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THE BIG SHOW

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6:30 - 8:00 PM EST

MARCH 16, 1952

SUNDAY

HERLIHY: The National Broadcasting Company presents The Big Show;
the first half hour presented by the makers of Reynolds
Aluminum, the Reynolds Metals Company ... and starring
the glamorous, unpredictable TALLULAH BANKHEAD!

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME AND DOWN FOR)

HERLIHY: For the next hour and thirty minutes, you will be
entertained by some of the biggest names in show
business...such bright stars as:

(EACH READS HIS NAME)

FRED ALLEN

PETER DONALD

BILL GARGAN

PORTLAND HOFFA

HELEN O'CONNELL

FRANK SINATRA

MEREDITH WILLSON

TALLU: And my name, darlings, is Tallulah Bankhead!

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

TALLU: Well, darlings, tomorrow we celebrate a double holiday. Not only is it St. Patrick's day, but the government is letting us pay our income taxes tomorrow. Isn't that sweet..... And it's only fitting that these two holidays should come out on the same day. Because this is the day St. Patrick drove the tax collectors --- I mean the snakes out of Ireland.....And with all the money being paid out in taxes, the only wearing-of-the-green tomorrow will be done by the tax-collectors.... Tomorrow New York will be known as The Naked City..... Now I'm going to test this motley group of leprechauns who make up our cast this week. I'm going to give them each one minute to come up with a St. Patrick's Day greeting. On your toes, guests, get going.

But first, let's open the door to the Age of Aluminum Reynolds Aluminum.

(REYNOLDS I)

COWLAN:

Well, Miss Bankhead, doors are a good symbol of the modern metal. Massive doors of big buildings are made of Reynolds Aluminum. Smart store fronts are all glass and aluminum ... including the doors. Combination storm-doors-and-screens are, of course, aluminum. And what you might call the door to the modern farm is also Reynolds Aluminum ... the farm gate. The Aluminum farm gate is strong and yet so light it will not sag. It is rustproof, so it always looks clean and new without any painting, Not expensive, either ... since aluminum is the only basic metal that costs less now than before World War II! Walk through this gate and when you see the bright expanse of aluminum farm buildings all around, you'll know it is a proper symbol... another kind of door opening wide upon the Age of Aluminum ... Reynolds Aluminum.

(MUSIC: - - - PLAYOFF)

TALLU: Well, cast, how about those St. Patrick's Day greetings? You've had plenty of time. Some of the most important speeches were written quickly. I remember when I was on a train once a man borrowed an envelope from me and scribbled on it for a few moments and that turned out to be the Gettysburg address. WHAT AM I SAYING!.... All right, let's hear from uh---how about you, Bill Gargan?

GARGAN: Dear Tallulah: I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE
ON THIS ST. PATRICK'S DAY.
IF YOU LAY OFF THE IRISH STUFF,
THE SNAKES WILL GO AWAY.....

TALLU: Yes.....I have a feeling I'm going to be sorry about this whole idea. Well, I should stop here, but let's press on. How about you, Meredith? You're a pretty safe bet. What did you write?

MEREDITH: I THINK TALLULAH MUST BE IRISH
CAUSE WHEN THERE'S A FIGHT SHE'S IN IT.
AND WHEN THERE'S NOT A FIGHT AROUND
SHE'S ALWAYS THERE TO BEGIN IT.....

TALLU: That is not true. I am the most pleasant, sweet-tempered, gentle, gracious person on this stage; and anybody who says I'm not, will get a punch right in the eye.....Let's try one of the girls. How about you, Helen O'Connell? And remember you can be easily replaced by a juke-box.

O'CONNELL: To Tallulah:

THE IRISH HAVE SOME LOVELY SONGS,

THEY SING TO CELEBRATE.

SO PLEASE DON'T SING THEM, 'CAUSE THEY'LL SOUND

LIKE SOMETHING YOU JUST ATE.....

TALLU: Well, Helen, all I can say to you is (SINGS) I WON'T
BE SEEING YOU....There must be somebody here who'll
have a pleasant thought for me for St. Patrick's Day.
I know Fred Allen will come through with me.

FRED: I BROUGHT YOU A GIFT, A SOLID GOLD RING.

TALLU: I knew my darling Fred would come through. Go ahead,
sweetie, I'm sorry, I interrupted.

FRED: (Just when my muse was working too).

I BOUGHT YOU A GIFT, A SOLID GOLD RING

I PAID A DOLLAR FIFTEEN.

IF YOU PUT IT ON WHEN YOU MARCH IN ST. PATRICK'S PARADE

YOU'LL BE WEARING OF THE GREEN.....

TALLU: Well he sure has a lot of brass....How about you Portland
Hoffa? May I hope you'll be the better half?

PORTLAND: Mine is called St. Patrick's Day Greetings on Income
Tax Day.

TALLU: Blues. Go ahead, darling.

PORTLAND: PAYING TAXES DOESN'T BOTHER THE IRISH,

YOU WON'T FIND THEM A'TROUBLIN'.

THEY'LL NEVER RUN OUT OF CAPITAL.

CAUSE IRELAND'S CAPITAL'S ALWAYS DOUBLIN'.....

TALLU: Hahahaha that's awfully good.

PORTLAND: You liked it, Tallulah?

TALLU: Yes. He bought me a ring and I'll be wearing of the green....Very funny....Well now, there's Peter Donald over there. How about you, Peter:

PETER: YOU MUST BE PART IRISH TALLULAH
THOUGH YOUR NAME IS NOT O'ROURKE.
THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER BEEN TO COUNTIES KERRY OR LIMERICK
I'M SURE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH CORK.....

TALLU: Well this has turned out to be a bottle of wits....Well I guess that takes care of everybody. Oh wait a minute-- what's that shadow over there behind the microphone? Of course, Frank O'Sinatra.

FRANK: I WAS GOING TO INVITE YOU TO A ST. PATTY DINNER
BUT AFTER TAXES, I'VE RUN OUT OF MOOLA.
I CAN'T AFFORD CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE,
YOU'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR PASTA FAZOOOLA.....

TALLU: Oh that Frankie. He's a fine broth of a paisan....
Well not to be outdone, I took advantage of that
minute and wrote one myself. How's this:

THE IRISH HAVE A STONE THEY KISS
KNOWN FROM DOUBLIN TO KILLARNEY.
IF I WERE ONLY THAT STONE, MY DEAR,
THEY'D BE CALLING ALL MEN TO BLARNEY.....

And the first man I would call would be The Voice
himself. Frank, how about breaking this up with a song?
I'm just dying to hear your inimitable version of "I Hear
A Rhapsody". Meredith, support this boy, if you please.

(MUSIC.....I HEAR A RHAPSODYSINATRA AND ORCH.)

(APPLAUSE)

TALLU: Beautifully sung, Frank. You're divine, darling. Wait, don't go away, Frankie. I want to chat with you. That is, if you feel strong enough to stand there for a couple of minutes.....

FRANK: Sure I can. I'm one of the few people who can stand for Tallulah Bankhead.....

TALLU: Well that's a nasty thing to say to somebody whose been a fan of yours so many years.

FRANK: Oh I didn't mean that the way it sounded, Tallulah. I've been an admirer of yours from the first time I saw you. I'll never forget that time I went to the theater to see your play. I cried like a baby.

TALLU: Why, darling?

FRANK: I WAS a baby....I was just starting on my first set of teeth.

TALLU: Keep that up and you'll be starting on a new set....

FRANK: I keep getting in deeper, don't I? I keep making you sound like an old timer, when the truth is you're very young. I could name a hundred actresses that you're younger than. Gee, almost anybody I'd name---- holy Moses.

TALLU: That's one. Who else.....

FRANK: No, I mean like Helen Hayes, Katherine Hepburn, Katherine Cornell----

TALLU: Isn't he sweet? You mean I'm younger than they are, darling?

FRANK: Oh yes. And, you've been younger longer than they have...

TALLU: That's what I like about you, Frank, you're so charming...
No, that's not the word--you're so gallant---no, that's not it either. You're more of a doll---that's not the word. I should say---a louse, that's the word.....

FRANK: You're right, Tallulah. That's what I am, but it's only because what I'm saying isn't coming out the way I mean it. I don't mean to insult you, and just to show you how sorry I am I want to take you to dinner tonight.

TALLU: Well! That's more like. Thank you darling.

FRANK: Just a little intimate dinner.

TALLU: Oh Frankie, you're sweet.

FRANK: Just you and I and my wife.

TALLU: Well that's the most insulting thing any man ever said to me.....

FRANK: What did I say now?

TALLU: I was thinking you only wanted to take me to that intimate little dinner you were planning.

FRANK: Tallulah, when a man has butter at home in his icebox, he doesn't go around looking for margarine....

TALLU: What I'm offering, honey, can't be bought in any grocery store.... And while you're thinking of an answer to that, I'd like to ask "Are you superstitious? How often do you touch wood? And...I ask coyly...how often do you touch aluminum? The lucky metal. Reynolds Aluminum.

(REYNOLDS II)

COWLAN:

Well, Miss Bankhead, we made a little test on that subject. And we found that in just two minutes of ordinary kitchen operations, the average housewife touches an amazing number of aluminum articles ... not even counting pots and pans. Of course that's likely to mean Reynolds Aluminum, since the Reynolds Metals Company is one of America's great producers.

This test started with the lady putting away foods packaged in Reynolds Aluminum Foil. Bright cartons on the pantry shelf. Maybe a precious roll of Reynolds Wrap, the original and genuine, the pure aluminum foil for kitchen use ... though that's hard to find, now, with today's great military demand for aluminum.

Now, in her refrigerator, salad greens go into the Reynolds Aluminum crisper. Frozen foods in the all-aluminum freezer compartment. Butter or margarine, packaged in Reynolds Aluminum Foil, go into the aluminum butter keeper. Even the refrigerator shelves are aluminum!

As the lady looked at the clock, at the end of two minutes, she had touched aluminum more than 25 times. Not counting the clock itself, with its many parts of aluminum ... Reynolds Aluminum!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ PLAYOFF)

TALLU: Darlings, last week, in our quest for the kind of story which would please you most on the Big Show, we chanced upon a wry little classic from the droll pen of John Collier. It has just the suspenseful angle and the macabre twist to tingle your nerves. It has, too, as the star lead, the distinguished actor Mr. William Gargan, whose exciting new series "Barry Craig, Confidential Investigator," opens on NBC radio next Tuesday night. But now Mr. Gargan, in the role of Doctor Rankin, brings us John Collier's story, "De Mortius."

(MUSIC: -- MAIN TITLE AND DOWN FOR) --

TALLU: Doctor Rankin was a large and rawboned man on whom the newest suit at once appeared out-dated, like a suit in a photograph of twenty years ago. He had those huge and clumsy hands which can be an asset to a doctor in a small upstate town where people still retain a rural relish for paradox, thinking that the more apelike the paw, the more precise it can be in the delicate business of tonsillectomy.

(MORE)

TALLU:
(CONTD)

This conclusion was perfectly justified in the case of Doctor Rankin. For example, on this particular fine morning, though his task was nothing more ticklish than the cementing over of a large patch on his cellar floor, he managed those large and clumsy hands with all the unflurried certainty of one who would never leave a sponge within, or create an unsightly scar without."

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT WITH)

(CLINK OF TROWEL... THEN A SCREEN DOOR BANGS AND HEAVY FEET ARE HEARD WALKING THE FLOORS ABOVE HIM)

BUCK: (OFF) Hey, Doc ----?

BUD: (OFF) Anybody home?

BUCK: Hey, Doc! The fish are biting. Let's go!

BUD: Guess he's out!

BUCK: Okay - We'll leave a note -- say we're down at the creek and to come on down.

BUD: We could tell Irene. But, she's not here either. You'd think she'd be around.

BUCK: You said it, Bud. Just look at this table. You could write your name

BUD: Shhhhhh - Buck -- Look! (WHISPERING) He must be down in the cellar.

BUCK: Okay.

(THEIR STEPS... DOOR CREAKS OPEN AND THEY START DOWN STAIRS)

BUCK: (ON) Why, Doc -- there you are!

BUD: (ON) Didn't you hear us yelling?

DOC: I thought I heard someone up there.

BUCK: We was bawlin' our heads off. Thought nobody was here. Where's Irene?

DOC: Visiting. She's gone visiting.

BUD: Hey - what goes on? What are you doing? Burying one of your patients, or what?

DOC: Oh, there's been water seeping up through the floor. I figgered it might be some spring opened up or something.

BUD: You don't say! Gee, Doc, I sold you this property. Don't say I fixed you up with a dump where there's an underground spring.

DOC: There was water. That's all I know, Bud.

BUD: Yeah, but Doc - you can look on that geological map the Kiwanis Club got up. There's no better section of subscil in the town.

BUCK: Looks like Bud sold you a lemon, Doc.

BUD: No. Look. When the Doc came to this town he was green. You'll admit he was green. The things he didn't know!

BUCK: (LAUGHS) Yeah. He bought Ted Webber's jalopy.

BUD: He'd have bought the Jessop place if I'd let him. But I wouldn't give him a bum steer.

DOC: Okay - okay. I was green - I admit it.

BUCK: Listen to him. Just a poor, simple city slicker from Poughkeepsie.

BUD: Some people would have taken him. Maybe some people did. Not me. I recommended this property. He and Irene moved straight in as soon as they were married. I wouldn't have put Doc on to a dump where there'd be a spring under the foundations.

DOC: Oh, forget it. I guess it was just the heavy rains.

BUCK: By gosh! Look at that pick ax. You certainly went deep enough. Right down into the clay, huh?

BUD: That's four feet down, the clay.

DOC: Eighteen inches.

BUD: Four feet. I can show you on the map.

BUCK: All right - no arguments, boys. What do you say we go down to the creek, Doc --- they're biting.

DOC: Can't do it, boys. I've got to see a patient or two.

BUD: Ah, live and let live, Doc. Give 'em a chance to get better. Are you going to depopulate the whole darn town?

DOC: Got to make my rounds, boys. Sorry the fish will have to wait.

BUD: Well - I guess we'll have to take no for an answer.

BUCK: Yeah ---we'd better be getting along.

BUD: How's Irene, Doc?

DOC: Never better. She's gone visiting. Albany. Got the eleven o'clock train.

BUCK: Eleven o'clock? For Albany?

DOC: Did I say Albany? Watertown, I meant.

BUCK: Friends in Watertown?

DOC: Mrs. Slater. Mr. and Mrs. Slater. Lived next door to 'em when she was a kid, Irene said, over on Sycamore Street.

BUD: Slater? Next door to Irene? No.

DOC: Oh, yes. She was telling me all about them last night. She got a letter. Seems this Mrs. Slater looked after her when her mother was in the hospital one time.

BUD: Nope.

DOC: That's what she told me. Of course, it was a good many years ago.

BUCK: Look, Doc, Bud and I were raised in this town. We've known Irene's folks all our lives. We were in and out of their house all the time. There was never anybody next door called Slater.

DOC: Perhaps she married again, this woman. Perhaps it was a different name....Mind moving your feet? I'd better smooth out this rough place in the cement.

(SOUND)

BUD: No, Doc. It wasn't a different name.

BUCK: What time did Irene go to the station, Doc?

DOC: Oh, about a quarter of an hour ago.

BUCK: You didn't drive her?

DOC: She walked.

BUCK: We came down Main Street. We didn't meet her.

DOC: Maybe she walked across the pasture.

BUD: That's a tough walk with a suitcase.

DOC: She just had a couple of things in a little bag.

BUCK: I don't get it, Doc. I-----Bud!

BUD: Yeah ---! Holy Smoke!

BUCK: Oh, gosh, Doc ----a guy like you!

DOC: What in the name of Heaven are you two bloody fools thinking? What are you trying to say?

BUD: A spring! I ought to have known right away it wasn't any spring!

DOC: Am I crazy? Or are you? You suggest that I've --- that Irene -- my wife --oh, go on! Get out! Yes, go and get the sheriff. Tell him to come here and start digging. You --get out! Go on!

BUD: I don't know, Buck.

BUCK: It isn't as if he didn't have the provocation.

BUD: Lord knows! You know and I know. The whole town knows. But, try telling it to a jury.

DOC: What is it? Now what are you trying to say? What do you mean?

BUCK: If this ain't being on a spot! Doc, you can see how it is. It takes some thinking. We've been friends right from the start. Darn good friends!

BUD: But, we've got to think. It's serious. Provocation or not, there's a law in the land. There's such a thing as being an accomplice.

DOC: You were talking about provocation.

BUCK: You're right, Doc. And you're our friend. And if ever it could be called justified ----

DOC: Justified?

BUD: You were bound to get wised up sooner or later.

BUCK: We could have told you, but what the heck?

BUD: We could. And we nearly did. Five years ago. You hadn't been here six months, but we sort of cottoned to you. Thought of giving you a hint. Spoke about it, remember Buck?

BUCK: I remember. A decent, straight-forward guy comes to a place like this and marries the town flirt. And nobody tells him. Everybody just watches.

BUD: Funny. I came right out in the open about that Jessup property. I wouldn't let you buy that. But getting married - that's something else again.

DOC: I'm fifty. I suppose I am pretty old for Irene. And I know a lot of people think she's not exactly a perfect wife. Maybe she's not. She's young -- full of life --

BUD: Oh, skip it, Doc. Skip it!

DOC: No. I'm sort of a dry fellow -- kind of dull. But she's not much of a housekeeper.

BUCK: No, she ain't.

DOC: And she's not very deep mentally. I don't care. She's lazy. No system. Well, I've got plenty of system. She's childish. That's it -- like a child. But even so, that she would behave like that!

BUD: Uh huh. Well, Doc, the town will be on your side.

BUCK: But that won't mean much when the trial comes up in the county seat.

DOC: Yeah -- I guess you're right. I've been so upset. So mixed up. What will I do, boys? What'll I do?

BUCK: It's up to you, Bud. I can't turn him in.

BUD: Take it easy, Doc. Calm down. Look, Buck, when we came in here the street was empty, wasn't it?

BUCK: I guess so. Anyway, nobody saw us come down in the cellar.

BUD: And we haven't been down. Get that, Doc? We shouted upstairs -- hung around a minute or two, and cleared out. But we never came down in to this cellar.

DOC: I wish you hadn't.

BUCK: All you have to do is say Irene went out for a walk and never came back. Bud and I can swear we saw her headed out of town with a fellow in a tan coupe. We'll fix it. Now we'd better scam!

BUD: And remember, Doc - we was never down here! So long.

BUCK: We're for you, Doc. So long, now.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

(SCREEN DOOR BANGS AND HIGH HEELS PINK ON FLOOR ABOVE)

IRENE: (CALLING) Yoo Hoo ---Doc? -- Yoo Hoo -- I'm back!

DOC: I'm down here, Irene.

(CELLAR DOOR OPENS) (STEPS DOWNSTAIRS)

IRENE: Oh, there you are, Honey pie! Can you beat it ---
I missed the darn train!

DOC: Oh? Did you come back across the field?

IRENE: Yeah, like a dope. I could have hitched a ride and
caught the train up the line. Only I didn't think. If
you'd run me over to the junction, Doc, I could still make
it.

DOC: Maybe. Did you meet anyone coming back?

IRENE: Not a soul. Aren't you finished with that old cement job
yet?

DOC: Nope. I'm afraid I'll have to take it all up again.
Come over here, my dear, and I'll show you!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

TALLU: Bravo, Bill Gargan, and thanks also to your fine supporting cast, Martin Blaine, Vinton Hayworth, and Jan Miner. I want to talk with you, Bill and....Oh, look, here's Bert Cowlan for the Reynolds Metals Company, handing me a bouquet of flowers! Isn't that sweet?

(REYNOLDS III)

COWLAN: That bouquet, Miss Bankhead, is a little reminder that the Flower Show opens today in New York. And of course you will note that the stems are wrapped in Reynolds Aluminum foil. Ever notice that most bouquets and corsages are made up this way? Because aluminum foil is bright and pretty... it clings tightly when you press it in place.... and, of course, it is moisture-proof. Helps keep flowers fresh, just as you keep foods fresh at home with Reynolds Wrap, the original and genuine, the pure aluminum foil in handy kitchen rolls. Reynolds wrap is hard to find on store shelves today, because military demand for aluminum is so great. But capacity is expanding throughout the industry that Reynolds made competitive. Remember, competition pushes production up and price down. Count on more, from the Reynolds Metals Company, pioneers of progress through aluminum.

(MUSIC: PLAYOFF OR BUMPER)

TALLU: (ON CUE) That was Meredith Willson and the orchestra and chorus playing the gay French import, "Les Violins Amuse." Before we go to Act Two, I'd like to take just a moment to ring my chimes. This is NBC, the National Broadcasting Company.

****STATION BREAK****

ACT II

- HERLIHY: This is The Big Show, Act Two. And here is Tallulah Bankhead chatting with Bill Gargan.
- TALLU: Well, Bill, it's been a long time since I saw you, it was last summer in Paris, wasn't it?
- GARGAN: Faith and that it was, Tallulah.
- TALLU: Sure and begorra, you're looking well, Willie me bye.
- GARGAN: And sure you're a lovely sight to these old eyes.
- FRED: Ladies and gentlemen, this is the mystery voice. The two actors on stage are conversing in what they fondly believe to be Irish dialect. I will translate what they are saying. I am qualified for this because I'm a three-time loser in the Irish Sweepstakes.
- GARGAN: When I was in Paris, I was wishin' you were over there with me, Colleen.... I've thought of you often, Colleen. I've missed you, Colleen.
- FRED: He keeps calling her Colleen, because he's forgotten her name....Footnote, a colleen is a female collie....

TALLU: Oh William, still handin' out the same malarkey. It's full of the old nick, you are.

FRED: Old nick. He reminds her of Nick Kenny. Footnote: Nick Kenny is a mythical Irish leprechaun....

GARGAN: Tallulah, m'girl, after we finish up this hour and a half wake, let us go, you and I, to have a wee bit of the creature.

FRED: He wants to go see a Bette Davis picture....

TALLU: Sure and begorra.

FRED: Translation: Over my dead body....

TALLU: And after that we'll go for a stroll on the boardwalk and get some good old Irish grub. A hot dog.

FRED: That's Coney Island....

GARGAN: Ah, Tallulah, you're a fine broth of a girl.

FRED: Broth in Gaelic is spelled B-R-O-A-D.....

TALLU: Ah, William, talkin' to you is like a breath of old Ireland....

FRED: She means a breath of old Irish....

FRANK: Hey, fellows. Is there room for another paisan in here?..

FRED: Paisan. That's what old Irish is. It's real poison.

TALLU: What is it, Frank? I'm busy.

FRANK: I'm sorry, but I'm upset. I don't understand why Bill Gargan gets to act in dramatic sketch and I don't.

TALLU: Well, you can't act, darling.

FRANK: I can act as well as you can.

TALLU: You can act as well as I can act?

FRANK: No, no. I can act as well as you can sing. I'd like to put on a little dramatic sketch and carry on from where Bill ended his story. How about it?

TALLU: No.

FRANK: You can act in it with me.

TALLU: Yes. Meredith, some mood music, if you please.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ESTABLISH AND OUT) _

FRANK: My name is Rankin. Dr. Rankin. Doctor of Medicine, M. D. American College of Surgeons, A.C.S.....And Cementer of Basement Seepage, C. B. S.....I was in the basement the other day repairing a large crack in the floor, when my wife, who I thought had gone out of town on a visit, suddenly returned. We hadn't been getting along very well, and when she returned, the thought suddenly occurred to me that this would be a good time to cement relations. And she was the relation I was going to cement.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCTUATION)

TALLU: Darling, are you still down there in that basement on that old cement job?

FRANK: Yeah. Come on down, honey. I want to show you something. (ASIDE: Show her something indeed. Little does she know that I've dug a hole just her size -- five by five.)

TALLU: No. I don't like that old basement, darling. You come up here. I've got something to show you that's out of this world. (ASIDE: Little does he know that once he comes up here and walks through this hole I've dug in the attic, he'll be out of this world.)

FRANK: Aw, come on down here, honey. Look at this. This'll kill you. (ASIDE: Little does she know that I know she's trying to kill me by digging a hole in the attic, so I'll get her down here first.)

TALLU: Come on up, baby. I've got a surprise up here for you. I bought some Perry Como records for you to break.

FRANK: Oh, no. You come down here. I'm going to put a Bette Davis picture in the furnace. And then we'll celebrate with some of the wine down here in the wine cellar.

TALLU: No, darling, I don't want to walk down all those stairs.
(ASIDE: Little does he know that I know if he gets me to walk down all those stairs, to the wine cellar, I'll never walk up again. This would be true even if he weren't going to kill me.)

FRANK: You come on down. I don't want to walk up all those cellar stairs. (ASIDE: Little does she know that I know if I walked up all those stairs I'd never be able to walk down again, even if she wasn't going to kill me. Who'd have the strength?)

TALLU: I'll tell you what I'll do, darling. I'll walk half way down if you'll walk half way up. (ASIDE: Little does he know once I get him half way up, I'll drag him the rest of the way.)

FRANK: Okay, I'll walk half way up if you'll walk half way down. (ASIDE) Little does she know that once I get her half way down, I'll drag her down the rest of the way.)

TALLU: Okay, here I come.

FRANK: Me, too.

(SOUND: CRASH OF TIMBER AND BODY THUDS)

FRED: Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Mystery Voice. Little did they know that I put a hole right in the middle of the stairs to get us all out of this hole.

(MUSIC: _ _PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

TALLU: Thank you, darlings, that was fun. And now I think we can do with some music. We have on The Big Show this week one of the top popular singers in the business. She's had dozens of best selling records, she has sung with the best bands, and has been making a great name for herself since she has gone out on her own. Her name is Helen O'Connell, and the song she sings for us is the beautiful love ballad "Be Anything But Be Mine." Meredith, if you please.

(MUSIC: _ _ BE ANYTHING BUT BE MINE. O'CONNELL AND ORCH.)

(APPLAUSE)

TALLU: Thank you, Helen O'Connell, magnificently
sung.....And now darlings,
in honor of St. Patrick's day we have brought the famous
Ajax Cassidy as played by Peter Donald to beguile us with
some of that wonderful Irish humor at which he is so
expert. Peter, front and center.

(DONALD MONOLOGUE)

DONALD: How do ye do. It's fine to be with a lovely Irish Colleen
like "Tooraloorah" Bankhead.

You think this is the Big Show? Ha ha. Tomorrow is the
Big Show, me buckos! St. Patrick's Day itself when all the
finest people on earth come out of hibernation.

What a parade it'll be!!! Little Timmy Muldoon was down
to see the Mayor today. In case it rains we got a permit
to march in the subway.

It's sort of a double celebration for Timmy. March 17th is
also the Muldoon's weddin' anniversary. What a couple!
She's built like an ad for the Prudential...And little Timmy..
He's a scrawny little spalpeen. He's so puny? When he
feeds the canary he climbs in the cage with a chair and
a whip.

What a couple! They were engaged for 15 years! Sort of their
wooden anniversary...she "wooden" marry him when he was
drinkin' and he "wooden" marry her when he was sober.

But they finally did. Settled down in connubial bliss, which
is just the other side of Jackson Heights. Ah the sweet
contentment of married life. They were married by a Justice
of the Peace...To hear them now you'd think they were married
by the secretary of war.

(MORE)

DONALD: (CONT'D) He's got a nice steady job. Very steady...He sells smoked glasses every time there's an eclipse of the sun. The other day she said to him "Timmy? Ye good for nothin'... A fine husband you are. The first thing you did when we got married was take the kitchen stove down to the pawn shop and hock it." He said? "Yes and to show the kind of wife you are - it was three weeks before you noticed it was missin!"

Says she, "Well why aren't you like yer brother Tom the garbage man? Well, there's a boy that got to the top of heap.. (2:00) All you do is sit around like a big leftover meatball." He says "Wait a minute woman...I'm entitled to a little rest and relaxation...Didn't I fight in the war??" She says "Yes you fought in the war alright---but we bin friends with Cuba for over 50 years now!"

Oh they're great. Last year on March 17th when they celebrated I said "Mrs. Muldoon - what anniversary is this??" Says she, "Well it's my tin anniversary and the old man's glass anniversary". I said, "Your tin and his glass???" How can that be?" She says "Well - I'm not as "Tin" as I was and he ain't all he was cracked up to be".

They gave quite a party. Couldn't entertain in their home.. One of them new-fangled pre-fabricated houses. The kind that when the toast pops out of the toaster it loosens the roof. They're so cramped for space, when a mouse gets in the kitchen one of the kids has to go eat at the drugstore. Well anyhow, they hired a room at a fine Irish restaurant, called the Copacablarney (or Shilellagh-Netherlands).

(MORE)

DONALD: (CONT'D) Tis a fine decent (3:00) place to eat. Every day they serve a delicious four course business men's lunch---- If you can find three other coarse business men to eat with you.

What a swell affair that party was. All the oysters had pearls in 'em .. they were rollin' them in like ball bearings. The Navy Bean soup --- Every bean had to be at least an ensign to get in. Even the sand in the spinach came from Miami.

Afterwards up got big Mike Muldoon...He and Timmy are distant relatives...He's his mother's first child and Timmy's her 14th. Mike says "Friends, in honor of St. Patrick we will now have a Snake Dance. That's to give all the people who "Shnaked" in a chance to Snake out agin."

He got his wife out on the floor to dance and you should have seen them. She says "Michael, what in the name of goodness are you tryin' to do - The Rhumby or the Samby?"

He says "What's the matter? Am I standin' on yer feet"(4:00) She says "It's not the standin' on me feet that I mind - It's the jumpin' on and off that gets me." What a dance it was! You never heard such a time since they nailed the tin roof on Feeney's Bar and Grill And that was the first time there was anything on the house over there.

But it was polite party. The only one who got a wee bit out of hand was Kevin McCool. He danced up to the refreshment counter and says "Oh my am I dry and thirsty?? Am I dry thirsty?? I read somewhere that a camel can go 30 days without water....Well so can I - Give me a beer." That started him off. (MORE)

DONALD: (CONT'D) For two hours he stood there blowin the head off the beer...And then the beer started returnin the compliment. Kevin leaps into the middle of the floor, starts tearin off all his clothes and hollerin' "I'm September Morn! I'm September Morn!" (5:00) And he was right too because that's when the Judge said he's going to get out. Then we toasted the Muldoons and Timmy got up on his feet holdin' a Tenth Avenue Martini...That's a jug of beer with an olive in it...And he says "Me and Molly have been married 30 years....Ah think of it - thirty years. D'ye know, it seems just like yesterday ---- And you know what a lousy day yesterday was ---- But Molly Dear we've had many an argument over the years...Many a quarrel...many a fight! but now on our anniversary...fill yer glass and let's drink a toast! Molly - here's wishin' you everything ye're wishin' me. She say "Ch - yer startin' in again, eh???????"

(MUSIC: PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

TALLU: Thank you, Peter darling, that was hilarious.

HELEN: Oh, Tallulah.

TALLU: Yes, Helen, what is it?

HELEN: Being on the show with Frank Sinatra, I suppose you're going to arrange it for me to sing a duet with him, aren't you?

TALLU: Well, I hadn't thought of YOU singing a duet with him.

HELEN: Well, isn't there going to be a duet on the show this week?

TALLU: Well yes, there is. But I thought ---well---Helen, are you feeling all right?

HELEN: I feel fine. Why Don't I look all right?

TALLU: Oh, you look wonderful. But I have found that the times I look my best I feel my worst. And when I look my worst I feel my best.

HELEN: Then you must be feeling great tonight.....

TALLU: I'll figure that out later, darling, but right now I'm so concerned about you. It must be the nervous tension of this show---this is your first time on it, isn't it, darling?

HELEN: Yes, but I feel fine. And I'm looking forward to singing a duet with---

TALLU: Helen, take it easy. You mustn't upset yourself. I think you better go up to your dressing room and lie down.

HELEN: But I'm not tired.

TALLU: You walk up those seven flights of stairs to your dressing room, you'll be tired....

HELEN: But Tallulah I thought Frankie and I---

TALLU: Helen, you're trembling.

HELEN: No, I'm not. And even if I were sick, I'd still have to go on, because you know the old show business saying.

TALLU: (ASIDE) Yes the shmo must go on....Helen, I insist, you're absolutely pale. Is everything swaying in front of you?

HELEN: Only you, Tallulah.....

TALLU: Darling, your eyes are so bloodshot I can hardly see you. So suppose you run along and I'll call you when it's time. You rest.

HELEN: But when does the duet---

TALLU: I'll call you sweetie. If you'll only lie down for five minutes, it'll be all over.

HELEN: What'll be all over?

TALLU: OH GO UPSTAIRS AND LIE DOWN.

HELEN: Well all right, Tallulah--but I'll be back in five minutes.

TALLU: That's it, Helen. See you later, darling.....
Frankie, come over here.

FRANK: Coming up. What's the bit, Tallulah?

TALLU: You and I are going to sing a duet.

FRANK: But Tallulah---I was supposed to sing with---

TALLU: Darling, we only have a few minutes so let's not waste time discussing it.

FRANK: Tallulah, we can't sing a duet. We sing in different keys.

TALLU: What kind of a feeble excuse is that. Since when has that ever stopped me.

FRANK: OK. You sing in your key and I'll sing in my key, and I'll be in the Scotch afore you.

TALLU: That's right. I'll meet you coming through the rye, darling. Meredith, let's have that duet now.

"Pretty Baby."

MEREDITH: But that duet was supposed to be for Frankie and Helen---

TALLU: Meredith, if you please.

MEREDITH: OK Men, the duet. Play loud.

TALLU: Don't tell them to play loud. Tell them to play good.

MEREDITH: Men, play good and loud.

FRANKIE: What a mishmash they go through here to sing one lousy duet.

(MUSIC. PRETTY BABY. TALLU, FRANK AND ORCH.)

(APPLAUSE)

PRETTY BABY

FRANK: Everybody loves a baby
That's why I'm in love with you
Pretty Baby, pretty baby

TALLU: And I'd like to be your sister, brother
Dad and mother, too
Pretty baby, pretty baby

FRANK: Won't you come and let me rock you
In my cradle of love
And we'll cuddle all the time

TALLU: Oh, I want a lovin' baby
And it might as well be you
Pretty baby of mine

FRANK: Pretty baby of mine.

(MUSIC: -- FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

PORTLAND: Fred.

FRED: Yes, Portland?

PORTLAND: There's something I've been meaning to ask you.

FRED: Can't it wait till we get home?

PORTLAND: At home you're always sitting watching television and I never get to talk to you. So let's discuss it now.

TALLU: (SOFTLY) Ladies and gentlemen, this is the mystery voice. The two performers on stage are speaking a language known as husband-and-wife talk. I will translate. I feel quite qualified to translate because I have known many husbands...

FRED: All right, Portland, What is it, pet?

TALLU: Translation. When a husband calls his wife pet it's because he's been treating her like a dog....

PORTLAND: Well I have only one thing to say.

TALLU: When a wife says she has only one thing to say she is about to open up the floodgates..... She will drag in things that are not at all relative to the conversation.

PORTLAND: Fred, I talked to mama the other day and she said ---

TALLU: The relatives are being dragged in.....

PORTLAND: Why is it always Tallulah who sings a duet on the show with somebody, but you and I never. Why don't you ask Tallulah if we can sing a duet together? I'd ask her myself, but I'm so weak and defenseless and you're so big and strong.

TALLU: Wives who say this are always in perfect physical condition, and their husbands have high blood pressure.

PORTLAND: If you don't sing a duet with me it's because you don't love me.

TALLU: That's the crusher. This is a standard line, and can be used whether you're married or not. This line is always followed by the classic line, "If you feel that way, I'm going home to mother."

FRED: If you feel that way, I'm going home to mother...

TALLU: Oops, wrong actor.

PORTLAND: Excuse me. If you feel that way I'm going home to mother.

TALLU: To which the husband invariably replies: It's better than bringing the old battle axe here.

FRED: You can't go home to mother. She's already living with us.

TALLU: Double-crosser...

FRED: Okay, Portland, if you want to sing a duet I've got one here. A song Tom Waring wrote. It's called "Way Back Home." Let's try this. Maybe they'll send us back home. The verse was about the fellow who was homesick---everything back home seemed brighter. Remember the chorus--(SINGS) Da da----

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ "WAY BACK HOME".....FRED, PORTLAND AND ORCH.)

ALLEN: The verse was about the fellow who was homesick - everything back home seemed brighter.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ SNEAKS IN UNDER DIALOGUE)

"WAY BACK HOME"..... PORTLAND & ORCHESTRA...

PORTLAND: The roads are the dust-i-est
The winds are the gust-i-est
The gates are the rust-i-est
The pies are the crust-i-est
The songs, the lust-i-est
The friends, the trust-i-est
Way Back Home!

ALLEN: Way back home. Gosh! Can you remember that far back?

PORTLAND: Yes.

ALLEN: I can't.

PORTLAND: I'm not as old as you are.

ALLEN: I didn't realize I was getting old until yesterday. I got word that my fan club in Nutley, New Jersey had merged with a G. A. R. post over there. They're going to march together on Decoration Day. The G. A. R. boys will help my fans up hill.

PORTLAND: We both came from the same place.

ALLEN: Really? Was it a small town?

PORTLAND: It was so small when night fell most of it went out of town.

ALLEN: That's right. If you opened a jack-knife on the main street the blade went into a suburb.

PORTLAND: Remember Mr. Howe's drug store on Main Street?

ALLEN: He had a cow behind the soda fountain - you could make your own milk shakes.

PORTLAND: The cow used to watch so you couldn't take too much.

ALLEN: She sure was smart.

PORTLAND: You couldn't pull anything on that cow.

ALLEN: Remember that winter it got so cold Mr. Howe put a pair of pants on the cow to keep it warm.

PORTLAND: With pants on - how could you milk the cow?

ALLEN: You had to be a pickpocket.

PORTLAND: Remember the fire chief, Hose Mullen?

ALLEN: He was spanish. He was Jose. He only had one horse to pull the engine. He had the horse's front legs shortened. The horse used to go faster - he thought he was running downhill.

PORTLAND: Remember the time the Chief got too close to the blaze and the fire engine caught fire?

ALLEN: Mullen was some Fire Chief. His pants were so thin you could see his teeth. He used to carry them in his back pocket.

PORTLAND: Wasn't his wife the school teacher?

ALLEN: The fat woman?

PORTLAND: She was so fat when she turned around she rubbed everything off the black-board

ALLEN: The way she kept so fat, if a kid did anything, she didn't keep him after school - she ate his lunch.

PORTLAND: I had Mrs. Mullen in arithmetic.

ALLEN: Me, too. She used to count on her fingers.

PORTLAND: That's right.

ALLEN: She had no thumb on her right hand. Until I was 12 years old I thought that 5 and 5 was 9. Say, remember old Doc Jones?

PORTLAND: The little man with no hair?

ALLEN: He was so bald he had to carry his dandruff in his hand.

ALLEN: Remember the time - for three months Dr. Jones treated a patient for yellow jaundice.

PORTLAND: Then he found the man was a Chinese.

ALLEN: Just as he had him cured.

PORTLAND: One patient had ptomaine. He took off three of his toes.

ALLEN: I remember another operation. After Dr. Jones removed the patient's adenoids he found that all the man had was an English accent.

PORTLAND: Dr. Jones used to give cigarette testimonials for cornsilk.

ALLEN: When I was a baby my folks thought I had freckles. They called in Dr. Jones.

PORTLAND: Did he diagnose?

ALLEN: He said I didn't have freckles. There was no screen door on the house.

PORTLAND: Didn't Dr. Jones lose his practice?

ALLEN: Did he?

PORTLAND: When that psychiatrist opened up, remember?

ALLEN: That drive-in psychiatrist. In the front he sold sandwiches. In back he had 15 couches and no waiting.

PORTLAND: He had a daughter, you know.

ALLEN: Wasn't she that bowlegged girl?

PORTLAND: Yes.

ALLEN: When she walked she looked like a doughnut somebody had taken one bite out of.

PORTLAND: I wonder if that psychiatrist is still there?

ALLEN: I don't think so. One of his patients was a bartender. He began analysing this bartender. That started him drinking. Then instead of the psychiatrist having the bartender laid out on the couch, the bartender had the psychiatrist laid out on the floor.

PORTLAND: The psychiatrist drank too much.

ALLEN: He became a pest. People used to say they never saw a man take up so much room when he was drunk as this psychiatrist.

PORTLAND: That's too bad.

ALLEN: He went from bad to worse. He finally became a glass blower. The last I heard of him he had heartburn and was blowing neon.

PORTLAND: And his daughter was so swanky.

ALLEN: I know.

PORTLAND: For earrings she used to stick Luden's Coughdrops on her ears.

ALLEN: She was not only chic - she was sticky.

PORTLAND: Remember when she'd walk down the street with her wire-haired terrier?

ALLEN: She never had the dog on a leash. She used to keep the wire-haired terrier near her with a long magnet.

PORTLAND: Way back home. Remember Sam the blacksmith?

ALLEN: Poor Sam. His blacksmith shop burned down, his anvil was stolen, all his money he had hid in a bellows, he blew the bellows, his money went into the flames. His wife ran away with the insurance adjustor. Poor Sam lost everything. All he had left was 200 horseshoes. He went around trying to sell the horseshoes for good luck.

PORTLAND: That was some town.

ALLEN: Yes. No big people came from there. But our town
sure turned out plenty of nobodies.

PORTLAND: It was a lot of fun, wasn't it?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN UNDER DIALOGUE)

ALLEN: A lot of fun is right.

BOTH: (SING) The jokes are the snappiest
The folks are the happiest
Way - Back - Home!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

TALLU: Well done, Fred and Porty. Thank you, darlings.

(MUSIC: CHOIR: THREE CHIMES)

TALLU: (ON CUE) Now before we go to Act Three, let me take another moment to ring my chimes.

This is NBC.....the National.....Broadcasting....Company.

STATION BREAK

45

ACT III

HERLIHY: This is the Big Show, Act Three, this portion brought to you by ANACIN, for fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia... by DENTYNE, the gum with breathtaking flavor and Beeman's Pepsin, the gum that's great to chew and good for your digestion, too ... and by CHESTERFIELD. Chesterfields are much milder - with an extraordinarily good taste and No Unpleasant After-taste.
And now, before we go back to Tallulah Bankhead,
(ANACIN COMMERCIAL)

HERLIHY: (COLD) Every day you hear more and more about an incredibly fast way to relieve the pains of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. It's ANACIN -- A-N-A-C-I-N. Now the reason ANACIN is so wonderfully fast-acting and effective is this: ANACIN is like a doctor's prescription -- that is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands of people have received envelopes containing ANACIN tablets from their own dentist or physician and in this way discovered the incredibly fast relief ANACIN brings from pains of headache, neuritis or neuralgia. So, the next time a headache strikes, take ANACIN -- A-N-A-C-I-N -- ANACIN in handy boxes of twelve and thirty; economical family-size bottles of fifty and one hundred. Ask for ANACIN at any drug counter.

(MUSIC: PLAYOFF)

(REV) -47-

TALLU: Well, darlings, we have yet to hear a selection by our Big Show orchestra and chorus. Meredith Willson has come up with a brilliant arrangement of an old favorite, "Just One of Those Things." Meredith if you're ready.

(MUSIC: JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS...ORCH AND CHOIR)

(APPLAUSE)

TALLU: Well, darlings, I simply must tell you about a long trip I had to take last week. I had some very important business to attend to 'way up-state somewhere. A hundred and eighty-first street and Broadway.....I had given my chauffer the evening off and naturally he took the car. I didn't know what to do so I called the airport, but there was no flight to a hundred and eighty-first street....To make matters worse it was raining and I couldn't get a taxi. So what do you think--- I discovered a brand new method of transportation. It's called, I believe---the--subway.... Have you heard of it darlings?....It's wonderful. Why, you can get anywhere in the city for only five cents--- I mean ten---I mean fiftee- - well, whatever it's going to cost.Well, anyway a friend of mine who knows all about such things pointed me towards some stairs leading down a dark hole in the ground and I found myself at a ticket booth. And I said to the man in attendance, I said: Darling, I've got to go to a hundred and eighty first street. I'd like a drawing room please...." What? No drawing room? Very well, I'll take a bed-room.....How dare you!.....Well, I'm not going to sit up for the entire trip....What do you mean STAND up....A strap?....Oh, very well, how much are they?.....Free? Oh, how generous. Now, how much is the ticket?... Ten cents! Darling, how generous! You'll take my check, of course.....

TALLU:Oh whenever I make a trip I always pay by check. It's for income tax purposes....It's quite all right, darling. I'm Tallulah Bankhead....Oh, Mr. Bonaparte, how do you doNow, how do I get to the train?...Through that turnstile? Just drop a dime into the slot. But I haven't a dime. I never carry any cash....Oh, thank you, darling. You're giving me this?....No strings attached?...Oh just go away. You're sweet....Now let me see, I go through this turnstile---I'll just push like this---and here I am on the platfor---ouch. How dare you! Oh, it's the turnstile. I beg your pardon.Well, I guess I'll just have to wait for the train. I'll light a cigarette. Oh, I'm out of matches. Oh fireman, may I have a match please?..... What sign? Oh, I see. Well, may I chew some gum?....Oh the machine over there? Thank you. More rules in this place. Oh miss, may I have some Dentyne gum, please?..... Well, just don't stand there with that idiotic expression on your face. Just give me the gum and let me---oh it's a mirror.....Oh, here comes the train....I think it's the train. Where's the engine?....Darling, yoo hoo!---stop for me....Thank you.....Just a minute---stop pushing me..... Oh not you sir, I was talking to that woman. You go right ahead....

TALLU: Now, I think I'll find a seat by the window.. Excuse me, pardon me. I beg your pardon. Excuse me. Why are you all standing here. Why don't you go to your seats....I beg your pardon, Which way is the dining car?.....There isn't!Well I never heard of such a---(SWEETLY) I beg your pardon miss, is my eye hurting your elbow?.....Who do I think I am! I'm Tallulah Bankhead.

.....Oh how do you do, Mrs. Bonaparte....I just met your husband upstairs. He's the sweetest man. He gave me a dime. This is my first trip on this train. It's awfully crowded, isn't it? And so stuffy. I think I'll loosen my belt. There we are....Sir, your trousers!..... Oh I beg your pardon.... Oh a new county heard from Yes it IS my first trip, so what?....What do you mean where am I going? I'm going up to---uh---just a minute, let me find that address. I have it in my pocketbook here. Here we are. A ten dollar bill! I thought I didn't have any money....What's that, madame? You'll have who arrested for pickpocketing!...Oh I'm so sorry, darling. It's so crowded. I'm going up to a hundred and eighty first street and Broadway..... I'M IN WHERE?....BROOKLYN!.....Conductor! Pilot! Stop the train. I've got to get off. Which way to the American Embassy!.....

(MUSIC: PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

HERLIHY: And now here's something else of interest for you.

(DENTYNE RECORDED COMMERCIAL)

BOY: For breathless moments -- your breathless moments.....

GIRL: Chew Dentyne, the gum with (GASPS) breathtaking flavor!

BOY: Dentyne tastes so good.

GIRL: Dentyne freshens your breath.

BOY: Dentyne helps keep your teeth sparkling clean and white.

GIRL: Dentyne, the gum with (GASPS) breathtaking flavor!

ANNCR: Before you go out -- and always after eating, drinking, smoking...refresh your breath with Dentyne. You'll love Dentyne Chewing Gum. For Dentyne has a wonderful, tingling, nippy flavor that lingers on and on.....it's delicious. And remember, Dentyne helps keep your teeth white, too. Keep Dentyne handy. You'll enjoy refreshing your breath when you chew Dentyne.

BOY: So for breathless moments -- your breathless moments.....

GIRL: Chew Dentyne, the gum with (GASPS) Breathtaking flavor.

(MUSIC: PLAYOFF)

IRISH SPOT

FRED: Oh, Tallulah....

TALLU: Yes, Fred?

FRED: I was just thinking it's too bad you don't have an Irish tenor on this show. Because I have an Irish musical comedy here we could do.

TALLU: Well, we have some wonderful singers on the show this week, Fred. There's Helen O'Connell. There's Frank Sinatra, and of course, there's me.

FRED: Well, that's two singers.....and as for Sinatra, I don't see how he'd fit into an Irish musical.

FRANK: Sure and begorra and why not?

FRED: Did you ever sing any Irish songs?

FRANK: I made a whole albumn of Irish songs. I recorded them for Victor.

FRED: Victor Recording?

FRANK: Victor Shapiro.....It's a smaller company.

TALLU: And Fred, I resent your slighting me the way you did. I was a guest the other night on Milkman's Matinee.

FRED: What song did you sing on Milkman's Matinee?

TALLU: Pale Hands....

FRED: Well, let's take a chance on this musical comedy. We'll use the whole cast. What can we lose---just NBC's license to broadcast.

TALLU: All right, Fred, what's the name of your musical comedy?

FRED: Courtin' of the Widow Green.

TALLU: Ladies and gentlemen, The Big Show company salutes St. Patrick's Day in the spirit of the tomorrow's holiday. Meredith O'Willson, if you please.

(MUSIC: "THE MINSTREL BOY" ... CHOIR & ORCHESTRA ...)

CHOIR: This is a tale of old Donegal
And the Widow Green who lives there
Alone in the world with her children two
Today she weeps in deep despair
For today's the day of the Donegal Fair
The village is filled with joy
But in her shanty - by the old peat bog
Weeps the widow with her girl and boy.

FRANK: Mither!

HELEN: Mither!

TALLU: Yes, Danny. Yes, Peggy.

FRANK: Everybody in Donegal is goin' to the Fair.

TALLU: I know, Danny.

HELEN: Are we goin', too, Mither?

TALLU: No, Peggy.

FRANK: Why, Mither?

TALLU: I have some mendin' to do. Run along and practise yer singin', Danny. Peggy will play for you.

FRANK: Mither, there's a tear in your eye.

HELEN: Tell us why it's there, Mither.

TALLU: All right, Danny and Peggy, I will.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ "WEARING OF THE GREEN" ... TALLU & ORCHESTRA ...)

TALLU: Oh, Danny Bye, I'll tell you why we can't go to the fair
Your Mither hasn't got a single farthing she can
spare

The rent is due - there is no fuel - no clothes hang
on our line

The only thing in the dining room is a picture of
Pat O' Brien

HELEN: Don't worry, Mither, somethin' will happen.

FRANK: And it'll be happenin' soon. Look who's comin' up
the path.

TALLU: The landlord, Mr. O'Rourke. He's the divil in
street clothes.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

HELEN: Come in, Mr. O'Rourke!

(DOOR OPENS)

BILL: The top of the mornin' to ye, Widow Green. I'll have
me rent.

TALLU: I have no money, Mr. O'Rourke.

BILL: Then out ye go, the whole three of ye.

HELEN: But Danny is going to be a great singer, Mr. O'Rourke.

FRANK: I'll be another ; Phil Reagan.

TALLU: Danny'll make a fortune, if you'll only wait.

BILL: Wait? How long?

TALLU: Twenty years.

BILL: That's done it. Here's me final ultimatum.

(MUSIC: "O THE DAYS OF THE KERRY DANCING" ... BILL & ORCHESTRA)

BILL: Every month when I call for me rent
All I get is the same excuse
It's Mister O'Rourke sure I cannot pay ye
And on me head ye heap abuse
As of now I am givin' ye notice
To pack up and git with yer daughter and son
Or I'll be back with a habeas corpus
And throw yez out Widder one by one.

(DOOR SLAM)

HELEN: He's gone, Mither, bad cess to him.

FRANK: What are we going to do, Mither?

TALLU: I don't know, Danny. You'd better start packin' your
Morton Downey records.

(KNOCK ON DOOR) (DOOR OPENS)

ALLEN: Fogga bolla, Widder Green.

TALLU: Paddy! Faith and what are you doin' here?

ALLEN: I was drivin' me pigs to market. I seen O'Rourke, the old miser, stompin' out of the shanty.

TALLU: Then ye know we're bein' evicted.

ALLEN: Evicted, Widder? Ye're stayin' right here. Say the word and I'll marry yer daughter Peggy before sundown.

HELEN: Paddy, are ye proposin', Lad?

ALLEN: 'Tis that I am, Peggy. And if ye want me references Peggy Darlin' - here they are -

(MUSIC: - "IRISH WASHERWOMAN" ... ALLEN & ORCHESTRA) -

ALLEN: I'm Paddy, the Pig-Man - that everyone knows
You can tell when I'm comin' - the way the wind blows
While others are dancin' their reels and their jigs
I'm down in the pig-pen - sloppin' me pigs
Oh, Marry me, Peggy - I'll go the whole hog
I'll take ye away from this shack in the bog
Oh, marry me Peggy - I'll prove I'm not fakin'
I'm only a Pig-Man - but I'll bring home the bacon
Except on Friday!

ALLEN: Well, Peggy me intended, if ye'll marry me I'll get the best band in all Ireland. McNamarra's Band.

HELEN: But, Paddy, ye can't get McNamarra's Band.

ALLEN: And why not?

(MUSIC: - "McNAMARRA'S BAND" ... HELEN, ALLEN & ORCHESTRA ...)

(MUSIC: McNAMARRA'S BAND)

HELEN: Oh, I just called McNamarra
And he hasn't any band
He forgot to pay his union dues
Petrillo says he's canned.

ALLEN: No more will McNamarra play
When a bride and groom are wed
I asked him what'll become of his band

A And McNamarra said -

BOTH: Oh, the drums won't band
Or the cymbals clang
And the horns won't give a toot

ALLEN: McCarthy's hocked his uniform
He's in his union suit.

HELEN: Hennessy's put his big bassoon
In mothballs on the shelf

BOTH: There's nothin' left of his famous band
But McNamarra himself

(MUSIC: BAND INTERLUDE)

BOTH: McNamarra has another job
And it isn't instrumental
McNamarra's now on television
He's the Irish Continental.

TALLU: But, Paddy, ye can't have a weddin' with no music.

ALLEN: Little Danny can sing us a song. And we'll have a feast,
Widder.

TALLU: A feast?

ALLEN: There'll be corned beef as far as the eye can see. And
cabbage so high a leprechaun can't lep over it.

TALLU: And Mulligan Stew?

ALLEN: Mulligan Stew! Everybody'll be stewed. The whole village
will be there, I can hear them singin'.

(MUSIC: "BEAUING, BELLEING, DANCING, SINGING" ... CHOIR & ORCHESTRA)

CHOIR: Beauing, Belleing, Dancing, Singing
Wedding chimes will soon be ringing
Joy to Peggy - Paddy's bringing
On their wedding day.

Peggy's wedding will be big
Rice we'll throw on her wedding rig
Paddy's best man'll be a pig
On their wedding day.

BILL: (SHOUTS) Stop the music! Stop the music! What's all the
rowdy dow?

TALLUE: O'Rourke, the landlord, ye're back.

BILL: Widder Green, I told you and yer two bratts to pack up and
git. Bailiff do yer duty.

PETE: Sorry, Widdy Green, but 'll have to evict ye.

ALLEN: Hold on, Bailiff. I'll pay the rent.

BILL: Pew! Who are you?

ALLEN: I'm Paddy the Pig Man.

HELEN: We're getting married.

BILL: Have ye got the rent money, Paddy?

ALLEN: I'll pay ye in pigs.

BILL: Pigs! I'm an Irishman. I want green stuff. Show me some cash.

ALLEN: If ye'll wait O'Rourke I'll go to market.

BILL: I ain't waitin' another minute. Out ye go and take yer pigs with ye.

ALLEN: Well, Peggy?

HELEN: This is the end, Mither.

TALLU: No, Peggy, we have one last chance. If Mr. O'Rourke hears Danny's voice, he may relent.

FRANK: Will I sing, Mither?

TALLU: Danny, boy, sing as ye've never sung before.

FRANK: I will, Mither.

(MUSIC: -- "I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN KATHLEEN" ... FRANK & ORCHESTRA)

PETE: Widder Green.

TALLU: Yes, Bailiff.

PETE: Yer boy's voice. 'Tis like an angel's.

TALLU: I'm a poor widder woman but I seen to it Danny always got his singin' lessons.

BILL: She spent every cent on the boy's voice. I never got me rent money. That's why they're leavin'.

PETE: You bet they're leavin'. They're leavin' for America.

ALL: America!

PETE: I've got friends in New York. In thirty days Danny will be singin' in O'Carnegie's Hall.

HELEN: O'Carnegie's Hall! Paddy ye hear that?

ALLEN: Sure, and Peggy for our honeymoon we can go to Niagara Falls.

Kiss me, Peggy. Git down you pigs.

TALLU: 'Tis the happiest day of me life.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ "THE_MINSTREL_BOY" _ _ _ _ CHOIR & ORCHESTRA _ _ _ _)

CHOIR: This is our tale of Old Donegal
 And the Widow Green who lives there
 Peggy'll marry Paddy - King of all the pigs
 And they'll be a very happy pair
 And Danny sails away to the U.S.A.
 To sing at O'Carnegie's Hall
 So ends the tale of the Widow Green
 In the town of Donegal.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(CHESTERFIELD RECORDED COMM'L - "MASK #2")

STARK: The mask is off! (PAUSE) Yes, the mask is off in cigarette advertising. Chesterfield is first to name all its ingredients and here they are: Chesterfield uses the right combination of the world's best tobaccos - pre-tested by laboratory instruments for the most desirable smoking qualities, and kept tasty and fresh by the only tried and tested moistening agents, proved by over 40 years of continuous use in U.S.A. tobacco products as entirely safe for use in the mouth - pure natural sugars and chemically pure, harmless and far more costly glycerol - nothing else. And remember this. Chesterfields are wrapped in pure, white cigarette paper - the best that money can buy. You can be glad if you smoke Chesterfields - because they give you every advantage known to modern science. For you- that means that Chesterfields are much milder with an extraordinarily good taste and No Unpleasant After-taste ... All for your smoking pleasure and protection. (PAUSE) Sound Off for Chesterfields - and do it today!

LIVE:

(MUSIC: PLAYOFF)

TALLU: Well, that's our show for this week, darling. Be with us next Sunday when our guests will be Rosemary Clooney, Paul Douglas, Cliff Hall, Jack Pearl, Earl Wrightson, and others, and of course our very own Meredith Willson and the Big Show Orchestra and chorus ... Until then ...

(MUSIC: -- "MAY THE GOOD LORD BLESS AND KEEP YOU")

TALLU: May the Good Lord Bless and keep you
Whether near or far away ...

May you find that long awaited
Golden day - today ...

BILL: May your troubles all be small ones
And your fortune ten times ten ... Peter.

PETER: May the good Lord bless and keep you
Till we meet again ... Helen.

HELEN: May you walk with sunlight shining
And a bluebird in ev'ry tree ... Portland

PORTLAND: May there be a silver lining....
Back of ev'ry cloud you see....Meredith.

MERE: Fill your dreams with sweet tomorrows
Never mind what might have been ... Fred.

FRED: May the good Lord bless and keep you
Till we meet again ... Frank.

FRANK: May you long recall each rainbow
Then you'll soon forget the rain ...
May the warm and tender mem'ries
Be the ones that will remain.

CHOIR: Fill your dreams with sweet tomorrows
Never mind what might have been.

TALLU: May the Good Lord bless and keep you
Till we meet again.

CHOIR: May the good Lord bless and keep you
Till we meet -- till we meet again.

TALLU: (CUE) And Godspeed to our armed forces everywhere,
Good night, darlings.

(APPLAUSE AS CUED)

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME)

(MUSIC: -- THEME)

HERLIHY: This portion of the Big Show has been brought to you by ANACIN, for fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia ... by DENTYNE, the gum with breath-taking flavor and Beeman's Pepsin, the gum that's great to chew and good for your digestion, too ... and by Chesterfield. Remember - Chesterfields are much milder with an extraordinarily good taste and from the report of a well-known research organization - Chesterfields leave No Unpleasant After-Taste.

The first half hour of the Big Show is presented by the makers of Reynolds Aluminum, The Reynolds Metals Company, who also bring you the Kate Smith Evening Hour on the NBC Television Network ...

The Big Show is produced and directed by Dee Engelbach, and written by Goodman Ace, Selma Diamond, George Foster, Mort Green and Frank Wilson. The chorus is directed by Ray Charles -- Special musical arrangements by Sidney Fine. This is Ed Herlihy saying good night.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC: -- "BLUE SKIES" IF CUED)

HERLIHY: Enjoy mirth and music with Phil Harris and Alice Faye next on NBC.

mtf/fh/rp/tb/rhg
3/14/52