lady -- Is this scheme legal?

Bob

Perfectly legal.

Bob

Pickle

Then we're licked before we start. I wouldn't be any good at anything legal.

Nails

I'm going to cut you in for ten percent.
Pinkle
Don't tempt me, lady. I can't afford to get mixed up into anything legal now; 'cause I won't be happy until I'm back in jail.

Warden
Pinkle, I'll tell you what I'll do. I want you to help Mrs. Duquesne --- and if you make a success of this scheme I'll let you come back to Lark's Nest.

Pinkle
Do you mean that, Warden?

Warden
I give you my word.

Pinkle
Then I accept the nomination.

(Cheers)
Let's go! Where are the suckers and what do we use for bait?

Bob
Here's the bait. We're going to run a lottery.

(Cheers)
I've discovered that there's no law against lotteries in the District of Columbia, so we're going to run our lottery in Washington.

Pinkle
Washington. That's the greatest place in the world for taking money away from suckers.

Anne
But, Bob -- you've got to distribute tickets. Isn't it against the law to use the mails?

Mails
He's thought of everything. That's where you girls come in.

Bob
If we can't use the mails -- we'll use the females. You girls will distribute the tickets by airplane.

Mails
We're going to give half the money as first prize.

Anne
What is first prize?

Bob
It has to be a reward for some achievement. We've got to put our heads together.
All right -- I choose you.

He means we've got to think.

Oh, you're going to do it the hard way.

Bob, I forgot those reporters downstairs. Go and get them, will you?

Always a bridesmaid! While I'm one, be thinking about the first prize. It has to be something everybody's interested in for the lottery.

I've got it -- sex.

Bob

No, Pinkle, this is a lottery not a stork derby.

(Exits)

They usually give rewards for somebody that's escaped or missing.

Lady, I regard that crack as undiplomatic.

Do you suppose we could run this thing around a love affair?

Yes, everybody's interested in love affairs.

Especially other people's love affairs.

You're telling me -- the time I've wasted at keyholes.

I've got it!

What is it? Tell us about it ---

It's the first prize in the lottery. Listen. Years ago a boy loved a girl. She was young and sweet and innocent.
How do you know?

Nails
She was four years old. She was four and he was six, and then they were separated. He's a grown man now and he still loves her. He wants to find her and marry her. But he doesn't even know her name. All he knows is that they used to call her Baby.

Vivian
And we're going to help him find her?

Nails
All America's going to help find her. That's the first prize in the lottery. It goes to the ticket holder who finds Baby.

Sonny
That's great. Now this lottery means something.

Pinkle
It's dynamite -- and now we can stop thinking, 'cause I'm not used to it.

Vivian
Let's stop thinking and start drinking.

Nails
There's plenty to eat and drink on the terrace.

Pinkle
I'm a little late, folks, so I'll start now. (He makes a dash. The CROWD follows except SONNY and NAILS. PINKLE comes back through the crowd with half a sandwich)

While I was gone I was thinking this thing over. We ain't got much to go on to find this girl.

Nails
We know this much -- and we can tell this to the public. When she was four years old in 1918 she lived on Riverside Drive and they called her Baby.

Pinkle
A lot of babies have lived on Riverside Drive.

Nails
We'll know this Baby when we find her. Love has left its mark. He tried to kiss her and she sat down on a hot waffle iron.

Pinkle
A hot waffle iron? Wait a minute - we can't start people looking for a girl with a waffle on her heinie. It would turn the whole country upside down.
Only half the country.

Sonny
I tell you. Why not make that mark our secret? Nobody else will know. We'll be the judges.

Nails
Yes, and we'll examine the candidates.

Pinkle
And I'm head man.

(BOB enters)

Bob
I'm sorry, Nails, but we'll have to do without the reporters.

Nails
You mean they've walked out on us.

Bob
No -- they passed out on us.

Sonny
And we've got a great story for them. Tell Bob about it, Nails.

Nails
Tell him about it! He's the boy.

You mean Bob?

Bob
What am I supposed to be now?

Pinkle
You're the catch of the season.

Nails
We're going to run this lottery just for you. We're going to give first prize to whoever finds Baby.

Bob
Well wait a minute--

Pinkle
Come on, there's man's work to be done.

Sonny
Already? What do you mean?

Pinkle
There are thirty girls out there on the porch and maybe one of them likes to sit on maple syrup.
Nails, is this your idea?

Bob

Yes, Bob!

Nails

Don't you think we'd better take time to talk things over?

Bob

You're in love with this girl, aren't you?

Nails

Bob, I've always thought so.

Nails

Then I want you to have her, even though it means I have nothing.

Bob

But Nails, you've got everything.

Nails

That's what you think.

Bob

But Nails --

Nails

I'll be alright in a minute, Bob --

(MOB slowly exits)

Bob, I've always dreamt --- Bob!

(MOB discovers Bob has gone. Goes into verse of number "Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor")

**DOWN IN THE DEPTHS**

(ON THE NINETIETH FLOOR)

**VERSE:**

Manhattan, - I'm up a tree,
The one I've most adored
Is bored
With me,
Manhattan, I'm awf'ly nice,
Nice people dine with me,
And even twice,
Yet, the only one in the world I'm mad about
Talks of somebody else
And walks out.
WITH A MILLION NEON RAINBOWS BURNING BELOW ME,
AND A MILLION BLAZING TAXIS RAISING A ROAR,
HERE I SIT, ABOVE THE TOWN
IN MY PAILETTED GOWN.
DOWN IN THE DEPTHS, ON THE NINETIETH FLOOR.
WHILE THE MOB AT EL KOROSCO PUNISH THE PARQUET
AND, AT TWENTY-ONE, THE COUPLES CLOSER FOR MRS.
I'M DESERTED AND DEPRESSED
IN MY REGAL EAGLE-NEST.
DOWN IN THE DEPTHS, ON THE NINETIETH FLOOR,
WHEN THE ONLY ONE YOU WANTED WANTS ANOTHER
WHAT'S THE USE OF SWANK AND CASH IN THE TANK
galore?
WHY, EVEN THE JUNIOR'S WIFE
HAS A PERFECTLY GOOD LOVE-LIFE
AND HERE AM I,
FACING TOMORROW
ALONE WITH MY SORROW.
DOWN IN THE DEPTHS, ON THE NINETIETH FLOOR.

(AT FINISH OF NUMBER CLOSE CURTAIN
NAILS DOES ENCORE IN I)
ACT ONE

Scene III

Street Scene in Washington in l.

The scene opens with "Carry on", at the completion of which all who take part remain on stage.

SONNY and 6 AVIATOR GIRLS and 8 BOYS enter in l. from S.F. and sing this number. Four of the boys are playing instruments as they march across stage- They sing 1 refrain.

CARRY ON

Carry on, carry on,
Till the last ticket is gone,
So that Bob can have his Baby to cherish night and day,
And Baby can have her ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ey,
Never sleep, never lag,
Till we get a billion in the bag,
On your toes, every one,
There's dirty work to be done,
Carry on, carry on, carry on.
Come along, you flashy flyers,
Get buyers, buyers, buyers,
You've a job to do, so don't fall down,
Pick up your tickets and go to town,
If you want to do your duty
By romance in all its beauty,
Carry on, carry on,
Till the last ticket is gone,
So that Bob can have his Baby to cherish, night and day
And Baby can have her ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ey,
Never sleep, never lag,
Till we get a billion in the bag,
On your toes, every one,
There's dirty work to be done,
Carry on, carry on, carry on,
Carry on, carry on, carry on,
CARRY ON

Dialogue follows this refrain -
At finish of dialogue - ensemble
repeat last 16 bars and all exit.
Sonny
Now girls, here's your flying schedule. Olive and Mary you take off at 7 with 100,000 tickets for the West coast. Helen and Jerry another 100,000 to Chicago and Shirley, and Jane, 80,000 to Atlanta.

Olive
The part I like is bringing the money back.

Bill
You'll bring the money back. You'll sell every one of those tickets.

Jeff
America hasn't been so excited about anything since the war. It's the damndest thing I've ever seen.

Slim
But the way it spread over the whole country.

Sonny
That's just it -- nobody knows where Baby went from Riverside Drive. She may be found anywhere from Maine to California.

Bill
Do you really think it's the romance angle that's set the country on fire?

Sonny
Every woman in this country wishes she could marry Bob, the lottery lover.

Jeff
Yeah, the girls are nuts about him, but what's selling those tickets is the prize money. You people certainly were saps when you announced that half the money would go to whoever found Baby.

Sonny
We didn't think it would go over a million.

Sharty
What's the take up to date?

Sonny
When I left the office it was over 800 million.

Jeff
400 million dollars to the winner -- that's the answer.

(BOB enters)
Bob

Oh, Sonny, I --
(The GIRLS leap for him and almost
smother him with kisses. HE fights
his way out of them)

Wait a minute --
(He clears himself. He kisses one
of them)

Pass that around. New girls, that’s got to last you until
Thursday.
(To Sonny)

Oh, Sonny, I just wanted to tell you you’ll have to take
charge today. Mails and Finkle and I have been invited down
to the Senate.
(He pulls out a paper with a red seal
on it)

Jeff

That’s not an invitation -- that’s a subpoena.

Bob

Yes — youth will be served.

Bill

What do they want with you?

Bob

Well, this thing’s gone over so well they may want us to put
the whole country on a lottery basis — you know, pick
Congressman out of a hat.

Jeff

That would be a hell of a way to pick Congressman.

Bob

We couldn’t lose.

(Arnita and Ethelyn enter. Ethelyn
rushes over to Bob)

Oh Bob, (She kisses him)
I’m Baby.

Bob

Is that so?

Arnita

And I’m her manager. Here’s my tick
candidate.

Ethelyn

I know I’m Baby. I feel it at the bot
It's more vice versa.

Arnita

You remember Baby, don't you, Mr. Hale?

Bob

I'm not sure - there's something familiar about you.

(He kisses Ethelyn)

Maybe it's me.

Sorry

If she's a candidate she has to be registered down at headquarters.

Bob

At headquarters too.

Arnita

Then let's get going. Come, Baby. You know this girl is from an old knickerbocker family.

Jeff

(Sotto)

Do you think she's really Baby?

Bob

Well, it's hard to tell with knickerbockers.

(ARNITA pulls Ethelyn off)

I thought I wasn't going to enjoy this contest --

(MRS. PEABODY enters, grabs Bob)

Mrs. Peabody

Oh --

(She kisses Bob)

Bob

---And now I'm sure of it.

Mrs. Peabody

Oh, Mr. Hale, I recognized you the minute I saw you.

(BOB shies away)

Bob

Don't tell me you're Baby.

Mrs. Peabody

No --- it's my niece. Come on, Baby.
(BABY enters. She weighs at least 300 pounds and if possible 800)

That's Baby?  
Bob

Mrs. Peabody

Yes, and I knew when you saw her you wouldn't look any further.

I can't see any further.

Mrs. Peabody

Of course she didn't exactly live on Riverside Drive.

Bob

Well, not all of her, I know.

Mrs. Peabody

She lived on Commonwealth Avenue.

Bob

That's in Boston.

Mrs. Peabody

Yes.

Bob

I see- that's sort of the Riverside Drive of Boston.

Mrs. Peabody

That's just what I told myself.

Bob

Oh, you talk to yourself, too! You'd better truck her down to the lottery headquarters.

Mrs. Peabody

Lottery headquarters? Is that where I buy a ticket?

Bob

Oh, you haven't got a ticket?

Sonny

Now, really Bob, we--

Bob

I know what you mean Sonny, we ought to charge more for that acreage, but we'll only cultivate the southwest forty and let the rest go to pasturage. We can't do anything with those hills. $5. madam.

(He takes money, gives her ticket)
Come Baby.  Mrs. Peabody

What a waffle.  Bob

Well, good-bye, Mr. Hale. You'll be seeing more of baby.  Mrs. Peabody

Bob

My God, did you leave some of her in Boston?  Mrs. Peabody

Good-bye.  (Exits with PAT GIRL)

Bob

You never said a truer word.

(Enter LOUHELLA, who is colored, from opposite side)

Louella

Gentlemen! Which way is the lottery headquarters?  Sonny

Have you got a candidate?  Louella

I am a candidate.  Bob

A burnt waffle. Sonny, carry on --  (He starts out)

Louella

Bob--  (BOB runs)

Wait for baby!  (She runs off after him. They go into "Carry On").

BLACK OUT
ACT ONE

Scene IV

A COMMITTEE ROOM IN THE SENATE.

This is a shallow set in about 94. A double door SH only. A long table left of center with four chairs in which at rise of curtain are discovered seated, SENATOR MALVINSKY, SENATOR O’SILKNESS and SENATOR VUSILOVITCH and SENATOR DEL GRASSO.

Right of center, down stage is a large upholstered witness chair, with no arms.

Vusilovitch
Gentlemen, I can't understand it. We've passed a law against everything else in the District of Columbia.

Del Grasso
How did we overlook passing a law against a lottery?

Malvinsky
How did we overlook starting a lottery. Gentlemen, the committee will come to order. We've been called into special session by the President to raise $500,000,000.

Del Grasso
There's only one thing to do and we all know it. While we're trying to raise five hundred million this lottery outfit sneaks in and raises 8000,000,000.

Malvinsky
Yes, there ought to be some way of getting that away from them.

Let's confiscate it.

Del Grasso

Vusilovitch
The Supreme Court would never stand for it.

Del Grasso
The Supreme Court's on vacation.

Malvinsky
Say, I forgot about that! It would be fun for a couple of weeks.
(SERGEANT AT ARMS enters)

Sergeant at Arms

The witnesses are here.

Malvinsky

Show in that Mrs. Duquesne.

(NAILS and BOB enter)

Mrs. Duquesne.

Sergeant At Arms

How are you boys?

Nails

Mrs. Duquesne?

Malvinsky

That's me.

Nails

I'm afraid you can't bring your friends in here.

Malvinsky

He's no friend -- he's my lawyer, Mr. Robert Hale.

Nails

Mr. Robert Hale?

Musalovitch

(Surprised)

This isn't the Mr. Hale that's the lottery lover?

Malvinsky

Del Grasso

Gentlemen, on the face of it -- it's crooked.

Bob

Is my face on crooked?

Nails

Say -- we didn't come here to be insulted.

Bob

Oh, yes we did Nails -- this is a Senate investigating committee.

Malvinsky

(To Bob)

We'll get to you in due time, Mrs. Duquesne, be seated.

(He points to witness chair and NAILS sits there)
Bob

Nails, Nails -- you're not on the witness stand.

Nails

(Laughs and pulls skirts down)
Oh, I'm so used to juries.

Musilovitch

I think it should be thoroughly understood that Mrs. Duquesne is on the witness stand.

(NAILS pulls the skirts back up)

Malvinsky

As a matter of fact, this is a very high tribunal.

Nails

(Pulling the skirts way up)
I'll go as high as you will.

Bob

Gentlemen, I think my client should be warned that whatever she discloses may be used against her.

Malvinsky

So far it's all in her favor.

Del Grasso

And if you try to interfere with the introduction of further evidence you'll be held in contempt of the Senate.

Malvinsky

(To Musilovitch)
Why borrow trouble? There's enough contempt for the Senate as it is. Mrs. Duquesne, did you bring the records of the lottery with you?

Nails

On advice of counsel, our records will be shown only to duly constipated authorities.

Del Grasso

Witness will understand we are duly -- that we have full authority.

Malvinsky

As a matter of fact we've already seized your telegrams. Every one of them is from a young lady who claims she's Baby. Since they can't all be Baby, this opens up immense possibilities for fraud.

Nails

We'll know the right Baby when we see her.
Malvinsky
You mean Mr. Hale will recognize this girl after twenty years?

Bob
It will depend upon my point of view.

Nails
Sure—she's got a certain mark.

Musilovitch
A mark of identification? What is it?

Nails
Well, it's--

(BOB signals her to stop)
I can't tell you.

Malvinsky
On what grounds?

Nails
That's just it--I can't tell you what grounds it's on.

Del Grasso
Who knows the mark of identification?

Bob
Only the Judges—the heads of the lottery.

Del Grasso
Gentlemen, I think this whole thing is based on deceit.

Bob
You're getting warmer.

Malvinsky
(To Bob)
Mr. Hale, we demand to know what this mark of identification is.

Bob
I refuse to answer.

Musilovitch
Then you will take the consequences.

Malvinsky
You are dismissed.

Del Grasso
(Rises)
Do you know what happens to witnesses who flout the authority of the United States Senate?
Yes, they get their pictures in the papers.

(MAILS exits)

Musilovitch

J. Pierpont Morgan answered all our questions.

Bob

Have you boys heard from Dr. Townsend lately?

(BOB exits)

Malvinsky

Send in Policy Pinkle.

Mr. Policy Pinkle.

(SERGEANT enters)

Not guilty!

Malvinsky

Take the chair!

Pinkle

Ah, this feels like old times.

Musilovitch

Do you wish to be represented by counsel?

Pinkle

The last time I had a lawyer I only got ten years. I'll be my own lawyer.

Del Grasso

How do we know you can conduct your own case properly?

Pinkle

Just watch me. I'll make this witness look like a bum.

Malvinsky

Proceed!

(PINKLE gets up and strides up and down, suddenly turning on the empty witness chair)

Pinkle

(Standing S.F.)

What's your name?

(Sitting)

Policy Pinkle.
Pinkle (Cont’d.)

(Standing)
What’s your real name?
(Sitting)
B. Pinkle.
(Standing)
What does the B stand for?
(Sitting)
Do I have to tell that?
(Standing S.F.)
Answer my question.
(Sitting)
Bertram.
(Standing)
Ah-hah. Bertram. Now Bertram — where were you in 1910?
(Sitting)
Reform school.
(Standing S.F.)
And where were you in 1912?
(Sitting)
In jail.
(Standing S.L.)
And in 1915?
(Sitting S.L.)
In prison.
(Standing S.F.)
And in 1918?
(Sitting)
In the penitentiary.
(Standing)
So you won’t talk, eh? But you weren’t serving time in 1920.
(He trips over himself)
Keep your feet in. What were you doing in 1920?
(Sitting)
Leading the life of Reilly.
(Standing S.F.)
And what happened then?
(Sitting)
Reilly came home.
(Standing)
Oh, a wise guy, eh?
(To Malvinsky)
Your honor, I’ll prove economically and exclusively that this
defendant, grammatically speaking, was an encumbrance to
society.
(Sitting)
Ruh?
(Standing)
Don’t try to play innocent. Remember I know you. You’re the
kind of a guy who would steal from his own grandmother.
(Sitting)
I did.
(Standing)
Swine! Didn’t you and McCloskey rob the First National Bank.
Pinkle (Cont'd.)

(Sitting)
We was there at the time.
(Standing)
And didn't you steal McCloskey’s share of the money?
(Sitting)
It’s a lie —
(Standing)
What?
(Sitting)
I only just borrowed it.
(Standing)
And to do it didn’t you stab McCloskey in the back? Answer my question?
(Sitting)
I was only trying to hide the knife.
(Standing)
And you can’t deny it. Can you?
(Sitting)
I’m guilty, I’m telling you. I confess. How can I hide anything from such a master mind. Your vocabulary traps me. Send me back to Larksnest.
(Standing)
Gentlemen, the defense rests.

BLACKOUT
ACT ONE

Scene 4

Scene in front of Curtains.

After Blackout on Committee Room PINKLE and RIGHT BOYS enter into 1 for number. BOYS enter 4 and 4 from R. and L. PINKLE enters S.R., followed by DUGAN, SIMPSON, METELLI and LOUIE.

Hey, Pinkle.

Pinkle

What do you want?

Metelli

Before we get to the bank, don’t you think you ought to give us the layout.

Pinkle

Flap Ears, you and the Louse set as lookouts. Dugan, Simpson will crack the safe. Don’t worry about me, I’ll be in the vicinity.

(Enter REPORTERS from opposite side S.L.)

Bill

Hello, Pinkle. It looks as though there’s going to be trouble.

Pinkle

Oh, somebody tipped you off, eh?

Jeff

There’s a rumor the Senate’s going to stop the lottery and there’s a big crowd up at the Capitol pretty sore about it.

Bill

Why don’t you guys quit stalling and find Baby?

Shorty

Yeah -- beat them to it.

Pinkle

We’ll find Baby all right. Who knows, one of you guys might turn out to be Baby.

Slim

Don’t you know better than to kid newspaper men?
Finkle
So you think I'm kiddin', do you? I can tell you about a predicament that was nothing short of whimsical.

I'M ABOUT TO BECOME A MOTHER

VERSE:
The raging Sou'wester was over,
It was calm and the heavens had cleared,
The sails were gently flapping,
The sailors all a-mapping.
When their hero, Captain Cosgrove, appeared.
It was obvious he had been crying,
And he seemed to have lost all his poise
As he stood there, so stark,
And was heard to remark
"I've got something to say to you, boys":

REFRAIN:
I'm about to become a mother,
I'm only a girl, not a boy,
Years ago I disguised as my brother
And went rolling down to Rio, Ship Ahoy.
Though it hurts me to leave you, my hearties,
Still you must understand, it was love,
And I'm about to give birth
To the sweetest thing on earth,—
A little skipper from heav'n above.
ACT ONE

Scene Five

This is a full stage set. The Lottery headquarters in the Dolly Madison House. It is a large room in a beautiful Colonial mansion. Single door down stage R & L. As curtain rises, ANN and SONNY are seen bending over a large desk, checking some figures. Upstage, beyond columns, girls are seated at tables receiving reports over table telephones. A telephone on end tables. CANDIDATES in Street Scene are on at Rise - VIVIAN and GRACE ad lib - colored girl and PAT GIRL towards exit.

Vivian

Here's the final report for the day. 25,500,000.

Sonny

Wait a minute. That does it. Girls we passed a billion.

(GIRLS cheer. Enter NAILS)

Nails

What's happened? What's all the noise?

Sonny

We passed a billion dollars.

Nails

Gee, that sounds like a hunk of money. I wish I'd learned to count.

Anne

I think we ought to celebrate.

Nails

All right, girls -- knock off work for the day. Fingers, champagne for everybody in the garden.
(End GIRLS squeal and exit)

Any word from Congress?

Sonny

Congress won't dare stop us now.

Nails

They'd better not try. What kind of a Government would interfere with an honest charity in a worthy cause?
They haven't any right to stop it -- the country wants it.

Nails
You two have done a swell job. Sonny, I don't know what we'd have done without you. Getting this place for our Headquarters was great.

Sonny
It is nice, isn't it? They didn't want to let us open it up, it's the old Dolly Madison House, you know.

Nails
So I heard. What happened to Dolly -- did they raid her?

Anne
No ... she was the wife of President Madison.

Nails
And she ran a place like this on the side? I don't believe it. They'll say anything about a President's wife.

Anne
I think we all deserve a little of that champagne.

Sonny
Yes -- come on, Nails.

(SONNY and ANNE exit. BOB enters and NAILS turns back to him)

Bob, what's the matter? Your face is covered with blood.

Blood, hell! -- That's lipstick.

Nails
Well, after all, you're the lottery lover.

Bob
Yes, and every time I show my face -- 5,000 women try to kiss it.

Nails
Well, I can't blame them for that, but what's your objection?

Bob
Listen, Nails -- I don't mind kissing retail -- you know when you can shop around for it -- but wholesale, I like to look before I bite.

Nails
Well, it'll all be over when you marry Baby.
Bob

Nails, I've got something to tell you. I'm not going to marry Baby.

Nails

What do you mean?

Bob

I'm in love with somebody else.

Nails

What?

Bob

I was in love before I went into this Lottery, but being a lawyer I wouldn't permit me to admit it to myself.

Nails

Gee, Bob -- how much do you think I can stand?

Bob

Let me tell you about it.

Nails

I don't want to hear about it. Bob, I played along with you as far as I could. When I found out you were in love with a girl and had been for twenty years -- why, I was so nuts about you I wanted you to have her. Then, just as it looks as though you're going to find her -- you have to fall in love with somebody else.

Bob

I was rushed into this thing. As soon as I started, I knew it was all wrong. I knew Baby wasn't the one I really loved.

Nails

But are you sure you love this other girl?

Bob

I keep dreaming about her every night. But being a gentleman, I keep waking myself up.

Nails

You don't think that makes me feel so good, do you?

Bob

Well then, this may make you feel better -- it's YOU.

Nails

It's me, Bob?

Bob

Yes, Nails--
Nails

Well, this is a fine time to tell me. You let us set you up
as the Lottery Lover. You let us get the whole country
searching for baby.

Bob

You sound as though you're sore.

Nails

When I thought it was somebody else, I was sore. And now
that I know it's me -- I think I'm twice as sore.

Bob

But I'm the one who shouldn't be sore -- dammit I'm in love
with you.

Nails

And dammit I'm in love with you too and we're in a hell of a
fix. What are we going to do -- what about the lottery?

Bob

We'll just call it off.

Nails

Maybe Congress has called it off. They were threatening to
stop it.

Bob

Well, they ought to. The whole thing's a public nuisance.

Nails

Oh, Bob, I'm so happy. I thought I'd lost you forever.
You sure you love me?

Bob

Nails, you couldn't lose me -- I'll tell you why...
(Into Chorus of "You've Got Something")

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING

(NAILS & BOB)

VERSE:

Ev'ry time I'm near you, ev'ry time we touch,
I know well
I'm under your spell,
And a lot too much.
But there's no resisting, for I'm fully aware,
You somehow possess
A strange wondrousness
That's indefinable, but it's there.
REPTAIN:

You've got something, darling, something,
That's driving me slowly but surely insane,
Something tempting, something intangible,
Something rare that I never could explain.
So if gladly I admire you,
And madly desire you
All else above,
Please believe me or not,
It's merely because you've got
That certain something I love.

(Exit at finish. NAILS, ANNE & GIRLS
return immediately)

(After first Chorus:

Nails
What does this mean, intangible?

Intangible? Well, that's something you can put your hands on --
something ineffable.

Nails
Oh, yes, ineffable. What does that mean?

Bob
It means that I've been pretty dumb. But now I know.

Nails
But how do you know. What's happened to make you so sure?

Bob
(Goes into verse of "You've Got Something")
(After number: BOB and NAILS exit)

Peaches

(Off stage)

Yoo-hoo --Nails.

(Enter PEACHES)

(Re-enter NAILS and GIRLS)

Peaches
I ran all the way. There's a big mob coming.

Nails
A mob -- gee I wish Finkle was here.

Peaches
He'll be here in a minute.
Sorry

How do you know?

Peaches

He's just ahead of the mob. I didn't think Pinkle could run that fast. He's about two feet ahead of his nose.

Nails

Then he ought to be here.

(PINKLE enters with DUGAN)

Pinkle

Close that door. All Bethlehemers broke loose. If anybody asks for me I ain't here.

Nails

Are all those people chasing you?

Pinkle

I didn't stop to interrogate them but we was all going in the same direction.

(Noise of mob. All but PINKLE rush to door right)

(Antor REPORTERS - JEFF and BILL and ROG)

Jeff

What are you trying to do -- keep newspaper men out of here?

Pinkle

What is this, a lynching?

Bill

They damn near lynched the whole Senate.

Jeff

The Senate tried to stop this lottery but a mob of 100,000 chased those politicians half way to Baltimore.

Nails

What does the mob want with us?

Bill

They're down here to celebrate -- to show you they're for us.

Pinkle

Do you mean all those people are on our side.

Bill

Of course, they're on your side.

Pinkle

And you ran away from your own friends.
Dugan
You ran, too, didn't you?

Pinkle
I couldn't desert a pal, could I?

Bob
This thing's getting out of hand.

Jeff
I'll say it is -- it worked like a revolution.

Bob
A revolution, something's got to be done. At a time like this, we can't think of ourselves.

Nails
I'm going to call the whole lottery off.

Bob
Yes, that's what we'll do.

Pinkle
You're going to what?

Jeff
Say, you know what happened to the Senate -- if you tried to call this lottery off, they'd lynch you.

Pinkle
And I'd be with the Lynchers -- I'd like to try that end of the rope.

Bill
You can't stop this lottery.

Jeff
Why should you? You're national heroes.

Bill
We want some pictures.

Jeff
Yes, come out in the garden.
(They all start to exit. All exit but PINKLE, NAILS and BOB)

(PIGFERS enters)

Pingers
Boss, there are some guys at the back door who say they're senators.
Bob
If they admit it, they MUST BE.

Nails
Show them in. We'll tell them they've got to call this lottery off.

Pinkle
What do you mean -- call it off? This is my chance to get back to jail.

Bob
It's got to be stopped.

Pinkle
Oh, a double-crosser, eh? If there's anything I hate it's a double-crosser. Do you know what happened to the last guy that double-crossed me? He's sitting pretty.

Nails
Bob's not going to marry Baby.

Bob
No, I'm in love with somebody else.

Pinkle
I'm in love too-- with a billion dollars. It's the first time I ever saw a billion dollars. It was love at first sight.

(The SENATORS enter, all FOUR of them)

Musilovitch
Miss Duquesne, we've come here at the risk of our lives. The country's on the brink of a revolution.

Pinkle
I've got a revolution, too. You go play with your own revolution.

Del Grasso
We appeal to you to stop this lottery.

Pinkle
We won't stop until he's married to Baby.

Musilovitch
Then find Baby, and get the country back to normalcy.

Nails
All right, Bob - let's get it over. We'll start examining the candidates tomorrow morning and the lottery will be over by midnight.
Thank Heaven!

A billion's enough. Five hundred million to us and five hundred million to whoever finds Baby.

Five hundred million ———

To whoever finds Baby.

Whomever.

Sh——I'm thinking.

(To Pickle)
A Senator thinking——you see what this is doing to the country, don't you?

Five hundred million dollars is just what we need. We wouldn't have to raise those taxes.

That's brilliant——we'll start the search at once.

(Shopping over with ticket)
It won't do you no good unless you buy a ticket.

Pickle — NO!

Pickle, that's putting government into business——what would the Liberty League say?

How much are the tickets?

Five dollars — cash — no credit.

Can any of you boys advance the government five dollars?

(They put their hands in their pockets.)
Musilovitch
I'm afraid we'll have to see the Secretary of the Treasury.

Del Grasso
Let's hope he's got $5.00.

Malvinsky
The government will take a ticket.

O'Shaughnessy
We'll raise that $5.00 if we have to float a bond issue.

Musilovitch
We'll start the Army searching at once.

Pinkle
She lived on Riverside Drive -- call out the Navy.
(Exits)

Bob
Nails, even if they do find Baby, I'll marry you.

Nails
But, Bob, you couldn't marry Baby and me. That would be bigotry.

(NAILS exits)

(DOB starts to follow. Enter PEACHES)

Peaches
Oh, Bob, don't go -- I never got a chance to see you alone.

Bob
Yes, and I'm afraid it's all my fault.
(He starts again)

Peaches
Listen until you find this Baby you're a free man. And
I'm a free woman.
(She tries to kiss him)

Bob
You're too damn free. Any more of that and I'll spank you.

Peaches
Why don't you like me - what's wrong with me?

Bob
Your technic. You've made a terrible mistake in letting me
know you cared. Whenever a girl comes after a man the man
runs away. You're to blame -- it's all your fault. You've
made your bed.
Well, I think if you make your bed you ought to lay in it.

(She attacks him. He grabs her, sitting down as he does so; turning her over his knee, throws up her skirt, raises his hand to spank her, and stares at what he sees)

Bob

A waffle! My God!

(Rises and pushes Peaches away from him)

Peaches, I want you to do something for me.

Peaches

Gee, but you're dumb.

Bob

No, not that. Forget that. I want you to go out and buy a present for yourself - a nice thick pair of step-ins.

Peaches

Step-ins. Oh, Bob, what a sweet way of putting it.

Bob

Here's twenty dollars.

Twenty dollars?

Peaches

Bob

Yes - that's the highest cover charge I ever paid.

Peaches

That's so sweet of you I don't know what to say.

Bob

I know - it's probably the first time anybody ever talked you into a pair of that. Here's $5.00 more - get 'em in tin.

Peaches

When I come back we'll put 'em on.

Bob

No, you're a big girl - you can put 'em on yourself.

Peaches

Don't you want to see me with 'em?

Bob

I never want to see you without them.
Oh, I forgot to thank you for them.

Bob

Not until you buy the present.

Peaches

No, I won't buy them until you let me thank you for them.

(PINKLE enters)

Bob

(Acquiescing)

All right.

(He reluctantly gives her a cheek
and she kisses him)

Pinkle

So that's the snake in the woodpile!

(Peaches flounces her skirts. Bob tries
to get in front of her. Peaches exits)

Well, that settles it, until this lottery's over. That girl's
got to keep away from you!

Bob

You're telling me.

Pinkle

Yes -- I'm telling you. A billion dollars at stake and you've
got to fall in love with a palooka -- a soiled dove!

Bob

You don't think I'm in love with that bagpipe.

Pinkle

I saw you kiss her and I'm going to keep you two from seeing
each other.

Bob

Pinkle you don't think that I'd --. Repeat that!

Pinkle

I'm going to keep you two from seeing each other.

Bob

But you couldn't do that, I could always find her.

Pinkle

I'll fix it so you'll never find her!

Bob

You don't mean murder! I hope!
No, I won't have to go that far.  

That's too bad.  

Buh!  

You mean you'd tear us apart without ever seeing each other again? Would you do it right away?  

If you put it like that what can I do? I'll let her stay.  

Oh, a coward eh?  

Who's a coward?  

You are. I didn't think you had the nerve to go through with a thing like that.  

Who ain't got the nerve?  

You haven't. You're yellow.  

Yellow? Listen now, you've talked too much. Just for that she goes.  

(Starts to leave. NAILS enters)  

Hey, Pinkle, I've got something for you to do.  

I've got something for me to do.  

Forget about it -- this is important.  

That's important, too.  

Pinkle, take a couple of the boys and 30,000 tickets down to the airport. We've got to get some of that last minute money.
But listen -

Pinkle

Nails

Do as I say.

Pinkle

You can make me jump through this.

(Makes a loop with his fingers)

Here's a lock of my hair.

(Exits)

Bob

Oh, Nails -- I wish you hadn't done that.

Nails

Why not? Nothing makes any difference now. They'll find Baby tomorrow night and you'll have to marry her. We haven't got a chance.

Bob

We've got one chance. Suppose they don't find Baby?

Nails

I never thought of that. -- Yes, you're right. That's the one chance we've got -- that they DON'T find Baby.

Bob

Let me tell you something.

(Enter METALLI and NUGAN with bags, followed by PINKLE with a third bag. They drag them across the stage)

Metalli

Wouldn't it be funny if the lucky ticket was in one of these last bags?

Nails

Yeah, funny as hell.

(She turns up into the window)

(As PINKLE drags his bag across BOB walks beside him)

Bob

Coward. Yellow. 'Fraid cat. Sissy.

Pinkle

(Stops at the door and stands the bag up on end releasing hold of it)

So I'm a sissy, am I?
(PINKLE kicks the bug out the door. Simultaneously PEACHES screams. BOB does a take. NAILS turns from window)

Nails
Bob, do you think we've got any hope at all.

Bob
Darling, it's in the bag.

CURTAIN
IT'S DE-LOVELY. (Cont'd.)

2nd VERSE:

(She) Oh, charming sir, the way you sing
Would break the heart of Wm. Crosby's Bing,
For the tune of your tra la la
Has that certain je ne sais quoi.

(He) Oh, thank thee kindly, winsome wench,
But instead of falling to Berlitz French
Just warble to me, please,
This beautiful strain in plain Brooklynese.

(She) Mi, mi, mi, mi,
Re, re, re, re,
Do, sol, mi, do, la si,
Take it away.

2nd REPEAT:

(Anoore)

Time marches on and soon it's plain
You've won my heart and I've lost my brain,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
Life seems so sweet that we decide
It's in the bag to get unified,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
See the crowd in that church,
See the proud parson plopped on his perch,
Get the sweet beat of that organ, sealing our door,
Here goes the groom, boom!

For they cheer and how they smile
As we go galloping down that aisle.
"It's divine, dear, it's divine, dear,
"It's de-wunderbar, it's de victory,
"It's de vollop, it's de winner, it's de woiks,
it's de-lovely."
3rd REFRAIN:

The knot is tied and so we take
A few hours off to eat wedding cake,
'P's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
It feels so fine to be a bride.
And how's the groom? Why, he's slightly fried,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
To the pop of champagne,
Off we hop in our plush little plane
Till a bright light through the darkness cooly calls
"Hiag're Fells".
All's well, my love, our day's complete,
And what a beautiful bridal suite,
"It's a d-revery, it's d-rowdy,
"It's de-reverie, it's de-rhapsody,
"It's de-regal, it's de-royal, it's de-Ritz, it's de-lovely."

4th REFRAIN:

We settle down as man and wife
To solve the riddle called "married life",
'P's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
We're on the crest, we have no cares,
We're just a couple of happy bears,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
All's as right as can be
Till, one night, at my window I see
An absurd bird with a bundle hung on his nose
"Get baby clo'ed."
Those eyes of yours are filled with joy,
When nurse appears and cries "it's a boy",
"He's appalling, He's appealing,
"He's a polywood, He's a paragon,
"He's Pop-eye, He's a panic, He's a pip, He's de-lovely
ACT ONE

Scene VI

Pinkle's Room in the Dolly Madison House

A very neat - but shallow set - One large arm chair C.

All Principals enter from S.L. BOB enters on cue.

At rise, PINKLE is on. He takes an electric wire out of a box and attaches it to a floor plug. DUGAN and METALLI enter each dragging a bag.

DUGAN
Here's the last minute money, Pinkle. Two hundred thousand.

PINKLE
That's chicken feed -- it ain't worth soiling my hands with. Wait till I open the cellar door.

(PINKLE pulls a chair center and climbing up on it pulls the chandelier down. The trap opens)

DUGAN
Is that how you do it? Where did you get that idea?

PINKLE
My father was a great idea man and I've always tried to follow in his fingerprints.

METALLI
I ain't seen your father in about five years. What's he doing?

PINKLE
Five years. On your way out send in one of the candidates -- you know, one of those dames who thinks she's Baby.

(DUGAN and METALLI exit. PINKLE takes waffle iron out of the box, puts it in chair)

BOB
Boy will I have hot news for her. All I have to do now is put the batter on.

(BOB enters)

BOB
Where's Reaches?
Pinkle
She's where you won't find her for years -- maybe months.

Bob
Just so I don't find her tonight.
(BOB starts to sit in chair)

Pinkle
(Yells)
Oh, don't sit in that chair!

Bob
(Straightening)
What's the matter with it?

Pinkle
It's for ladies only.

Bob
(Looking)
Is that a waffle iron?

Pinkle
Is that a waffle iron?
(He wets his finger in his mouth, touches it and finds it hot)
And you had to walk in just as I was putting the batter on.

Bob
Were you trying to get some girl to sit down on that?

Pinkle
Why not? Supposing the real baby don't show up?

Bob
That would be great!

Pinkle
And I'd never get back to jail.

Bob
Well, that doesn't worry me.

Pinkle
Do you know what that would mean to me? If I may use the word. Frustration.

Bob
To put a girl through that torture? It's outrageous. No one would do a thing like that but a barbarian!

(MAILS enters)
Nails
Gee, Bob, they're about to start down there. I'm so nervous
I don't know what to do.

Bob
Just a minute, Nails.
(To Pinkle)
Why it's the cruelest thing I ever heard of. It's inhuman.
How anybody could ever —
(Looking at Nails)
Wont you sit down.
(Leading her to chair)
Nails no matter what happens I want you to know I love you.

Nails
I love you, too, darling.

Pinkle
So it isn'taches. You two love each other?

Nails
Yes, isn't it terrible, Pinkle. And there's nothing we can
do about it.

Pinkle
The hell there isn't. Sit down.

Nails
I'm afraid it's too late now.

Bob
(Throwing chair toward her)
I think we may be able to cook something up.

Nails
wait a minute.
(She starts to sit down)
I'm right on the edge of a good idea.
(She almost sits down but rises again)
No, it's no good.

Pinkle
It was almost perfect.

Bob
At least it was a start in the right direction.

Nails
Well, it might work at that.
(Shes takes a half squat just above the chair with her hands on her knees.
They squat each side of her and away trying to swing her by suggestion into
the chair. SHE almost sits again)
No, it couldn't be done.
(Stands up)

Can’t you boys think of something?

(BOB and PINKLE look at each other, then each puts a hand on her shoulder and they push her into the chair, turning their heads away as they do. NAILS sits there complacently. When nothing happens they sneak their heads back and see her sitting there unconcerned. They look at each other.)

Dead End.

Bob

Nails

Every time I get an idea you boys say something and it breaks the connection.

Both

Connection?

( PINKLE and BOB look at each other and then look at the wiring and see the plug is out. PINKLE goes to fix it)

Bob

Go right on thinking, darling. Something will hit you in a minute.

(NAILS rises)

(PINKLE is putting the plug back, but as he does a voice is heard offstage)

(BOB struggles to keep Nails in chair)

What are you boys trying to do.

Nails

Peaches

(Off stage)

Hey you - Mrs. Duquesne!

Peaches!

Both

Peaches!

(BOB does a take at the sound of the voice and NAILS jumps up from the chair)

(Again)

Peaches

Mrs. Duquesne!
All right, what do you want?

Bob

(To Pinkle)

You wouldn't kill her, would you?

(Peaches enters)

Peaches

Those X-ray lights are here -- you know, the ones the candidates have to walk through so the judges can see whether any of them are Baby.

Nails

Tell 'em to get them ready.

Peaches

They are ready. They want to try them on someone.

Nails

(Starting out)

Well come, we'll try them on you.

Bob

Nails!

Nails

But if they ever saw through you you'll go back to reform school.

(Nails exits)

Peaches

Say do you suppose she did that to me.

Bob

Did what?

Peaches

That's where I've been -- back to reform school. Somebody put me in a bag and mailed me back to Bedford.

(BOB looks at Pinkle)

Pinkle

What are you kicking about -- it was first class special delivery. What an expense.

Peaches

Was it you did that to me?

(PINKLE looks guilty)
Peaches (Cont'd.)

Well, it was certainly kind of you. While I was there I looked up my records. It says I lived on Riverside Drive in 1918, and I want to thank you for it.

Bob

And I want to thank you too, Pinkle.

(BOB is slowly walking Pinkle ready to choke him. PINCLE is backing away from him)

Peaches

That means I’m going to get into this contest. Just think—
I may turn out to be Baby. Gee, Bob, wouldn’t that be wonderful!

(BOB backs Pinkle into the chair. PINCLE sits down on the waffle iron, leaps up and catches the chandelier, pulls it down, the trap opens and PANCES disappears through floor. BOB dusts his hands nonchalantly and starts out)

(At finish of scene HAPTMAES enter in I for Specialty)

BLACKOUT
ACT ONE

Scene VII

The lawn of the Dolly Madison House, the night of the final test for Baby.

This is a full stage set. Four entrances R., and L., and C., from House. 3 trees on stage R., and L., with small benches built around them.

At rise SHOW GIRLS and BOYS are on strolling around and exit on dialogue.

SONNY and ANNE are on at rise and L., down to tree S.F., and sit.

Anne

Just think, darling, by midnight Bob will have Baby.

SONNY

Yes, and I'll have you.

(PINKLE enters)

Anne

Hello, Pinkle, won't you sit down with us?

Pinkle

I just sat down.

Anne

That doesn't mean you can't sit down again.

Pinkle

I'm afraid it does. Can I borrow your fan?

(ANNE hands him her fan)

Anne

It is warm, isn't it?

Pinkle

(as he walks off)

Warm ain't the word, lady. It's hot.

(BOB enters and is accosted by REPORTERS, JEFF and BILL)
Jeff
Oh, Mr. Hale, we've been looking for you. We've just heard from our paper. When you and Mrs. Hale go honeymooning, Bill and I are going, too.

Bob
Oh, that's fine, I hope you boys will be very happy.

Jeff
I cover all the important honeymoons.

Bob
I see -- a first-nighter. Not by any chance a critic.

Jeff
Well, in a way.

Bob
Do me a favor -- don't say I'm adequate. I'd rather not be mentioned at all.

Bill
Where are you going on your honeymoon?

Bob
Well, we've had a very good offer from Mrs. Hale's window.

(REPORTERS exit)

(MAILS enters)

Nails
Say, have either of you seen Peaches?

Anne
She's not out here.

Nails
Just when I need her I can't find her.

Bob
It's as though the earth opened up and swallowed her.

Sonny
Ges, Bob, waiting all these years for this moment, how can you be so calm?

Nails
Well, Finkle has cracked under the strain. He's cut in the front yard sitting on the fountain.

Sonny
I don't believe it.
Let's go and see.
(SONNY and ANNIE exit)

Peaches! Peaches!

(BOB grabs her and kisses her)
Gee, Bob -- I've never been kissed like that before.

Bob

Something had to be done.

Well, you certainly did it. Peaches! Peaches!

Bob

Sh -- Nails -- she might hear you.

Well, why do you suppose I'm yelling. I want her to hear me.

But she mustn't hear you.

Why not?

Listen, I guess I've got to tell you. Brace yourself, darling.
Peaches is Baby!

Peaches!

Yes, I found out yesterday, but I didn't want to make you nervous.

Gee, Bob -- this is terrible -- wait a minute. How did you find out?

I saw the waffle. I'd know it any place.

Bob

But how did you happen to be looking any place?

Bob

She got in my hair again and I spanked her.

Bob, if you have to marry Peaches, I'll die.
Bob
Well, it wouldn't improve my health any. But I'm not going to. They'll never find her.

Nails
How do you know?

Bob
I've got her in the cellar, and I won't let her out until the contest is over.

Nails
Oh, Bob -- that's great -- I'm so happy I'm riding on top of the world.

Bob
How soon can me be married, darling?

Nails
Well, I don't believe in long engagements, but we'll have to wait until midnight. Will you wait for me?

Bob
Darling, I'll wait for you until even the farmers are satisfied.

(NAILS goes into "HOW'M I RIDIN'?")

VERSE:
Love had socked me,
Simply knocked me
For a loop.
Luck had dished me
Till you fished me
From the soup.
Now, together,
We can weather Anything.
So please don't sputter
If I should mutter:

REFRAIN:
Life's great, life's grand,
Future all planned,
No more clouds in the sky,
How'm I ridin' - I'm ridin' high.

Some one I love
Mad for my love,
So long, Jonah, goodbye,
How'm I ridin'? I'm ridin' high.
HOW'M I RIDIN'? (Cont'd.)

Floating on a starlit ceiling,
Doting on the cards I'm dealing,
Gleaming, because I'm feeling
So hap-hap-happy,
I'm slap-happy.

So ring bells, sing songs,
Blow horns, beat gongs,
Our love never will die
How'm I ridin'? I'm ridin' high.

First Patter:

What do I care if Missus Harrison Williams is the best dressed woman in town
What do I care if Countess Barbara Lutton has a Rolls Royce built for each gown
Why should I have the vapors when I read in the papers That Missus Simpson dined behind the throne
I've got a cute King of my own
What do I care if Shirley Temple goes swimming in a pool just brimming with beaux
Or if my sins, don't possess underpaims
Like the page "Lega" Dietrich shows.
I'm feeling swell, in fact so swell, it's time some noise began
For although I'm not a big shot, still I've got my man
So ring bells, etc. sing songs
Blow horns, beat gongs. Ah-h-h-h-h-

Half- refrain
then into
End Patter:

What do I care
If Missus Dorothy Parker has the country's wittiest brain?

What do I care
If little Gleason Jarrett only swats in vintage champagne

Why should I be a-flutter when Republicans mutter
That Missus K gets pay to write her day
If I could write my nights, hey, hey!

What do I care
If fair Tallulah possesses tons and tons of jewels from gents

Or, if some observes
That I haven't the curves
That the guy Ike West presents,
I'm doin' fine,
My life's divine,
I'm living in the sun,
'Cause I've a big date
With my fate,
HOW'VE I RIDIN'? (Cont'd.)

So I rate,
A-I
How'm I ridin'? I'm ridin' high.

(At the conclusion of the Number the SENATORS enter one side and BOB the other)

Malvinsky

Mr. Hale, we have to talk to you immediately.

Bob

What can I do for you, gentlemen?

Musalovitch

Pinkle has just told us what is the mark of identification.

Bob

Yes.

Malvinsky

Mr. Hale, does this mean the United States Government has been looking for a girl with a waffle on her mitz platz?

Bob

That's about the size of it.

Musalovitch

What's about the size of it?

Bob

Oh, just the standard size.

Malvinsky

And you're going to marry this girl?

Bob

I'm afraid I'll have to -

(MAILS enters)

Nails

Good evening, gentlemen, I'm afraid you'll have to withdraw. We're about to start the examination of the candidates.

Malvinsky

Mrs. Duquesne, in the name of the Government we demand to be present for this examination. We've got to keep an eye on this.

Nails

I'm afraid we can't permit that, Senator.
Nalvinsky
In that case, Mrs. Duquesne, I must exercise my prerogative.

Nails
You go right ahead — by that time the contest may be over.

(GIRLS AND BOYS DRIFT ON)

Bob
Nails, they know what the mark is. I think they ought to stay. Then there can't be any question later.

Nails
If it's all right with you — it's all right with me. Let everybody stay.

Del Grasso
Where does the unveiling take place?

Nails
Right here.

Bob
The candidates come out of the house and walk through some X-ray lights.

Del Grasso
What do the candidates have on?

Bob
Every eye in the place.

Nails
Fingers, tell Pinkle we're ready for the candidates, and turn on the lights.

Fingers
THE DAMES, PINKLE.

(PINCKLE EXITS. PINCKLE ENTERS, TAKES COCKTAIL FROM PINCKLE'S TRAY BEFORE PINCKLE EXITS)

Pinke
Folks, a toast to the Candidates. Bottoms up. Am I anticipating? Am I anticipating?

(LIGHTS START TO DIM)

Nails
Oh, Bob, I don't know whether I'll have the courage to look.

Bob
Well, I'll be brave dear, I'll look for both of us.

(PARADE BEGINS)
(PEACHES enters)

Say, I’ve been looking for you guys. There’s been some dirty work around here.

MALVINSKY

What do you mean?

PEACHES

I wanted to get into this contest and somebody hit me on the head and threw me into the cellar.

O’SHAUGHNESSY

You mean you’re a candidate for Baby?

NAILS

Why, that’s ridiculous! She’s only my Maid.

BOB

Why, it’s preposterous!

PEACHES

Certainly I’m a Candidate. I was born on Riverside Drive and I can prove it.

MUSILOVITCH

Can you prove you sat down on a waffle iron?

PEACHES

Oh, a bunch of wise guys, eh?

MUSILOVITCH

What do you mean?

PEACHES

Kidding about a thing like that. You don’t know what that can do to a girl. Carrying a mark like that through life ain’t fun. It can queer you with every man you meet. You get a fellow feeling serious about you and then what happens. From then on everytime he sees you he has to laugh.

MALVINSKY

What are you talking about?

PEACHES

You know what I’m talking about. Somebody tipped you off about me.

(The SENATORS look at each other)

MUSILOVITCH

No, no. That’s the mark of identification.
Peaches

It is? Then I’ve got it.

Musalovitch

The country is saved.

O’Shaughnessy

We’ve found Baby. The government’s won first prize.

Peaches

You mean that I’m Baby and I’m going to marry Bob?

Dal Grasso

You’ll marry him on the White House lawn!

Peaches

Yoo-hoo --- Bob — Bob — Bob.

(Everybody rushes on with ad libs)

Malvinsky

Mrs. Duquesne, the United States government has won the lottery!

(Cheer from crowd)

Peaches

And I’m going to marry Bob.

(Cheer again)

Pinkle

And I’m going back to Lark’s Nest.

(Another cheer)

Nails

You mean that Peaches is Baby?

Peaches

I’ll show it to you.

Bob

Never mind. I’ve seen it. I guess it’s all over, Nails. I’ll have to marry Peaches.

Peaches

Bob.

(Starts to grab him)

Malvinsky

The crowd’s waiting for you.

(The CROWD RUSHES PEACHES off)

(NAILS, PINKLE and BOB are left alone on stage)
Bob, what are we going to do?

What can we do? With the whole country gone crazy -- we'll have to go through with it.

But, Bob, if it was anything but Peaches.

Who started this lottery anyway. Whose idea was this?

It was yours.

Oh -- I remember. Well, it was a good idea when it came to me, but if I ever find out who let Peaches out of the cellar I'll kill him.

I'll help you kill him.

Wait a minute -- if they hadn't found Peaches this lottery would have been a flop.

We wanted it to be a flop.

I didn't know that -- when I let Peaches out of the cellar, I ---

Oh, you let her out of the cellar.

Mother's little helper.

(The SENATORs, MARINES, SONNY and some of the GIRLS enter)

Malvinsky

Mr. Hale, where are you? The crowd wants you.

Sonny

Come on, Bob, they're waiting for you.

Vivian

Bob, they're yelling for you.

Betty

They want to see you with Baby.
Bob
They'll have to get along without me.

Musilovitch
But the cameramen are waiting -- the newscasts --

Bob
Let them wait -- I'm not coming.

Malvinsky
You've got to come -- they want to see you and Baby together.

Bob
Leave me alone -- I'm not coming.

Malvinsky
Oh yes you are.

(to Marines)
Sergeant, bring the lottery lover to the grandstand -- by force, if you have to.

Come on, Buddy.

Archer

Go ahead, Bob.

Nails

Bob
No, Nails, I want to be with you.

Archer
I said, come on, buddy.

(Archer pucks Bob up by seat of the pants and coat collar).

Bob
Nails, if you want me to go, I will.

(Archer rushes Bob out, the crowd with him, ad libbing)

Crowd
Here he is -- the lottery lover -- hooray -- here he comes.

(Nails and Pinkle are left alone)

Nails
Well, Pinkle, it's all over now.

Pinkle
Say, I didn't know I was doing this to you. I don't deserve to go back to jail.
Nails
I can't live without Bob.

Finkle
I wish I could take his place. But I wasn't exactly meant for love. I ain't got the face for it.

Nails
You can't help that, Finkle.

Finkle
Well, when it comes to looks, how did you fall for him in the first place?

(BOB enters)

Finkle
You can't explain love.

(Sings)
"It's merely because he's got a certain something that some ----

(She breaks)

Bob

Nails -

(NAILS goes to Bob and rests her head on his shoulder and cries)

Finkle
Don't cry. Don't be lugubrious.

What?

Finkle
Go ahead and cry.

(The music swells and the curtain falls)

CURTAIN
"RED, HOT AND BLUE"

ACT TWO
ACT TWO

SCENE I

A Room in the White House.

This is a full stage set. Four entrances on S.R. and S.L. Platform across the back with two steps. People can enter down center. Table and two chairs right and left of steps in keeping with the set. At rise of curtain entire ensembles are discovered on stage, conveying the fact of rehearsing for the wedding. After number "HYMN TO HYMEN" dancers dance one refrain and exit on this lyric: "One, two, turn and away. One, two, turn the other way. One three, three, skip a little bit, one, two, three, Ah, the hell with it." and exit -

Others stroll off slowly to dialogue.

WE'RE ABOUT TO START BIG REHEARIN'!

(Dancing girls sing)

We're about to start big rehearsein' For the marriage of Baby and Bob, And it makes our tender hearts throb, 30 When we think of that chap Taking that rap, For we know that Nails is the person That he pets when he gets amorous, So forgive this "aside," But, speaking of the bride, Thank God it's not us.

---

HYMN TO HYMEN

(Double Mixed quartet)

Hymen, thou phony God of matrimony, Humbly we pray, keep away from our door. Those thou hast mated Say thou art over-rated And call thee a dated, unmitigated bore. Why wouldst thou tie us
In wedlock, holy and pious,
Knowing as thou doest
Love is truest when it's free.
So Hymen, thou Phony
God of matrimony,
We say balony to Thee.

(After number enter ANNE)

Is everybody here?

Anne

Vivian

Well, we haven't seen the bride and groom yet.

Anne

Vivian

From now on the White House isn't going to be famous for its Presidents -- it'll be pointed out as the place where Bob and Baby got married.

Anne

Lucille

Do you mean we've got the White House all to ourselves?

Betty

Vivian

What did they do with the President?

Anne

Peaches

They told him he couldn't come home tonight.

(Peaches enters)

Oh, hello.

Anne

Peaches

Hello, Peaches.

Anne

Peaches

Say, do you girls mind clearing out of here?

Nails

Peaches

Why?

Anne

Peaches

Well, I happen to have a date with Bob.

Anne

Peaches

Yes, we know. You and Bob are going to rehearse your wedding.

Anne

Peaches

Who told you? Those Senators.
Anne
That's why we're all here. We all have to walk through the ceremony.

Peaches
Oh, so that's what they meant. We just -- walk?

Yes.

Peaches
Wait till I find those senators. Getting me over here on a false alarm.
(Exits)

Anne
You girls wait outside in the corridor, I'll give you your instructions later.
(The GIRLS exit)
(MAILS enters)

Nails
Hello.

Anne
Hello, Nails. I thought you weren't going to attend these services.

Nails
I changed my mind -- can I see the body?

Anne
What do you mean?

Nails
I want to talk to Bob.

Anne
He isn't here yet. Wasn't it nice of them to turn over the White House to us today?

Nails
Oh, I don't know -- there seems to be a big argument going on about renewing their lease.

(BOB enters with MARTINES)

Bob
Guard halt! At ease!

Nails
What have you got there?
Bob
Those leathernecks are my bodyguard. Don't think my beautiful white body doesn't need guarding. This morning a woman tried to bite the end of my elbow off for a souvenir.

Anne
She's around here somewhere. I'll tell her you're here.

Bob
Just a minute. Attention! Forward march! Halt! All right, go ahead and tell her.

Nails
Don't tell her yet. I want to talk to Bob.

Anne
Remember, Nails, Bob's supposed to rehearse with Baby.

Bob
Darling --
(He starts for Nails and the SOLDIERS start with him. He halts. They halt)
Darling.
(BOB gives Nails the come-hither-nod)

Nails
Darling --
(He starts for Bob with her arms out. Just as she gets to him one of the SOLDIERS steps in front of him and receives the embrace)

1st Soldier
Darling --

Bob
(Taps Soldier on shoulder)
Hey, you're guarding the wrong body.

(THIRD SOLDIER lets go of Nails and embraces Bob, who fights his way out)
Attention. Right face. Get the hell out of here. March.

(THIRD SOLDIER march out)

Bob
(BOB grabs Nails)
Oh, Nails.
(He kisses her)

Nails
We shouldn't be doing this. What would Baby think if she knew you'd kissed me twice.
I only kissed you once.

Bob

But aren’t you going to kiss me again?

Nails

(He kisses her again)

Bob

See, sweetheart, I don’t see how I can go through with this marriage.

Nails

You’ve got to. That’s what I came down here to tell you.

Bob

But this is not a one-night stand. I’m giving up my whole life.

Nails

But the country expects it of you.

Bob

My life? Listen, my name is Bob Hale not Nathan Hale.

Nails

We’ve got to be sports about this.

Bob

I don’t love her -- you know that.

Nails

But everybody thinks you’re crazy about her. They’ve made you a hero because they think you’ve loved her from infancy to adultery. They’ve got to go on thinking that -- and you’ve got to make baby think so, too.

Bob

I’m not sure I can take it.

(FINGERS and GRACE enter)

Grace

There’s Bob now.

Fingers

Peaches! Here he is!

Peaches

(Off stage)

Yoo-hoo-Bob!

Nails

Here’s your chance to prove you’re a hero.

(Peaches enters)
Peaches

Oh, Bob, I've hardly seen you since I knew I was Baby.
(Throwing her arms about him)
I'm never going to let you out of my arms again. We're not
going to be separated — even for a minute. We've got twenty
years loving to make up — and I'm going to start right now.
I'm going to smother you with kisses.

Bob

Call out the guard!
(The Marines enter)
(They march down to flank Bob and Peaches)

Bob

Left face! Forward, March!
(As they start off, Bob drops out and
they march out with Peaches between them
protesting)

Bob

(Taking Nails' arm and starting other way)
As I was saying before the Marines landed —

Nails

What do you suppose will happen to her?

Bob

Oh, she'll just get a little leathernecking.
(Exit Bob and Nails)

Grace

The government's certainly spending a lot of money on this
wedding.

Pickle

They're going to make this a P.W.A. project.

Grace

They want me to do a dance on the lawn.

(Pinkle enters on off stage noise of
argument! Shouts to wings)

Pinkle

It's an outrage! I won't do it — that's all.

Paul

Do what?

Pinkle

Those senators want me to come to the wedding dressed as George
Washington. That's too much. Asking me to represent the father
Pinkle (Cont'd.)

of the country. Of course, there was one block in New York where I did pretty good.

Paul

What are you going to do when it's all over, Pinkle?

I'm going home.

Pinkle

Home?

Pinkle

Back to prison.

Fingers

I hear you get ten per cent of the lottery money. What are you going to do with all that dough?

Pinkle


Grace

How are you going to get all those things in a cell?

Pinkle

This time I'm taking a private suite -- three cells and a private dungeon. Going to have it all air-conditioned and decorated -- you know put up some curtains to make it look cozy.

Grace

You ought to hire this decorator who's doing the White House for the wedding.

Pinkle

Is he good?

Grace

He's marvelous. I'll find him and send him in.

Pinkle

Fingers, why don't you come back to the big home with me?

Fingers

I can't, Pinkle. You see, the little lady claims I've stolen her heart.

Pinkle

That dame. Well, you couldn't get more than ten days for that.
(DECORATOR enters)

Decorator

Which one of you boys is Mr. Pinkle?

Pinkle

I'm Mr. Pinkle and I don't want any.

Decorator

The young lady told me you wanted to see me about doing over your apartment.

Pinkle

Oh, you're the decorator.

Decorator

Yes, and we're going to get along beautifully.

Fingers

I'm going to get along immediately.

Pinkle

Don't get too far away.

Decorator

Now Mr. Pinkle, just where is your apartment?

Lark's Nest.

Pinkle

Lark's Nest Prison?

Decorator

Yeah -- what about it?

Pinkle

An apartment in a prison. Oh, that captures my imagination right away. Let me see. It ought to be something monastic -- you know plain severe.

Finkle

That's the way it is now. I want to get it fixed up.

Decorator

Oh, I see you want contrast.

Pinkle

No -- curtains.

Decorator

Well, for the windows the curtains should be -- I suppose those windows have bars.
Pinkle
Certainly they've got bars.

Decorator
Well, they've got to come out.

Pinkle
They're kinda particular about those bars.

Decorator
We just won't pay any attention to them. All right, let's go to the fireplace.

Pinkle
The fireplace. I don't want a fireplace.

Decorator
Oh, you've got to have a fireplace. It's very simple. We'll just make a hole in the wall.

Pinkle
They don't like to have you make holes in the wall.

Decorator
It doesn't make any difference what they like.

Pinkle
Mister, all I want is curtains.

Decorator
Let's talk about the color scheme.

Pinkle
I don't want a color scheme. I want curtains.

Decorator
We must decide on the period. Let's see. Louie Seize --

Pinkle
I don't care what Louie says -- I want curtains. Curtains - K-u-r-t-a-n-s.

Decorator
My but your feverish. All right, I'll show you some curtains. (taking out a sample)

Now with this material we can make the whole place completely mad-cap.

Pinkle
Say, that's nice, good.

Decorator
They're all using it this season. It's the last word in chi-chi.
It ain't what you'd call he-he.

Wait till you see this one. It's a surprise. Close your eyes.

I'm under his spell.

One-two-three. Come out, come out, wherever you are.

(PINKLE opens his eyes)

Oh, that's more like it.

You think so.

It's so-so say. Now you're getting me excited. That does something to me.

You really do like it.

I love it. It has such warmth. You know in the morning the sunlight leaps through my window like a wild thing.

How nice! We're off to such a good start.

Yes, we'll build the whole room around this note. What do you see for the floor?

If you want something really soigne.

Of course.

I'd suggest shaved lamb.

What?

Shaved lamb.
Pinkle

Oooh -- I didn't know they shaved.

Decorator

Ooo -- you SLAY me.

Pinkle

Oh, I'm so glad you dropped in. This is glorious fun.

Decorator

Before you set your heart on that number -- here's one. This is the very thing.

Pinkle

I wouldn't wear that to a dog fight.

Decorator

I think I'm a better judge of what you should have.

Pinkle

Is that so?

Decorator

Yes, that's so -- after all, if I'm going to do your apartment.

Pinkle

But I have to live in it and don't you forget it.

Decorator

Now just a minute. I think I know more about this than you.

Pinkle

Look at her. Isn't she high strung.

Decorator

Who's making me high strung! Furthermore, let me tell you something. That material there, you're so passionate about, was designed for a bathroom.

Pinkle

This? You can't use this in a bathroom -- why it's uncanny. Just too uncanny.

(PINKLE and DECORATOR are madly arguing as they exit)

Decorator

We can't do anything today -- you're just a bundle of nerves.

Pinkle

But I'm telling you ---

(Ad lib into exit)
(SENATORS MALVINSKY and O'SHAUGNESSY enter)

Malvinsky

How about this rehearsal -- where is everybody?

(BOB and NAILS enter)

Bob

Here we are.

Malvinsky

We've got to get this thing started -- we're busy men.

Nails

Bob, you behaved very badly with Peaches -- and you mustn't. You're got to make her think you love her.

Bob

You're the one I love.

Nails

I know that -- but you've got to make her believe she's the one. I'll understand.

Bob

I won't be very good at it.

(Peaches enters)

Peaches

Bob, they're ready to start this -- whatever it is we're going to do.

Bob

Sweetheart, I'm so glad to see you.

Peaches

Sometimes I'm not sure you love me?

Bob

You know I love you.

Peaches

And I'm the only one you love.

Bob

How could I ever love anyone else?

Nails

The hell you're not good at it.

Bob

I'm doing the best I can.
Nails
You're doing too damm well.

Bob
Well, look what I'm up against.

Nails
Aw, the hell with you.
(Exits)

Bob
Listen, government. I'm through. I can't marry this girl.

Malvinsky
You've got to marry her.

Bob
You can't make me.

Malvinsky
Oh, yes, we can. You can't defy the United States government.
Seize that man and hold him until high noon tomorrow.

(The MARINES seize Bob)

Bob
You can't do this to me - it's against the Constitution.

Malvinsky
What Constitution?

Bob
You got me there.
(Exits with MARINES)

Peaches
This doesn't look so good for me -- a machine-gun wedding.
(Exits)

(PINKLE enters)

Malvinsky
Pinkle, we've been looking for you. For bringing this Lottery
to its magnificent conclusion, the President has granted you
a pardon.

Pinkle
A pardon? They can't do this to me. What was my goal? What
was my ambition? To get back into jail. And now every jail
door will be locked against me. It's a conspiracy, that's what
it is. A conspiracy. But let me tell you something. I'll
get back to prison if I have to go to jail for it.

(PINKLE exits)
Mulvinsky

There will be a wedding. Go ahead with the rehearsal.
Come, Senators.

(SENATORS exit)

Sonny

How can we rehearse the wedding without the bride or groom.

Anne

Come Sonny. We'll rehearse our own wedding.

(Into Waltz)
(ANNE and SONNY and ENSEMBLE)

WHAT A GREAT PAIR WE'LL BE

VERSE:

He ... Let the modern cynics all laugh at marriage
And say that it's not worth the fuss,
She ... But an illegitimate baby carriage
Would never go down with us.
He ... Just the thought we're heading
For a bona fide wedding
Is enough to fill my heart with delight.
She ... And when once we're mated
And get well domesticated
We will prove to them all we were right
BOTH .... Yes, completely prove, we were right

REFRAIN:

Both .... What a great pair we'll be;
What a swell sight to see
When as girl and boy,
We taste the full joy
Of sweet matrimony.

She .... What a lush life to lead,
What a lifting poem to read
He .... When, with flags unfurled,
We show the whole world
What bliss marriage can be.
She .... How we'll glory in our story,
How we'll thank the stars we're alive.
He .... How our love will prosper and thrive
She .... In that cottage for 2,
He .... Or 3,
She .... Or 4,
He .... Or 5.
She . . . And when you've made your pile
And we've grown our own family tree,
He . . . What a proud
Unbearable stuffy,
She . . . But terribly great pair we will be.
She . . . What a swell sight to see
When I'm 80 and you're 83,
Both . . . As we scan the years
And churrup "Three Cheers
For sweet matrimony."

("t finish of Number all exit
HARTMANS enter for specialty and finish
in full stage. Close Curtain - HARTMANS
go into I for encore"

CURTAIN
ACT TWO

Scene Two

Courtyard in the Marine Barracks.
This is a shallow set, very plain. Door right of center upstage with bars in it. Kitchen table and two camp stools SE of C - Entrance in this set is at SL except the one through door behind which BOB HALS is discovered at rise of curtain. He enters and guard closes door. That is only time this door is used through the scene.

(Rings bell)
Room service.

(1st MARINE enters)

What do you want?

1st Marine

Let me out of here.

(Bob steps out.)

The Government's got this thing all mixed up.

1st Marine

What's the matter?

Bob

What will people say when they hear the Bridegroom's in confinement. Get me a lawyer.

1st Marine

You're a lawyer. Why don't you handle your own case.

Bob

I don't have anything to do with schysters.

(Enter 2nd MARINE)

Marine

Visitor for the prisoner. This way Madam.

(NAILS enters)

Bob

Hello Nails.
Nails

Bob, I couldn't help coming over—this may be the last time we'll ever be together.

Bob

Can't I still be your lawyer?

Nails

No, Bob, I couldn't stand seeing you.

Bob

That's a little tough on me. You were the only client I ever had. Well, I'm not being married until 12 o'clock. I can give you a lot of legal advice in two hours—twenty or thirty thousand dollars' worth.

Nails

Gee, you're being swell about it, but I just can't. Life won't be any fun for me after you—look at those nails. I can't let you be married with nails like that.

Bob

(He starts to bite one hand and offers the other to her)

You work on that one.

Nails

I always did want to do your hands and this is my last chance and I'm going to take it. Hey, soldier!

(The FIRST MARINE enters)

Have you got a manicure set?

First Marine

Well, not for tonight—she's a telephone operator.

Nails

Get me some hot water, a file and a pair of scissors.

(First MARINE exits)

Finkle is coming to see you today—he's still working on his idea.

Bob

What idea?

Nails

The government gave him a pardon—but he thinks if he can prevent your wedding that will get him back into jail.

(First MARINE enters with a battered bucket containing hot water, a wood file and a pair of wire scissors)

First Marine

Here's your hot water, lady.
Nails

All right. Put it down over here. (He puts it on table and she pulls up stools)

First Marine

This was the only file I could find -- but I got you a good strong pair of scissors. (He pulls out file and wire scissors)

Bob

Hey, Dracula you forgot the meat axe.

First Marine

She didn’t say nothing about a meat axe. (FIRST MARINE exits)

Nails

A fine looking pair of scissors.

Bob

It looks as though I’m in for a trimming.

And this is his idea of a file.

Bob

Let’s give up the whole thing.

Nails

No. I’ll make the best of it. Stick your hand in that hot water. (BOB puts his hand in bucket.) From the first time I ever saw you I wanted to do your hands. My, but you’ve got a lot of cuticles.

Bob

Oh, I don’t know. It’s nice of you to say so.

Nails

To think that the day you’re going to marry another girl is the first chance I’ve had to get at them.

Bob

Remember, these are my hands -- not hers.

Nails

Whenever I think of Baby I burn up.

Bob

When you get down to the second knuckle stop.

Nails

Give me your other hand.
I'm going to need this one.

Bob

Nails

Bob?

Yes, darling.

Bob

You won't ever forget me will you?

Bob

I don't see how I can.

(Looks at his hands)

Bob

I won't ever forget you.

Nails

You're a great girl, Nails, and it's been swell knowing you.

Bob

It's been swell knowing you -- but I'm not sure you've been
good for me.

Bob

What makes you say that, darling.

(NAILS goes into "You're a Bad Influence on Me". She exits on
the number.)

"YOU'RE A BAD INFLUENCE ON ME."

VERSE:

Since first you crossed my horizon
With your load of love-charms,
I spend my whole time devisin'
Means to stay in your arms,
There must be some tricky treatment that would
cool my brain
For to me it's so plain, --
And you'll admit the fact that I'm practic'ly sane.

REPTAIN:

You're a bad influence on me, sorry,
But you're a bad influence, I must say,
For I get in such a dither
When you use your famous "come hither",
That all thoughts of Hame and Mither
Seem to wither away,
The thing your eyes do to me is such folly,
That I feel sure your middle name must be Svengali,
You throw me way out of my stride,
Still I beg of you, stay by my side,
And be a bad influence on me.

(Enter FIRST MARINE)

1st Marine
Another visitor for the prisoner.

Bob
What is this old home week?

(PINKLE enters)

Pinkle
Am I disgruntled? Ask me, am I disgruntled?

(1st MARINE exits)

Bob
All right -- are you disgruntled.

Pinkle
Well, I ain't exactly disgruntled. I had the best idea of my
career in crime and with any luck at all I would have made
Alcatraz. If it had worked it would have stopped your
wedding.

Bob
That's great, Pinkle, why don't you go ahead -- you might
become the crook of the month. What was the idea?

Pinkle
I was going to blow up the White House.

Bob
And what happened?

Pinkle
Well, I sends to New York for fifty bombs, I goes down to
the station and what did they send me. Fifty bums.

Bob
They've got enough of those in Washington now.

(Enter 1st MARINE)
Attention! Another visitor for the prisoner.

Who is it?

Senator Musilovitch.

Here comes one now--

(Enter MUSILOVITCH, followed by SECOND MARINE with rifle)

Musilovitch

Mr. Hale, word has come to us that there may be a last-minute attempt to interfere with this wedding.

Who told you that?

Nails

Well, shall we say a little bird told me.

A stool pigeon.

Musilovitch

Sergeant, step forward. The sergeant here will be stationed in one of the windows of the White House. He will have his rifle trained on you Mr. Hale, and if there is any attempt to interfere with this wedding or refusal on your part to go through with it the sergeant is instructed to shoot.

Pincus

Huh. You can't scare me.

Bob

Well--maybe he can scare some of us.

Nails

You speak for yourself.

Pincus

How do you know he will hit you. I missed a whole police force once and I had a machine gun.

Musilovitch

The Sergeant happens to be the champion sharp shooter of the Marine Corps. Do you see that flock of ducks flying toward the Potomac. All right, sergeant.
(The SERGEANT glances up and takes a casual shot. Everybody watches and a duck falls, close to Musilovitch.)

Pincus

Missed him.

Musilovitch

I don't think I need say any more. Come on, sergeant.

(MUSILOVITCH and SERGEANT exit)

Pincus

How I hate government interference with business. But what can we do? I got to get back to jail so I guess you got to get shot.

Nails

He's not going to be shot.

Bob

I think I'd just as soon be shot as marry Peaches. They can't force me to go through with this wedding. I won't stand for it.

(Two more ducks fall)

I think there's a leak in the roof.

(Enter 1st MARINE with a bottle of wine on a tray with three glasses)

The Colonel's compliments-- and he's sent this wine to you to drink to your happiness.

Bob

There's three glasses---is he going to drink with us.

First Marine

No sir, but you have another visitor. Your future wife.

Bob

That spoils my whole wedding day. Where is she?

First Marine

She'll be here in a minute. She's with the colonel.

(FIRST MARINE exits)

Pincus

That dame coming here. It's propitious.

Nails

What?

Pinkle

Propitious! I think. She'll walk right into my trap.
Bob
Not if you keep it closed.

Pinkle
Listen, there's a million people out there and they're all waiting to see your wedding. Now supposing Nell's was there wearing the wedding dress and the bridal veil, who'd know the difference?

Bob
Well, Peaches for one.

Pinkle
That's the crux of the whole idea. Peaches won't be there. She'll be unconscious.

Bob
You mean more than usual?

Pinkle
She'll be under your bunk dead to the world. You see that? We'll slip her the old pill and powder.

(Points to the wine)

Bob
What do you mean?

Knock out drops.

Pinkle
Bob
Where are we going to get them.

Pinkle
I never travel without 'em.

(Takes out bottle from his pocket)

This will blow the top of her head off.

(Three ducks fall)

Bob
(Hangs on the Pinkle's nose)

I think we're being followed.

(Off Stage)

Peaches
Yoo-hoo Bob!

Pinkle
The die is cast. Stall her a minute and leave the dirty work to me. I love it.

(Enter PEACHES)

Peaches
Hello Bob!
Bob

(Stalling time while PINKLE is mixing the drinks)
Hello Peaches. You certainly look lovely. Why I never realized you were so----
(To Pinkle)
Are you ready?
(Pushes PEACHES towards PINKLE who hands her a glass and then hand Bob one and keeps the remaining one for himself)

Peaches
What's that something to drink?
Pinkle
We're all going to drink to the bride.

Peaches
Then I shouldn't drink -- it ain't etiquette. Of course, you wouldn't know that.

Bob
Don't criticize Pinkle's grammar.
Peaches
I'll tell you, we'll drink to Pinkle's grammar.
Pinkle
That's the idea. To a sweet old lady.
(Before drinking PINKLE whispers to Bob)
She'll drop like a ton of bricks.
(They drink)

(BOB sways and touches the ground)
Peaches
What's the matter with Bob.
Pinkle
Hey Bob! Bob!
(He pulls Bob up and shakes him)
Bob
Did anyone call while I was out.
Pinkle
Slight error.
(Turns to Peaches)
What you need is a fresh one.
(Switches glasses)
To my health.
Bob
You're going to need it.
(Before drinking PINKLE whispers to Bob)

Pinkle

She'll think a truck hit her.

(They drink)

There's nothing like rare vintage.

(PINKLE goes)

Bob

(Looking over him to Peaches)

Where's Pinkle?

Peaches

I don't know he was here a minute ago.

Bob

(Discovering Pinkle, pulls him up and shakes him)

Pinkle! Pinkle!

Pinkle

You got to stop them birds from singing.

Bob

Pull yourself together we got to work fast.

Pinkle

(Switching glasses)

A fresh one.

(Aside to Bob)

She'll think a mule kicked her.

Peaches

What do we drink to this time.

Bob

Here's to love.

Pinkle

Down she goes.

Bob

I hope so.

(They all drink)

Peaches

(Walking away from them)

Oh Bob, you know the Colonel says he wants to see me before I go.

(PINKLE and BOB are both out)
Peaches

Hey! (Discovering them abouts)

(PINKLE and BOB come to)

It's no use.

Pickle

We got to use something else.

Bob

What!

Pickle

Nitro-Glycerine.

Bob

Where are we going to get that from.

Pickle

From my emergency kit. (Opens coat and exposes vest with various bottles in pockets)

(PINKLE and BOB both start for Peaches when suddenly a duck falls on Peaches head and knocks her out.)

BLACK OUT
ACT TWO

SCENE III

This is a full stage scene and very elaborate. There are 4 entrances on S.L. and 4 on S.R. Stairs leading down from the White House approximately 15 steps high.

At rise of curtain NAILS is discovered on walking down steps from the White House in bridal costume followed by 2 BRIDESMAIDS dressed in white carrying train of gown. Also discovered on stage are FIGHT SHO-GIRLS dressed in white. NAILS slowly comes down stage to music and on cue starts to sing number, "RED, HOT AND BLUE!"

On cue, after interlude of special lyrics, she removes bridal costume and veil and is dressed in red costume for the number. All BRIDESMAIDS exit at this point. NAILS and Ensemble only are in this number. At finish of number all exit.

"RED, HOT AND BLUE"

Nails & Ensemble

Verse:
Due to the tragic low-ness of my brow
All music that's highbrow
Gets me upset.
Each time I hear a strain of Stravinsky's,
I hurry to Winsky's
And try to forget.
I don't like Schubert's music or Schumann's,
I'm one of those humans
Who only goes in for Berlin and Vincent Youmans,
I'm for the guy that eludes
Each sonatas and Chopin preludes
So, when some nice man I meet,
I always mutter, tout d'-suite.
"FRID, HOT AND BLUE" - (Cont'd.)

1st REFRAIN:

If you want to thrill me and drill me for your crew,
Sing me a melody that's Red, Hot and Blue.
Before you expand on that grand cottage for two,
Sing me a melody that's Red, Hot and Blue.
I can't take Sibelius,
Or Delius,
But I swear I'd throw my best pel away
For Calloway,
So when we're all set and I get married to you,
Don't let that violin
Start playing Lohengrin,
It may be sweet as sin
But it's not Red, Hot and Blue.

2nd REFRAIN:

If you ask me, toots,
Just what puts
Me in a stew,
Sing me a melody that's Red, Hot and Blue.
If I'm quite correct
You expect
Me to come through,
Sing me a melody that's Red, Hot and Blue.
This craze that's pursuin' me,
May ruin me,
But my 'asterloo won't be Wellington
But Ellington.
So if you feel tonight
Like a light
Ev'ning for two,
I have no desire to hear
Pilgrastadt's Brunnhilde, dear,
She waves a pretty spear
But she's not Red, Hot and Blue.
(BOB and TWO MARINES enter)

Bob

Guard halt! Gentlemen, I shall remember your attentions to my dying day and this may be it.

(The MARINES exit as PICKLE dressed as George Washington enters)

Pickle, is that you or a two sent stamp?

Pickle

Pretend you don't know me! I'm an old valley forger.

Where's Peaches?

Bob

She's in the barracks unconscious and Nails is in the wedding dress. Here comes Nails now -

(NAILS enters)

Bob

Then you may lead us into battle -- never mind here comes the enemy now.

(SENATORS enter)

Gentlemen, I have news for you.

(MARINE enters with two ducks tied to his belt and crosses Bob)

What is the news?

Musilovitch

I'll say.

Bob

Pickle

I've got news for you. This wedding may be a little bit lopsided, because there ain't no bride.

What do you mean?

Senators

Nails

Peaches says she wouldn't marry Bob if he were the last man on earth.

Bob

Gentlemen, my heart is broken, but the Lottery Lover will not disappoint his public. We must find another bride. How, Mrs. Duquesne here, ---
Where is Peaches?

Musilovitch

Peaches says she's where you'll never find her again.

Pinkle

Peaches

(Off stage)

Yoo-hoo Bob!

Pinkle

Do you suppose I double crossed myself.

Bob

If you were Washington you'd double cross the Delaware.

Peaches

Somebody's been playing tricks on me. Gee, you'd think I wasn't wanted around here.

Bob

I certainly would.

Malvinsky

Stand out from there. Baby, take your proper place. We'll deal with you later.

Pinkle

I'll take the rap for this. I'm guilty.

O'Shaughnessy

Nonsense Pinkle, you're just being chivalrous.

Pinkle

That stops me.

(Enter MARINE)

Senator O'Shaughnessy:

(He hands him a message)

O'Shaughnessy

One moment.

(He reads the message)

Won't those fellows let us get away with anything?

Musilovitch

What is it?

Bob

The Supreme Court has handed down a decision, 6 to 3, holding this entire lottery unconstitutional.

(Cheer)
On what grounds!

Malvinsky

On the grounds that it might benefit the American people.

Nails

What are we going to do with this crowd? They came here for
a wedding.

Bob

We'll give 'em a wedding. Come here, darling.

Anne

We'll make it a double wedding.
(She grabs Sonny)

Peaches

How about me? This was supposed to be my wedding day.

Bob

Yes, we ought to find a husband for Peaches.

Peaches

Yoo-hoo, Pinkle.

Bob

(Reading from message)
There's news for you, too, Pinkle - your pardon has been
revoked.

Pinkle

What was the score on that?

Bob

9 to 0.

Pinkle

A shut out.

(FINALE)

CURTAIN