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Vaudeville: A How to Guide

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts
at Virginia Commonwealth University.

by

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FORWARD

All my life I have been a performer. As a youth, I spent countless hours putting on plays with friends and doing stand-up comedy for my family. I found new ways to wow my classmates with magic and trickery. I wasted class period after class period making fun behind my teacher's backs. I danced, I sang, and I enjoyed every minute of it. Well, I wasn't too keen on the dancing, but then again, I wasn't all that good at it. At the time, all I wanted, the thing that made me the happiest was making people laugh.

When I finally left home for college, I felt like making a change in my life. And so, I made the decision to pursue acting as a major. Not the biggest change in the world, but it was finally the pursuit of a single goal, something to concentrate on. I gave up stand-up, I put away my metaphorical dancing shoes and I got really serious about my studies. I was almost miserable. In fact, the only times I was truly happy back then, was when I was on the stage. I played serious parts, murderers and villains. I played comedic roles like sidekicks and quirky leads and each was fulfilling in its own little way. But it was not enough to make me truly happy.

During those years, like everyone else -particularly at that point in their lives- I was searching for something; I wanted to figure out who I was. I wanted to make my mark on my campus and find my place in the world. It was a bit self-centered and a far cry from my previous ambitions to make laughter, but it was something I needed. I like to think I made some mark, but I'll never know for sure.

About halfway through my junior year I started classes in theatre history. I learned about the Greeks and Renaissance theatre, Restoration Comedy and German Postmodernism. And they were all interesting, each one unique in its own way. But for me they were nothing more than

the modes of bygone eras. I felt that they should be studied and appreciated, but nothing really more. And then we moved on to Vaudeville... It was just more of the same. I know that is incredibly anticlimactic, especially because the entire purpose of this project is to be a veritable 'how to' vaudeville guide. But, like I said, I didn't know who I was or what I wanted and so, I let the opportunity pass.

For the sake of brevity, I will summarize the next few years. I graduated, went back to stand-up, got a touring gig with a professional theatre and worked as a host at a popular gimmick restaurant in Chicago. I saw most of the country and met people I didn't even know still existed. That sounds harsh, but really I had no idea what life in rural America was like. And it is amazing just how different urban and rural settings are. But those few years taught me everything I had already figured out naturally by age 6: laughter (and now, entertainment as a whole) is everything. Everyone, no matter how different they are from the next person, has an absolute basic human need to be distracted and entertained. Everyone needs to escape for a little while. And that is how I found my way back into vaudeville.

Vaudeville, at its height, was meant to be nothing more than pure entertainment. It was escapist theatre in every regards. Its purpose wasn't to make you think, though it could. It wasn't meant to make you cry or laugh, though it inevitably did. Vaudeville was simply there to give you something to do for a couple of hours every once in a while, something that would keep you relatively distracted from whatever was happening in the world or in your own life. It was a beautiful concept that, sadly, most people have forgotten about; just another chapter in a theatre history class. But it can and ought to be more!

People all over the world are crying out that they want to be entertained by more than just the next big block buster or the NBA finals. And with vaudeville-like shows popping up all

over the world, shows like many of the *Cirque-Du-Soleils* and *America/Britain's Got Talent*, the time is ripe for a full out vaudeville comeback. It is my hope that this guide will help that cause.

Vaudeville once defined an era. Let us bring it back to its former glory and show the world what it has forgotten. Good luck! Break a leg! And most of all enjoy!

-E.S. Anderson

PREFACE

Many scholars believe that variety shows or performances of consecutive, separate, non-related acts have always been around. Some believe it started with the Greeks performing sections of their tragedies and satires on the streets. Along with a few dances, these little variety performances surely would have been enough to draw in at least a small crowd. Other scholars say the true variety show got its start in Normandy in the 18th century with a few shows consisting of pantomime, dance and acrobatics. The fact of the matter is, no one really knows how or when the variety show started, and it doesn't actually matter. One thing is certain though; the variety show was never as popular as it was from the early 1870s to the late 1920s – the era of vaudeville.

E.F. Albee, one of the most influential men in vaudeville's history once said, "Not only are all the arts represented in vaudeville, but all of the nations and races of the civilized world are also represented by and through some characteristic form of expression" (Albee). He later went on to say, "Vaudeville would certainly seem to be entitled to the definition, our most nationally representative theatrical institution" (Albee). In short, he was saying that vaudeville was for everyone and could be performed by anyone. It was all inclusive. However, before one can start on their journey into vaudeville, there are few points that need to be understood; guidelines that must be adhered to, before a show can be considered vaudeville or a performer vaudevillian.

The primary rule is that for a show to be considered vaudeville, it must consist of consecutive nonrelated acts. The acts ought to have nothing to do with one another. The only exception to this rule is that the same performers can be recycled. However, the acts themselves must be able to stand alone.

The second rule of vaudeville, the one that is most often forgotten about, is that the acts must be of a wholesome nature; inappropriate language and subject matter is just that, inappropriate. While vaudeville was meant to be for everyone, at its inception, the audiences were comprised mostly of women and children and were therefore held to a higher standard than say blue collar shows. Also, one needs to remember that vaudeville was most popular during a time in America's history when sex was a private matter. Granted, today's audiences are more accustomed to hearing curse words and viewing sex as an informal matter and are therefore more likely to be alright with such topics. However, any good comic will tell you they are unnecessary. For the sake of younger audiences, keep it clean.

Another aspect of vaudeville that makes it unique is the implication of the continuous performance. Originally, vaudeville shows only lasted about an hour and they began at different times during the day. This schedule was fine for people who had nothing better to do with their time, but it excluded many people who worked during the day. To fix this problem, B.F. Keith, often referred to as "the father of vaudeville," started having his performances run around the clock. The first performance of the day would start around 10:00am and basically run on a loop until 10:00pm. As soon as the last act ended the first act would go on again and the performance would start over. It was a brilliant idea that began in 1885 and continued to the last days of vaudeville at the end of the 1920s. It allowed audience members to pay, come in whenever, stay as long as they like and go whenever they felt like it. The continuous performance system was used in vaudeville houses all over the country. However it was not and is not mandatory. It would be wonderful to see it used again, but it is very draining on the actors.

With the use of the continuous performance come the roles of the "chaser" and the "barker." Because audience members could stay as long as they liked, often times, they would

not leave. Naturally, no one wanted to kick them out, but they needed to leave so that other patrons could enjoy the show. Thus, the “chaser” was created (again by Keith.) A “chaser” is basically an incredibly boring act thrown into the middle of a continuous performance to bore the patrons into leaving. The act was often a math lesson or a diatribe on the latest most boring scientific discoveries. The “chaser” can be thrown in anywhere at any time or it does not have to be used at all. The “barker” on the other hand, is the complete opposite. Originally, “barkers” would stand outside of the theatre, ready to entice the curious passerby to come in and watch the performance. Since most theatres no longer use this tactic it would be the perfect homage to the original vaudevilles. However, like the “chaser”, the “barker” is optional.

Concerning the most controversial aspects of vaudeville; ethnic stereotyping and performances like minstrelsy and cake walking, they are indeed, incredibly difficult subjects to tackle. Today, stereotyping is taboo and socially unacceptable. It has been made clear by society that it will not be tolerated, although it still happens. The turn of the twentieth century though was a different time. From 1892 on, Ellis Island was teeming with immigrants from every corner of the globe. Hundreds of ethnicities, previously unknown by the more common European-Americans, were, for the first time, being seen and experienced in every way. Ethnic groups often clashed with one another because they were so different. And for some reason the clashing found its way onto the stage and was accepted. It wasn't meant to hurt or be offensive, it was just a way of reaching out to all the different types of audience members. Again, there is no offense meant in any of the stereotyping. If you find it offensive or you know your audience will, take it out. It is a major part of vaudeville, but it is not absolutely necessary.

Regarding black face and minstrelsy; there are many theories as to why it was such a successful type of act; perhaps it was a way to keep the hegemonic power structure intact;

perhaps it was accepted because there weren't enough people who spoke out against it. Either way, at the turn of the century it was not only accepted but incredibly popular. Today it is illegal in most states and only acceptable if it is used, for example, as political theatre uses it, to make statements. Regardless, without that commentary being made, there is no tasteful way to do it.

On the topic of the more curious types of acts, the kind that make audiences exclaim, "How do they do that", there are many that are not found in this guide. Acts like animal shows, male and female impersonators, regurgitators, fire eaters, sword swallowers, contortionists, mimes, and anything else anyone can think of that would be entertaining are also absent. That is not to say that they are not entertaining or an integral part of vaudeville, they absolutely are and should be a part of every show, but because there is no way of planning for these types of performers and acts beforehand, there is no way to write them in. If you can find a fire eater or sword swallower (who can do their act safely) use them! The show will be all the better because of them.

Concerning the modernization of vaudeville, to help make it more accessible to modern audiences, I do not think it is entirely necessary. There are, after all, shows like the *Cirques* of Las Vegas and the *No Shames* (variety shows on college campuses that promote self-exploration in new performers without the fear of criticism and critique) that have already, essentially, done that. This guide on the other hand, is an attempt to recreate what has been lost, to bring back what has been forgotten. Small additions or modernizations here or there are welcome, but if they are too many the resulting show may be something other than vaudeville. For example, in my Double Wop Act, the comic is based on several of the male personalities of a popular MTV reality show. I consider this a small modernization only because the Italian stereotypes (which

the MTV show uses in great quantities), like most stereotypes, have changed very little over the past century and is therefore a minute detail.

When it comes to music, I have chosen, for this guide, music that was either directly used in vaudeville or music that was written by vaudevillians. This choice adheres to my personal aesthetic, but again that is just a choice. I wanted to recreate the shows as they were, not what they might have become. If you would like to use modern music by all means, please do.

Every vaudeville show should be different in little ways for each particular audience. In other words, performers need to be able to change their acts to make them more accessible for the audience. The best of the old vaudevillians weren't loved just because they could tell a joke or hit a high note; they were loved because they made every single performance about their audiences. They realized that without the audience there to perform for, they would be just like everyone else. Therefore, this guide is meant to be just that, a guide; nothing is set in stone. And because everything in it is public domain, anything can be changed into anything. The more it is tweaked with a specific audience in mind, the more that audience will love it. Add whatever acts you want to add and cut things you do not like. Rearrange the order, throw everything away and just use the ideas. Whatever it takes to make it your own is great. There is no one way to do it. As long as the acts are nonrelated, clean and entertaining, you've got vaudeville!

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Abstract

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Virginia Commonwealth University, 2010

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At the turn of the twentieth century vaudeville was the most prevalent form of theatrical entertainment. With more than 1,500 houses across the country, vaudeville reached in excess of 30 million audience members each year. It directly led to the advent of film and radio. Yet barely one hundred years later vaudeville has been forgotten by the once loyal masses. This guide is meant to help counter vaudeville's fall. By adding together a basic script consisting of comedy and dramatic sketches, original works and classic vaudeville acts with music and information on the how and whys of vaudeville, this guide will assist others in creating a vaudeville performance with the hope that vaudeville may once again reach the heights of its popularity.

DOUBLE WOP ACT

The Double Wop Act is one of the most common acts of Vaudeville. There were literally hundreds of variations on this simple idea. So I, like my vaudeville predecessors, wrote this version in a similar fashion. The act is just two men with comically heavy Italian accents. The idea here is not that the actors are portraying actual Italians. As Steve Allen writes in *More Funny People*, “[There isn’t] any character development, rational story outline, enlightenment, or change of heart” (Allen 8). They are simply characters to enjoy. In this instance the straight man is written as a parody of the Mafioso characters from the *God Father* franchise. The comic on the other hand, is a parody of the characters on the recently popularized show *Jersey Shore*. Because they are only two dimensional characters, the playing of them can be taken as far as any actor sees fit. The gag is not that the audience doesn’t know what is going to happen; the gag is that the audience is already familiar with these characters and therefore invested.

Scene: *Two men (one straight one comic) enter stage left while music is playing obnoxiously loud and off key “When da moon hit your like a’ big o pizza pie...” Straight man dressed in shiny gray two piece double breasted suit, big collar big tie, slicked back hair, big moustache, chest pushed out. Comic wears shiny brown suit, tight black shirt, big butterfly collar, big gold ring, slicked back hair, no mustache, swaggering.*

Straight: Heya der fella, howsa you doin’?

Comic: Ah, not so gooda you know.

Straight: How come yousa no good ah?

Comic: They keepa tellin me adda my job, dey gonna senda me a pink slip inna da mail.

Straight: So you gonna gedda fired huh?

Comic: No see, I godda it alla figured out. Ima justagonna keepa movin every udda day.

Changea my address see. Dadda way, I never acutally gedda da pink slip.

Straight: Datsa preety smart, dey should make you a manager.

Comic: Yeah, I justa wisha my paychecks din comma da mail too.

Straight: Ayyyyy. *(Smiles, plays with tie knot.)*

Comic: Fagedda boud it. *(Pops shoulders forward, hands up and open.)*

Straight: Say, whassa you name?

Comic: Mario Luige Guiseppe Alberto Pommadoro Bertoli Stefano Christiano Renaldo Manelli.

Straight: Holly Bambino, datsa moutha full. Wadda you go by.

Comic: I ainta gonna by nothin. I’s already tolda ya, I aina godda da pay check in weeks.

Straight: No, whadda you friendsa call you?

Comic: Carl.

Straight: Ayyyyy *(Tie.)*

Comic: Ayyyyy fagedda boud it. *(Pops shoulders, arms.)*

Straight: Say, I lika you! Why donna yous comma over my place a tonigh. My wifes agonna

cook up a real nice dinner.

Comic: Dat sounds a real nice, but my wife a, she donna like me eatin no one a elses food.

Straight: Why, she thinkin you gonna be poisoned ora somethin?

Comic: No, shesa fraid I'ma gonna see whadda real food tastes like and leave her.

Straight: You wife, shesa nodda really good cook?

Comic: No, she's justa really gooda adda cookin bad food.

Straight: Ayyyyy (*Tie.*)

Comic: Ayyyyy fagedda boud it. (*Pops shoulders, arms.*)

Straight: So yous say you gonna gedda fired, whadda you do?

Comic: Well, Ima workin on a da fishin boat ?

Straight: You nodda catchin anuff fish o wha?

Comic: Whadda you mean, Ima not catchin anuff fish (*insulted*), I'm workin on a fishin boat
right?

Straight: Whys you gonna gedda fired den?

Comic: Well lemme tella ya. Da udda day da boat runs upa da dock and knocksa hole rightin da
fronna da boat?

Straight: Whadda you sayin?

Comic: Ya, a whole lodda it, runnin right inna da boat.

Straight: Ayyyyy (*Tie.*)

Comic: Ayyyyy fagedda boud it. (*Pops shoulders, arms.*)

Straight: So whadda happened?

Comic: That's a what I justa said. You godda go aanna gedda yous ears checked.

Straight: Ahh, yous a wise guy... so tella me howa da story finishes.

Comic: Well lemme tella ya. Ima seein alla da water a comin in anna goin no where so I knocka anudda hole ina da back a da boat. Whena da whadda comes ina froma da front its gonna go right outta da back!

Straight: Ayyyy (*Tie.*)

Comic: Ayyyy fagedda boud it. (*Pops shoulders, arms.*)

Straight: So tella me, whadda you gonna do abouda anudda job?

Comic: Ima thinkin Ima gonna become an actor.

Straight: An actor, why you thinka you gonna be a good actor?

Comic: I godda da idea froma my clearer.

Straight: Howsa dat?

Comic: He say I gotta lotta da lent?

Stright: What?

Comic: (*Breaking accent*) Talent.

Straight: Whatza you wife gonna say?

Comic: Nadda thing, she knows Ima gonna be a star. Her too!

Straight: Her too? Howsa dat?

Comic: Ya, we botha been actin lika we like eacha otha fora years.

Comic: Ayyyy fagedda boud it. (*Pops shoulders, arms.*)

Straight: Ayyyy (*Tie.*)

Straight: Say, I think you mighta know my cousin.

Comedic: Yeah, watzaa hisa name?

Straight: Tony da fishmonger.

Comedic: Fishmonger?

Straight: Fishmonger.

Comedic: Datza terrible name a for a guy.

Straight: Datza not his name, datza what he does.

Comedic: So watza hisa lass name?

Straight: Popperoni... Tony Popperoni.

Comedic: I donna know him personally, but I hear good Tings. (*Sarcastically*) Say doesn't he work downa onna da market with Sal Cheezio and Joey Deep Dish?

Straight: Ayyyy (*Tie.*)

Comic: Ayyyy fagedda boud it. (*Pops shoulders, arms.*)

Straight: Yous some kinda a wise a guy huh?

Comedic: Nodda yet, but Ima Tryin to be.

Straight: Ayyyy (*Tie*)

Comic: Ayyyy fagedda boud it. (*Pops shoulders, arms.*)

Straight: Heya yous feela like a singin?

Comic: Ayyyy! (*Pops shoulders, arms.*)

"That" Italian Rag!

Words by
EDGAR LESLIE.

Music by
AL. PIANTADOSI.

Moderato. Presto.

frit. *atempo* *ff*

Hey! Jim - mie come on and gim - me some
Hey! Sweet - heart, come on and start in a

Rag - time, I'm a fall for what you call - a da Jag - time,
dream - a. Rag - a - time is fine, like peach and a cream - a,

Make a jig, a nice - a wig - a - da wag - time, And we
Nun - ga wait be' - cos' it make - a - me scream - a, To do -

Slow. *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

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do da "Kee-gar-e - kee - a - kee-gar-e koo!" (Hey! Shut up!)
 a da "Kee-gar-e - kee - a - kee-gar-e koo!" (Hey! Come on!)

Hur - ry up and nun-ga stop - a da dance - a, If I break da
 One - a, two - a, then we do - a da twist - a, Call me Brud' and

leg I take - a da chance - a, Hey! Wal - jo be - fore I go in a
 I will call - a you Sist - a, When you stop I slap you on a da

trance - a, You play da "Ric-cio, Ric-cio La-ri - o - la!" Oh!
 wrist - a, Hey! play da "Ric-cio, Ric-cio La-ri - o - la!" Oh!

CHORUS.

Come on and skip - a - kid, ———— Hey! nun - ga trip - a - kid, ————

The first system of the chorus features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a forte (ff) dynamic and includes a piano (p) section. The lyrics are: "Come on and skip - a - kid, ———— Hey! nun - ga trip - a - kid, ————".

— It make me dip - a - kid, ———— That It - al - i - an rag, wig - a - wag - a just a

The second system continues the chorus with the lyrics: "— It make me dip - a - kid, ———— That It - al - i - an rag, wig - a - wag - a just a". The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic pattern established in the first system.

like you got - a jag - a chuck a - round yo' kid, ———— Im glad Im

The third system continues with the lyrics: "like you got - a jag - a chuck a - round yo' kid, ———— Im glad Im". The piano accompaniment features a consistent rhythmic accompaniment.

found yo' kid, ———— Fe' cos' Im off - a my lid ———— For It - al - i - an

The fourth system continues with the lyrics: "found yo' kid, ———— Fe' cos' Im off - a my lid ———— For It - al - i - an". The piano accompaniment includes some dynamic markings like accents (>).

rag. ———— Come on and rag. ————

The fifth system concludes the chorus with the lyrics: "rag. ———— Come on and rag. ————". The piano accompaniment ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Two Lovers Interlude 1

The Two Lovers Interlude is a unique act. It is a compilation of songs from the turn of the century to be sung by one man and one woman. While it is one act, it is spread out throughout the show. It tells the story of two people and their journeys from young adulthood to old age. In the first section the young man is going off to war and saying goodbye to his mother while the young woman is already on her own and lonely. As the act progresses through the show the young lovers find one another, fall in love, fight, and eventually, reach old age together.

Male Song:

So Long Mother

Written by Egbert Van Alstyne

Lyrics by

Raymond Egan and Gus Kahn

Female Song:

Nobody Knows (And Nobody Seems to Care)

By

Irving Berlin

SO LONG, MOTHER

Lyric by
RAYMOND EGAN & GUS KAHN

SONG

Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE

Marcia

PIANO

The piano introduction for the first system consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes in a 2/4 time signature, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with quarter notes.

§ Voice

Oh moth-er dear a lit-tle tear is
Oh moth-er dear each vol-un-teer must

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a treble and bass staff. It includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (piano). There are also performance instructions like *Vamp* and *mf*.

gleam-ing in your eye Your lips are all a-trem-ble as you
say good-bye to-day Some leave a love who may for-get When

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, supporting the vocal melody.

hear me say "good-bye" The Stars and Stripes are call-ing now On ev-'ry moth-er's
he has march'd a-way But I leave one who'll not for-get That's why I'm might y

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line maintains the harmonic structure established in the previous systems.

boy From Maine to dear old Dix-ie They shoul-der arms with joy
glad For you're the on-ly sweet-heart That I have ev-er had

The piano accompaniment for the fourth vocal line concludes the piece with a final chord and a steady bass line.

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(445 - 2)

Chorus

So long my dear old la - dy don't you cry Just kiss your



grown up ba - by boy good - bye Some - where in France I'll be



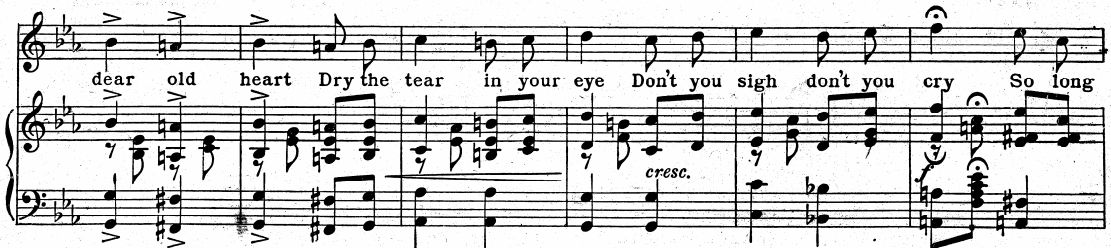
dream - ing of you You and your dear eyes of blue



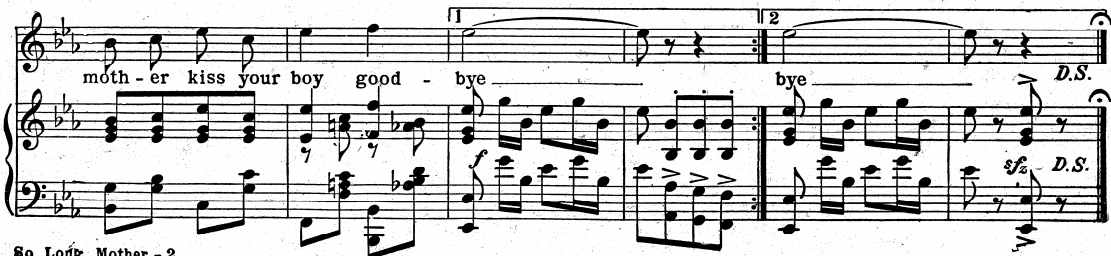
Come let me see you smile be - fore we part I'll throw a kiss to cheer your



dear old heart Dry the tear in your eye Don't you sigh don't you cry So long



moth - er kiss your boy good - bye bye D.S.



So Long Mother - 2

NOBODY KNOWS

(And Nobody Seems To Care)

By IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

mf

I'm sad and lone-ly, There's a good rea-son why No-bod-y
I'd love a sweet-ie, Hang-ing a-round the place Some-one to

cares a-bout me_ That's why I'm sad as can be_ I long for some one
wor-ry a-bout I'd nev-er want to go out_ My home is gloom-y

Some-bod-y, yes_ in-deed_ Lov-in' kiss-es from one, Is ex-act-ly what I need_
No-bod-y's there that's why_ I feel "bride and groom-y" Can't you see it in my eye

CHORUS

Man-y's the time I feel so lone some_ But no-bod-y knows,

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And no-bod - y cares _____ I've grown so tir-ed of be - ing by my

"own some" _____ I want some-bod-y to hug, Cud-dle and snug as com-fy as a bug in a rug,

Man-y's the time I feel like spoon - ing, _____ But no-bod - y knows _____

_____ and no-bod - y cares _____ I guess I'll make out a lit-tle "ad" That I

want some lov-in' so bad _____ 'Cause no-bod-y knows _____ and no-bod-y seems to care. care.

Nobody Knows 2

Quadruple Accent Act

The Quadruple Accent Act is as far as I know also unique. I got the idea for this act from a young man who auditioned for me, Zach Page. He walked into the audition room, looking incredibly nervous and performed a decent enough monologue. I asked him if he could possibly do the same monologue in another accent and when he asked which accent I would like, the sparks ignited. We got together and wrote a sketch about a guy (although a woman could easily be substituted) with multiple personalities, auditioning for a show. The catch is the personalities are of different ethnic origins with obviously, different accents. The gag here is just how different the personalities are and how often they voice their differing opinions.

American- Standard American
Irish-Drunk
Dutch-Sissy
French-Unnecessarily Difficult
Cockney-Female

Scene: *One man walks out on stage, very hesitantly, he introduces himself.*

AMERICAN: Good afternoon, my name is (*Say your own name*) and I am here to audition for the role of Hamlet. (*Deep breath and curtain hand over face*) To be or not...

FRENCH: Sach re blu, you aren't really doing zice stupid monologue... ehh erveryone does it

DUTCH: I don't know, I sink it sounds nice. Ze vay he does it is so... ooch so vunderfool!

AMERICAN: I apologize, please um, let me begin again. Sorry... To be or not to be that is the question...

FRENCH: No ze question iz, why are you doing zis piece of English trash. Now, Molière, zer was a fine playwright. Besides you are far too short to play hamlet.

AMERICAN: I am not too short.

DUTCH: No he's right, you are. But try anyways, I always hope for ze best.

AMERICAN: Thank you. Whether it is nobler in the mind...

FRENCH: Teez.

AMERICAN: What?

FRENCH: You say it is like you are some buffoon. Ze word is 'tis. Read it. Honestly, you Americans have no sense of scansion.

AMERICAN: Whether *TIS* nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing, end them to die.

FRENCH: Uch, I wish you would die.

DUTCH: Would you stop interrupting, I vaz really beginning to get moved.

AMERICAN: To sleep NO MORE...

DUTCH: Nope, I've lost it. Why did you just yell zat part.

AMERICAN: And by sleep to say we end...

FRENCH: Sank Goodness it over.

DUTCH: Its over? Good, Lets go dancing!

IRISH: I'm Thirsty. Who's up for a pint?

AMERICAN: THE HEART ACHE AND THE THOUSAND NATURAL SHOCKS THAT

FLESH IS HEIR TO. Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, to die, to sleep (*falls to knees*)...

FRENCH: Uhhh. He has gone down to his knees. He is one big cliché. Get up you silly man.

DUTCH: Yay ve are dancing.

AMERICAN: To sleep: Perchance to dream. Ay there's the rub;

IRISH: Did you just say "There's the grub?" I thought we were going to get a Pint.

DUTCH: No ve are going dancing.

AMERICAN: For in that sleep of death...

FRENCH: I should be so lucky.

AMERICAN: What dreams may come when we have shuffled of this mortal coil... Must give

us pause... (*Looks around, no interruptions*) There's the respect...

FRENCH: I do *NOT* respect you.

AMERICAN: Excuse me... (*Turns back on the audience*) You always do this. Please I am

begging you. Just give me this one thing. Please.

FRENCH: Look here, you are driving us crazy with your constant Hamilt...ing. We are sick

and tired of it.

IRISH: I tell ya what, we'll leave you be if you promise to take us for a pint after.

DUTCH: Yes and dancing too.

AMERICAN: Alright alright fine. If you let me get through this we'll go for a drink, we'll go dancing... and...

FRENCH: What are we going to do for me?

AMERICAN: We... will... go make fun of the Italians?

FRENCH: You know me so well.

AMERICAN: Right... all agreed?

DUTCH: Yah.

FRENCH: Oui.

IRISH: (*Hiccup*)

AMERICAN: Fair enough... (*Turns*) There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely. The pangs of despised love, the law's delay, the innocence of office and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes, when he himself might his quietus make with a bare bodkin...

DUTCH: Whats a bodkin?

FRENCH: Eet eez like a really big needle.

AMERICAN: You all agreed.

FRENCH: Sorry.

DUTCH: I am ashamed.

AMERICAN: Who would fardles bear,

DUTCH: Whats a fard...

AMERICAN: rrrrr. To grunt and sweat under a weary life, but that the dread of something

after death, the undiscovered country, from whose bourn No traveler returns, puzzles the will and makes us rather bear those ill's we have than fly to the others we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

IRISH: And just who do ya tink yur callin a coward?

AMERICAN: And thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the...

IRISH: I asked ya a question!

(Smacks himself.)

DUTCH: Ouch! Vat vas dat for? I didn't do anyzing!

AMERICAN: Sorry... I was going for Seamus.

DUTCH: Vell you missed. You brut!

FRENCH: Uh ho hooo, I love it when he gets hit.

AMERICAN: *(Fast as possible)* Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, And enterprises of great pitch and moment with this regard their currents turn awry, And lose the name of action. Soft you know the fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remember'd!

COCKNEY WOMAN: Ooo you callin a nymph ay?

AMERICAN: *(Lowers head in shame.)* I didn't get the job did I? *(Looks for reaction.)* I didn't think so. Thanks. *(Walks away, back to audience.)*

FRENCH: I told you, you should have done Molière.

DUTCH: Vell I sought if vas qvite moving!

AMERICAN: *(Defeated.)* I hate you guys.

Lights Fade out

BOXING ACT

The Boxing Act is another completely unique act written by myself. It is basically the retelling of a portion of a very famous fight with, for lack of a better term, visual aids. The character portrayed James J. Corbett was a real fighter and his bout with John L. Sullivan took place on Tuesday September 7th, 1892. According to Corbett's biography the match itself was dubbed the fight of the century and was one of the first bouts of professional caliber. To add to his fame Corbett actually toured the vaudeville circuit and talked about his life and his fights, but he never presented himself like this. Also, vaudeville would often replay fights for their audiences with live actors, but again, not to this extent. This act thus grew from a combination of vaudeville boxing presentation styles. Though the characters actually lived and the fight really did happen, everything written for this guide is fictional. It Liberties can be taken.

SCENE: *Four men enter the ring-roped stage (two pugilists, a referee, and the guy narrating.) Referee is dressed in simple brown pants and vest, white button down shirt underneath, pinned down tie. Both boxers wearing the same outfit; tight pants that start above the navel and come down to bottom of knee, possibly belted, tube socks under black boots. The main difference between the two boxers is the protective belts tied around their waists; one green, one red. Both men should have very large, vivacious moustaches. Boxers should also have on boxing gloves ala 1900. Possible add on, Red can be wearing a title belt.*

Jim: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank you for having me here tonight. The management tells me that you have been asking about me for quite some time and I have to say, I am honored. Now as I've been told, you all would like to hear about my fights? Is there any one fight in particular or shall I just go through them all, starting off with my school days and work my way up? No, no. I know you want to hear about my time in the ring with Sullivan and I'll get there, but let me give you a little bit of history first.

Now, the most important thing about me is that I have always been a fighter. Not a loud mouth or trouble maker, just a fighter. Come to think of it, I was actually kicked out of two different schools for fighting. And one of those times was for fighting a teacher. You know I always say, you should never try to discipline someone bigger than you.... *(Laughs at himself)*

Both boxers groan

Sorry fellas. I guess I should just get on with talking about the fight with Sullivan. That's what you fine people came here for anyway, right? It was the biggest day of my life, September 7th, 1892. At the time I was an amateur; just the son of an Irish immigrant, a relative nobody from San Fran. Sure I had a few fights before, but nothing that really could have prepared me for this. Now I am going to skip talking about the weigh-ins and the media and just get right to it. No, that wouldn't be right. Let me just say, before the fight, the papers were on

his side. He had experience, strength, size and at the time, a pretty nice belt around his waist too. Me? We'll they said I had agility and endurance which was basically their way of saying that I was just younger. So anyway on to the fight...

The following segments should be acted out by the boxers as Jim is talking about it. They are there to add a visual interpretation of his story.

Both men enter to applause from the crowd. Green walks to the front of the stage raises one gloved hand in a salute to crowd. Green nods his head in thanks. Red walks to the front of the stage and smiles with nothing but confidence.

So Sullivan and I entered the arena at about 9:00 p.m. him from one side and I came in on the other. The crowd was cheering for both of us, but if I recall, I heard a lot more people yelling for Sullivan than me. He did have the higher odds after all.

After Red takes off belt and sets it aside. All the while Green is dancing around the ring, never making any kind of eye contact with the champ. After being beckoned by the ref, the three men meet at the center of the stage/ring. The ref is standing between the two men who are facing each other, staring intently.

So we finally make it into the ring and I start dancing around, checking the ropes, and I make it a point to not make any eye contact with Sullivan. You see, I am trying to get into his mind, make him think I'm too scared to look his way. The worst thing you can be in a fight is

over confident. We'll that's what they keep telling me anyway. When I finally danced back into my corner, my second, Jack, said Sullivan was sneering at me. And that made me smile. Come to think of it, I wouldn't figure it out until later that evening, but looking back, I would say making him angry was perhaps a hasty decision on my part. So we make our way to the center of the ring, Sullivan in his standard red and I'm in my green.

Ref: Gentlemen, please touch gloves.

Green raises his gloves to touch, red shoves green. Green never loses his composure. He simply regains his balance, smiles and nods at red who sneers back. Both men assume the standard right handed boxing pose. After Jim's confession, the two men shrug, walk back to center, tap gloves like gentle men then assume once again their poses.

Jim: We touch gloves, and before you know it, Sullivan has completely shoved me back. No, I am only kidding, that never really happened. I guess you could say I have a flare for the dramatics. Anyway, the bell rings (*Bell rings*) and we begin.

Round 1

Red comes out in a hurry to meet the confident contender. Anxious to gain the upper hand, Red throws 3 quick hooks, all of which are avoided by Green. Now smiling, Green starts to bob and dance around the ring, avoiding 3 more lunge punches made by Red. Annoyed, Red lunges to the chest of Green and shoves him back. Red has a look of pure rage and Green is beginning to lose his poise. After a moment of just looking at each other both reengage to center of the ring. Red throws two jabs, both glancing off the target and hitting either shoulder. Green throws quick stomach punch which lands just before the bell rings again.

Jim: Sullivan rushes at me pretty good. I can tell he wants this fight over and done with. Right away he throws three quick right hooks, all of which I somehow manage to avoid. Then I get it in my head that it would be a good idea to dance around the ring, avoid everything all together. We go on like this for a few minutes and let me tell, I certainly didn't win over any of the crowd that way. Anyway, you could see the rage building in his eyes and finally he took control of the situation, lunged at me and gave me a good old shove. And let me tell you, this shove was just about as hard as one of his punches, nearly winded me. Well, if nothing else, I got the message. So we both make our way back to the center of the ring and he throws me two jabs. Neither really connects; they just glance off my gloves, hitting my shoulders. And like I said, he is mad as can be, so I take the opportunity and give him a punch to the stomach. And that's how we finish the round; both of us feeling the weight of the situation.

I can tell you that that first break between rounds was the shortest of my life. I wasn't really losing my confidence, but Sullivan was starting to give me pause. See he had never been in a fight with someone who moved as much as I did. He was used to guys just standing there and taking it. Aside from the rage in his eyes, I could see that he didn't really know how to handle it, he didn't have a strategy and that made him a very dangerous man. I remember thinking, if this guy doesn't knock me out during the fight, he's gonna come and find me later tonight when I'm sleeping. Next thing you know, the bell rings and we're back at it.

Round 2

Both men come out in a hurry this time, both looking to engage. Red throws a 1 2 connecting with both. In a moment of comic relief, Green, the actor, acts as though these punches have actually landed and is shaken for a moment. Red then breaks character as well and offers the other man assistance. Green shakes off the hit, regains his bearings and motions

for Red to get back into character and begin again. While circling and staring awkwardly at one another Red attempts and misses with three hand swipes, on the third, Green counters with a quick jab to the chin of Red. Both men circle, throwing random punches that hit nothing but air. These punches are clearly not an attempt to hit or hurt their opponents, merely to keep searching for openings in the other's defenses. They come together and grapple. Red is pinning Green's right arm to his side and circling, trying to avoid Green's left, though two land in the ribs. Ref breaks the two men apart. Just before the bell, Red gets in a right cross. Green shows a fair amount of pain and goes cross eyed for the audience. Bell rings.

Jim: For the life of me, I don't know what made me so enthusiastic to get back in there, but as soon as that bell rang, I stood up, no dancing, and walked right back to the center of the ring. I guess I was hoping to make him think that I thought that I had the upper hand. Who knows, maybe I did think that. Well, as I am sure you know, that thought didn't last long. I hadn't been at the center of the ring for more than a second before he gave me a dandy of a 1 2. I didn't even have time to get my gloves up and before you know it, I had lost all memory of what I had had for breakfast that day. Golly, I still don't remember. *(Never noticing the accident behind him)*

So anyway, I recovered, finally got my hands up and we start circling each other. Like two king lions fighting over the jungle we were. One guy who was sitting in the front row later told me that he could feel the tension wrapping him up like a winter coat. So there we were, both of us circling each other, throwing random punches into the air, trying to catch the other off guard just long enough to get a cross in; neither one of us wanting to be the first guy to mess up. I guess we could tell that neither one of us was going to budge so in this moment of pure connection we both moved in for a grapple. You want to talk about grips? This man has the grip

of a bear. He had my right arm pinned to his side and for a moment I was afraid he was going to break it off. So what do I do? I start swing my left arm, just trying to hit him anywhere that get him to let go of my arm. I think I got him twice in the ribs, but to be honest I'm not really sure. Either way, he let go and I just had to let a little sigh of relief go. And that ladies and gentlemen was just about the dumbest thing I could have done; cause the moment I let that air out, Sullivan gave be a cross that nearly took me out of my shoes. Thank goodness the bell rang when it did. If that round had gone on for another 15 seconds, I assure you, I would have lost then and there.

Not much to tell about the break between that round and the next. Truth be told, I don't remember it at all. So, I think we'll just skip it. *Bell rings*

Round 3

Green looks indignantly at Jim who doesn't see him. This causes Green to lose his composure and get a little angry, which works perfectly with his character at this moment. Quickly though, Green takes a breath and changes his expression from anger to intent. Meanwhile, Red has nothing but a big smile on his face. After a few moments of tension building circling again, Red throws up two air swipes to gage his opponent... nothing. On the third, he sees an opening and jabs at Green's chin. It connects. Red throws two stomach punches with his right. Both connect. While wincing in pain, Red connects with a strong left hook and puts Green on the matt. Ref Shoves Red back to his corner and checks on Green. He begins his count, each number in between Jim's lines. By 7 Green has risen, a little shaken, but more frustrated with himself than hurt. Ref gives Green a once over and recommences the bout. Red, confident now, reengages immediately. Green reengages with two quick left jabs that miss and follows it with a right stomach punch that connects. Red shows that he is winded and Green goes in for a roundhouse, but is stopped just as the bell rings.

Jim: So we get back into circling right away and before you know it, we are back in the thick of it again. Sullivan throws a couple of swipes my way that's miss then really connects with a jab that sends shivers up my spine. The next few minutes went by in an instance for me. He connects with several different punches; each one was like a battering ram, pummeling me into oblivion. I thought I was done. So finally, when I couldn't stand it anymore, literally, I fell. And let me tell you, cold canvas has never felt as good on a man's face.

Ref: One.

Jim: Sweet relief, I thought.

Ref: Two.

Jim: I completely forgot where I was.

Ref: Three.

Jim: I didn't care about the world, the fight, nothing.

Ref: Four.

Jim: The only thing that mattered was the pure bliss that the canvas was offering. I was done.

Ref: Five.

Jim: But then, something stirred. The crowd drowned out. I opened my eyes and saw a kid, some young sprat sitting a couple of rows up. He yelled, "Get up Jim!" And then, golly, I don't know, I...

Ref: Six.

Jim: I started to rise... The roar of the crowd came rushing back. It was like being greeted by a cold ocean wave, a good one. It overcame me. I was reborn in that moment; I had no pain. I was determined, intent on finishing this fight... I was angry.

Ref: Seven.

Jim: And I am up. The ref gives me a once over.

Ref: Are you ok? (*Green nods*) Do you know where you are? (*Green nods again*)

Jim: I stared at Sullivan and came in quick. I gave him two jabs with my left that barely glanced and I could see he thought I was going for a third and there it was... (*Green and Red freeze in space*) His big beautiful stomach, sitting there; open as a front door on a warm summer day. And pow! (*Green and Red unfreeze*) I gave it to him good. And just as I was gonna lay in with a shot to his chin, the bell rang. He may have won that round, but let me tell you. Just like me earlier, he said a prayer in that moment, thanking the heavens that the round was over.

Now, they say a boxer gets a little dumber every time he gets hit. I don't know if that's necessarily true, but I tell you. For that break, I was the simplest man on earth. I had my mind wrapped around one thought and nothing else even flirted with coming into my head. All I could think was, let's go. And in no time, the bell rang and like two race horses we were up and going.

Bell rings

Round 4

Confident again, Green jumps to his feet and is at center well before Red. After circling for a few moments, Green decides to go on the offensive. Green hits Red with a barrage of punches. Red can barely block them they are coming so fast; uppercuts, roundhouses, jabs, crosses. Red takes shots to the mouth, stomach, and ribs before he pulls his chin down behind his gloves, hiding as much of his body as he can, waiting for an opening. Over confident, Green starts to throw monster punches, trying everything to knock Red out. Finally after several good shots, Red, still on his feet, wobbly though, finds his opening and plants a hopeful uppercut right under Green's chin. Green falls back again, just as red collapses on to the ropes. Once again, more

annoyed with himself than hurt, Green jumps to his feet, hits himself in the face a few times, as if to wake himself up and approaches Red, already at center. Both tired, they quickly jump into a grapple, neither man really punching, just resting. The bell rings.

Jim: I shoot out of my corner and I get to the center of the ring before Sullivan has barely stood up. Now I don't know if he was actually tired or not, but he looked tired and I capitalized. I started hitting him with everything I had; jabs, crosses, overhand lefts and rights, uppercuts. My arms were out of my control, like they were moving of their own accord. I hit him in his arms, his chest, his stomach and his chin. And he blocked a fair few, but I know he was confused. I was a man possessed by the Holy Spirit. But I got stupid and more and more confident with each passing blow. I started leaving my body wide open. Everyone could see it but me. But all I could think was punch, punch, punch, not block, block, block. And before you know it, Sullivan saw what everyone else saw and landed an uppercut right on my chin. And I went down again just as Sullivan collapsed on his ropes. Only this time, I never lost sight of the goal. I went down and I was right back up again. The ref never even had time to start a count. So I am back up and Sullivan is too and we each take a second to shake of the hits we had both just taken and then we charge to the center, right into a grapple. And before either one of us has time to really get in a shot, the bell rings.

Round 5

Like a light switch, as soon as the two men sit down, they get right back up, completely reenergized. Rested, refreshed and angry, Red starts on the offensive, coming out fast and hard with a renewed determination. Without circling at all, Red approaches Green, fakes high and unleashes a stunning body shot that makes Green cringe in obvious pain. Red's following two

head shots fail to connect and Green counters with a right roundhouse to Red's left shoulder. Both men rebound and begin to circle. During this rotation Red and Green trade a number of straight shots to the mouth and Red begins to falter. But Green gets just as tired throwing them as Red gets from receiving them. After a few shots, Jim walks off stage, grabs a brush and paints Red's face. Red reacts indignantly, but after a moment laughs at the tickling brush. After a good laugh, Jim walks back to his position and Red and Green continue to circle. By the end of the round both men are once again at the point of exhaustion. Green takes a minute to stare Red down. Red falls over. End of their fight.

Jim: Now I don't know how he did it, but in that tiny little break, Sullivan seemed to have completely regained his strength. It was like he had just woken up from a nice long nap. Me? I was somewhere between invigorated and dead. So he comes at me like some fierce beast, fakes high and punches me right in the stomach. I never saw it coming. See, until that point I had never been in a fight with someone who would fake one way and go the other, misdirection. But then again, he had never been in the ring with a guy who was danced like me. I guess this was his way of repaying the favor. Like I said earlier, that was when I truly regretted antagonizing him earlier in the fight. Point made!

So anyway, I figure he is now trying to hit me with everything he has, just like I did him the last round. The only difference was, I wasn't going to let him get into a stride. And just as he goes for my chin, I give a good pop to his left shoulder and he stops the barrage right there.

So we start circling again, and let me tell you. All the energy he had at the beginning of that round was gone. Lucky for him, most of mine was too. I was like all style had left us. There we were turning around each other, trading punches. He gets me, I get him and finally, I

let out a good one that cuts him. It had been a long time since Sullivan was bleeding from a fight. No I am not going to say how bad it was, I don't want to scare anyone who may be faint of heart, but... well, how about this... *(Jim walks backstage, grabs a paint brush with red paint, walks back out and brushes Red's face. This is not supposed to be realistic looking, the less realistic the better. By the end of the painting, Red should look buffoonish.)* Well, something like that anyway.

So we continue on like this for another couple of turns and then something happens. I can't explain it, but well, it's like this. I sort of stared at him and he just fell over, end of fight. *(With a look of disgust, Red throws up his hands as if to say "fine" and falls over)* No, I know that's not how it ended. But wouldn't it be something if that's how it did? As you all know the whole fight lasted another 16 rounds. And if you want to hear about them, you'll just have to come to one of my later shows this week. Ladies and Gentlemen, that's all for us, thank you so much for coming out, enjoy the rest of the show!

Choreography for Boxers

Red

Round One

Right hook
Left hook
Right hook
Lunge punch
Lunge punch
Lunge shove

Reengage
Right jab
Right Jab
Receives stomach punch

Green

Sway right
Sway left
Sway right: hop away
Avoid and circle
Avoid and circle
Off balance stumble

Reengage
Block (glanced jab hits right shoulder)
Block (glanced jab hits left shoulder)
Throws stomach punch

Round Two

Left Jab
Right Cross
Hand swipe
Hand swipe
Hand swipe
Received

L Air punch

L Air Punch
L Air Punch

Grapple
Received
Received

Right Cross

Break

Received
Received
Unfazed
Unfazed
Unfazed
Quick left jab to chin

L Air punch

L Air Punch
Grapple
Left stomach punch
Left Stomach punch

Received

Round 3

L Air punch
L Air punch
L Air punch... L Jab to chin
Right Stomach
Right Stomach

Received
Received
Received

L Hook		Received
		Fall to matt
	Break	
		Rise
Reengage		Reengage
		L Jab
		L Jab
Received		Right stomach

Round 4

Engage		Engage
Circle		Circle
Received in ribs		R Roundhouse
Received in chin		L Jab
Blocked		R Uppercut
Received in stomach		L Stomach punch
Blocked		R Stomach
Blocked		L Roundhouse
Blocked		R Uppercut
Blocked		L Roundhouse
Right Uppercut		Received on chin
Fall on ropes		Staggers back
		Falls
		Slams gloves to ground
		Rises
Back to center		Hit own face once with each glove
		Reengage at center
	Grapple	

Round 5

Charge		
Fake L head punch...	R Stomach punch	Block high, receives stomach punch
L Jab		Sway Right
L Jab		Sway Left
Received in L Arm		R Roundhouse
	Circle	
Received in mouth		L Jab
	Circle	
Received in mouth		L Jab
	Circle	
Received in mouth		R Straight punch

Dramatic Sketch

This Dramatic Sketch is another piece written by me, specifically for this guide. It is used here purely as relief from the comedic and musical acts. Otherwise, dramatic sketches (often excerpts from full plays) also served as advertisements for future touring shows. And on occasion, they would be scenes from shows that were currently popular in other cities. Here though, again, it is meant to keep the emotions of the audience from remaining stagnant.

SCENE: *A small apartment set. At stage left a small settee sits next to a small table with a slightly dented gramophone on it. There is a door just beyond the table, a coat hangs from it. Center stage holds a small dinner table with two chairs on opposite side. Upstage center a tall handsome grandfather clock that doesn't fit the rest of the room. At stage right there is a well made twin bed with a metal frame. The bed covers should be thin and colorful. There is one pillow on the bed. Under the bed, barely visible, sits a small suitcase. At lights up, a woman in a nightgown (Dorothy) sits waiting at the table. She is visibly nervous and jumpy. Her hair is tightly wound in a bun. Music is coming from the gramophone, it is a slow dirge that is somewhat warped from the dented bell.*

CAST:

Dorothy - Mid 20s

Robert - Early 30s

Western Union Officer - Late teens.

The clock chimes twice.

There is a harsh rapping at the door.

DOROTHY: *(Startled)* Who is it?

OFFSTAGE VOICE: Western Union Ma'am. I have a delivery.

DOROTHY: I'm sorry, I... *(She hesitates)* I'm not decent. Please come back another day.

OFFSTAGE VOICE: Sorry?

DOROTHY: Please, just go away. Call back later.

OFFSTAGE VOICE: But ma'am...

DOROTHY: Go!

OFFSTAGE VOICE: Yes ma'am.

Blackout

A few moments later, lights up. Dorothy appears not to have moved at all. The only difference is her hair, which has now fallen to her shoulders.

The clock chimes 7 times.

There is a soft tapping on the door, almost flirtatious.

Enter Robert, kind looking and excited, in a brown suit (obviously not made for him) and a bowler hat. Under his coat, he wears a short apron over a tab collar shirt. There are black grease stains on the apron.

ROBERT: Well don't just sit there. Come and dance with me. (*Walking over to the gramophone*) Well this won't do at all will it? (*Changes the music to a waltz*) Yes, much better, I think! Come wife, dance with your nearly brilliant husband!

DOROTHY: (*Motioning*) Robert, come and sit with me a moment.

ROBERT: Nonsense, I am your husband and I say dance. Nay, I command you ... Now come and dance with me. (*Pulling her up from her seat, despite her physical protests*) I have the most wonderful news. (*Playfully*) What is wrong with you, this is a time for celebration, not moping about. Now smile!

DOROTHY: Robert STOP! (*He does not stop*) Can you not see that I am in no mood for dancing? (*Finally pushes him off and herself back in the process*)

ROBERT: (*Taken aback*) What in the heaven's is wrong with you?

DOROTHY: I'm sorry... just come and sit with me.

They sit... pause

DOROTHY: I'm leaving you.

ROBERT: I know dear. (*Smiling*) So, tell me, what's for supper? (*Looking around*) I see nothing has (*checking under the table*) been prepared... Never mind that, we're going out!

DOROTHY: I'm leaving you.

ROBERT: What do you say? The Ritz? The Windsor? Or Perhaps the Russian Tea Room?

DOROTHY: I'm leaving you.

ROBERT: Yes my darling, I heard you. (*Exasperated*) But there is no sense starting a journey

on an empty stomach. So we shall eat... and then you can leave me.

DOROTHY: Robert...

ROBERT: Dora...

DOROTHY: I'm leaving you.

ROBERT: Yes, I am aware. But then again you have told me once a week since we wed that
you were leaving me, yet... here we are, our love as strong as ever.

Walking to the bed and pulling out the suit case from underneath it.

DOROTHY: No Robert... I'm leaving you.

She walks to the door and puts on her travelling coat.

DOROTHY: This must come as a shock to you, but, well... frankly I have wanted... (*Shame
growing*) I'm terribly sorry Robert, but I cannot live like this anymore.

ROBERT: (*Smiling still*) But darling, I...

DOROTHY: No, please... Just let me get through this... Robert I used to love you. I... I don't
anymore.

ROBERT: Just listen a moment...

DOROTHY: Did you know I fell in love with you almost the moment I saw you? I was walking
down the street with my sisters and I passed a silly little shop and I looked in the window
and there you were, fussing over some stupid little gadget. You were so frustrated, but
you didn't stop. I remember thinking you had this look, as though you had... finally
found a worthy adversary. I fell in love with your passion. Well, of course I just had to
meet you and when we finally did, I saw that same look in your eyes and I fell, right
away. And we were happy for a time, we were... but looking back... Robert, I gave up
everything for you; security, comfort, wealth, and for what, for this? Robert I cannot live
like this anymore... I won't live like this anymore. I know that sounds awful and I know

tomorrow you will hate me, but please, tonight... Just let me leave.

Silence

DOROTHY: I am sorry. I just need... more.

She starts for the door

ROBERT: How long have you felt this way?

DOROTHY: Long enough. I hate hurting you, but I cannot stand it here anymore. All day, every day, I sit here doing nothing, knitting, listening to that stupid broken thing. I am going out of my mind. I hate it here. I hate you for keeping me here. For letting me live like this.

ROBERT: Dora, I have finished it. It's done.

DOROTHY: A hundred times you have said that, and a hundred times you have been wrong. I realize now Robert that that day I walked by your shop, that look I saw in you... it wasn't for a formidable opponent it was for a superior. You'll never finish this thing because you will never be satisfied. And I cannot live on that anymore.

Silence... a beat

ROBERT: Would you stay if I asked?

DOROTHY: No.

She kisses him on the head then embraces him. She then walks to the door

ROBERT: Dora... Please.

Hand on the door knob, she stops, takes a breath, looks down, grabs her suitcase and leaves.

Beat

There is another harsh rapping at the door. Robert dashes to the door.

ROBERT: (*Opening the door*) Dora I...

WESTERN UNION OFFICER: Western Union sir. I have here a contract for you to sign from
Mr. Ford?

ROBERT: (*Clearly lost and disappointed*) Oh... yes thank you.

Robert *signs the contract.*

WESTERN UNION OFFICER: Thank you... And now I am supposed to give you this
cashier's check.

ROBERT: Thank you.

WESTERN UNION OFFICER: That sure is a lot! Forgive me but, I don't think I have ever seen
a check this big. Can I ask what did you do for Mr. Ford to get all this?

ROBERT: I made him something... a new kind of engine.

WESTERN UNION OFFICER: Wow. I tried to stop by earlier, but the lady of the house
seemed distressed. She told me to come back later. I do hope everything is alright.

ROBERT: I... thank you.

WESTERN UNION OFFICER: Good day sir.

Robert *smiles as he shuts the door. He walks back to the table at CS and sits. He slumps in his chair.*

Lights out.

Two lovers Interlude 2

Male Song:

You're a Dangerous Girl

Written by Jimmie V. Monaco

Lyrics by Grant Clarke

Female Song:

Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life (The Dream Melody)

For it is Love Alone that Rules for Aye

By Victor Herbert

Words by Rida Johnson Young

Male Song 2:

I'll Say She Does

By Gus Kahn

Bud DeSylva

Al Jolsen

You're A Dangerous Girl

Words by
GRANT CLARKE

Music by
JIMMIE V. MONACO

Moderato

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in a 4/4 time signature. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The music begins with a series of chords and a melodic line in the right hand, supported by a bass line in the left hand.

I love you, I love you, You're just the kind of girl for
You're cunning, you're stunning, You're ev-'ry-thing a girl should

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some melodic flourishes.

me, But there is some-thing 'bout you, makes me doubt you, Why, oh! why must it
be, You have a way of dres-sing, that's im-pres-sing, Still we nev-er a-

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a consistent accompaniment.

be? You dare me, you scare me, And still I like you more each day, But you're the
gree. You rule me, you fool me, But, yet, I let you have your way, Al-tho' I

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment.

kind that will charm, and then do harm, You've got a dan-ger-ous way.
know you're not true, I stick to you, I love you more ev-'ry day.

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, including the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment.

This composition may also
be had for you Talking
Machine or Player Piano

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CHORUS

5

Yours beau-ti-ful, yes, beau-ti-ful, You're won-der-ful, I know, — But you're the

kind of girl-ie that makes 'em fall, And when you get 'em where you want 'em you fool 'em all, — I'm

on to you, But I'm fond of you, 'Cause you're the sweet-est girl in the world, — {Your

love your eyes, I'm fond of your kiss-ing, But my heart cries: "Stop, Look and List-en!" You're
lips have said, "Now don't be a stran-ger," But they're both red, I know that means dan-ger.

won-der-ful, just mar-vel-ous, — But you're a dog-gone dan-ger-ous girl. You're girl. —



Ah! Sweet Mystery Of Life

(The Dream Melody)

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

For It Is Love Alone
That Rules For Aye!

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Moderato

mf *accel.*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time. It begins with a melody in the right hand starting on G4, moving through A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and then descending through F5, E5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand provides a simple accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand: G4, F5, E5.

Andante

f *pp cola voce*

Ah! sweet mys - ter - y of life, at last I've

The first line of the vocal melody is in 6/8 time. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a melody in the right hand that mirrors the vocal line.

found thee, Ah! I know at last the se - cret of it

The second line of the vocal melody continues from the first line. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and right-hand melody.

all; All the long - ing, seek - ing, stri - ving, wait - ing,

The third line of the vocal melody continues from the second line. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and right-hand melody.

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yearn - ing, — The burn - ing hopes, the joy and i - dle tears that

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a half note 'yearn - ing, —' followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more complex treble line with various chords and melodic fragments.

fall! — For 'tis love, and love a - lone, the world is

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a half note 'fall! —' followed by a melodic line. The piano accompaniment includes a prominent treble line with many beamed notes and a bass line with some rests and chords.

seek - ing; And 'tis love, and love a - lone, that can re -

The third system of the score shows the vocal line with a half note 'seek - ing;' followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern with a steady bass line and a busy treble line.

pay! 'Tis the an - swer, 'tis the end and all of liv - ing, — For it is

allargando *ff*

The fourth and final system on this page. The vocal line concludes with a half note 'pay!' followed by a melodic line. The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) and a tempo marking of *allargando* (ritardando). The piano part has a more active treble line and a bass line with some chords.

ten.
love a - lone that rules for aye! For 'tis love, and love a - lone, the world is

ff *Grandioso* *ff*

ten.
cresc. molto *ff* *ff*

seek - ing, For 'tis love, and love a - lone that can re - pay! 'Tis the

an - swer, 'tis the end and all of liv - ing! For it is love a - lone that rules for

ten.

ten. *pesante*

aye!

ff *allargando* *ff* *ffz*

I'LL SAY SHE DOES

SONG

By BUD De SYLV
GUS KAHN
AL JOLSON

Moderato

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked Moderato. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note chord (F major) and a quarter note (F), followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef provides a steady accompaniment with quarter notes.

VOICE

Vamp

I've got a brand new
It was so hard to

The first line of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *Vamp* and *mf*. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

sweet - le - Bet - ter than the one be - fore -
get her - She can nev - er get a - way -

The second line of the song continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a repeat sign and a *p* dynamic marking. The vocal line has a melodic line with lyrics.

Oh! she's got ev - 'ry - thing
Be - cause I'm watch - ing her

And a lit - tle bit
All the night and all

The third line of the song concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with chords and moving lines. The vocal line has a melodic line with lyrics.

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more day I don't know much a - bout her
I've al-ways had her pic - ture

And yet I know a lot 'Cause what it takes to
I had it in my mind I al-ways knew what

make me love her I want to tell you she's got
kind I want - ed And she's ex - act - ly the kind

CHORUS

Does she make ev - 'ry - bo - dy stare I'll

I'll say she does - 4

say she does... Does she give 'em that "I— don't care" I'll

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "say she does... Does she give 'em that 'I— don't care' I'll".

say she does— But is she nic-er to me— And does she

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are: "say she does— But is she nic-er to me— And does she".

sit on my knee— Does she I'll say she does—

The third system of music shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sit on my knee— Does she I'll say she does—".

— And does she crave a wed-ding 'n' ev - 'ry - thing I'll

The fourth and final system on the page shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "— And does she crave a wed-ding 'n' ev - 'ry - thing I'll".

say she does_ Was she hap - py to get_ the

ring You bet she was_ And can she dance_ Can she twist_

Does she do a lot of things I can't re - sist_ Does she I'll say she does.

cresc.

1. 2.

f *D.C.*

Double Jew Act

The Double Jew Act, like the Double Wop Act, epitomizes the comedic sketches of vaudeville. It is simple, two characters, poking fun at the stereotypes of their own culture. Concerning Jewish performers and writers in vaudeville, many could argue that as a culture and a people, Jews were more engrained in vaudeville than any other, more able to poke fun at themselves. So many of the headliners and big time acts; Cantor, Cohan, Jolsen, The Marx Brothers, Benny Bell, Henny Youngman, Milton Berle and Red Buttons, just to name a few, came from Jewish homes. There are theories as to why Jewish comedians and writers rose so fast through the circuits, but the truth is, no one really knows why. Mel Brooks once said though, and I am completely paraphrasing, that the Jewish people have been through so many horrors over the past several millennia that if we didn't laugh about it and make fun of ourselves we would cry. And that's no way to live. I like to think this is why the Jewish people were so engrained in vaudeville and the entertainment industry. Whatever the reason may be, this act is a prime example of that legacy. It is just a sketch about two old Jews, playing into many of the Jewish stereotypes, written by a Jew (me) for the enjoyment of all.

Scene: *Simple stage lights up. Klezmer music playing in the background. Enter two men the first wearing a simple white shirt, long black coat, black hat. First man has a long beard and payas (long curly sideburns.) Second man wears a modern suit, is bald and wearing a kipah (skull cap). Second man has on several pieces of gold jewelry and a rather large gaudy gold diamond ring. Two men walk to down center and begin to speak until they notice a table and two chairs slightly behind them. Both men lift shoulders and push hands out in front as if to say, “why not.” Both walk to table and sit. Both men speak in a stereotypical old Jewish/Yiddish accent.*

Note: When to mean are speaking as other people during their conversation there should be no change in accent or inflection.

1: Zo, how is your wife doing?

2: Awful, everyday is another day in hell... and ve don't even believe in hell.

1: I understand completely. The other day I went to the Rabbi and I said, “Rabbi, I think my wife is trying to poison me.”

2: Zo, what did the Rabbi say?

1: The rabbi says, “Nonsense, let me speak to your wife.” So I brought her to the rabbi and there I sat, nearly having a kinipshin about what dey vere talking about.

2: Zo, what happened?

1: The Rabbi comes out and says, “I spoke to your wife for nearly 3 hours.”

2: And?

1: And den he says, “Take the poison.” (after laughs) Zo, how is your family?

2: Terrible, my daughter came home the other day and says, Papa I am going to be an actress!

1: An actor, that's not exactly the safest of choices.

2: Tell me about it. And she says she has already landed the lead role in an all Jewish horror film.

1: Zo... what's it called?

2: The Dishwasher. (After the laughs) I heard the other day that your brother passed away. I

was so sorry to hear that. Terrible, terrible.

1: You don't even know the half of it.

2: Zo tell me.

1: Zo as you know my brother, god rest his soul had 4 daughters. Three are the most beautiful girls anyone had ever seen. And the fourth, vell, let's just say she is in need of a good sized dowry.

2: What are you saying, when it comes to looks she got the short end of the stick.

1: More like they ran out of sticks by the time it was her turn.

2: Oy, that ugly?

1: Zo anyway, my brother spent his whole married life worrying that Esther, his wife, had betrayed him. On his death bed, he turns to her, points to his fourth daughter and says, "Esther I have loved you my whole life, tell me, is that daughter mine?"

2: Vell, vhat happened?

1: Do you want me to tell the story or not? (Silence) "Is that daughter mine?" And she looks him straight in the face and say's "Moshe, I swear on my life, she is yours." And my brother closed his eyes and died a happy man.

2: Vell, at least he knew.

1: Yes, but then she turns to me and says, "Thank God he didn't ask me about the other three."

2: Oy. So did I tell you that my wife up and decided just the other day to write out her vill?

1: No, go on.

2: She comes to me and says "Shlomo, first and foremost I want that I should be cremated." Ok

I say, den vhat? Den she says "I vant that you should spread my ashes over Macys"

1: The Macys?

2: The Macys. Why I ask. "I want that you should spread my ashes over the Macys so that our daughters will visit me at least twice a week."

1: Oy. Zo my son comes home the other day with wonderful news.

2: He's going to become a doctor?

1: Eh, ve should be so lucky. No, he is going to get married, he says and that the next day he would bring over three girls and that ve should guess which one he is going to marry.

2: Zo, how did that go?

1: Well he brings over the three girls and we sit down for a couple of hours with them and have a nice chat. And at the end he comes and says. "Zo which one is it?" And my wife says, "It's the red head in the middle. And my son says, "how did you know?" She says, "I didn't like her."

2: That reminds me; I really had some fun with this mishugina goyim shmendrick the other day.

1: Zo tell me about it.

2: There I was sitting in my doctor's office and I look over and see this fella and he looks scared out of his mind. Well, trying to be compassionate, I look over at him and say, "Hey fella, what are you so scared about?" "Vell" he says, "I am marrying a Jewish woman and converting so I am here to get a circumcision."

1: (*Smiling*) It's almost too easy.

2: Ehh, I thought, I mine as well... Zo I slap myself lightly on the cheek and say, "Good luck! When I got mine done, I couldn't walk for a year and a half." (After the laughter) I never saw another man have such a kinipshin.

1: Oh that reminds me. Did I tell you the other day that I almost got a speeding ticket?

2: No, vhat happened?

1: Vell, there I was last Saturday, driving down the interstate, minding my own business, when I see a cop pull up behind me and signal for me to pull my car over.

2: And?

1: After a few minutes he walks over to me, young cop, and asks me if I know how fast I was going. Vell, of course I had no idea, so I look at him and I said, “Officer, I apologize for going so fast, but you’ll never believe what kind of a day I have had. Just this morning my wife tells me she has been stealing all of my drugs, selling all of my guns and to top it all off she is sleeping with my brother.

2: Deborah has been cheating on you with Moshe?

1: Vait, Vait let me finish. This officer looks at me without the slightest trace of sympathy zo I go on, I said to him, “Vell I just couldn’t have that, zo I killed my wife, put her in the trunk, put what was left of my drugs in the glove department and put my guns in the back seat under the blanket.” This goy is looking scared out of his mind and next thing you know, I am surrounded by six other cops. The one in charge walks up to the car, escorts me out of it and he begins to go through the car very carefully, obviously looking for everything the young cop told him I had. He comes back to me a few minutes later and say’s, “Officer O’Malley says that you have drugs and guns in your car, but I didn’t find any drugs or guns. He also tells me that your dead wife is in the trunk, but again, no dead wife. What do you have to say about this?

2: What did you say?

1: I look him straight in the eye and I say, “Vait, that officer told you I had guns, drugs, and a murdered wife in the trunk? I’ll bet he said I was speeding too!

2: Zo, did I tell you that my oldest son and daughter are coming home for the Passover Seder tomorrow?

1: How did you manage that?

2: Funny story, I called my son this morning out of the blue and I said, "That's it, I have had enough! Your mother and I have had it and we are getting a divorce!"

1: You all are divorcing? Shame!

2: I tell him I can't stand it anymore and that I don't want to discuss anything further and that he should tell his sister. I get a call five minutes later from my daughter and she screams into the phone, "DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH! MICHAEL AND I WILL BE THERE IN THE MORNING. DON'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL WE GET THERE!" And she hangs up.

1: Zo you lied to them to get them home?

2: How else was I to get them home and pay for their own airfares?

1: Zo I already told you about my son, but did I tell you my daughter brought home a fiancé the other day?

2: No, how did this go?

1: Well, we sit and talk and I asked him a few questions. I asked what he was planning on doing to provide a good home for my daughter and he said he was going to study the torah. I asked about how he would make a living to buy her nice things and he said "God would provide." I asked how he would be able to pay for children to study and grow and he said "God would provide." I asked how he would even pay for an engagement ring and he simply said, "God would provide."

2: Zo?

1: Zo, you know what that means? He is unemployed, has no plans for money and no job. On the plus side though, he thinks I am god

Lights fade out as Klezmer music plays.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

ACT II SCENE I

Though most people do not realize it, Shakespeare had just as much of a home on the vaudeville stage as any of the other acts. It brought a sense of history and culture to the then modern show and appealed greatly to the middle classes (the target audience.) But more than anything else, adding a Shakespeare scene just added to the variety of the program.

For this guide I have chosen a scene from *Titus Andronicus* for a couple of reasons. First and foremost, it is not as widely used or cliché as *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet* (which is already used once in this guide) or *Othello*. Also, it is every bit as exciting as the others mentioned, perhaps, in this instance even more so, because of the sword play. And finally, because I know from experience just how much an audience can enjoy this scene. It can be exhilarating for both actors and audiences!

Subsequently, in the latter years of vaudeville, acts began to push the envelope concerning how clean they kept their acts. This particular scene is a prime example of how far the act would be pushed; there is clever wordplay about sex, there is a great deal of violent talk and scheming and finally it speaks of two men raping the same woman. And if it all these things were said plainly, there is no way this scene would have been allowed on the stage, but because they are hidden under the veil of Shakespearian prose and verse it was allowed.

AARON (*Alone on stage at lights up.*)

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash;
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving

DEMETRIUS (*With fists on Chiron's shirt*)

Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge, (*Shoves Chiron to the ground*)
And manners, to intrude where I am graced;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

CHIRON (*Rising and confronting Demetrius face to face*)

Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, (*shoving back*) to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

AARON

[Aside] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep
the peace.

DEMETRIUS

Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

CHIRON

Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

DEMETRIUS

Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

They draw

AARON

[Coming forward] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

DEMETRIUS

Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

CHIRON

For that I am prepared and full resolved.
Foul-spoken coward, (*rushes at him*) that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform!

AARON

Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! and should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

CHIRON

I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEMETRIUS

Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AARON

Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

CHIRON

Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

AARON

To achieve her! how?

DEMETRIUS

Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother.
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

AARON

[Aside] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

DEMETRIUS

Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

AARON

Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

CHIRON

Ay, so the turn were served.

DEMETRIUS

Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AARON

Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then
That both should speed?

CHIRON

Faith, not me.

DEMETRIUS

Nor me, so I were one.

AARON

For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
your turns;
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

CHIRON

Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice,

DEMETRIUS

Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits.
Per Styga, per manes vehor.

Exeunt

RAPIER CHOREOGRAPHY

DEMETRIOUS

Outside center head cut
Parry 4
Inside center head cut
Parry 2
Parry 3

CHIRON

Parry 6
Cut left shoulder
Parry 5
Right leg cut
Right shoulder cut

Disengage and Circle
Reengage

Parry 6
Cut left shoulder
Parry 5
Right leg cut
Right shoulder cut
Step in Tap sword out
Right elbow to stomach
Disengage

Outside center head cut
Parry 4
Inside center head cut
Parry 2
Parry 3
Step in
Accepted
Disengage

Two Lovers Interlude 3

First Female Song:

Say it isn't so

By Irving Berlin

First Male Song:

Who Told You that Lie?

By Bee Walker

Lyrics by Eddie Cantor

And Gus Kahn

SAY IT ISN'T SO

*) Tune Ukulele
A D F# B
Put Capo on 1st Fret

By IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

*) Letters over diagrams are names of the chords in original key and are adaptable to Banjo or Guitar.

VOICE

8va

Eb(open) *F7* *Bb*

You can't stop peo-ple from talk-ing, And they're

VAMP

p

Cmi(open) *F7* *Bb* *Bb* *Bb* dim *Cmi*(open) *F7*

talk-ing, my dear. And the things they're say-ing,

Piano and Ukulele Arrangement
By HELMY KRESA

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C mi (open) F7 Bb Eb (open) F7

Fill my heart with fear, Now I could nev-er be -

Bb C mi (open) F7 Bb D

lieve them, When they say you're un-true. I know that they're mis -

B mi A dim E mi A7 D A F7

ta-ken, Still I want to hear it from you.

CHORUS G mi Bb aug

Say it is-n't so, Say it is-n't so,

p f

WARNING! Any one who copies the words or music of this song, or any portion thereof, will be criminally prosecuted therefore under section 28 of the United States Copyright Law, and section 441^{1/2} of the New York Penal Law.

Say It Isn't So - 4

Bb **C9**

Ev-'ry-one is say-ing you don't love me, Say it is - nt so.

F9 **Gb mi (alt)**

Ev-'ry-where I go, — Ev-'ry-one I know, —

Dmi **F7** **Bb**

Whis-pers that you're grow-ing ti - red of me, Say it is - nt so. —

Gmi

Peo- ple say that you, —

Who Told You That Lie?

Lyric by
JACK SEGAL
EDDIE CANTOR

Music by
BEE WALKER

Slowly

Piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked *mf*. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The piece concludes with a *rall.* marking.

Verse (*ad lib.*)

Chords: C Cdim Dm7 G7 Gm6 A7 Dm

Did you be-lieve it when you heard it? I'll be a sor-ry guy if you did.

a tempo
p

Musical notation for the first line of the verse, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Chords: Fm Fdim 3 C G Am Am7 D9 D7-9 Dm7 G9

May-be some-one who loves you too Is mak-ing his bid.
(her)

Musical notation for the second line of the verse, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Chorus *Slow bounce tempo*

Chords: C Rdim Am A9 A7-9 A7 D7

Some-bod-y told you I've go' a new love. WHO TOLD YOU THAT LIE?

Musical notation for the first line of the chorus, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Chords: Dm7 G9 Dm7 G9

It is - n't smart, break - in' my heart.

Musical notation for the second line of the chorus, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

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3

C D7 Dm7 G7 C 3 Bdim Am

Who has the nerve to try to keep us a - part? Some - bod - y said I have - nt been true,

A9 A7-9 A7 D7

love. — WHO TOLD YOU THAT LIE? —

F G7-9 C C9 C7-9 F Fm

No - bod - y knows how a - lone — I've been. — Why don't you tell them a lie's —

C Eb dim Dm G9 C 3 Bdim Am A9 A7-9 A7 D9 G7

a sin? Oh, how I wish you'd let me get hold — of — That talk - a - tive gal —

C Em7 A7 D9 G7 1 C Eb dim Dm7 G7 2 C F C

or guy — WHO TOLD YOU THAT LIE! —

Who's on First?

Who's on first? is almost self explanatory. It is the one act from vaudeville that perhaps is more recognized than any other. This is the original act written by Bud Abbott and Lou Costello for a vaudeville review, although, I really say original. This type of act, with fast wordplay and confusing common words for names was used all the time in vaudeville. Further, the idea of having the wordplay deal with baseball was also done before Abbott and Costello. They did however make it a worldwide sensation with their own edition. Over the years it has been translated countless times over and rewritten into numerous versions. It is a fan favorite and is absolutely the epitome of clowning in vaudeville!

As a side note, while Abbot and Costello both received their practical training on the , this particular sketch was not written until 1936, some seven years after vaudeville succumbed to the Great Depression, movies and radio. Despite, it is still considered vaudevillian because both writers were so, as was the show it was written (adapted) for.

SCENE: *Lights rise on two men already out on stage. Both men dressed nice. No set is necessary.*

ABBOTT: Well Costello, I'm going to New York with you. You know Bucky Harris, the Yankee's manager, gave me a job as coach for as long as you're on the team.

COSTELLO: Look Abbott, if you're the coach, you must know all the players.

ABBOTT: I certainly do.

COSTELLO: Well you know I've never met the guys. So you'll have to tell me their names, and then I'll know who's playing on the team.

ABBOTT: Oh, I'll tell you their names, but you know it seems to me they give these ball players now-a-days very peculiar names.

COSTELLO: You mean funny names?

ABBOTT: Strange names, pet names...like Dizzy Dean...

COSTELLO: His brother Daffy.

ABBOTT: Daffy Dean...

COSTELLO: And their French cousin.

ABBOTT: French?

COSTELLO: Goofè.

ABBOTT: Goofè Dean. Well, let's see, we have on the bags, Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know is on third...

COSTELLO: That's what I want to find out.

ABBOTT: I say Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know's on third.

COSTELLO: Are you the manager?

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: You gonna be the coach too?

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: And you don't know the fellows' names?

ABBOTT: Well I should.

COSTELLO: Well then who's on first?

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: I mean the fellow's name.

ABBOTT: Who.

COSTELLO: The guy on first.

ABBOTT: Who.

COSTELLO: The first baseman.

ABBOTT: Who.

COSTELLO: The guy playing...

ABBOTT: Who is on first!

COSTELLO: I'm asking YOU who's on first.

ABBOTT: That's the man's name.

COSTELLO: That's who's name?

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: Well go ahead and tell me.

ABBOTT: That's it.

COSTELLO: That's who?

ABBOTT: Yes.

PAUSE

COSTELLO: Look, you gotta first baseman?

ABBOTT: Certainly.

COSTELLO: Who's playing first?

ABBOTT: That's right.

COSTELLO: When you pay off the first baseman every month, who gets the money?

ABBOTT: Every dollar of it.

COSTELLO: All I'm trying to find out is the fellow's name on first base.

ABBOTT: Who.

COSTELLO: The guy that gets...

ABBOTT: That's it.

COSTELLO: Who gets the money...

ABBOTT: He does, every dollar. Sometimes his wife comes down and collects it.

COSTELLO: Whose wife?

ABBOTT: Yes.

PAUSE

ABBOTT: What's wrong with that?

COSTELLO: Look, all I wanna know is when you sign up the first baseman, how does he sign
his name?

ABBOTT: Who.

COSTELLO: The guy.

ABBOTT: Who.

COSTELLO: How does he sign...

ABBOTT: That's how he signs it.

COSTELLO: Who?

ABBOTT: Yes.

PAUSE

COSTELLO: All I'm trying to find out is what's the guy's name on first base.

ABBOTT: No. What is on second base.

COSTELLO: I'm not asking you who's on second.

ABBOTT: Who's on first.

COSTELLO: One base at a time!

ABBOTT: Well, don't change the players around.

COSTELLO: I'm not changing nobody!

ABBOTT: Take it easy, buddy.

COSTELLO: I'm only asking you, who's the guy on first base?

ABBOTT: That's right.

COSTELLO: Ok.

ABBOTT: All right.

PAUSE

COSTELLO: What's the guy's name on first base?

ABBOTT: No. What is on second.

COSTELLO: I'm not asking you who's on second.

ABBOTT: Who's on first.

COSTELLO: I don't know.

ABBOTT: He's on third, we're not talking about him.

COSTELLO: Now how did I get on third base?

ABBOTT: Why you mentioned his name.

COSTELLO: If I mentioned the third baseman's name, who did I say is playing third?

ABBOTT: No. Who's playing first.

COSTELLO: What's on first?

ABBOTT: What's on second.

COSTELLO: I don't know.

ABBOTT: He's on third.

COSTELLO: There I go, back on third again!

PAUSE

COSTELLO: Would you just stay on third base and don't go off it.

ABBOTT: All right, what do you want to know?

COSTELLO: Now who's playing third base?

ABBOTT: Why do you insist on putting Who on third base?

COSTELLO: What am I putting on third.

ABBOTT: No. What is on second.

COSTELLO: You don't want who on second?

ABBOTT: Who is on first.

COSTELLO: I don't know.

ABBOTT & COSTELLO Together: Third base!

PAUSE

COSTELLO: Look, you gotta outfield?

ABBOTT: Sure.

COSTELLO: The left fielder's name?

ABBOTT: Why.

COSTELLO: I just thought I'd ask you.

ABBOTT: Well, I just thought I'd tell ya.

COSTELLO: Then tell me who's playing left field.

ABBOTT: Who's playing first.

COSTELLO: I'm not... stay out of the infield! I want to know what's the guy's name in left field?

ABBOTT: No, What is on second.

COSTELLO: I'm not asking you who's on second.

ABBOTT: Who's on first!

COSTELLO: I don't know.

ABBOTT & COSTELLO Together: Third base!

PAUSE

COSTELLO: The left fielder's name?

ABBOTT: Why.

COSTELLO: Because!

ABBOTT: Oh, he's centerfield.

PAUSE

COSTELLO: Look, You gotta pitcher on this team?

ABBOTT: Sure.

COSTELLO: The pitcher's name?

ABBOTT: Tomorrow.

COSTELLO: You don't want to tell me today?

ABBOTT: I'm telling you now.

COSTELLO: Then go ahead.

ABBOTT: Tomorrow!

COSTELLO: What time?

ABBOTT: What time what?

COSTELLO: What time tomorrow are you gonna tell me who's pitching?

ABBOTT: Now listen. Who is not pitching.

COSTELLO: I'll break your arm, you say who's on first! I want to know what's the pitcher's name?

ABBOTT: What's on second.

COSTELLO: I don't know.

ABBOTT & COSTELLO Together: Third base!

PAUSE

COSTELLO: Gotta a catcher?

ABBOTT: Certainly.

COSTELLO: The catcher's name?

ABBOTT: Today.

COSTELLO: Today, and tomorrow's pitching.

ABBOTT: Now you've got it.

COSTELLO: All we got is a couple of days on the team.

PAUSE

COSTELLO: You know I'm a catcher too.

ABBOTT: So they tell me.

COSTELLO: I get behind the plate to do some fancy catching, Tomorrow's pitching on my team and a heavy hitter gets up. Now the heavy hitter bunts the ball. When he bunts the ball,

me, being a good catcher, I'm gonna throw the guy out at first base. So I pick up the ball and throw it to who?

ABBOTT: Now that's the first thing you've said right.

COSTELLO: I don't even know what I'm talking about!

PAUSE

ABBOTT: That's all you have to do.

COSTELLO: Is to throw the ball to first base.

ABBOTT: Yes!

COSTELLO: Now who's got it?

ABBOTT: Naturally.

PAUSE

COSTELLO: Look, if I throw the ball to first base, somebody's gotta get it. Now who has it?

ABBOTT: Naturally.

COSTELLO: Who?

ABBOTT: Naturally.

COSTELLO: Naturally?

ABBOTT: Naturally.

COSTELLO: So I pick up the ball and I throw it to Naturally.

ABBOTT: No you don't, you throw the ball to Who.

COSTELLO: Naturally.

ABBOTT: That's different.

COSTELLO: That's what I said.

ABBOTT: You're not saying it...

COSTELLO: I throw the ball to Naturally.

ABBOTT: You throw it to Who.

COSTELLO: Naturally.

ABBOTT: That's it.

COSTELLO: That's what I said!

ABBOTT: You ask me.

COSTELLO: I throw the ball to who?

ABBOTT: Naturally.

COSTELLO: Now you ask me.

ABBOTT: You throw the ball to Who?

COSTELLO: Naturally.

ABBOTT: That's it.

COSTELLO: Same as you! Same as YOU! I throw the ball to who. Whoever it is drops the ball and the guy runs to second. Who picks up the ball and throws it to What. What throws it to I Don't Know. I Don't Know throws it back to Tomorrow, Triple play. Another guy gets up and hits a long fly ball to Because. Why? I don't know! He's on third and I don't give a darn!

ABBOTT: What?

COSTELLO: I said I don't give a darn!

ABBOTT: Oh, that's our shortstop.

Lights Fade Out

Two Lovers Interlude 4

Final love duet:
Will You Remember
By Sigmund Romberg
Lyrics by Rida Johnson Young
Female: top line
Male: bottom line

Will You Remember (Sweetheart)

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Lyrics by
Rida Johnson Young

DUET

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Poco allegretto

The first system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*. A *con Pedale* marking is present at the beginning.

The second system of piano accompaniment continues the piece. It includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and a *l.h.* (left hand) marking. The right hand has a vocal line for Otilie.

Otilie

Ah,

Allegretto

The third system features a vocal line for Dick and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "love is so sweet in the spring - time, When blossoms are fragrant in May. No". Dynamics include *mf* and *p*. A *rit.* marking is also present.

Dick

love is so sweet in the spring - time, When blossoms are fragrant in May. No

Ottile

I'll

years that are coming can bring time, To make me for-get, dear, this day.

ff

love you in life's gray De - cem - ber The same as I love you to - day, — My

The same as I love you to - day, — My

f

heart, ev-er young, will re - mem - ber that day in May.

heart, ev-er young, will re - mem - ber The thrill it knew. —

Tempo di Valse lento

Sweet-heart, sweet-heart, sweet-heart, will you

Tempo di Valse lento

sempre p

love me ev - er? Will you re - mem - ber this
Will you re - mem - ber this

day, When we were hap-py in May, My dear - est one?
day, When we were hap-py in May, My dear - est one?

rit.

cresc. *rit.*

a tempo

Sweet-heart, sweet-heart, sweet - heart, _____ Though our

a tempo

a tempo

To life's last faint em - ber

paths may sev - er, To life's last faint em - ber

cresc.

Lento

Will you re - mem - ber Spring-time, Love-time, May? _____

Will you re - mem - ber Spring-time, Love-time, May? _____

Lento

27755

Lilly
M
D48
Box 63
no 14
copy

The School Act

There were many versions of the School Act that found their way onto the vaudeville stage, perhaps the most popular performed by the Marx Brothers (in their younger years.) The one thing they all had in common was the plot of unruly students and a silly teacher. This scene has more actors in it than any of the other acts and is the perfect opportunity to bring performers back for one last scene for the audience. It is fun and it ends with a full cast song. This sketch can also work as an after piece, in which the entire company comes on to sing the final song. It is a very fun way to end a fun show.

SCENE: *School room with desks and seats. Teacher's desk stage Left. Blackboard on walls with funny pictures of teachers on it, tic-tac-toe, etc. etc.*

CAST:

Percy Harold – **SISSY**

Jesse James – **TOUGH**

Tony – **ITALIAN**

Gladys Umpah – **LISPING GIRL**

Skinny Jones – **FAT GIRL**

Abbey Maloney Goldstein – **JEWISH BOY**

Rastus Johnson – **COLORED BOY**

AT RISE: *TEACHER, who is a Dutchman with chin piece, Prince Albert coat, small brown derby hat, enters with books under his arm. Music plays "Schooldays" until he picks up large bell on his desk and rings it. Then music fades out as PERCY HAROLD enters.*

PERCY: *(Singing)* La La La La...

TEACHER: That must be one of the girls.

PERCY: Oh, you go on.

TEACHER: I'm the new teacher. Vot's the meaning of dis la la la labusiness?

PERCY: It's none of your business.

TEACHER: Oh, ist dat so? I am going to make it some of my business. Where ist the rest of my pimples?

PERCY: Downstairs playing a game of pinochle, teacher.

TEACHER: Pignuckle, eh? What a fine bunch dis must be. I'll bring the rest of 'em in here.

(Rings bell. Pupils rush in like a football team, grab teacher's hat, and throw it around as if it was a football. TEACHER gets all excited chasing them atc.) Say, what do you think dis ist, a football game?

TOUGH: Hey mug, I'm in.

TEACHER: I'm glad oft dot. Where voss you?

TOUGH: Downstairs playing a game of ping-pong.

TEACHER: Stick out your hand. (TOUGH *does so and* TEACHER *hits him over the head with umbrella.*) Zit down. The pimples will please be seated. We will open up the class wit singing the national anthem. (*Everybody sings "How Dry I Am"*) Dot voss nice. Now I will open the school by calling roll.

PERCY: Oh. teacher.

TEACHER: Vos is the madder wit you, you sick?

PERCY: We had them this morning for breakfast.

TEACHER: Vot did you have for breakfast?

PERCY: Nice Vienne rolls.

TEACHER: Who said anything about Vienne rolls? I mean rolls the names of the pimples, vot is here in school. The first name is Percy Harold.

PERCY: Here teacher.

TEACHER: Tony Baccicolupe.

TONY: Here I am, boss.

TEACHER: Gladys Umpah.

GLADYS: (*Lisping*) Here I am, teacher.

TEACHER: Skinny Jones.

SKINNY: Can't you see I'm here?

TEACHER: Rastus Johnson.

RASTUS: Here too. Here too, teacher.

TEACHER: Abey Maloney Goldstein.

ABEY: I'm in the place.

TEACHER: What's the idea of Maloney in the middle of your name?

ABEY: I use it for protection.

TEACHER: Jesse James.

TOUGH: Couldn't come today.

TEACHER: Don't you say couldn't come when you are sitting here. And face about, vot you think, I can talk to the front of your face behind your back? Vell, I am glad all the pimples are present. Ve vill start with the first lesson this morning in geography.

EVERYBODY: Oh.

TEACHER: Cut it oud. Oh, ist not in the lessons. Vot is an island?

TONY: An island is a pimple on the ocean.

TEACHER: No, it's no pimple on the ocean. Stick out your hand. (*Hits TONY over head with umbrella.*)

PERCY: I know, teacher.

TEACHER: You're so smart, what ist an island?

PERCY: An island is a keg of beer surrounded by (*local*) policemen.

TEACHER: Hold out your hand. (*Hits him on head with umbrella*) Say tough mug, name me some of the principal oceans.

TOUGH: Atlantic and Pacific.

TEACHER: Dem's not oceans, dem's a tea company.

TOUGH: Oh, you mean oceans. Alright, Montreal, New Hampshire, and Siegel and Coopers.

TEACHER: Dem's not oceans, dem's mountains.

TONY: You mean oceans? I got a notion in my head.

TEACHER: (*Hitting TONY on head with umbrella*) Now you got water on the brain. Just for dot, Tony, you gotta sing a song. (*TONY Sings a song. After song by TONY*) Dot vos very nice, Tony. Now Skinny, vot ist a cow?

SKINNY: My mother.

TEACHER: Vost is dot foolishness? Vot makes you say your mama's a cow?

SKINNY: I heard my daddy say to her this morning, "You're as big as a cow."

TEACHER: A cow ist an animal with four legs, one on each corner. Now Gladys, can you tell me the use of cowhide?

GLADYS: Sure I can. It keeps the cow together.

TEACHER: Now pimples, can anyone tell me the greatest invention in the world?

SKINNY: The telephone.

GLADYS: The automobile.

TONY: The radio.

PERCY: The airplane.

TEACHER: You are right, poys and girls. They were great inventions.

ABEY: Say teacher, the fellow dot invented interest was no slouch.

TEACHER: Just for that ve will have a dance by Rastus Johnson. (JOHNSON *does a dance.*

After dance) Dot voss very goot. Now for the spell-ink lesson.

EVERYBODY: I – N – K.

TEACHER: I didn't say ink. I don't mean ink vots here in the ink well, I mean spell-ink vot ist here in the book. Jesse James, how do you spell giraffe?

TOUGH: G-I-R-A-F-E.

TEACHER: In the dictionary they spell it with two *fs*.

TOUGH: Well, you ast me how did *I* spell it.

TEACHER: Put your hand out. (*Hits him on head with umbrella*) Tony, make for the teacher a sentence mit the word delight on the inside.

TONY: The wind blew so hard it blew out de light.

TEACHER: Yes, and I'll blow out your light. Cut out dese nonsense. Ah, dere's a goot vord – nonsense. Skinny, give me an example of nonsense.

SKINNY: An elephant hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy.

TEACHER: Just for that you will haf to sing a song. (SKINNY *sing. After song*) Dot voss very goot. Vot ist the great American desert?

EVERYBODY: Prunes.

TEACHER: Abey, can you tell me where Pittsburgh ist?

ABEY: They are playing in Chicago.

TEACHER: Percy, when was Rome built?

ABEY: At night.

TEACHER: Who told you dot?

PERCY: You said Rome wasn't built in a day.

TEACHER: Put out your hand. (*Hits him on head with umbrella. Sees RASTUS raising his hand*) Vot do you want, Rastus?

RASTUS: I want to leave de room.

TEACHER: No. You stay here and fill up the ink wells. Gladys, vot is the opposite of misery?

GLADYS: Happiness.

TEACHER: Dot's right. Now Abey, tell me vot ist the opposite of woe?

ABEY: Giddy up. (*Puts hand out to get hit with umbrella*)

TEACHER: Has anybody else got any questions?

TOUGH: Yeh, what time is it?

TEACHER: I'll show you vot is it. (*Goes after him; pupils all go after teacher – free-for-all*)

fight) Vell, if you don't let me be the teacher I may as vell be one of the gang. School ist
over, boys and girls... (*Finish with everybody singing and dancing as curtain descends*)

Tony's Song
Green River by Eddie Cantor

Skinny's Song
You'd Be Surprised by Irving Berlin

Final Number
If I meet the Guy Who Made the Country Dry by W. Jerome

Green River

Words by EDDIE CANTOR

Music by VAN & SCHENCK

Arr. by Jean Walz

Moderato

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics start with a forte (*f*) marking.

The piano accompaniment for the first verse. It features a 'VAMP' section with dynamic markings of *fz*, *mp*, and *p*. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment.

Since the coun-try's turned pro-hi-bition,
When the can-nons stoppd their thund-ring

The piano accompaniment for the second verse, continuing the rhythmic and harmonic patterns established in the first verse.

I've been in a bad con-dit-ion Ev-ry soft drink that I try just makes me want to cry — Take it back from
ev-ry bo-dy start-ed wond-ring How the treat-y would be signed that was on our mind — Wil-son soon for-

The piano accompaniment for the third verse, featuring a more active right hand melody.

whence it came all your drinks are much the same, I tried one here to - day and be-lieve me when I say;
got his "Wil son," Haig for-got his "Haig and Haig," Foch said "No more Rhine-wine;" lis-ten boys, be-fore we sign.

The piano accompaniment for the chorus, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a forte (*f*) dynamic. It includes a triplet in the right hand.

CHORUS
For a drink that's fine with out a "kick" oh! "Green Riv-er," — It's the

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on-ly drink that does the trick, just "Green Riv-er"— Has oth-ers beat a

mile, — makes drink-ing worth while And if you want to wear a lit-tle smile try "Green

Riv-er," — If your girl gives you the sack try "Green Riv-er" You will sure-ly

win her back, it's grand, — now un-der-stand — That rich-man, poor-man, beg-gar-man, thief, doc-tor, law-yer,

In-di-an chief, Once they drink it they all think it the best drink in the land. For a land

Green River 2

RAYNES J. DALMEY
MUSIC PRINTERS & CO.
CHICAGO

You'd Be Surprised

3

By IRVING BERLIN

Moderato

PIANO

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked Moderato. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The right hand starts with a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

John-ny was bash-ful and shy
Mar-y con-tin-ued to praise.

The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is simple and follows the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues from the introduction, providing harmonic support for the vocal line.

No-bod-y un-der-stood why, Mar-y loved him, All the oth-er girls
John-ny's re-mark-a-ble ways, To the lad-ies And you know ad-ver-

The vocal line continues with the second verse. The piano accompaniment remains consistent, supporting the vocal melody.

passed him by. Ev-ry one want-ed to know
tis-ing pays. Now John-ny's nev-er a-lone

The vocal line concludes with the third verse. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic setting for the piece.

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How she could pick such a beau. With a twink-le in her eye.— She made this re - ply.—
 He has the bus - i - est phone Al-most ev-'ry oth-er day.— A new girl will say.—

CHORUS

He's not so good in a crowd but when you get him a-lone You'd be sur -
 He's not so good in the house but on a bench in the park You'd be sur -

prised, He is - n't much at a dance But then when he takes you home
 prised, He is - n't much in the light but when he gets in the dark

You'd be sur - prised He does - n't look like much of a lov - er, but
 You'd be sur - prised I know he looks as slow as the E - rie But

don't judge a book by it's cov - er. He's got the face of an An - gel but
 you do n't know the half of it dearie He looks as cold as an Es - ki - mo

You'd Be Surprised 3

There's a Dev-il in his eye. He's such a del-i-cate thing but when he
 But there's fi-re in his eyes He does-n't say ver-y much but when he

starts in to squeeze, You'd be sur - prised, He does - n't
 starts in to speak You'd be sur - prised, He's not so

look ver - y strong but when you sit on his knee, You'd be sur - prised
 good at the start but at the end of a week You'd be sur - prised

At a par - ty or at a ball I've got to ad-mit he's noth-ing at all - but in a
 On a street-car or in a train You'd think he was born with - out an - y brain, but in a

mor ris chair, You'd be sur - prised, He's not so prised,
 tax - i - cab, You'd be sur - prised He's not so prised

You'd Be Surprised 3

2 If I Meet The Guy Who Made The Country Dry

Words by
WILLIAM JEROME

Music by
HARRY VON TILZER

Piano

Voice

The coun-try's go - ing craz - y we are real - ly on the brink of a
Now ev - 'ry ones in mourn - ing since poor John - ny passed a - way there's a

Vamp

big col - lapse I think I feel like the miss - ing link You have to sail to Cu - ba an - y
crepe on each Ca - fe And there's tears a - long Broad - way The night life that we once en - joyed has

time you want a drink And it does - nt mean a thing now when you wink _____ All
real - ly gone a - stray Ev - 'ry night I pray "Bring back my Du - bon - et" _____ Im

Na - tions look up - on us as a joke. _____ What will you do when they wont let you smoke? _____
sor ry for each spoon - y lit - tle pair. _____ It's raised the deuce with ev - 'ry love af - fair. _____

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2009.0148

Chorus

If I meet the guy — who made this coun-try dry — I'll sprink-le mud-dy wat-er on his
 If I meet the guy — who made this coun-try dry — I'll swat him as I would a kit-chen

tie. I'll take him in - to Huy-ler's and I'll treat him ver-y rough I'll fill him full of
 fly. I'll run him round the Cit-y and I'll nev-er let him rest I'll have a man tat-

vich-y and I'll steal his pow-der puff If I meet this guy — I'll make him won-der why — I'll
 -too a lit-tle oil-can on his chest If I meet this guy — I'll make him sob and sigh — And

say, "Poh, Poh, to you," should he re- ply — I'll march him up and down in front of ev-'ry closed sa-
 sing, "I'm sor-ry dear I made you cry" It's sel-dom now that an-y girl-ie or-ders wed-ding

-loon I'll ev-en make him lis-ten to the Dar-da-nel-la tune If I meet the guy — who made this
 clothes There's noth-ing now that gives a man the cour-age to pro- pose If I meet the guy — who made this

coun-try dry — I'll make him whis-tle "Com-ing thro' the Rye" — If I why —
 coun-try dry — I'll break his cane and nev-er tell him why — If I why —

If I Meet etc. 2

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Vita

Evan Seth Anderson was born on March 22, 1984, in Louisville, Kentucky, and is an American citizen. He graduated from Ballard High School, Louisville, Kentucky in 2002. He received his Bachelor of Arts in Theatre from The College of Charleston, Charleston, South Carolina in 2006. After his undergraduate career he performed stand-up comedy, taught at his former high school for a year and toured with the Missoula Children's Theatre for 15 months. He is an avid supporter of all things funny.