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"AMOS AND ANDY"
by
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Several months ago Madam Queen visited her sister in the country during which time Sadie Blake ran the beauty shop. It was during this period that Andy and Sadie became acquainted. Sadie was very happy when Andy refused to marry Madam Queen and is now under the impression that Andy broke the engagement on her account. As the scene opens now we find the boys in their taxicab office. Andy is once more confiding in Amos and asking for advice. Here they are:--

Amos---Well, whut yo' wanna ast me?

Andy---Well, fust of all I goin' tell yo' some stuff dat I don't want yo' to say nuthin' 'bout.

Amos---Alright.

Andy---Yo' see, right now I got so much stuff on my mind wid Madam Queen gittin' ready to sue me or sumpin' dat my head can't hold no mo' dan it's holdin', an' dat's why I gotta ast you 'bout sumpin' 'cause yo' ain't got nuthin' in yo' head up to now.

Amos---I ain't huh?

Andy---Well, maybe you worryin' 'bout Ruby Taylor.

Amos---Well, whut yo' wanna ast me?

Andy---Well, you know dis gal Sadie Blake?

Amos---You mean de one you talked to yesterday? I know her.

Andy---Today is her birthday---yo' know she called me up yesterday an' told me dat, an' I told her dat I had a trinklet fo' her, so I done gone down to de 5 and 10 cent sto' an' bought sumpin'.

Amos---Whut is it?

Andy---Don't say nuthin' 'bout dis---I'll show it to yo'.

Amos---You got it wrapped up huh?

Andy---Dere 'tis---a diamond pin.

Amos---DIAMOND pin?

Andy---Well, dey ain't zactly North Anmerican diamonds--- it's dem diamonds dat I'se been buyin' befo' fo' people.

Amos---Pretty soon I goin' git so mad wid you dat I goin' just fo'git about yo'.

Andy---Well, dat's whut I'se astin' yo' now. Whut I wanna do is know whut would you do if you was me?

Amos---To tell yo' de truth, if I was you, I would start life over. I would start out from de time I was a baby again---

Andy---Alright Amos.

Amos---Well, whut yo' want me to tell yo'?

Andy---Well, you know how things is up to now. Yo' know dat I got dat summons from de Cou't sayin' dat she goin' sue me fo' \$25,000. Whut I wanna know is, if you was me, would you give Sadie Blake dat diamond pin fo' her birthday?

Amos---No.

Andy---Dere you is---cold blooded.

Amos---Ast yo' lawyer---you got a lawyer---ast him whut he think 'bout it. Look like to me you wouldn't want to start givin' Sadie Blake sumpin' on her birthday till yo' got out de mess you is in now wid Madam Queen.

Andy---Sadie though is diff'ent from Madam Queen Amos--- dere's a girl dat's got a lot o' sense. She looks ahead.

Amos---I done heard yo' say de same thing 'bout Madam Queen.

Andy---Not lately. No Amos, Sadie's diff'rent.

Amos---How old is she?

Andy---She's in de 20's or de 30's.

Amos---Well, dat's close.

Andy---Yo' see, I done told her dat I had dis little trinklet fo' her, an' I don't wanna be a pikeh---dat's de worst thing you kin be.

Amos---In jail is worse dan dat.

Andy---Well, dat's de worst thing you can be out o' jail. Den it's sumpin' else dat I gotta tell yo' dat I think I done already told yo' befo' but I'll fresh up yo' mind on it.

Amos---Whut is it?

Andy---'Fore I tell yo', don't say nuthin' 'bout it to my lawyeh 'cause it ain't no use to let him in on ev'ything. He knows enough now, an' he ain't worryin' as it is. Fust thing yo' know if he find out EV'YTHING, he goin' git mad wid me.

Amos---Well, whut is yo' goin' tell me?

Andy---I ain't sho' dat I IS---I got a feelin' dat I is--- maybe I'se wrong but I told Sadie Blake dat I loved her.

Amos---(fast) Well, I goin' out an' drive de taxicab.

Andy---Dere you is---cold blooded---just like I told yo' yo' was. I'm talkin' 'bout love an' you goin' out an' drive a taxicab.

Amos---Don't argue wid me no more 'bout it.

Andy---Now, wait a minute Amos---when my friend ain't a friend, it's time to do sumpin' 'bout it, an' if you goin' walk out heah on me, alright.

Amos---You mean to tell me you done told Sadie you loved her?

Andy---Well, you know, just kind-a in a joky way once I say sumpin' 'bout it.

Amos---Well, whut kin I do 'bout it if you IS done told her dat? Why is I gotta worry?

Andy---I ast yo' a question, ain't I?

Amos---Whut you done ast me?

Andy---I ast yo', must I give her de pin?

Amos---Well, if I was you, I'd ast de lawyer. I don't know whut to tell yo'. If it was me I wouldn't, but you is diff'ent. Old rose pedals Andy is diff'ent from me.

Andy---Well, I done promised her a trinklet fo' her birthday, an' if I don't give her sumpin' on her birthday,

dem she goin' git mad.

Amos---Well, 'spose she DO git mad?

Andy---Well listen Amos, you know whut de lawyeh told me about Madam Queen----'bout dem lettehs dat Madam Queen is got dat I writ?

Amos---Yeh, I 'member---he said dat dey was bad.

Andy---Well, just between me an' you, I ain't sho', but I think I done writ one to Sadie Blake.

Amos---You ain't done writ no love letter to Sadie Blake, is yo'?

Andy---Seems like I is, an' den it seem like I ain't, but it seem like I is mo' dan it seems like I ain't.

Amos---You mean to say you don't know whether you writ her or not?

Andy---Well, I sort-a dis-remembere de whole thing. I been lookin' 'round, see if I see any copies of lettehs, an' while we is talkin' 'bout lettehs, I wanna make a new rule heah, dat hereafteh, an' even afteh dat, I want copies of all lettehs dat go out dis office put in de file.

Amos---We ain't got no carbon paper.

Andy---Git some!

Amos---We ain't got no file.

Andy---Well, you kin lay 'em oveh in de corneh on de flo', can't yo'?

Amos---We don't write ten letters a month.

Andy---We is goin' staht now an' write mo' dan we is been. I'll do de writin'.

Amos---Well, don't sign MY name to none of 'em. Somebody come in heah an' say "Who writ dis letter," don't you holler out Amos an' Andy---you just holler out Andy, an' I'll bring yo' hot soup to de jail, an' look IN at yo'.

Andy---Well Amos, 'spose we had made copies of all lettehs dat eveh went out o' dis office---

Amos---Whut about it?

Andy---Den I would know if I'd done writ Sadie Blake sumpin'. Dat's one reason why I need a stee-nographeh too--
-SHE would know.

Telephone rings.

Amos---Go ahead, answer dat if yo' wanna.

Andy---You answeh it, an' if dat's Sadie Blake, tell her dat I ain't heah.

Amos---I ain't goin' do it.

Andy---Well, answeh de telephone anyway.

Amos---(phone) Fresh Air Taxicab comp'ny----yeh, he heah, just a minute.

Andy---Is it Sadie?

Amos---No, it's some man----sound like Mr. Collins, de lawyer, an' if it is, tell hem whut you goin' do an' git his revice.

Andy---(phone) Andrew Brown at de telephone----Oh, hello Mr. Collins--- -oh, you got back huh?-----Sho' I kin come oveh dere tomorrow.

Amos---Ast him 'bout dat diamond pin---if you must give it to her.

Andy---(phone) Hold de phone just a second, will yo' Mr. Collins? (to Amos) Ast him whut?

Amos---Ast him if you must give her dat diamond pin.

Andy---(phone) Hello Mr. Collins---if you was me would you give a girl a diamond pin fo' her birthday?-----You wouldn't do nuthin' huh?-----Maybe you is right, I mean, I guess you IS right----- Yeh, well, I'll call up an' tell her---whut's dat----don't even call her up?---well, she goin' be mad----

Amos---You would even worry a lawyer to death.

Andy---(phone) Well, yo' see, dis gal is got a birthday today----don't give her no pin huh?----yessah----well, I'd like to give it to her, it's just a trinklet---she's diff'ent dan Madam Queen---- don't do it huh?-----alright---yeh, I'll see yo' tomorrow---- goo'bye.

Amos---Well, he told yo' not to do it huh?

Andy---Dere's a lawyeh fo' yo'.

Amos---Well, you better pay 'tention to whut he tell yo' too.

Andy---Well, I tell yo' one thing right now.

Amos---Whut's dat?

Andy---Just 'cause he's a lawyeh, he ain't goin' git Sadie mad wid ME. He don't even know de gal---den he tell me not to give her no diamond pin. Lawyehs ain't got no heart, is dey? Where you goin'?

Amos---I goin' out an' drive de taxicab. I'll see yo' later.

Andy---(hollers at Amos) An' don't fo'git whut I told yo' 'bout makin' copies of all de letters from now on.

Amos---Alright, see yo' later.

Andy---(to himself) Oh me. It's always sumpin'.