

50403

THE BIG SHOW

*MT-I*  
*J. H. H. H.*

( ) ( )  
6:30 - 8:00 PM EST

MARCH 2, 1952

SUNDAY

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

(MUSIC: THEME AND DOWN FOR)

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

(EACH READS HIS NAME)

- FRED ALLEN
- CONNIE BOSWELL
- CLARK DENNIS
- REX HARRISON
- PORTLAND HOFFA
- LILLI PALMER
- HENNY YOUNGMAN
- MEREDITH WILLSON

*Master Hain*

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

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

*1:10*

*PE 6-5-600*



*TAL*



L.B.

TALLU: Well, darlings, I don't like to bother you with my personal problems, but I've just been sitting back there in my dressing room going over my bills for the first of the month.....I've decided I simply must cut down expenses. From now on, I'm skipping breakfast. I'm going to combine breakfast and lunch. It's called Brunch. Instead of cocktails at five and dinner at six, I'm going to combine those and call it Drunch..... It's the little things that add up. I just saw my electric light bill. That gave me quite a shock..... From now on, no lights around my apartment. It'll be much cheaper. And much more fun.....And five manicures a week is just ridiculous. I'm cutting that down to one manicure a week. And the four dogs will have to do without Theirs..... They used to, in the good old days, ~~before the war.~~ <sup>now</sup> Our darling sponsor will now tell you about something we still have from the good old days.....

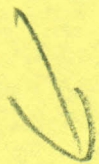
(REYNOLDS I)

1:50  
Cowley.



COWLAN: Yes, Miss Bankhead...we have at least one thing  
that's pre-war....or better. It's the price of aluminum.  
A The only basic metal that costs less today than before  
World War II! It was Reynolds competition....first in the  
industry ... that brought the price down in those days ...  
and sent production soaring. And the competition that  
Reynolds started is still at work. Aluminum capacity is  
being rapidly expanded. Giant new Reynolds plants are  
going up. Most of the increasing supply must now go to  
meet the needs of defense. But the multiplying military  
uses only point the way to more and better products  
tomorrow ... in the Age of Aluminum: Reynolds Aluminum.

(MUSIC: PLAYOFF)



TAB.

2:50



TALLU: Well, darlings, while I was contemplating all my bills a little while ago, I got to wondering what would happen if I didn't have enough money to pay them all. What friends could I turn to if I needed -- oh, say -- the price of a meal. A hundred dollars. Where could I borrow a hundred dollars. As an experiment in human relations I wrote a little note to each of my guests on the show this week, asking for the loan of a hundred dollars. I'm going to call on each of them to read his answer. You may be interested in the reactions.

FRED: My immediate reaction was a rash which broke out in the vicinity of my wallet.

TALLU: Fred---

FRED: Since I carry my wallet in my back pocket, the area where the rash appeared is quite apparent.

TALLU: Fred, I haven't called on you yet, darling. Would you mind---

FRED: Oh, I'm sorry, Tallulah.

TALLU: The first reply I got came from Henny Youngman. He didn't even bother to write. He phoned me immediately. A real true friend.

OPERATOR: Hello, is this Miss Bankhead? I have a call for you from a Mr. Henny Youngman. It's collect.

TALLU: Where's he calling from?

OPERATOR: New York.

TALLU: Okay, I'll take it. Put the dime on my bill.

5

3:26

35

15



LS  
↓

HENNY: Hello, Tallulah. How are you?

TALLU: I'm fine. How are you.

HENNY: Pretty good. What's new?

TALLU: Are you calling me about the note I sent you?

HENNY: What note?

TALLU: I sent you a note.

HENNY: I didn't get any note.

TALLU: I need a hundred dollars.

HENNY: What?

TALLU: I need a hundred dollars.

HENNY: I'm sorry, I can't hear you. It's a bad connection.

OPERATOR: Excuse me, Mr. Youngman. She says she needs a hundred dollars. I can hear her.

HENNY: Okay, if you can hear her, you lend it to her. Goodbye.  
(HANG UP)

4:20

TALLU: Now there's what I call a phoney friend. Telephone of course.

FRED: So when the rash appeared I went over to see my doctor. He specializes in rashes. He has more rashes than any doctor in town..... 1:30

TALLU: Fred, not yet darling. I'll call you soon. Enough about your rash.

FRED: But I'm just itching to tell you --

TALLU: That'll be enough, darling----

FRED: I haven't even scratched the surface--- 4:35'

TALLU: Fred, please. Your turn will come. The next reply I got was from the singer, Clark Dennis, who sent me this little note:



CLARK: Dear Tallulah: I'd like to lend you the money, but I haven't got that much on me right now. However, I'll be glad to give it to you the first chance I see you. I must hurry now as I'm on my way to Tibet.... I'm playing a split week at Loew's Tibet....They're paying me plenty of Chinese money. I expect to come back with a roll.

TALLU: Yes, Egg roll....The next guest I----

FRED: Well, the doctor examined me and said I was suffering from paralysis of the pocketbook. <sup>210</sup>

TALLU: Fred, will you please---

FRED: That is, partial paralysis of the pocketbook. I can put things in but I can't take anything out.....

TALLU: Fred, I insist. I'll get to you soon. I also sent a note to my very dear friends, the gay and talented couple, Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer.

LILLI: I'll answer the note, Rex. "Dear Tallulah: No! Fondly yours Rex and----"

REX: Lilli, darling, that's hardly the way. You've to be good about it and gracious.

LILLI: All right. "Dear Tallulah: Good gracious no! Fondly yours----"

REX: No, no, Lilli. Let me dictate: Dear Tallulah:  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all, to thine own self be true.  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell, my blessing season this to thee.



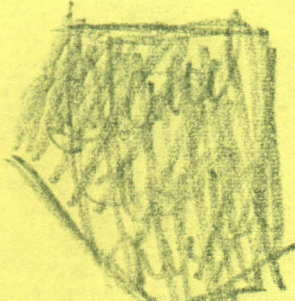
LILLI: Rex, what a ham you are for a lousy hundred bucks....

TALLU: Not only did I not get the hundred dollars, but <sup>Rex</sup> he tried to charge me four-eighty for that performance....

FRED: Well, after I left the doctor's office, I walked over to a loan company to borrow a hundred dollars for you, Tallulah. And the man there said to me, "Are you Fred Allen, the wit?" And I said yes, so he lent me fifty dollars. You can see how much of a wit he thought I was.... <sup>3.35</sup>

TALLU: Fred, I'm not ready for you yet, darling. Please sit down. Then I got a letter by return mail from Portland Hoffa. She wrote:

PORTLAND: Dear Tallulah: I got your note asking me to send you a check for one hundred dollars. Well, no sooner said than done. Enclosed is a check for one hundred dollars. I got a lot of pleasure out of writing this check. And it gave me an idea---why don't I open up a checking account and do this all the time?....<sup>4.00</sup>



7.00

TALLU: Well, you can't bank on that kind of friendship....Our next guest----

FRED: Well, I was still fifty dollars short of the hundred and needed, Tallulah.

TALLU: Fred, while you're getting the other fifty, I want to hear what Connee Boswell wrote in answer to my note.  
Connee:



CONNIE: Dear Tallulah: I'm sorry I haven't got a hundred dollars right now to lend you. But I'll be only too happy to lend it to you when I get it. As a matter of fact I'll give you a hundred dollars as soon as my ship comes in. I should be hearing from Captain Carlson any day ...

11:35

TALLU: Haha, isn't she enterprising. Flying enterprise, that is...

FRED: So there I was with the fifty dollars....

TALLU: All right, Fred, did you get the other fifty?

FRED: I sure did. Here you are Tallulah. I bought you fifty dollars worth of cough medicine.

TALLU: Cough medicine? I need a hundred dollars.

FRED: So all right, all you have to do is taste this cough medicine, and say you're dissatisfied. Return it to the manufacturer and you'll get double your money back. Voila, a hundred dollars.

TALLU: Well, isn't that ridiculous. I should taste a lot of cough medicine. Well, I might as well sample it... Hmmm... (SMACKS LIPS)... this is what they use for medicinal purposes?

..... Who's going to be dissatisfied with this. I didn't need that hundred dollars anyway.... Well here's something nobody is ever dissatisfied with--a song by Connie Boswell. Connie should have been on The Big Show long ago.

And now that she's here, let's settle back and listen to "Believe It Beloved" as only Connie Boswell can sing it. Meredith, darling, if you please.

MUSIC STAND

8:40

(MUSIC: "BELIEVE IT BELOVED".....BOSWELL AND ORCH)

(APPLAUSE)

11:10

DB

8:40  
2:50  
5:00

TR



TALLU: Oh, wonderful, darling. Just wonderful. I want to talk to you, sweetie. I don't mind telling you, that one of my all-time favorite singers has always been Bonnie Coswell. I mean Connee Boswell.....

CONNIE: Thank you, Balloola Tankhead....

TALLU: I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean that. Tell me, Connie, you've been singing for years. You started out as a sister act, didn't you? A trio?

CONNIE: Yeh. The Boswell sisters. Remember?

TALLU: Oh sure. And how are Maxine and Laverne?

CONNIE: You're thinking of some other sisters, Tallulah. The Andrews brothers.....But for many years now, I've been doing a single.

TALLU: (DEEP VOICE) Who hasn't been, darling?.....I've been doing that for ages. And speaking of ages, our darling sponsor keeps talking about the Age of Aluminum. And yet people also call this the Atomic Age. Which is it? Or can we just choose our age, as some people do?

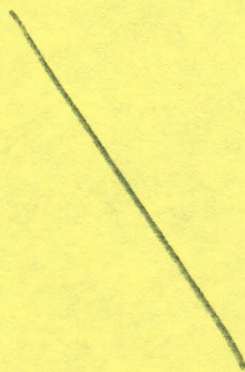
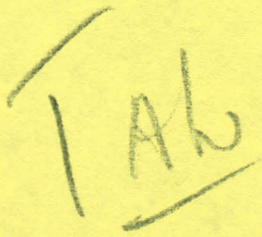
(REYNOLDS II)



~~Disc 10~~

COWLAN: Well, Miss Bankhead, the Atomic Age goes right along, with the Age of Aluminum...Reynolds Aluminum. You know.... atomic furnaces are stoked with uranium. But the uranium comes in aluminum containers! As the world moves toward the peaceful uses of atomic energy, surely aluminum will be called on at every step. Light, strong Reynolds Aluminum makes the bodies of today's giant planes.... and planes will have to be light and strong to carry atomic engines. And ships and automobiles, too. When you count the aluminum parts in your own car...when you see how largely aluminum is used in the advanced experimental models...then you must conclude that the future is with this modern metal...even to the day when useful atomic power arrives. As one of America's great producers of aluminum, the Reynolds Metals Company sincerely hopes that all our energies...human and atomic... can soon be turned to peaceful progress.

(MUSIC: PLAYOFF)



THE ENCHANTED VILLAGE

13:15

TAL LU:

And now, darlings, the Big Show belongs to our mutual friends, the Harrisons. We are delighted to present Miss Lilli Palmer and Mr. Rex Harrison in a dramatic version of a famed story by a celebrated contemporary of the German literary giants -- Goethe, Schiller, and Heine -- Friedrich Gerstaecker.

Our tale is a strange one, told by an English artist who walked in out of the way places in the Germany of the early past century, seeking inspiration for his sketch book. This is the story called "The Enchanted Village."

MUSIC: MAIN TITLE AND DOWN

ARNOLD: There are Enchanted Villages, you know....Villages of quaint streets and gingerbread houses -- of odd-costumed villagers, of curious customs and --- but I'm getting ahead of myself. A story must begin at the beginning.

MUSIC: SLIGHT UP AND DOWN

13:15



*cut*

ARNOLD: I had wandered aimlessly, walking through Bavaria, pausing to sketch or paint whatever my fancy would dictate. One late afternoon in a remote and untravelled part of the country, I had lost my way. I took off my pack, leaned against a lilac tree. Almost at once I became conscious of how utterly quiet the valley was -- and then I saw her -- a radiantly beautiful girl. #

MUSIC: OUT

GERDA: *Do not sure one year.*  
Oh -- I am sorry. I thought you were ---

ARNOLD: *sure you expecting someone*  
That I was some very lucky young man you expected to meet here, eh? I must say I envy him.

GERDA: I was hoping to meet someone, but you need not be envious. He has probably forgotten all about me.

ARNOLD: That I cannot believe. He must be ill, or ~~has met with an accident~~ -- broken his leg. But not forgotten you.

GERDA: *maybe he dead*  
Perhaps he is ill or even dead.

ARNOLD: You've not heard from him, then?

GERDA: No -- all this long, long time. But now I cannot wait any longer, as I have to be home.

ARNOLD: And where is your home?

GERDA: Straight down this valley.

(DISCORDANT BELL...DISTANT)

GERDA: There's the bell. They're just coming out of church.

ARNOLD: I can't see any town...only thick mist down in the valley.

GERDA: But you hear the bell?

ARNOLD: Yes. Quite a bell -- a most mournful, discordant sound, isn't it?



GERDA: No, it has not a pleasant sound and should have been recast long ago, but we are always short of money and time. Yet what does it matter? We know it all right, and we know what it means when it rings, so even though it is cracked, it serves its purpose.

ARNOLD: And what is the name of your town?

GERDA: Germels.

ARNOLD: And can I get to Wichten from there?

GERDA: Quite easily, by the foot path. It hardly takes half an hour.

ARNOLD: Then may I go with you through the town?

GERDA: I will show you the way.

ARNOLD: Wait.

GERDA: Yes?

ARNOLD: Your face in that light near the lilac tree -- I'd like to sketch you.

GERDA: You are an artist?

ARNOLD: I work at it. Just sit down there under the tree. I should very much like to take a reminder of you with me in my sketch book.

GERDA: A reminder of me? *I wonder if that's possible* Very well ~~-- but~~ perhaps you will find it difficult to sketch my likeness.

ARNOLD: We'll see. I'm usually quite facile at this sort of thing.



GERDA: If you're an artist you could set to work and touch up the pictures in Germel's Church. They look so very poor and shabby.

ARNOLD: Yes, I'd be delighted. By the way, you haven't told me your name.

GERDA: Gerda.

ARNOLD: Gerda. Mmmmm. Yes, just right for you.

GERDA: I will take you straight home. You can discuss with my father the matter of the pictures. *See the Mayor!*

ARNOLD: Oh, the pictures in the church?

GERDA: Of course. ~~And then you must stay with us a long, long time.~~ We must go now. ~~Time is so short.~~

ARNOLD: One moment -- one moment. Just a line - a bit of shadow here....There! Have I caught your likeness?

GERDA: I did not think it possible that you could have *sketched* ~~Painted~~ my likeness -- but ~~it~~ it is -- it is myself!

ARNOLD: Your exquisitely beautiful self!

GERDA: But so sad -- *Oh* so sad.

ARNOLD: I caught that last fleeting expression. Tell me, of what were you thinking?

GERDA: *well* No, please -- I must go. Don't detain me. And you -- you ~~must~~ not come with me into the town -- not now!

ARNOLD: But you said --

GERDA: No. I've changed my mind. It is not good for you to come with me into the town. I should not have let you *sketch* ~~paint~~ me.



ARNOLD: I do not understand any of this. All I know  
is that where you go, I must go, too.

GERDA: Come. Please hurry. There is so little time.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

*Out* ARNOLD: ) How could I have missed such a Village as ~~this~~. I've  
never seen or heard of such quaint houses. But Gerda,  
the people -- the quiet! Why is it they only smile  
at us -- that no one ever speaks?

GERDA: Perhaps you do not understand the speech.

ARNOLD: I'm not deaf. They say nothing. No one talks. No  
sound is heard. Is the moor or forest on fire hereabouts?  
Where does this smoky fog come from?

GERDA: It is earth vapor. Surely you remember? *the mist.*

ARNOLD: I remember nothing but that I'm with you, Gerda. But  
this town? -- ~~forgive me, but it is depressing.~~ No  
fruit on the fruit trees. No birds. I'm sorry, I  
guess it's the depressing atmosphere of the mist.

GERDA: It is only a little way further. We're almost there.

ARNOLD: Are we leaving the town?

GERDA: No. Just beyond the wall. Here -- in here.

ARNOLD: A graveyard?

GERDA: Yes. I must visit the grave of my mother. Give me  
only a moment for a brief prayer.



ARNOLD: Your mother? But this molding stone, my darling -- It looks so very ancient.

GERDA: No -- <sup>My dear long life</sup> it's not old. Not old at all. It is sad enough to be parted from one's mother, and yet -- perhaps it was well, very well that she was suffered to go to God beforehand!

ARNOLD: But Gerda, you've got to tell me what all this means! It is not possible that stone such as this could have weathered.

(BELL SOUNDS)

CW GERDA: Ss-hhh--! The bell! We've only time to get back! Only time for the dancing!

ARNOLD: The dancing?

GERDA: Yes. We must hurry. No last precious moment can be wasted. It is time we joined the people for the wine and for the dancing. (SUDDENLY SHE IS WILD AND GAY) Come, my lover, it is the time for dancing!

CW (MUSIC: TRANSITION TO DANCING)

GERDA: Dance faster, my lover, faster! Hold me closer, closer!

(DANCE WHIRLS ON) //

(BELL STRIKES AGAIN...MUSIC INCREASES TEMPO)

CW GERDA: Only a few more minutes! Oh, my darling, I can't bear to leave you!

ARNOLD: Leave me! You're never going to leave me!

GERDA: Here -- drink more wine! Drink deeply. Drink as I drink!



ARNOLD: Yes -- give me the cup. We'll drink and dance the night away!

(BELL STRIKES)

(MUSIC: WHIRLS ON)

*cue*

GERDA: Do you love me enough to stay forever with me here in Germels?

ARNOLD: Forever and a day.

GERDA: Speak carefully, my love. Would you stay if we could be together for only one day each hundred years?

ARNOLD: One day in each hundred years? (LAUGHS) No, my darling -- I want you every day --- every hour --- every minute --- Gerda, what is the matter?

25:30

GERDA: (SADLY) You should not have said that. But now it is too late, When you caught my likeness in your sketch this afternoon, you proved that you were the one for whom I waited -- so long, so long. Now you, too, must wait and love and suffer, too.

ARNOLD: But I do love you -- is my love not enough?

(SOUND: BELL)

(MUSIC: DANCING CUTS OFF --- BELL TOLLS ON)

*cue*

GERDA: Come, my darling, the time has come. But first, my dearest, kiss me this once -- this last -- this forever time.

(MUSIC: TRANSITION -- HOLD AS BELL COMES FROM DISTANCE)

ARNOLD



*Arnold*  
ARNOLD: No -- we can't stop here -- we've got to get out of this mist! Come, it couldn't be much farther -- Gerda -- (CALLS Gerda, where are you? Gerda, take my hand.

(MUSIC: CHANGES TO ERRIE QUALITY)

ARNOLD: I cannot leave you. I cannot leave you! Gerda, I cannot leave you like this in the dark!

GERDA: Keep me close to you. Keep me close in your heart! My darling -- farewell!

ARNOLD: Gerda! No -- come back, Gerda -- come back!

(MUSIC: TO CLIMAX)

FORESTER: So there you are, Englishman, and a sorry sight you are. We've been hunting you all night in the swamp. What happened to you? Take the wrong road and blunder into the bog in the dark?

ARNOLD: (DULLY) I've been trying to find the city --

FORESTER: City? Here?

ARNOLD: Germels.

FORESTER: Germels! God have mercy on us! They say it used to stand there where the swamp is. But how many fathoms deep down below the earth that bewitched town lies, God alone knows. Nor is it any business of ours.



ARNOLD: City -- bewitched?

FORESTER: Sunk away hundreds of years ago. And so goes the tale, it is bound to reappear each hundred years upon a certain day and for only a day. Me, I'd just as soon not be around when that happens... Hold on, sir, you can't go that way! It leads right into the worst of the swamp!

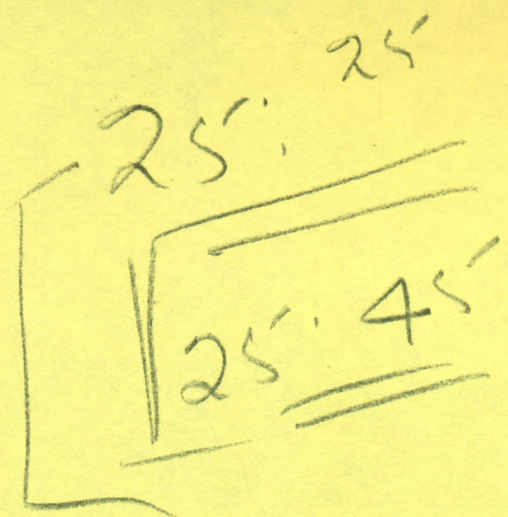
ARNOLD: Gerda! Gerda! Gerda!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

ARNOLD: I've never found her. But each year I go back. I search the forest and the swamp, always seeking, always hoping always praying that God will one day grant again his miracles that I will find again the Enchanted Village - that I will be united once again and forever with my love.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)





TALLU:

Bravo, darlings. Two great performances by two of the brightest stars in the whole of show business...

ALSO OUR THANKS TO MARTIN BLAINE

And now, darlings, where would you find the brightest stars of the whole universe -- apart from the Big Show?

15

-- The Reynolds Metals Company has the answer. OFCOURSE

To A

(REYNOLDS III)

26:20



COWLAN: And, of course, Miss Bankhead, the answer would have to do with aluminum... Reynolds Aluminum. Stars are "seen" -- or, rather, photographed -- by catching their light rays on the reflecting mirrors of giant telescopes ... like the one at Mount Palomar. And the reflecting surface of the mirror is aluminum. Bright aluminum that will never tarnish or rust. Many amateur photographers have also used aluminum reflectors... made by pasting Reynolds Wrap on cardboard. You know Reynolds Wrap, the original and genuine, the pure aluminum foil in handy kitchen rolls. You probably also know, unfortunately, that Reynolds Wrap is hard to find on store shelves today ... because more and more aluminum is being used for vital military supplies. It's in the stars that there will be more, though... from the Reynolds Metals Company, pioneers of progress through aluminum.

(MUSIC: "WHILE WE'RE YOUNG" OR PLAYOFF)

27:05



TALLU: (ON CUE) And now before we go the Act Two, I want to  
take just a moment to ring my chimes. This is NBC, the  
National Broadcasting Company.

\*\*\*\*STATION BREAK\*\*\*\*

27:15

27:25  
20

8/5 my weather

(20)

27:21

27:05

(2,20)



HERLIHEY: This is the Big Show, Act Two, this half-hour presented as a salute to radio station WLW, Cincinnati. Yesterday WLW celebrated its thirtieth birthday. Thirty years ago WLW was a fifty watt station. Today it's 50,000 watts.

TALLU: A watt? What's a watt?

FRED: I think I can help you out there, Tallulah.

TALLU: You can, Fred? From fifty watts to fifty thousand watts-- what does that mean?

FRED: Well, thirty years ago when radio first started, fifty people wrote in and said "What entertainment!" Now fifty thousand people write in and say "What! Entertainment?" .... Of course that was thirty years ago, before there was any television to speak of.

TALLU: Yes, *of course that was before my time -* and it's still pretty unspeakable....

FRED: In those days when people wanted to see something they had a choice of binoculars, keyholes or transoms.... Of course, the reception wasn't too good. There was a lot of interference from house detectives.

TALLU: Well, that hasn't changed much in thirty years .....

FRED: Of course, I remember back in those early days of radio, people said radio was going to replace the newspaper. But they soon discovered they couldn't wrap up a fish in a radio set .... But as time rolled by, with improvements and new inventions, out came television with a smelt already built in.....



PORTLAND: Fred, I'm ready to play my part in that sketch you told me about.

FRED: Not yet, Portland. I haven't T-O-L-D her about it.

PORTLAND: Oh. When are you going to T-E-DOUBLE L her?

FRED: N-O-W

TALLU: What the H-E-C-K are you two talking about?....

FRED: Well, Tallulah, this little dramatic opus which these two youngsters just did -- Mr. Harrison and Miss Palmer. It leaves a lot of questions unanswered for me. Not that they're not fairly good actors-----

TALLU: Too good if you ask me.

FRED: But those legends are always about countries in Europe--- I've prepared a little dramatic epic which takes place in this country, a hundred years from today. Would you join me in presenting it?



TALLU: Gladly, Meredith, get us in the mood for March 2, in the year, Two Thousand and Fifty two....

*DB*  
(MUSIC: ESTABLISH AND DOWN FOR....)

*2:20*  
FRED: I had wandered aimlessly, walking through White Plains, New Rochelle, Tarrytown, Yonkers, The Bronx, pausing to take snapshots, wherever my Brownie would dictate.... Now one late afternoon in a remote and untraveled part of the country, I had lost my way. When suddenly I saw a radiantly beautiful girl who approached me.

PORTLAND: Hello.

FRED: Oh, how do you do.

PORTLAND: Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were somebody else. I made a date here with some fellow a hundred years ago. But it couldn't be you. Nobody could age that much in a hundred years.

FRED: (When I get back to reality I'm going to take that up with her).

TALLU: (SINGS OFTLY ON ECHO I'LL BE SEEING YOU.....)

FRED: Say, that must be the cracked bell they all talk about....

TALLU: (AGAIN ON ECHO) I'LL BE SEEING YOU.....

FRED: Who she was --- where she was --- what did she look like --- all these things raced through my mind. But I wasn't interested in that. I just wanted to get out of there. ...but it was too late, she saw me.

TALLU: Darling.

*2.20*



FRED: You, Gerty?

TALLU: Darling, you remembered the date we made a hundred years ago.

FRED: Yes, I put it in my little black book. But what are you doing in this deserted valley?

TALLU: This is where New York used to be.

FRED: Used to be. Where is New York now?

TALLU: It left town.

FRED: What do you mean left town?

TALLU: Well, it's all quite complicated, darling. You see we used to have a mayor here who was forever going to Italy and coming back to New York. Well to save himself all that trouble, on his last trip he took New York to Italy with him....

9:00

FRED: What a costly moving job that must have been.

TALLU: Well, before he left, he taxed all the automobiles ten dollars a piece and that paid for the moving.....

FRED: And you Gerty---what's happened to you?

TALLU: Oh, I come back every hundred years. This is my first trip back.

FRED: Really? Let me see, that should make you about uh---

TALLU: A hundred and twenty nine, darling.... But tell me, what's been going on since last I saw you a hundred years ago?



FRED: Well, we had quite a real estate boom last year. A lot of ninety-nine year leases were terminated....And this being the year Two Thousand and Fifty-two, we're having an election. Looks like this may be the year the Republicans get in.

(LEADEN BELLS...SIMULATING CHIMES)

TALLU: Oh, there's the bell. Those are my darling chimes. I've got my radio show to do.

FRED: Gerty -- you mean --

TALLU: Yes. Once every hundred years I come up and do my radio show. Goodbye now. I must go.

FRED: But Gerty --

TALLU: (ON ECHO) I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

FRED: Gerty -- Gerty -- Gerty --

MEREDITH: Oh, there you are, Mr. Allen. Did you get lost?

FRED: Forrester, I just saw her -- Gerty -- she's still in New York.

MEREDITH: New York! New York disappeared years ago.

FRED: But I tell you I saw her -- she was standing there doing her radio show. And when she finished, she and her radio show <sup>submerged and</sup> vanished.

MEREDITH: Did they sink?

FRED: They sure did.

(MUSIC: --- PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

*Change  
note //*

*↓ HARRISON*

*5:45*



REX: Hahaha, I thought that was quite amusing, didn't you Lilli?

LILLI: (COLDLY) You thought what was quite amusing?

REX: That little acting exercise that Tallulah and Fred Allen just did, burlesquing our dramatic scene. Haha very droll, I thought. Didn't you Lilli?

LILLI: (NOT AMUSED) Very droll.

REX: Haha, yes indeed. I thought Tallulah captured you quite well. All those little nuances --- the little flaws in your acting.

LILLI: What flaws?

REX: Oh, come now, pet, you and I know you have so many little weaknesses in your acting which you think you conceal so well. But not from Tallulah. She caught every little fluff. Of course don't misunderstand me, I think they're charming. But they are fluffs nevertheless. And how Tallulah caught them so perfectly! On the other hand Fred Allen, of course, with all due respect to his talents, he caught nothing of the real me.

LILLI: On the contrary, I think Fred Allen did you perfectly.



REX: But dear, how can you say that? He doesn't have the slightest trace of the rich full resonance of my voice. He has such a nasal quality.

LILLI: Exactly....

REX: Lilli, are you implying---

LILLI: I am not implying anything. I am telling you. I tell you you have a definite nasal quality.

REX: Are you trying to tell me in that studiously underplayed, manner of yours that I, Rex Harrison, soon to be seen in the Stanley Kramer motion picture "The Four Poster", and currently appearing in person as star of "Venus Observed", a new comedy by Christopher Fry, now playing at the Century Theatre, matinees Wednesday and Saturday, four eighty top, "a sparkling original comedy", says Richard Watts in the New York Post, "superbly acted", says Brooks Atkinson in the New York Times, to say nothing of the Journal American which says that Maglie has signed for thirty five thousand dollars with the Giants...uh... what was the question again, my dear?

LILLI: I said you have a nasal voice.



REX: Oh yes. I, Laurence Olivier, talk through my nose?

LILLI: You're Rex Harrison, darling.

REX: Oh yes. Come to think of it, though Larry does talk through his nose. Have you noticed?

LILLI: Oh yes, all the time. But that is not nearly as distracting as the way Vivien dresses. Have you noticed?

REX: Oh yes, I know what you mean. Between the two of them it's really quite...hahaha--yes.

LILLI: Hahaha yes.

REX: Yes--now let me see--what were we talking about, pet?

LILLI: Oh, I don't remember. It couldn't have been important.

REX: No, I suppose not. Let's sit over here and watch the rest of this show. I wonder what's going on.

LILLI: I don't know. But whatever it is, it'll go on, and on, and on .....

REX: Yes, I know what you mean dear. Hahaha.

LILLI: Hahahaha.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

8.15



TALLU: And so we wave a fond farewell to Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer as they slowly sink into the couch, knowing full well that this is their last appearance on The Big Show.....And now for his first appearance on The Big Show, I call upon a very talented young man who created quite a stir in record circles with several top sellers. I refer of course to Clark Dennis. Clark is going to sing for us tonight the lovely ballad, "The Moon Is Yellow." Meredith, if you please.

(MUSIC: "THE MOON IS YELLOW" . . . . . DENNIS AND ORCH.)

(APPLAUSE)

TAh

8:50

11:35



TALLU: That was wonderful, Clark Dennis. And now here is Ed Herlihy with a tribute to our darling birthday guest, WLW, Cincinnati.

(WLW SALUTE)



11:40 34-

HERLIHY: In the early days of radio, it wasn't so much what you heard as from where you heard it. The call letters WLW, Cincinnati, were familiar to virtually every person who ever wore a pair of earphones. WLW is truly called "the nation's station." It's superior power and coverage are familiar to everyone connected with the radio industry. But WLW has another name too: "the cradle of the stars." For not only has it been a leader in technical advances, but it is a believer in the importance of creating new entertainment values in radio. From the WLW studios have graduated many of the brightest stars in the entertainment world.

The contribution of a radio station to its community can in many ways be greater than that of any other agency because its voice is large and carries far beyond the community itself. The management of such a voice has a tremendous responsibility. Since its first broadcast just 30 years ago tonight, WLW's stewardship of that responsibility has been a prime example of the American system of radio at its best. It has, in the course of these years, won many awards from industry critics for its outstanding performance in broadcasting.

To WLW and the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation, then, on the occasion of its 30th birthday, here is a heartfelt salute from THE BIG SHOW and from every member of the National Broadcasting Company.

(MUSIC: -- PLAYOFF)

↓  
TAL

13:25



TALLU: ~~And now let's settle back and have some laughs.~~ This is a return engagement for this young man. And when I say young man, I mean Henny Young-man. Henny, what's new in your hilarious world?

2/5

(MONOLOGUE)

13:40

5:55

5:30

5:30



HENNY YOUNGMAN MONOLOG

Good evening folks. Hya Tallulah. It's so nice to be back. I just got back from Las Vegas. What a town. We stopped at a lovely hotel. I had a six-dollar room -- that's with two slot machines. No beds -- just two slot machines. Did you ever try to sleep on a Beauty-Rest slot machine.

My mother got the gambling spirit. She was in the lobby of the hotel playing the stamp machines. All day long they feed you out there -- my wife ate like the Russians were already in the lobby. I went in to get measured for a suit. I complained after the suit was made. I said it looked horrible. I said the shoulders didn't fit-- the tailor said move them over. I said the sleeve was too long -- he said move it down. I said the other sleeve was too long-- he said move it down. I said the other sleeve was too long -- he said move it down to fit. I said the pants were too short--he said move them down a little bit. I walked out of the store all hunched up. A fellow walked over and said "Who's your tailor?" I said "Why". He said anybody who can fit your deformed figure is really great.

We went to a wedding in Las Vegas. The preacher said "I now pronounce you two the hard way. I have a brother who made a fortune in Las Vegas -- he painted buttons on the chest of the guys who lost their shirts. I met more guys out there who wanted money. One said "Mr. Youngman, I haven't tasted food in a week." I said "Don't worry, it tastes the same." Another fellow asked me for some money. I said "Aren't you ashamed

(MORE)



MONOLOG . . . . 2

to ask me for money on the street. He said "What do you want me to do -- open an office?" I nearly got killed -- I walked into an antique shop -- I asked "What's new?"

Everybody sings out there. The cowboys sing, "Give Me a Home Where the Buffalo Roam -- where the deer and the antelope play. He doesn't want a home -- he wants a zoo. Some of the songs are really crazy. "Let a Smile be Your Umbrella -- I tried that -- got a mouthful of rain. Dark Town Strutters Ball -- I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey -- what's his hurry -- the dance is tomorrow night. "Nothing Can Be Finer than to be in Carolina. 16:00

When I was in Las Vegas, I went to the movies. They've been making a lot of life stories lately -- the life story of Jolson, Cantor, The Las Vegas Story. Why don't they make the story of my life -- I might have lived. 16:28



HENNY YOUNGMAN -- LIFE STORY

16:40

I came from a very poor family -- they couldn't afford to have children -- so my neighbors had me. Things were rough when I was a baby -- no talcum powder. Eleven kids in our family. We were so poor we had to wear each other's clothes. It wasn't funny -- I had ten sisters. My father was never home. People said he was always drunk. He only drank a little steady himself. Sometimes he'd get so steady he couldn't move. I tried to get him away from drinking. I took him to Miami Beach. He looked at the ocean and said -- Oh Boy, what a chaser this would make.

Tragedy struck. He had to undergo an operation. They removed the brass rail from his foot. My father used to talk to me. He said "Listen, stupid." He always called me "Listen". He didn't ask me to leave home -- he took me down to the highway and pointed.

I started to grow up. I met my first girl. Her name was Sally. Was that a girl? Was that a girl? That's what everybody kept asking -- "Is that a girl?" Every girl has the right to be ugly, but she abuses the privilege. She had bags under her bags. She will never live to be as old as she looked. Even a plastic doctor couldn't help her. You know the signs "Before and After." She looked like "During."



## LIFE STORY .....2

What did I care -- I was in love. It's the same old story -- she wanted furs, diamonds, sen-sen. Sometimes I get so lonesome. I wish she would come back. Sally come back. Don't you remember our school days? You were bow-legged and I was knock-kneed. When we stood together we spelled the word OX. And when you smiled. You had a beautiful set of tooth. You had braces on your teeth -- I had braces on mine. I used to love to kiss you in the dark and watch the sparks fly. I loved your little nose -- the way it turned up -- then down -- then sideways. One afternoon I took you to the movies. We kissed a little -- we hugged a little -- then I realized we weren't even sitting together. I used to take you riding in my car. Your lovely hair would fly in the breeze. We stopped to pick it up. One afternoon you insisted I take the top of the car down. It took me three hours -- it wasn't a convertible.

So, Sally -- *Will somebody please come here* come back ..... (Under that -- last 18 bars of "ENJOY YOURSELF" -- in C.

(MUSIC: \_ \_PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

19:30



TALLU: Well, darlings, as long as we're saluting WLW in Cincinnati, it occurred to me that this would be an appropriate time to pay tribute to a native Ohio son, Mr. O. O. McIntyre. The most gratifying response we have ever received on The Big Show was last season's presentation of the famous O. O. McIntyre column about his dog. I would like once again to recreate that most touching tribute ever paid by man to his best friend. With Meredith Willson's now famous "Thoughts While Strolling" as a background, here is Mr. McIntyre's column.

L.G.  
25

20:00

(MUSIC: "THOUGHTS WHILE STROLLING" - DOWN ON CUE) 20:35

TALLU: Fifth Avenue -- street of dreams and enchantment -- street of tragedy -- personal tragedy -- for here is where I lost my dearest friend -- my dog.

D.G.

"Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware  
Of giving your hearts to a dog to tear!"

C.W.

Eight of the happiest years of my life were spent in the almost constant companionship of a devoted dog.  
When he was taken from me, I grieved inconsolably. For weeks I walked the streets at night, trying to get hold of myself.

(MORE)

19.25



TALLU:  
(CONT'D)

My dog's name was Junior. He was a Boston Bulldog weighing twenty-four pounds. He was full of joyous life and never outgrew his prankishness. I picked him up in a Fifth Avenue dog shop in much the same manner that one buys a trinket. I thought he was "cute looking." He was four weeks old and he trotted sideways with mock seriousness. I took him home in my overcoat pocket. From that day on, for eight years, he played a big part in my life. He came to understand me better than most of my human associates. He knew his time for play and my time for work. He did not trespass. For six years he never varied five minutes, at the stroke of five o'clock in the evening, in coming to me with his rubber ball in his mouth. That was his hour for a romp. He demanded his hour. One of my great faults had always been a lack of punctuality - but I was always on the dot to keep the romping appointment with Junior.

22:00  
One day I got to thinking about this, and the result was that I became more careful.. Surely I should show humans as much consideration as I showed my dog. For several years, Junior and his mistress and I used to walk around the gravel path of the Central Park reservoir in New York at dusk, after his romp. At such times I would permit him to frolic and roll in the grass unleashed and unmuzzled.

(MORE)



TALLU:  
(CONT'D)

One evening, however, he disappeared in a clump of bushes and refused to come out at my call and whistles. I followed him, and found him squatting beside a stray dog that had been injured by a passing automobile. We called The Bide-A-Wee Home and the hurt creature was taken to it and cured. This incident gave me some serious moment of introspection. How often, I asked myself, had I stopped along the roadside to comfort the stricken and forlorn?

23:00

We did not continue the walk home just then. Instead, we left Millionaire's Row, wandered over to the squalid section of New York's East Side, and mounted the rickety stairs of a crowded tenement. There we sat at the bedside of an old cobbler who had lived in our neighborhood but who had been stricken with a fatal illness. We paid his small rent, had some food sent to him, and were occasional visitors until the end. I do not do so much of this sort of thing as I should, but the credit for what little I have done is due to Junior.

(MORE)



TALLU:  
(CONT'D)

Here is one incident which I hesitate to tell. More than likely it is the merest coincidence.. but it is set down here just as it happened....Junior accompanied me one summer to my little home town in Missouri, and together we went one afternoon to the cemetery to visit the grave of my mother. It had been a number of years since I had been there, and the place had become so strange to me that I wandered around for half an hour in an effort to find the grave. Finally I gave it up as hopeless. // Looking around for Junior, I saw him lying down about one hundred yards away. He didn't seem inclined to come to me, so I went to him. And I found that he was resting at the side of my mother's grave. I come to the final chapter of Junior's life with tears that are shed unashamed. Junior, like all good dogs, was faithful to the end. He died obeying my command -- which made his loss all the more tragic to me. It was late at night -- little traffic on Fifth Avenue -- I took off his leash. He'd been trained to wait at the curb until he received the command - Go - then he would race across like a flash.

24.00

(MORE)



TALLU:  
(CONT'D)

I stepped to the curb and looked for traffic --  
there seemed to be none. I shouted -- Go! Junior  
was off at a bound -- at that instant, a party of  
reckless joyriders swung madly around the corner, and --  
Junior was hit - he staggered to his feet and as I  
lifted him in my arms, he looked up with his soft  
pleading eyes, begging for the help I could not give.  
Hailing a taxicab, I hurried to my hotel a few blocks  
away. But before I had reached there, he died --  
without even a whimper of pain. He lies buried today  
in the picturesque dog cemetery on the sloping hills  
near New York.

25:00

25:50

(MUSIC: STROLLING THEME)

well

TALLU:

Yes -- it's true - what Kipling wrote --

Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware

Of giving your hearts to a dog to tear!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(APPLAUSE)

26:10

↓

TAG



10

TALLU: This portion of the Big Show, darlings, was presented as a salute to radio station WLW, which this week celebrates its thirtieth birthday. Our congratulations, and many happy happy returns.

(MUSIC: CHOIR - "THREE CHIMES OF SILVER")

TALLU: (ON CUE) We'll be back in a moment, just as soon as I ring my chimes. This is NBC.....The National..... Broadcasting.....Company.

\*\*\*STATION BREAK\*\*\*

26:30

1. RUN TOGETHER

26:10

8:15  
40  
8:45

6:45

26:55  
3:20  
30:15

3:05  
29:30  
2:35



ACT III

Net. III getaway

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

And now before Tallulah comes back, here is something else of interest to you.

— 25' —

(DENTYNE RECORDED COMMERCIAL)

	- 20	
SW	- 20	
	- .05	
	- 15	1:00
T. Mono	10	1:10
house key, NIGH	<del>30</del>	
58	40	1:55
		<span style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">26:05</span>



DENTYNE RECORDED COMMERCIAL

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

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

BOY: Dentyne tastes so good.

GIRL: Dentyne freshens your breath.

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

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

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

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

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

(MUSIC: -- PLAYOFF)

*Comic.  
in place*

1:30



TALLU: Well, darlings, I think we can do very well right now with another song by the gifted Connee Boswell. We've asked her to give us her wonderfully dramatic version of "Stormy Weather." So Connee, front and center. And Meredith, darling, if you please.

15

1:45

(MUSIC: .....STORMY WEATHER.....BOSWELL AND ORCH)

(APPLAUSE)

4:15

6:00

~~STOCK~~

↓

TAL

4:15  
20



TALLU: Thank you, Connee, that was-- pretty fair.....I'm getting tired of telling everybody who comes on this show what great singers they are, and I have to take the ribbing I do about my voice! I thought it was time to put a stop to all that ribbing, so I decided this past week to take some singing lessons. Meredith Willson recommended a famous singing teacher, and when I got there he asked to hear a sample of my singing. When I finished singing, he said I should come back when my cold was better..... I said, "What do you mean by that! I have no cold. Are you going to take me or aren't you?"..... Pay in advance? Certainly. Here you are, darling -- ten dollars, isn't it? There you are -- two fives. Now let's get on with the .....What?....There's nothing wrong with those fives. ....What do you mean those pictures don't look like Lincoln. They're not Lincoln. They're Lee....All right, then, just teach me how to sing "Dixie." .... Now where do we start? The scale?.....Very well. (SINGS) Do..re..me...(PAUSE) That's all ... What do you mean, what follows me? They all follow me, darling.....Of course I know some songs.....What would you like to hear? ... Rise Stevens? I don't know that song....

(MORE)



TALLU: How about this one?  
(CONT'D)

(SINGS) I'LL BE SEEING YOU, IN ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACES  
THAT THIS HEART OF MINE EMBRACES ALL DAY THROUGH....

Well! Floored you, didn't I? I'll help you up, darling...

Another song? Okay. (SINGS)

YOU GO TO MY HEAD AND YOU LINGER LIKE A HAUNTING

REFRAIN

No, that is not the same song! I'll try this:

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

REMEMBER ME TO HERALD SQUARE 8.00

What do you mean, what was I doing during the war? I was  
an air raid warden .... No, not a siren, a warden! ....  
Excuse me, darling, may I have one of those throat  
lozenges you keep taking ... Oh, they're Anacin?.... I  
should sing which note? ... (NOTE ON PIANO) Oh, that one.  
That's easy. Do it again, darling. (NOTE ON PIANO,  
TALLULAH SINGS NOTE, NOT TOO CLOSE) No?....Do it again,  
darling. (NOTE AGAIN, AND SHE MISSES AGAIN) Is that it?  
....I am listening! Once more, darling. (SAME NOTE, SHE  
MISSES IT AGAIN) Wouldn't it be easier, darling, if you  
found the note I was singing? ... All right, I'll try it  
again. (NOTE AGAIN, SHE MISSES) Wrong again?.....

(MORE)



TALLU:  
(CONT'D)

Well, how do you like that -- of all the notes on a piano, you had to pick the one note I don't know.....  
Now I want you to tell me frankly what you think of my voice? ... Flat! Me! Are you listening or looking?.....  
But I'm not interested in singing perfectly. I just want to be able to sell a song..... Oh, that's sweet of you -- I'm ready for that now? ..... Oh, over the counter at Woolworth's! .... What do you mean, our time is up? An hour already? Well, all right, darling, I'll be running along. Is there something I should do between now and my next lesson? -- I mean something you can give me to practice on?.....Oh, thank you. How does this work? ... Oh, push-pull, click-click....  
Thank you, dear. Yes, I'll send in your next pupil.

(DOOR OPENS)

*cut.*

All right, darling, you can go in now. He's ready for you. Good luck, Margaret....

(MUSIC: \_ PLAYOFF \_)

(APPLAUSE)



HER

10.05

4.05  
20  
3.45



CUE  
HERLIHY: Today there are over one hundred brands of cigarettes for sale in the U. S. A. One stands out.

(CHESTERFIELD RECORDED COMMERCIAL #2-A)

CLOSING CUE: ....proved by over forty years of continuous use in U.S.A. tobacco products as entirely safe for use in the mouth - pure natural sugars, and chemically pure, harmless, and far more costly Glycerol -- nothing else.

CUE  
HERLIHY: You can be glad if you smoke Chesterfields -- because they give you every advantage known to modern science. For you that means that Chesterfields are much milder with an extraordinarily good taste and No Unpleasant After-taste -- all for your smoking pleasure and protection. They satisfy millions.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PLAYOFF)

11.



TAL



TALLU: Well, darlings, we haven't heard from our Big Show orchestra and chorus. But we'll put that straight right now. Meredith Willson has prepared a wonderful arrangement of the hit song from "Paint Your Wagon." It's a beautiful thing called "They Call The Wind Maria." Meredith, if you please.

15

ONE  
^

11:25

14:25

(MUSIC: "MARIA" . . . . . CHOIR & ORCH)

(APPLAUSE)



~~THW.~~

PALMER

3.00

14.25



LILLI: Oh, Tallulah...

TALLU: Yes, Lilli.

LILLI: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed that little monologue you did a few moments ago, about taking a singing lesson.

TALLU: Oh, really, darling? Did you like it?

LILLI: Oh, we loved it, both Rex and I. Didn't we, Rex?

REX: Oh, indeed we did. Yes, indeed we did.

TALLU: Oh, you're such a darling, Rex. And you and Lilli both know how much I love you, too.

LILLI: Oh, yes, Tallulah dear.

REX: Yes, indeed, Tallulah. Yes, indeed.

TALLU: Oh, you're both so sweet.

FRED: Ladies and gentlemen, this is the mystery voice again. The performers on stage now are going through some Broadway actor talk, and it is my function to translate what they are saying into English.

LILLI: Tallulah, when you finished your monologue I turned to Rex and I said, "Well, Rex, she did it again."

TALLU: Oh, thank you, darling.

FRED: Translation: When one actress tells another actress she did it again, she means she heard her do it before and didn't like it, and now that she heard her do it again, she hates it. This is a stock expression and no actor takes any stock in it.



REX: Tallulah, I just want to say that while you were doing that monologue, I sat there spellbound.

TALLU: Oh, darling, you're so kind.

FRED: Spellbound. This means he would prefer listening to Ingrid Bergman.

TALLU: Darlings, this is praise indeed, coming from two such versatile performers.

REX &  
LILLI: Thank you.

FRED: When one actor calls another actor versatile, he means he thinks the actor can do a lot of things. None of them well...

TALLU: I know that you're both so honest that if you hadn't really enjoyed my performance you would have said so.

LILLI: Enjoy is scarcely the word, Tallulah.

FRED: That means that's not the word <sup>she</sup>he'd like to use...

REX: And I must add, Tallulah, that I've never seen you looking more ravishing. I've always said you are the most attractive woman in the American theatre.

FRED: Mr. Harrison will sleep at his club tonight...

LILLI: Rex, dear, aren't you forgetting someone?

FRED: She's giving him a chance to sleep at home tonight...

REX: Why? Whom did I forget?

FRED: Ooops! Back to the club....



REX: You know, Tallulah, you do such a wonderful job on this show. You ought to be in pictures. I'd like to see you go to Hollywood.

FRED: Hollywood is not the place he wants to see her go.

LILLI: Well, you fooled me. It sounded so real, I thought you'd actually taken a singing lesson.

FRED: She means she thinks Miss Bankhead needs singing lessons.

REX: If you're going to start taking singing lessons, I'd certainly like to be around.

FRED: He means if she takes singing lessons in New York, he'd like to be around London.....

LILLI: By the way, Tallulah, if you're really serious about those singing lessons, you're going to have to practice singing at home. That may lead to a lot of problems.

TALLU: What kind of problems?

LILLI: Well, Rex and I would like to show you, if we may borrow the rest of your cast.

TALLU: Certainly, Lilli. You and Rex can do anything you like on my show. You know what I think of both of you.

FRED: Censored.

TALLU: But wait just a moment, darlings, and give Ed Herlihy a chance to say something.

FRED: This means a commercial's coming up.

(ANACIN COMMERCIAL)



HERLIHY: (COLD) No matter what you now take for headache relief -- we urge you to try ANACIN for the incredibly fast relief these tablets bring the next time you're suffering from a headache. Now the reason ANACIN is so wonderfully fast-acting and effective is this: ANACIN is like a doctor's prescription -- that is, Anacin contains not just ONE, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands of people have received envelopes containing ANACIN tablets from their own dentist or physician and in this way discovered the incredibly fast relief ANACIN brings from pains of headache, neuritis or neuralgia. So, the next time a headache strikes, take ANACIN for this wonderfully fast relief. ANACIN -- A-N-A-C-I-N -- ANACIN at any drug counter in handy boxes of twelve and thirty; economical family-size bottles of fifty and one hundred.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_PLAYOFF)



*cue*

(SOUND OF GAVEL)

FRED:

All right, come to order, please, ladies and gentlemen. As chairman I call to order the fourth meeting of the Tenants-To-Eject-Remove-and-Kick-Out-Tallulah-Bankhead-From-This-Apartment-Building-Association. We will open the meeting with Miss Portland Hoffa, singing our Fight Song. Meredith Willson, if you please.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PIANO)

PORTLAND:

(SINGS) LOVE THY NEIGHBOR  
WALK UP AND SAY HOW BE YOU  
GEE, ~~BUT IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, PAL~~  
~~HOW'S TRICKS, WHAT'S NEW?~~

(SCATTERING OF APPLAUSE)

FRED:

Thank you, Miss Hoffa, and let that be a lesson to all of us. This is but a meagre sample of what has been coming out of Miss Bankhead's apartment every night, making life unbearable for the other tenants in this building. We will now call the roll. Mr. Harrison, Apartment 721.

REX:

Present.

FRED:

Miss Lilli Palmer, Apartment 721.

LILLI:

Here.

FRED:

Miss Palmer, I've been meaning to ask you -

LILLY:

It's quite all right, we're Mr. and Mrs. Rex Harrison.

*5.25 5.15  
45.  
4.30*



FRED: Thank you. It's been rather confusing to our Loyalty Board. Our Unmarried Activities Committee has been -- Well, let me see, Connee Boswell, Apartment 613.

CONNIE: Here.

FRED: Clark Dennis, Apartment 322.

CLARK: Here.

FRED: Meredith Willson.

MEREDITH: Apartment 802. Here.

FRED: And we have a new member with us tonight. Your name, sir, is -- //

HENNY: Henny Youngman. And could I have another chopped chicken liver sandwich, please?

FRED: Of course. Portland, fix Mr. Youngman another sandwich, please. Now our first point of business will be the reading of the minutes of our last meeting by our recording secretary, Miss Lilli Palmer.

LILLI: Thank you. Our last meeting was a monster rally held at Madison Square Garden. The meeting was jammed by five tenants and two hockey players left over sitting in the penalty box after the game. // Who will ever forget the stirring opening of the rally when Mr. Fred Allen, our beloved chairman --

REX: Hear, hear.



LILLI: Our beloved chairman, Fred Allen, who started proceedings with his now famous rallying cry: Who like Tallulah?... Nobody answered... A fund was raised to combat the scourge which has plagued our apartment building these many weeks. The sum of ten thousand dollars was raised, and turned over to our treasurer. There is now a deficit of ten thousand dollars in the treasury, as our treasurer, Mr. William Sutton, is no longer a tenant here.....

FRED: Thank you, Miss Palmer. You did that quite well.

LILLI: I thought so. I broke it in in New Haven, you know.

FRED: Mr. Youngman, your hand is up? Did you --

HENNY: Yeah, I want another sandwich.

FRED: Certainly. Portland.....

PORTLAND: Chopped liver again, Mr. Youngman?

HENNY: With corned beef.

FRED: We will now hear from our various committees. First, our secret weapon committee, headed by Miss Connee Boswell.

CONNIE: Well, my assignment was to try to scare Miss Bankhead out of the apartment, so she wouldn't bother us with her singing. I purchased two mice and placed them in her apartment just as she was beginning her singing lesson last night. After she finished singing she went out. I went up to her apartment and found the two mice scampering around on the floor with cotton in their ears.....



FRED: Thank you, Miss Boswell.

HENNY: I'll have another sandwich.

FRED: Portland, another sandwich for Mr. Youngman. And now we hear from our camouflage battalion, Meredith Willson and Clark Dennis.

CLARK: Sorry, Mr. Allen, we have nothing to report.

FRED: What? For shame. You two were supposed to get into her apartment, tear up all her music, and break her recordings.

MEREDITH: We tried to get into her apartment, but she wouldn't let us in.

FRED: Were you disguised?

CLARK: Yes, we were both disguised, we knocked at her door and she opened it a little, but she wouldn't let us in. She said she didn't want any.

FRED: What were you disguised as?

MEREDITH: Milkmen.

HENNY: Could I have a glass of milk? ~~It's too dry without milk.~~

PORTLAND: Sure, Mr. Youngman. Here you are.

HENNY: Now could I have a sandwich? It's too wet without a sandwich.

PORTLAND: What apartment do you live in here, Mr. Youngman?

HENNY: I don't live in this building. I just saw a delicatessen man delivering an order, so I followed him.

25

30



FRED: You mean to say you are not a member of this --

TALLU: (OFF MIKE,,,SINGING) I'LL BE SEEING YOU, IN ALL  
THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACES,.,.,

FRED: She's at it again.

HENNY: Look at the milk -- it curdled.

TALLU: THAT THIS HEART OF MINE EMBRACES, ALL DAY THRU  
IN THAT SMALL CAFE, THE PARK ACROSS THE WAY,  
THE CHILDREN'S CAROUSEL, THE CHESTNUT TREE,.,.,

REX: I can't stand it! I'm going mad! Mad, do you hear  
me? Mad!

LILLI: Rex, where are you going? Come back here!

REX: Don't stop me, Lilli. At last I know what I must do.  
I shall go to her and take her throat between these  
hands and stop forever this mawkish caterwauling which  
has plagued our lives these many days.

LILLI: Rex, you wouldn't! You mustn't! You shouldn't! You  
daren't! You can't! You couldn't! ---Well, Rex,  
choice of one.

REX: No, I go. This is a far, far better thing I do now  
than I have ever done...Because if we wait for Ronald  
Colman, nothing will ever be done. I go.

(DOOR SLAM)

FRED: Crazy kid.

LILLI: Fred, why didn't you try to stop him? If he kills her---



Stop Talker

FRED: Don't worry. We'll plead the unwritten law.

(SINGING STOPS . . . .)

PORTLAND: Quiet, the singing stopped,

LILLI: Fred, he did it!

FRED: Crazy kid.

CONNIE: Well, we won't be bothered with her singing any more.

FRED: And so our mission has been fulfilled. We have successfully carried out Operation Throat. And before we dissolve this little group, I wish to move that a plaque be erected to commemorate this noble deed by this noble man, Rex Harrison.

LILLI: Oh, Rex will like that. He's such a ham.

FRED: Wait a minute -- quiet -- what's that?

TALLU & REX: (SINGING) I'LL BE SEEING YOU IN ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACES . . . .

FRED: Oh, no! Crazy kids!

(MUSIC: . . . . PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

*26:00*



TALLU: Well, that's our show for this week, darling. Be with us next Sunday when our guests will be Richard Eastham, Phil Foster, Joe Frisco, Peter Lorre, Ethel Merman, and others, and of course our very own Meredith Willson and the Big Show Orchestra and chorus.... Until then.....

20  
(MUSIC: -- -- "MAY THE GOOD LORD BLESS AND KEEP YOU")

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

CONNIE: May you find that long awaited  
Golden day - today.... Henny.

HENNY: May your troubles all be small ones  
And your fortune ten times ten.... Lilli.

LILLI: May the good Lord bless and keep you  
Till we meet again.... Portland.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(APPLAUSE AS CUED)

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME)

26:30

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(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ THEME)

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

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

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ THEME UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ "BLUE SKIES" IF CUED)

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

28:40

27:45

fh-smk-gz-mtf-el  
2/29/52 pm