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*Federal Theatre Project Records
George Mason University
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A C T I

STATE OF A NATION

AT LONG LAST

PEACE AT ANY PRICE

✓ WE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED

OPENING NIGHT

PING PONG ON THE PACIFIC

"A-TICKET, A-TASKET"

LEGITIMATE

LAST WALTZ

✓ WE GO TO THE THEATRE TO BE AMUSED

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

PAPA'S GOT A JOB

OPENING

2.

Uncle Sam

Where are we now, Henery?

Henery

I don't know, Uncle Sam!

Voice

Come on, girls, pick it up, pick it up!
(Soprano starts her scales)

Uncle Sam

We'd better look into this. Get out the book.

Stage Manager

Hey, Joe - give us the lights!

Joe

Okay, okay -

(Lights up here)

(Lights snap on, revealing confusion on stage. When lights come up, arcs hit Uncle Sam and Henery)

1. Acrobat

2. Stage hand with scenery - "Lookout, Pop!"

3. Bolan and fuller - Hey Eddie - She simply walks by quietly. Uncle Sam sees her and is quite impressed. (Bolan is powdering her nose by the worklight).

Uncle Sam (To Henery)

Is that a project - I hope?

Henery

I'd better look it up - (He thumbs through the book)

Uncle Sam (Over to Bolan)

Young lady - are you a project?

Bolan

Of course I am - this is the Federal Theatre!

Uncle Sam

O -o - oh -- the Federal Theatre! Yes, I've heard about you from Mr. Dies.

Henery

Well, it's not in the book -

Uncle Sam

Oh, damn the book! (He looks around with great interest) Say this is wonderful. How did this Federal Theatre start?

Bolan

O P E N I N G

In 1935 there were a lot of Actors and Musicians

To say nothing of stage hands. Costume designers.

Scenic artists and electricians

There were also two guys with accordions

But the trouble with the whole darn thing was this

There wasn't any audience. (All)

So, a couple of lads in Washington had a bright idea

And they went out and leased an auditorium

And the first thing you know there was "Murder in the Cathedral"

Macbeth

Faustus

Power

Haiti

Pinocchio

We got four stars for "Prologue to Glory"

Of course, there was Hero was Born

and Trojan Incident

And dot dot dot one-third of a nation dot dot dot

But remember those two guys with accordions?

They were awfully sad

They couldn't play Lincoln or Senator Norris
Or the Archbishop of Canterbury

They didn't have anything to do at all

So. (All)

We decided to do a Musical

To the Guys who thought up that one went a prize

But before they had it written

And rehearsed (Ruskin)

and composed (All)

and rehearsed (Ruskin)

and conceived (All)

and rehearsed (Ruskin)

and assembled (All)

and rehearsed (Ruskin)

and designed (all)

and re-written (Ruskin)

and costumed (All)

and okayed (Ruskin)

and directed (All)

and rehearsed (Ruskin)

and scored (All)

and approved (Ruskin)

and staged (All)

Let's go home (Ruskin)

and lit (All)

and investigated (Ruskin)

and rehearsed and rehearsed and rehearsed and rehearsed (All)

Those two accordion players were snatched up by private enterprise

So we haven't any accordions

Well, you've got to be philosophical

About things like that

In times like these

In spite of all the lengthy rehearsing
 In spite of all the shouting and cursing
 In spite of all the grudges we're nursing
 We're up to here in props
 and cues and lights and drops
 and though it's most surprising
 the curtain is really rising

(All)

Sing for your supper

Do your bumps and your bounces

Lose superfluous ounces

Sing a rhyme

Or do a time stop

Sing for your supper

Hear the strings and the brass play

Do your labor or class play

To the swing of the band

Let's forsake the drama stark

And the Actors in black velvets

Now from ~~nine~~ nine o'clock to twelve its

Song and Dance

A real chance to

Sing for Your Supper.

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Make it light as a feather

Try and end it together

Just make sure that you sing.

Patter.

Sing for your supper

You don't have to ask when to

Give it out like you meant to

Sing your lungs out

Till you tongue's out

Sing for bread and for butter

Sing from garrett to gutter

Ring the bell when you sing

Never mind about the key

If it's E flat or G major

What's the difference if you've paid your

Bills or not?

So what!

You must

Sing for your supper

Don't you strain for the high notes

Hit the plain apple pie notes

Just make sure that you sing.

Dance routine closes - curtain followed immediately in one with:

4-14-39

At Long Last

At long last
The curtain's up
The stage is set
And the trumpet is blowing a blast
The show is open at last

For four score
and seven ages
We've looked at pages
Of script and score
Rehearsed routines till our feet were sore
But that's past

To you, the audience in attendance -
We tell you this with bated breath
that we're the original cast's descendants
The original cast just got bored to death

But after all
We can't complain

That our forefathers
Have died in vain

For the crowd is milling,
The house is filling up fast

I hope to tell ya

The show is open at last.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE

(WHALEN'S OFFICE AS AT PRESENT)

(SECRETARY at phone)

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. LaGuardia, Mr. Whalen hasn't arrived yet.
We've been trying to locate him for the last two hours...
Yes, he's on the fair grounds.

(An office boy on stage speaks
into dead mike.
A loudspeaker is heard.)

LOUDSPEAKER

Calling Mr. Whalen... his office wants him.
Calling Mr. Whalen... his office wants him.

SECRETARY

(Phone)
As soon as we locate him, we'll have him call you.
(Hangs up phone)

(Phone rings)

SECRETARY

(Phone)
Mr. Whalen's office... no he's not here... expect him soon.
(Hangs up phone)

LOUDSPEAKER

Calling Mr. Whalen... his office wants him.

(Phone rings)

SECRETARY

(Phone)
Mr. Whalen's office... Oh, it's you, Mr. Whalen!!!! We've
been looking for you for hours... You've been looking for us?
Where are you? At the temple of Tomorrow.. now that should
be easy.

SECOND SECRETARY

Oh, he's lost again?

LOUDSPEAKER

Mr. Whalen is calling his office... wants directions to return.

SECRETARY

(Phone)
Don't get panicky Mr. Whalen... We're doing the best we can...
after all I didn't make this place so large... wait, did you
try leaving the Temple of Tomorrow by the rear door... well,
we're right next to it! (OVERJOYED) Yes...that's right.
(Hangs phone)
He'll be right up.

(Four girls enter. A terrific din is heard. A siren blows, a horn honks, a whistle screams and WHALEN enters astride a motorized scooterbike. He is very fatigued and shows it)

WHALEN

(Looks about office)

No, this isn't it...

(And turns to exit)

SECRETARY

This is your office, Mr. Whalen.

WHALEN

Yes, yes, so it is. Good morning, girls, what's new? One side there...

(As he sinks into his chair a tired man)

Whew....this'll be the end of me.

SECRETARY

(Fanning him with a towel)

We're sorry....

WHALEN

You're sorry....

FIRST & SECOND SECRETARIES

Yes, we're sorry!!!

WHALEN

If you raise your voice to me... then I'm thru... thru right now. Pay me off and get another man... get another man!

(Puts on his hat)

(SECRETARY and ASSISTANTS look at him in surprise as he talks on)

I've had enough of this anyway. I'm getting falling arches, flat feet, bunions and corns. Pay me off. I haven't had a good sit in years.

SECRETARY

But Mr. Whalen, you're the boss here, not I.

WHALEN

Sure enough...alright.

(To SECOND SECRETARY)

Who's this? Does he work here too?

SECRETARY

Yes, he's Buddy Whalen.

WHALEN

What!!! Two Whalens? This place might be very large, but not large enough for two Whalens. You're fired, Mr. Whalen.

BOY

Okay!!! Mr. Whalen.
(Sits down again)

(THREE PHOTOGRAPHERS in rotation enter)

1st PHOTOGRAPHER

Mr. Whalen, New York Sun.
(Business)
Thank you, Mr. Whalen.
(Boy is in picture, also girls)

2nd PHOTOGRAPHER

New York Mirror, Mr. Whalen.
(Business)
Thank you, Mr. Whalen.

3rd PHOTOGRAPHER

Daily Worker, Mr. Whalen

(ALL scream and run from scene)

(Phone rings.
SECOND SECRETARY answers)

SECOND SECRETARY

Mayor LaGuardia on the phone, Mr. Whalen.
(Holding out phone to him)

WHALEN

(Taking phone)
Hello Fiorello, how's the folla?
(Flashes a smile to girls,
then looks into phone)
(Hands it back)
He hung up. No sense of humor.

ASSISTANT

(Entering briskly)
Mr. Whalen, the publicity department says they've got to have another slogan.

SECRETARY

(With great disgust)
Another slogan. Oh my God.

WHALEN

God! There's a slogan. "GOD LOVE THE WORLD'S FAIR".

ASSISTANT

Isn't that a little long for a license plate?

WHALLEN

WHALLEN

I'll fix it..take the numbers off.

(WESTERN UNION BOY enters with
a telegram. SECRETARY takes it
and opens)

SECRETARY

Listen to this, Mr. Whalen.

(She reads wire)

"We're an automobile party coming up from Baltimore. We're
coming up to see the Civil War Exhibit. What is the best
and quickest way to reach exhibit?"

WHALLEN

(At map...nervously)

Take a wire...rush it. "You're coming the wrong way.

(She writes)

Come by way of Montreal...Exhibit is at most northern point
of Fair...Wish you luck."

(Phone rings)

SECRETARY

Yes sir.

SECOND SECRETARY

(Phone)

Hello...Yes...I'll see.

(Cups phone)

Mr. Whalen, a man is at the Ford Exhibit and is trying to
get to the Streets of Cairo...he only has two hours.

WHALLEN

(Rushes to map. Places his fingers
on two points)

Two hours...what...that's a tough job...Ask him if he has
a car?...of course he could take a plane and come back by
way of Newark...

SECOND SECRETARY

(Still listening to phone)

He says he lives at the Astor in New York.

(TIRED MAN enters L.)

WHALLEN

Tell him to go home and start again.

SECOND SECRETARY

(At phone)

Stay there...I'll send instructions.

(A MAN enters with a suitcase, tired as though ending a long pilgrimage.)

MAN

Mr. Whalen?

WHALEN

Yes.

MAN

(Shaking his hand)
Can I sit down?

WHALEN

Of course.

MAN

(sits)
Mind if I take my shoes off...my feet are killing me.

WHALEN

Mine too (confidentially)
Did you ever try a mixture of lye and bicarb in lukewarm water...the best thing for you...I know...I do it every night...

(SECOND SECRETARY helps him).
(Opens top of desk... displays foot bathing paraphernalia)
Here's lye, bicarb, rubber gloves, a pan...
(Brings out a pail of water... spills into pan)
Here's an ice bag...draws the heat.

MAN

(putting feet into pan)
Ahhhh....

WHALEN

Now what can I do for you?

MAN

Nothing...I just came in for a little rest. I'm hiking to the Streets of Cairo Exhibit. I expect to get there late tonight.

WHALEN

Oh, you're taking the short cut.

ASSISTANT

(Entering hurriedly)
Mr. Whalen, the international situation looks bad. Lichtenstein and San Monica are mobilizing and they don't want their exhibits to be next to each other.

WHALEN

Separate them.

SECOND SECRETARY

WHALEN
The way we always go do. Put the Brooklyn Exhibit between them.
(Business of perfume.)

ASSISTANT
The Brooklyn Exhibit has been moved four times, sir.

SECRETARY
They won't budge, Mr. Whalen. They've filed a protest.
Something about a Monroe Doctrine.

WHALEN
Monroe Doctrine. Have we got a copy?

SECRETARY
No sir.

WHALEN
Is there a doctrine in the house?.....Never mind, get the
Mayor on the phone.

SECRETARY
Right.....

ASSISTANT
Mr. Whalen, Lichtenstein and San Monica exhibits say they must
be at least five hundred miles apart, and that's final.

WHALEN
Five hundred miles? They're kidding..get me my ice pack...
(Takes it from MAN and puts
it on head)

SECRETARY writes)
"Lichtenstein and San Monica Exhibits. Gentlemen: Just because
your home offices are mobilizing is no reason that I should make
this place any larger. Come up and examine my feet now."

MAN
Our feet!

WHALEN
Oh -- Communist, eh?

(Goes to SECOND SECRETARY
and reads from her typewriter)
"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their
party." Did I say that?

SECOND SECRETARY
No, but you will.

ASSISTANT
Now fix Estonia! They're making an awful mess on the midway.

WHALEN
Messing on the midway?
(Dictating)

Take a letter...Dear Messrs...period--they'll know what I mean.

(An alarm starts ringing with an awful clatter. Picking up phone,)

WHALEN

Whalen speaking! Hello...Who? Mr. LaGuardia? Listen, Butch... Doctrine or no doctrine...we'll have to do a caesarian on Brooklyn...and move her around in a few spots...well...Estonia wants to be removed from Lithuania.

FIRST SECRETARY

Bolivia from Bulgaria.

WHALEN

How will I do it?

(Looks into phone)

He hung up again. I'll fix him.

(To SECRETARY)

Call him back...and when he answers, hang up on him.

(SECRETARY turns away..she won't do it)

It's four thirty..must relax. What's next?

(Relaxes for a second)

MAN

Four thirty! Do you think I'll ever get to the "Streets of Cairo"?

WHALEN

(Happily)

Not a chance in the world. But all she does is this.

(Business of fan dance)

I'll tell you...you can go to see her (whispers to man who is on way out)

Tell her I sent you up.

SECOND SECRETARY

(Business at phone)

I've got Mr. LaGuardia.

WHALEN

Give me that.

(Business - takes phone and hangs up)

That'll teach him.

(TWO SINISTER looking FOREIGNERS enter and come to attention before WHALEN)

WHALEN

(In irritation)

Get two more foot pails!

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE

No, no, neester Whalen, our countries, they have declared war on each other today. But our exhibits do not want war. You must separate us. (Stamps foot.)

WHALEN

Alright. I'll put you on one end of the Fair and you on the other.

SECOND REPRESENTATIVE
But you must make the Fair longer. You put heed on the Atlantic.

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE
And heed on the Pacific.
(Stamps foot)

WHALEN
Can't do it. My tootsies are killing me now.

(GIRL comes on with wire)

(The TWO REPRESENTATIVES stiffen
in indignation)

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE
All right. But we shall not be responsible if it happens.

(A terrific barrage and cannonading
is heard. Crash, Crash, Crash)

WHALEN
My God, what's that?

FIRST REPRESENTATIVE
Too late now. It happened.

(Crash, Crash, Crash)

(REPRESENTATIVES rush off in
opposite directions)

SECRETARY
(Opening wire. Reads)
"We're a bus party coming from California. What's quickest
way?"

WHALEN
Take this answer: "Stay where you are.
(She writes)
We're forced to expand...we'll be out there soon".

(Crash, Crash, Crash.)

---BLACKOUT---

THE OPENING NIGHT

The first night of the season
 was a grand success. The
 audience was large and
 the performance was
 excellent. The music was
 beautiful and the acting
 was superb. The play was
 well received and the
 critics were very
 complimentary. The
 production was a
 masterpiece and the
 cast was superb. The
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OPENIN' NIGHT

They say it's the most elegant show in town
In an elegant theatre too
The best place on the avenue
mm-mm mm-mm
It's the first all negro show that has come aroun'
And the music and words and jokes
Was all made up by colored folks
mm-mm mm-mm
They say we're gonna be in for a big surprise
It's a change from what we know
Cause it's not the old-time minstrel show
I hear that tickets are mighty hard to find
Well, I've got two in row One
And we're gonna see the fun
Sister you and me
Are about to see
how the cake walk should be done
How the cake walk should be done.

Oh things will hum
A jamboree is commencin'
You'd better come
Everybody's welcome on Openin' Night
Get right in line
Come all you ladies and gents in
The show is fine
Everybody's comin' on Openin' Night
Soon we'll hear the band
Play the latest rag
To the dancin' feet
Won't that be grand?
We don't like to brag
But they can't be beat
So move that line
Can't keep no jubilee waitin'
And rise and shine
Everybody's welcome on Openin' Night

(Band)

Curtain's going up -- Curtain going up --

Right inside.

CAKEWALK SONG

First point your toes
Then kick your knees to the ceilin'
That's how it goes
Everybody's goin' to cakewalk now
Puff up your chest
To show the way that you're feelin'
From East to West
Everybody's showin' his neighbor how,
Ladies, hold your gown(s)
Sway from side to side
Take a bow, and then
Start struttin' down
When you've hit your stride
Kick your knees again
It's bound to be the toast 'n boast of the country
Just wait and see
Everybody's goin' to cakewalk now.

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PING PONG IN THE PACIFIC



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"PING-PONG IN THE PACIFIC"

(The scene is the bridge of a battle-ship; narrow swinging-doors at the rear. LIEUTENANT is discovered calling men to attention. 10 sailors are busily cleaning the deck.)

LIEUTENANT

(Goes up-stage and salutes, a bugle-call is heard)

ATTENSHUN!

All ready, Admiral Stuffit!
(Repeat)

ADMIRAL STUFFIT

(Comes through door having difficulty with coat. He is a stuffy old gentleman, with fluffy whiskers and gold braid and a row of medals across his chest. Wears a very natty uniform and a huge Napoleon hat.)

I'm sorry, my good conduct medal always get caught in those swinging doors.

(Comes down and Lieutenant salutes him)

LIEUTENANT

All present and accounted for, Admiral Stuffit!

(Signal man enters and stands beside the Admiral, with flags. Admiral starts to address the men)

ADMIRAL STUFFIT

M'Hearties -- as you all know, we are about to embark on our annual war games --

(Signal man wig wags, 4 times covering Admiral)
The honor of the Black Fleet depends on you ---

(Signal man continues business) (5 times)
We've got to fight hard, clean and fair --
(Same business, and Admiral in disgust, takes flags, salutes, breaks them and tosses them over the side. Signal man exit's)

Remember, there's to be no hitting below the water line. As a matter of fact, there's to be no hitting at all because we are using blank ammunition, but we'll show our critics that the United States Navy is next to nothing -- second to none.

SAILORS

(In unison)

Yeah! Admiral Stuffit.

ADMIRAL STUFFIT

Let's have that old locomotive cheer for the Black Fleet.
(Picks up megaphone marked U.S.Navy)

STUFFIT & SAILORS

BLACK FLEET, BLACK FLEET, RAH, RAH, RAH!
YEAH NAVY SEEBEE ---STAM! STEAM! STEAM!

(Hisses from one of the Men)
LIEUTENANT

Dismissed!

(Men disperse)

ADMIRAL

Hello, Wireless operator?
(Grabbing phone)

Get me Admiral Muffit of the Blue Fleet.

I wish we were playing Notre Dame.
(To Lieutenant)

(Lieutenant)
(Tophone)

Hello, Muffy? This is Stuffy. Say when do we start? When the
whistle blows? Okay.

(Hangs up)

Ready for orders, Admiral!
Lieutenant (Saluting)

Oh, I'll take the regular 65¢ luncheon.
ADMIRAL

LIEUTENANT

Battle orders, Sir!

Oh! Where's my book of instructions? Oh, I got it!
ADMIRAL

Shall we strip for action, sir?
LIEUTENANT

ADMIRAL

Fresh!
(Flips over pages)

Here's one ----- clear decks!
LIEUTENANT

Clear decks!
(Bellowing through megaphone)
(Echo is heard - "Clear docks, clear decks, clear decks")

A hell of an echo in these waters.
Batten down the hatches -- whatever that means.
ADMIRAL

Batten down the hatches.
(Echo same -- last one, "Whatever that means")
LIEUTENANT

ADMIRAL

Amazing!
(Foghorn is heard)

LIEUTENANT

y for action, Admiral.

ADMIRAL

at the whistle.

(Grabs phone and rail and starts shouting to it)

right, men -- kick off, no .. batter up -- I mean they're off --
that's not it .. just a minute

(Thumbs wildly in manual)

ere's the index -- How to start a war -- oh, right up in front
(Grabs phone)

MMENCE FIRING!

(Boat rocks right to left and up again)

(Three explosions are heard and Admiral grabs Liet. who is
using spy-glass)

hat happened?

LIEUTENANT

No just gave them a broadside, sir.

ADMIRAL

What's funny -- sounded like gun-fire.

LIEUTENANT

(Still looking through glasses)
By George, Admiral, there's a blue fleet destroyer two points off
the port bow, sir.

ADMIRAL

Oh, can I look, Can I look?

(Takes glasses)

Hello, Mulfy -- Stuffy. I spy!

(Grabs phone)

(Hangs up and turns to Lieut.)

Boy, was he mad!

(Looks through wobbly telescope)

Say, Lieutenant, it's awfully quiet all of a sudden -- have we won
already!

LIEUTENANT

No sir. The gun crew reports that they've run out of blank ammunition.

ADMIRAL

Now there's a fine how do you do.

LIEUTENANT

What'll we do, sir?

ADMIRAL

Where's my Book of Instructions?

(Grabs manual)

(Starts looking through it)

What to do when you run out of blanks. B-B-L-A --
Redbr 7-6700 --Blanche. Amazing book this -- it's got everything.

LIEUTENANT

We've got to fire something sir.

ADMIRAL

Of course, I know that. How are the gun crews shooting?

LIEUTENANT

They haven't hit a thing, sir.

ADMIRAL

Good! Now I suppose it will be safe enough ../ Tell them to use real shells.

LIEUTENANT

REAL SHELLS, SIR!!?

(Turns to phone to give orders)

ADMIRAL

Sure. Oh boy this'll kill Muffy.

(Immediately a boom is heard, boat rocks, Admiral watches through glasses, chuckles, grabs phone. Explosion, boat rocks.)

Oh, a direct hit.

(To Lieut.)

You better get that cross-eyed sailor out of the gun room before he does any more harm.

(Shell lands, boat rocks)

LIEUTENANT

They're firing real shells at us, sir.

ADMIRAL

Of course, that's the sporting thing to do. WHAT??

(Grabs phone)

Hello, Muffy? Stuffy -- Say, what do I look like, a clay pigeon. Aw, come on, Muffy, I apologize.

He's mad. I left a good job on the Albany Night boat for this

(Phone rings)

This has got to stop!

Manhandle the lifeboats! Batten, Barton, Durstine and Clear the hatches! Button down your poopdecks.

LIEUTENANT

(Holding out other phone in disgust)

Call for you, Admiral --

ADMIRAL

What's the matter now?

LIEUTENANT

Your wife!

ADMIRAL

(Into phone)

Hello, Babe - Well I can't come home right now - I'm in the midst of a manoever - but dear, this is business - I can't leave now.

(Lieutenant taps him on the shoulder)

Hold the wire, Babe -

(To Lieut.)

What is it?

LIEUTENANT

For God's sake, Admiral - the ship's leaking!

ADMIRAL

Who's fault is it?

LIEUTENANT

The ship's carpenter's, sir.

ADMIRAL

Well, I'll teach him a lesson - rub his nose in it!

(back to phone)

Yes, dear - now what were you saying? Oh, you've arranged a poker game? What limit?

(Lieut. taps him again)

Hold on a minute, dear --

(To Lieut.)

Well, what now?

LIEUTENANT

Admiral -- we're sinking!

ADMIRAL

Sh!!! I'll be back in a flash with a splash!

(Points to the phone)

The little woman --

(Leans over the side - gets a faceful of water)

By George, so we are -- Hey! Let's get out of here!

- (He starts for the door)

LIEUTENANT

Sorry, Sir, but the Admiral always goes down with his ship!

ADMIRAL

He does? They didn't tell me that when I took this job --

LIEUTENANT

Yes sir - he stays right up here - on the bridge!

(Starts out-draws up and salutes)

ADMIRAL

The Bridge??

LIEUTENANT

Gad, sir, what courage!

(He exits)

ADMIRAL

(back to phone)

Look dear, I'm gonna be a little late for that poker game. I've got a bridge date ----

B L A C K O U T

After giving up Ziegfeld and Minsky
I was glorified by Dubinsky.
The critics said I was terrific
They don't think I have any faults
They write that I'm worthy
Of being called earthy
And some call me La Divine Schmalz
At last I'm on top place in wonderful dramas
And all I can say is
The actresses way is not agents
But knitting pajamas
Just like all those girls in the movies
I end up the star of the cast
Though the technique I have mastered
You folks may call -- unusual
Thank God I'm legitimate at last.

A - TISKET, A - TASKET

(To the tune of "Loch Lomond".)

You take the high road

Cause we took the railroads
And Steel, Light, and Power before you
We made lots of profits
And tucked them all away
In the bonnie, bonnie banks
of Lock Wall Street.

But
What good's our money?
What good's our dough?
Cause the Government
Takes a hundred per cent
And lays us mighty low.

We tuck it away --
They take it away
Wahnton doeten disten do
The Government lays us low
Lays us mighty low.

They sing:

It wasn't
Capital that the Capitol put Capital up a tree
And if we take the rap it'll
Be a source of endless glee
To all you soothing masses
To watch us upper classes
As Eccles heckles
And Ickes pickes
On Aristocracies
And Jackson packs on
Another tax on
The Sixty Families

THE ENTIRE COMPANY SING:

We think you're radical, yes radical
As radical as can be
But if the tax man had to collect
From you instead of me
your song might be more rational
And not the "Internationale"
And Heywood Brown
Could start shaving soon
And be nice and clean and pure
And Norman Thomas might be the shammas
Of Du Pont de Lo Moure.

SOLOIST: We've closed the stables
And hocked our sables,
The yacht's begun to decay;
The butler's grieving,
The chef is leaving,
How can we swing it when they take it away.

Chanel and Patou,
Good-bye to that, too,
Farewell to Hawes and Pache;
And we're left flat in
Our last year's satin,
How can we swing it when they take it away.

CHORUS: And oh!

SOLOIST: The financiers and money peers of the land

CHORUS: We're low!

SOLOIST: Just keep a-wailing and wringing their hands.

CHORUS: We know

SOLOIST: There's no cure but we're sure we could fix it
up fine

CHORUS: If only we were back in twenty-nine.

SOLOIST: The beach at Bailey's
Deserted daily,
It's time we started to pray;
And our new song
Will be a "blues" song,
How can we swing it when they take it away.

SIX STRANGELY DRESSED WOMEN CROSS STAGE RIGHT

THE COMPANY SING:

Form a holding company in Canada
And a corporation in Brazil
Each year with regularity
We start another charity
Oh boy! Can we deduct.

Build a house and give it to the butler
Let your yacht be in the name of cook
It'll help your reputation
Oh boy!! Can we deduct. If you found a big foundation

Great day!
When the tax man's knockin'
What an empty stockin' we can show to him
Great day!
Our attorney's talents
Can reduce our balance so we go to him.

We can keep evading with the best of them
All this practice makes us pretty good
Sell your stocks to your mother
Buy them back from your brother.

THE SIX STRANGELY DRESSED WOMEN CROSS STAGE LEFT.

Sell your stocks to your mother
Buy them back from your brother
It's delicious
It's delightful
It's delovely
It's deductible
Oh boy! Can we deduct!

THE LAST WALTZ

The first waltz of the series, "The
 Last Waltz" is a waltz in the
 traditional style, but with a
 slightly different feel. The music
 is very beautiful, and the lyrics
 are very touching. The waltz
 is a beautiful expression of love
 and devotion, and it is a very
 touching and beautiful piece of
 music.

"THE LAST WALTZ"

"THE LAST WALTZ"

This is a number for the Modern Ballet.
The Dance begins in a lyrical Viennese Waltz
tradition. Towards the close, a sinister
figure arises from the pit. The Dance
becomes paralyzed. All the gaiety and
lyricism departs, and it ends with the Male Dancers
marching off stage in military fashion, behind
the sinister figure.

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at
George Mason University
Fall 1981

10/13/38.

The first of these is the fact that the theatre is a place where we can find a certain amount of pleasure and amusement. This is the main reason why we go to the theatre. We want to be entertained and to have a good time. The second reason is that the theatre is a place where we can find a certain amount of education and instruction. We can learn a great deal about the world and about ourselves from the plays that we see. The third reason is that the theatre is a place where we can find a certain amount of social contact and communication. We can meet our friends and family and we can talk to them about the plays that we have seen.

"WE GO TO THE THEATRE TO BE AMUSED."

This is the main reason why we go to the theatre. We want to be entertained and to have a good time. The second reason is that the theatre is a place where we can find a certain amount of education and instruction. We can learn a great deal about the world and about ourselves from the plays that we see. The third reason is that the theatre is a place where we can find a certain amount of social contact and communication. We can meet our friends and family and we can talk to them about the plays that we have seen.

RUSKIN

Well, what do you say, Cadwallader, let's start a strike.

FULLER

What is the theatre coming to-- I'm done being abused.

JARVIS

I don't know a thing about art, but I know what I like.

ALL

And we come to the theatre to be amused. Didn't we pay admission? Well, we come to the theatre to be amused.

JARVIS

Where is where it's so wonderful when it's romance?

FULLER

So far not one single comic has lost his pants.

RUSKIN

Where are the glorious girls in the glamorous lights?

ALL

Where is where we get ideas what to do with our nights.
Didn't we pay admission - Well, we come to the theatre to be amused.

JARVIS

Ida wanna be intelleckshal

I wanna be sekshal.

ALL

I come to the theatre with the heart and the eyes of a rapist.

JARVIS

And what do they call me?

FULLER & RUSKIN

WHAT DO THEY CALL YOU?

JARVIS

Escapist.

ALL

It used to be that Maxine and May
Bathed in buttermilk half the day,
And I still get that thrill when I'm watching the
curtain rise.

JARVIS

So they show me a bum that sits in a slum,

RUSKIN

And what does he do --

FULLER

He cries --

ALL

Oh, they sing to me what Marx and Engels and Strachey
and Nietzsche and Hegel and Schegel and Vablen and even
Descartes meant.

JARVIS & FULLER

But what am I but just a man, a man like you and Me?

RUSKIN

It doesn't take care of --every department.

FULLER & RUSKIN

I'll take a well-turned ankle
You take a well-turned phrase,

JARVIS

And stuff it.

ALL

When your ticket is your invitation
To the labor pains attendant on the much too earnest
birthing,

FULLER

Without scenery.

JARVIS

Here's one stage-door John who won't go rushing up
the aisle,

ALL

To stand waiting for little Lefty with her legs in aisle.

JARVIS

Are you coming Cuthbert?

RUSKIN

Yes, Cadwallader, I'm done being abused.

FULLER

What I say is, the human race is all right in its place.

ALL

But we come to the THEATRE to be amused.

Let me linger where the lips are sweetest--

So I'm a defeatest,

I like where it's pretty and it's cute and it's light

- and it's airy.

JARVIS

So what do they call me?

FULLER

WHAT DO THEY CALL YOU?

JARVIS

Laissesfairy.

ALL

OH! It's theatre night, it's white tie and tails,

Dine on pheasants and maybe snails,

I take my seat and wriggle until I'm set.

JARVIS

RUSKIN

Actors yelling at me

FULLER

"aaaaa, look at that guy he et."

ALL

When the hero's name is Pat or Moishe
And when he gets exploitation indignation,
All I get is mass inertia,

RUSKIN

Without scenery.

(3 Girls enter, cross to Stage Left.
Baldheaded men to Stage Right. Girls
wave to men - men wave back. Girls
and men meet center stage. Men give
girls money for contribution boxes.
Then girls exit left.)

JARVIS

Here's one stage-door John who'll chase no more
the prett, pretty.

ALL

Because a girl's no more a girl the day she smells
her first committee.

FULLER

Don't buy silk stockings.

RUSKIN

Boycott Japan.

JARVIS

Save Jersey City

RUSKIN

Are you coming, Guthbert?

FULLER

Yes, sir, I'm done being abused.

ALL

What I say is, the human race is alright in its place,
But we come to the theatre to be amused-----

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

COPY
from
Library of Congress
Federal Theatre Project Archives
at
George Mason University
Fairfax, Virginia

YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

music by Lee Wainor
Lyrics by Robert B. Sour

VERSE: Young man
If you keep playin' this way
You'll blow your brittle world to bits of glass
Change your horn
To a thing of twisted brass
Young man
You're sure to crack from the strain
There comes a Time
When just an empty sack
Can be the straw
That
breaks
your
back

CHORUS: Lord only knows just why he was born
No time to learn how to read or write
He sleeps all day but he plays all night
He's a young man with a horn
He sends it out from midnight 'till 'morn
And just as long as the song is played
He doesn't care if he's ever paid
He's that young man with a horn
When he's sending
He goes for notes
That horns will never play
He keeps sending
Out of the world
And far away
So if you hear a tune bein' torn
Just like a life that's been ripped apart
From way down deep in his soul and heart
It's that young man
With a horn.

C

PAPA'S GOT A JOB

PAPA'S GOT A JOB

(As the curtain goes up the orchestra music blends into that of a piano heard far in the distance. It is a summer evening. Grouped around furniture that is standing in the middle of the street there is a family. This family has been evicted for non-payment of rent. After a count of five, a bundle is thrown out a door. The Elder Sister runs forward, picks up the bundle and carries it back and puts it with the rest of the possessions. The Landlord who is behind the door makes a check in a book he is carrying. The door opens and the Helper comes out carrying a chair which he puts down with the rest of the furniture and goes back to the house.)

LANDLORD Is that all?

HELPER That's all.

LANDLORD All right, clean it up and 'phone the agent so he can rent it right now.

(HELPER leaves)

OTHER (who has moved over and is sitting in the chair) Couldn't he have waited just a little while longer?

YOUNGER SISTER (coming toward the LANDLORD) You can't put us out into the street like this.

NEIGHBORS (some of these neighbors are at windows and others have been standing in the street watching the eviction. At this point they move toward the LANDLORD. Their conversation is Ad lib.)

FIRST NEIGHBOR Give him a little while longer Mister!

SECOND NEIGHBOR They're honest, decent folks, they'd pay if they could.

THIRD NEIGHBOR Maybe (LANDLORD breaks in)

LANDLORD Yeah, maybe. This sign is going up right now.

(The piano music resumes in the distance and the crowd slowly disappears into their various homes.)

(LANDLORD comes down to the mother. This Landlord is by no means a Simon Legree. His is sympathetic and kindly.)

LANDLORD I'm sorry lady, but I have got to pay taxes and I can't pay them with empty apartments. I've got to get along the same as you and there is nothing else I can do. (He leaves)

(A neighboring STORM-HELPER comes on hurriedly from stage left. He motions for TRUDY who goes to him. He speaks under his breath)

STORM-HELPER Hey Trudy, someone wants to talk to you about your Old Man.

He's on the 'Phone now

I'll be right back

(She leaves followed by the STOREKEEPER)

GRAND SISTER (Coming to her mother) Don't worry Mom, everything's going to be all right.

GRAND SISTER Sure it is!

Neighbor Woman from one of the Windows

I'll tell you what, why don't you and the family come up for dinner ~~tonight~~ tonight? I am sure there is enough to go round. What do you say?

Gee-- Gosh Mom, you see everything's going to be all right. Why we're going to have a grand (breaks off. His mother looks at him and unable to face her he stops and moves dejectedly down stage. There is a sudden cry from off stage

Mom! Mom! (Trudy runs on stage. The family gather around her. There is excited Ad lib conversation and the family leave in various directions.) Don't forget the meat and the eggs and don't forget the (she stops speaking for the family is gone. She sinks into the chair, quietly crying in her happiness. She starts the song "Papa's got a Job")

PAPPA'S GOT A JOB

3-30-39

Poppa's got a job
Ain't it lucky - ain't it swell
I ran all the way home to tell
I'm so happy it's just like ringing a bell
Pappa's got a job

Poppa's got a job
Do you know just what this means
There'll be soup in the soup tureens
And today we can say good-bye to those beans

Let's tell the neighbors the news
Shout it around the block
Poppa has taken his folks out of hock
Now we can sing
Home Sweet Home once more
Won't have to chase Mr. Wolf from the door
Whose door? - Our door

We're gonna have a door-for
Poppa's got a job
What a feeling it will bring
When he's working a man's a king
For, when all's said and done, the job is the thing
And Poppa's got a job.

Is it cleaning streets?

Is it cutting meats?

Is it in a shop?

Is it peddling pop?

Is it on the El?
Is it with machines?
Does he have to sell?
Is it dishing beans?
Is it A and P?
Does he dig all day?
Is it B.M.P.?
Or W.P.A.

Who cares?
Why should we make a fuss?
As long as he's got work to do
That's good enough for us

It's wonderful for us!
Magnificent for us!
Thee!

Poppa's got a job
(he) Wouldn't let that boss refuse
How could any man ever lose?
He said my baby sure needs a new pair of shoes
And Poppa got the job.

Poppa's got a job
We can hold our heads up high
Look the neighborhood in the eye
It's so wonder ul that I've just got to cry

We'll have our bath again
My library on the floor
When I have to go, I won't have to go next door
Won't be cold anymore
When the boy friend comes to call
We'll find it nice and warm in our own private hall
Whose hall - our hall
We're gonna have a hall - for

Poppa's got a job
Mr. Morgenthau - give a cheer
Now your budget is in the clear
We'll be paying you income taxes this year
Poppa's got a job

Hey Murgatroyd
Say Mrs. O'Rourke
He's re-employed
He's back at work
Who's back at work
Pop's re-employed
Father's back at work
Just a minute ago
I heard the little girl say
Pop is back in the dough
Papa travaillez?
Hey, Mrs. Levine
Didja hear about pop?
No, whaddaya mean?
He's back in the shop
Whatcha talkin' about?
Pop's a-worka to-day!
Well you don't have to shout
O.K. O.K.
Has he really got work?
Is he ~~xx~~ getting his pay?
Yes He's back on the job
And he's starting today.

Yes, we, can say with joy and glee
That our old man has been ~~absorbed~~ absorbed by private
industry

By private industry?
By private industry.
Whee!

REDD

(Gets up on chair, ALL gather about him)

There's something
In what they said
We'll be out of the red
Looks like it means there are good times ahead
I'm telling you -
If he got work to do
There'll be something open for me and for you.

CAMPBELL

Me too?

REDD

Yes You, and You and You and You.

ALL

Ah - - - - -

Papa's got a job
It's the time for festival
Work is what we like best of all
And with labor then Pop's the neighborhood King
Every body sing.

Ah - - - - -

Papa's got a job
Papa's got a position
Papa's re-employed
Papa's been absorbed
Papa's got a job
A job, a job, a job, a job, a job, a job,
Oh, Papa's got a job.

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at
George Mason University
Fairfax, Virginia

F I N I S

A C T II

LUCKY

IMAGINE MY FINDING YOU HERE

PERSPIRATION

POP'S A COP

DIRGE

CODE FOR ACTORS

LEANING ON A SHOVEL

BALLAD OF UNCLE SAM

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from
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George Mason University
Fairfax, Virginia

"LUCKY"

[Faint, mostly illegible text follows, appearing to be a list or series of entries. Some words like "Lucky" and "Lucky" are visible in various contexts.]

GOT THAT LUCKY FEELING

Scrub that wash
Push that iron
Scrub, rub, and keep on scrubbin
The clothes need rubbin
The wash needs tubbin

Starch that sheet
Fold that pleat
O sister, keep your fingers crossed
The sweepstake's due today.

First you hold the sheet this way
Then you fold the sheet that way
Then you gotta sprinkle
And you iron out a wrinkle
And there's no time to delay, Oh
Come sister keep your fingers crossed
The sweepstake's due today.

We raised a dime from everyone in the place
And bought a ticket on the Irish Sweepstake Race.
Man, if that ticket comes across
We'll buy the ticket from the boys
We'll be happy if we hit our luck today.

The future's riding high on a horse's nose
If we win we'll own the place where we wash the clothes
It will be the best laundry in the town
Wages up and the prices down
Got a feelin' that we struck our luck today.

"LUCKY"

Shout it out loud
Tell the world I'm hot
Telephone the four leaf clover work is over
Cause I've got that lucky feeling
Siddyap horse
Gonna win the pot

Gonna throw away my old teeth
Get some gold teeth
Cause I got the lucky feeling
No time for slavin'
No use savin'
Cause the flags are wavin'
Shout it out loud
Look at what I've got
Guess I must have caught the habit from a rabbit
Cause I've got the lucky feeling.

IMAGINE MY FINDING YOU HERE

* * * *
* * *
* *

IMAGINE MY FINDING YOU HERE!

(Discover boy and girl in pseudo romantic setting. Boy sings:)

Imagine my finding you here
The touch of your hand makes it clear
No ivory tower maiden
With golden hair cascadin'
Dispairing of a broken heart
But safe in my arms from the start.

I thought that to win you I'd need
A lance or an fiery steed,
Bring back the buried treasure
Slay dragons at your pleasure
For that's the way the stories read.
But here you are
And I rejoice to see your face
To hear your voice.

My day dreams have gone
But I know my heart wasn't watching them go.
The sound of you erased them
The sight of you replaced them
What miracle made you appear
Imagine my finding you here!

(Chorus behind skrim sings)

Stars may break and crack off in space
The sun can keep on changing its face
But hearts still go on yearning
While the world is turning.
Lucky girl and luckier boy
Go drain the cup
Leave no drop to swallow
Partial love is hollow
Find the path and follow it up

(lights which reveal a boy and girl as dispensers
in a Medick's fountain) Girl sings:

Imagine my finding you here!
The sound of your voice makes it clear
I dreamed it like Cinderalla
That some romantic fella
Would come and sweep me off my feet
Then you came along down the street.

The moon at Capri might be new
And shine on a sea that was blue.
This moon is made of Neon
And I am content to be on
42nd Street with you.
Who cares about
The time,
The place
I touch your hand
I see your face

My day dreams have gone but I know
My heart wasn't watching them go.
The sight of you erased them
The sound of you replaced them
What miracle made you appear
Imagine my finding you here!

"PERSPIRATION"

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Fairfax, Virginia

"PERSPIRATION"

ANNOUNCER

(Appearing before curtain)

Ladies and gentlemen, for the past year over at the Mercury Theatre, Mr. Orson Welles and his Merry Men have been putting the theatre through a strip tease. Others have followed his lead, and we have seen a stream of productions done without scenery, without professional actors, without orchestra, and in some cases without audiences. It is with this last in mind that we are presenting the ultimate social opera, written by one of our WPA composers, Mr. Marmaduke Schnock. It all came to him in a dream, and he arose and wrote it down on the back of a 14th Street crosstown transfer. Mr. Schnock called his opus, Sweat. There is no censorship on WPA. The new title is "Perspiration". We thank you.

(A Picket walks across in a spot, saying Act One. There is a roll of drums and the curtain rises on a completely bare stage. Sixteen stagehands push on a piano, six more bring on a piano stool. Exeunt. Enter Mr. Schnock, the composer. He whistles piercingly)

Hey, fellers, come on ~~COMPOSE~~ The curtain's up.
The principals enter and stand left.
Placards are lowered, over each section
Over the Principals; Bill Smokestack, a
worker in a buttonhole factory ...
Bill and Bessie, also buttons and button-
hole workers.. Mr. Zipper a union organi-
zer. Over the Composer, a sign saying
Composer. They are drawn up again)

Folks, imagine that you are in Struggle town. Oh, don't just sit there-- go on, imagine it. Those are the walls, that is the ground, that is the sky. Get it? The sky is grey, with probably thundershowers later. The Company union are standing around the yards, discussing life.

CHORUS

Boom boom whistle crash
Boom boom whistle crash
Life is strife
Life is strife
Nuts screws bolts
Nuts screws bolts
Nuts screws bolts
Nuts!

COMPOSER

They mutter to show discontent.

CHORUS

Mutter mutter mutter mutter
Mutter mutter mutter mutter
Mutter mutter mutter mutter
Mutter mutter mutter mutter

COMPOSER

Gee, fellows, that's swell.

CHORUS

Did you really like it, Mr. Schmook? Thanks a lot.

COMPOSER

Well, on with the show.
Enter Tessie, feeling awful.
(Tessie enters, looking awful)

TESSIE

It's terrible -- I work ten hours
I work ten hours I repeat
Now I'm through work and on my way to meet my
Fella Bill Smokestack.
And by me hurts the feet.

COMPOSER

Her friend Bessie comes out of a sidedoor.
(Two of the chorus form a sidedoor)

BESSIE

Hello Tessie -- how goes it with you?

TESSIE

Lou-ou-ou-sy.

BESSIE

With me it's terrible too.
I just asked for a raise from Mr. Bankbook,
But he wouldn't give me nothing but a blank look.

COMPOSER

Enter Will and Bill. Things are humming along now.

WILL & BILL

We oughta take some action we oughta take some action.
(Syncopated)

TESSIE

Bill! Hello, Will.

BESSIE

Will! Hello, Bill!

BILL

Tessie! Hello, Bessie.

WILL

Bessie! Hello, Tessie, etc.

CHORUS

Bill! Hello, Will!
Tessie! Hello, Bessie!
Will! Hello, Bill!
Bessie! Hello, Tessie!
Hello! Hello! Hello!
Hello! Hello! Hello!
Hello! Hello! Hello!

(A picket enters saying Scene Two,
followed by a picket saying Act
Two is unfair to Act One)

COMPOSER

In the grim and whirr of industry's machines,
Love like an eternally white flower, blossoms.
(The Chorus all lean their heads on
each other's shoulders, humming)

TESSIE

When you're near I'm feeling physical.
The touch of your hand is aphrodisical.
I also like you in ways that are mental -
But that is purely incidental -

BESSIE

By me it's likewise.

(A picket enters, saying "THIS OPERA IS UNFAIR TO VERDI")

BILL

I dream of a cottage with a radio and chintzes
Where you can cook me some nice cheese blintzes
For you in here there's an inflammation.

CHORUS

That's the proper propaganda for propagation.

WILL & BILL

But with prices high and wages flat
What can we do about that.

CHORUS

That's what I want to know, also

What'll we do-wah do-wah do
What'll we do-wah do-wah do.

COMPOSER

Gee guys, I don't know.
(To audience)
They're in a tough spot.

BESSIE

It's awful - a - a - a - n - n - d

BILL

Oh, Lord what'll we do?

ALL

Oh, Lord it's awful and
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-aha-ah

MR. ZIPPER

(Coming from behind piano)

-a-a-akerchoo! There's a draft in here somewhere/

COMPOSER

Terrible sorry.

(He closes piano lid)

(To Audience)

Here's Mr. Zipper the union man.

MR. ZIPPER

What's the matter with you all?

CHORUS MAN

We'll tell you what's the matter with us.

CHORUS

Tessie Bessie

Bessie Tessie

Tessie Bessie

TALK!

BESSIE & TESSIE

Our boss is simply awful
His methods are unlawful
He's worse than Czar Romanoff--
He's a monser- he's a gonof--

CHORUS

That's tellin' it that is,
That's yellin' it that is.

That's spellin' it

That's tellin' it

That's yellin' it

That is.

COMPOSER

(To Audience)

That means they don't like making buttons in an open shop.
They're going to have a closed shop -- with Zipper.

(Enter two pickets holding their nose,
followed by Mr. Bankbook)

MR. BANKBOOK

Now boys, you're got me all wrong.
Being a plutocrat isn't so funny--
After all what have I got but a yacht and a lot of money?
When I'm trying to make ends meet the proletariat
Acts just like I'm Judas Iscariot.
I'm not-- I'm artistic-- I want to play my mandolin,
Instead it's trouble with the workers I'm handolin'--

MR. BANKBOOK (CON'D)

You innocent lambs are taken in by every big and little "ism",
You don't want to appreciate the virtues of Capitalism.
(The Picket faints, and is carried out)

CHORUS

No use talkin'-- we're gonna strike, strike, strike--
(They begin singing the triumphant song.
As it reaches the peak, all the stagehands
leave their corners and come forward. The
Composer stops puzzled)

STAGEHANDS

STRIKE!

(There is an embarrassed pause. The Composer stops
playing)

COMPOSER

You're stagehands.....you're not in the show.

SPEAKER FOR STG. HANDS

Sure, but for six months we been sitting in the wings, sitting,
with no scenery to shift. Tonight your song reached Mr. Schnock,
we're striking...for scenery..

MUSICIANS

And what about us? Musicians with no music to play. And on
top of that, we gotta sit in the pit and listen to yours!
We're on strike - for music!

MR. BANKBOOK

And what about us? No costumes--no makeup-- some day we'll
play Hamlet in outfits by Hart, Shaffner, and Marx.
Let's present a united front fellows-- we're talking out to.

ALL

Sure!
Mr. Schnock is unfair!
Mr. Schnock is unfair!

POP'S A COP

POP'S A COP IN JERSEY CITY

JARVIS

See what has happened to my next best eye

1 COP

Me, ohmy

3 COPS

Where? When? Why?

2 COPS

Boy what a shiner

There ain't a finer

JARVIS

I've got a girl who lives in Journal Square

Father's there

And for me

He is not

COPS

Discrimination

JARVIS

I'm going back to get her

COP

Gosh you'd better let her be

JARVIS

Not a chance - this gal can cook
And I'll get her - hook or crook

Woo is me

COP

How come?

JARVIS

Got the brid and bouquet

COPS

Lillies and lace

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Everything was okay JARVIS
 Right in its place COPS
 But her pos's a cop in Jersey City JARVIS
 And I'm in the CIO.
 Whoa COPS
 We won't wed JARVIS
 Not you COPS
 When he learns my view is JARVIS
 Red as the rose COPS
 That of John L. Lewis JARVIS
 Red as his nose COPS
 Cause her popper is a copper from etc. JARVIS
 1 COP
 Take me gun - you'll find it buckles on
 2 COP
 And you'd best slip these brass knuckles on
 JARVIS
 Why?
 you'll be in jail for a year COPS
 1 COP
 He's a pretty tough guy

Nobody sheddin' a tear
COPS

What am I a union man or am
I to view this panorama with fear
JARVIS

Well it's a dangerous game
COPS

Dear oh dear
JARVIS

What a pity! What a shame!
COPS

I gotta go
JARVIS

Better stay
COPS

Got a sweetie waitin'
JARVIS

Water and bread
COPS

Can't be hesitatin'
JARVIS

Keep duckin' your head
COPS

Cause her pop's a cop in Jersey City
1 COP

But I'm in the CIO-
JARVIS

GIRL

My baby come over the Hudson
My baby come over the sea I-O
But don't bring your leaflets
'Cause poppa will beat
Let's be graceful

Dear Please promise
Or you'll get a face full
Like Norman Thomas

BOY

Oh baby let's sail to my country
 Where LaGuardia won't bodder you
 Like Frankie Hague
 Where they read pamphlets
 Instead of Mein Komph
 Let's get goin'
 You'll join my local
 'Cause the local boy with the local
 girl
 Always makes good

VIR

I can't go

GIRLS

Dear me, no

VIR

Father's vigilantes

GIRLS

Better beware

VIR

Will grab me by the panties

GIRLS

Her only good pair

VIR

Cause our pop's a cop in Jersey City, etc.

JARVIS

So -?

VIR

Run on home

GIRLS

While the goin's good

VIR

Honey take a powder

JARVIS

Land of the free

VIR

You and Mr. Browder

JARVIS

Sweet Liberty

GIRLS

Cause our dad's a cad from Jersey City
 And you're in the CIO

VIR
 Pop thinks you're a dirty foreigner and he'll get
 the sheriff, and coroner, too

GIRLS
 You'll be in jail for a year

VIR
 After you
 Nobody sheddin' a tear

JARVIS
 Sweet cookie
 He's a bluff, when we get through with him
 Folks won't have a thing to do with him

VIR
 Oh...

GIRLS
 Don't be runnin' him down

VIR
 Is that so?
 GIRLS
 He's a lad that goes to town
 JARVIS
 So fly with me

GIRLS
 No - no....

VIR
 Gee it's safer not to
 GIRLS
 Make up your mind
 VIR
 But I guess I've gotta
 GIRLS
 Love is so blind
 GIRLS AND JARVIS

But your pop's a cop in Jersey City

VIR
 But I'll join the CIO

- DIRGE -

D I R G E

QUARTETTE:

Oh the Elevated Railway is no more
Gone is the train where first I pressed my Mary's glove
leave us pause and twine our tears together
In memory of the yesterday we love

CHORUS:

Goodbye, goodbye to Spring
So sweet before it was Spring -7-√000
Way back when folks had dining rooms
And ice-cream was a treat
I cry when I recall!
The coffee-grinder on my mother's wall
When days were slow and sweet, before the A and F sold meat.

CHORAL:

Oh the years! Oh the loss!
Oh the old straw hat on the horse
(solo)
Goodbye to Clara Bow
And to the Katzenjamer kids I loved so well!!
But most of all, goodbye goodbye
Dear old Sixth Avenue Bl.

D I R G E

Oh the years - oh the loss

Oh the old straw hat - on the horse

A pox on the machine age

And a curse on the inventor that brought you low

You was a good girl in your day, but they're taking you away

And if ya gotta ya gotta go

If ya gotta go ya gotta go

Yes if ya gotta go ya gotta go

Let her go, let her go, God bless her

Where heaven's trumpets blow

You can run the wide world over

But if ya gotta go ya gotta go

Oh pace, pace, pace, pace

You can run the wide world over

But if ya gotta go ya gotta go.

Miserere, miserere, miserere

Miserer, miserere, miserere.

(AH) Oh a pox on the machine age

And a curse on the inventor that brought you low

You was a good girl in your day but they're taking you away

And if ya gotta go ya gotta go

Goodbye forever

If ya gotta go ya gotta go

Goodbye forever

If ya gotta go ya gotta go

Goodbye

If ya gotta go

Goodbye

Ya gotta go If ya

Goodbye

Gotta go ---- ya gotta

Goodbye

Go!

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C O D E P O R A C T O R S

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR SKETCH

A controversy about WPA jokes has arisen in the news lately. Should they be allowed to die a natural death, or should they be perpetuated as a remarkable new trend in American humor?

We, of the Federal Theatre, feel that if the WPA joke is to die, we certainly should have the right to arrange for the funeral.

So, ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission, we will now put a few of the current favorites to rest.

"CODE FOR ACTORS"

On exit of SPEAKER open white.

FIRST WIFE on couch, and
FIRST LOVER discovered behind Couch.

FIRST LOVER

Oh, darling, I'm so happy.

FIRST WIFE

I'm crazy about you.

FIRST LOVER

(Comes around, steps on couch
and leans over her.)

Are you sure your husband won't come back?

WHISTLE

(TIMEKEEPER blows whistle. -
Looks at Watch, gets up and
starts to exit L. stage left.
Simultaneously, SECOND LOVER
enters. Punches Time Clock
and places himself on couch in
exactly the same position the
FIRST LOVER held.)

SECOND LOVER

(Adjusting position.)

Carry on, "Old Girl".

FIRST WIFE

(Who has held her position
without moving.)

Don't be silly, dear. Of course my husband won't
come back.

SECOND LOVER

(Relieved.)

That's all I want to know.

(Starts making passionate love.

Whistle blows.

SECOND LOVER holds position,
FIRST WIFE rises exits L., as
SECOND WIFE comes on and crosses
her.)

SECOND WIFE

(On crossing.)

How is he?

FIRST WIFE

STINKS!

(Exits.)

SECOND WIFE

(Goes to couch - takes same position.)

How much -- just how much do you love me?

SECOND LOVER

There isn't time enough --

(TIMEKEEPER looks at watch,
blows whistle.)Second lover arises, starts
to exit L.Simultaneously, THIRD LOVER
places card in Time Clock,
punches it and takes place of
SECOND LOVER on couch.
(SECOND LOVER, on exit.)

Another day, another dollar.

THIRD LOVER

(Takes same position.)

To tell you

(There's a knock off stage.)

SECOND WIFE

My God, my husband.

THIRD LOVER

It was darn nice of him to knock.

SECOND WIFE

Quick - hide in the closet.

THIRD LOVER

(Going to closet door, angrily.)

That's where I spend the best years of my life.

(He goes into the closet.)

(FIRST HUSBAND enters.)

FIRST HUSBAND

(Crosses by the time clock.)

Hello dear.

TIMEKEEPER

Ug -- ug -- ugh -- ugh.

FIRST HUSBAND

(Realizes oversight.)

Oh, shucks!

(Goes back and punches time clock.)

Returns to SECOND WIFE, with extended
arms.)

Well, dear, how are you?

SECOND WIFE

(SHE and HUSBAND go to couch
and sit.)

Oh, I've been so lonesome all day.
SECOND WIFE

My poor little wife.
FIRST HUSBAND

Did you have a nice day at the office?
SECOND WIFE

Well, you know---
FIRST HUSBAND

(Whistle blows, FIRST HUSBAND exits and
SECOND HUSBAND ENTERS, punches clock
and takes same position.)

The same old thing.
SECOND HUSBAND
(Whistle blows. THIRD LOVER comes from
closet, wipes brow and exits. On cross
says--

Closets, closets, always closets.
THIRD LOVER

I'll bet you worked awful hard all day.
SECOND WIFE
(Whistle blows, SECOND WIFE exits,
THIRD WIFE enters, goes to couch,
arranging herself carefully.)

Shall I get you something to eat?
THIRD WIFE

Yes Dear, I am pretty hungry.
SECOND HUSBAND
(BOTH rise, WIFE starts to exit-- THERE IS
A SNEEZE from the closet)
Wait a minute-- there's man in this room

You're wrong, Dear, there's no one----
THIRD WIFE
(another SNEEZE)
--- in the closet.
(Covers her mouth)

Don't tell me----
SECOND HUSBAND
(Grabs gun from table, crosses to closet)

SECOND HUSBAND (cont'd.)

(Pulls out his gun and goes to closet.)

Come out of there, you -- one -- two ---

(TIMBERNER looks at watch, then blows whistle.)

THIRD HUSBAND enters, punches clock.

SECOND HUSBAND hands gun to him, and exits.)

THIRD HUSBAND

(Assuming same position.)

-- three!

(FOURTH LOVER comes out of the closet.)

So, you snake in the closet -- Break up my home, - will you? Take that --

(Shot.)

-- and that.

(Shot.)

(HE shoots.)

FOURTH LOVER staggers.)

FOURTH LOVER

He got me -- he got me ---

(FOURTH LOVER is about to fall when TIMBERNER blows whistle.)

FIFTH LOVER enters with FOURTH WIFE, takes his place, staggering the same way.

FOURTH LOVER exits, with THIRD WIFE.)

FIFTH LOVER

-- he got me ---

(HE falls onto couch.)

THIRD HUSBAND

They'll never get me -- they'll never get me!
(He runs off.)

FOURTH WIFE

(Behind couch, bending over him.)

Oh, darling, are you hurt?

FIFTH LOVER

(Getting up.)

No, - he missed me. -

(Holds out his arms.)

Come on, let's not waste any more time.

(SHE comes around, and to him; - just as THEY start to embrace, TIMBERNER blows whistle.)

FIFTH LOVER (Cont'd)

(Blended with whistle is Factory
whistle.)

FIFTH LOVER starts to exit, and
says -)

Garlic, Garlic -- always garlic.

(Exits.)

FOURTH WIFE

(Sits down, - takes off shoes and
stretches.)

TIMENEER punches Clock, -
looks over toward her, and
starts to sneak up - taking
his coat off.

SEE sees him, - screams, -
as LOVERS and HUSBANDS all
enter and whistle.)

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LEANING ON A SHOVEL



LEANING ON A SHOVEL

We're not plain every day boys
Oh no, not we -
We are the leisurely playboys
Of industry
Those famous little WPA boys
Of Franklin D.
The Republicans insist we're gay deceivers
Their anger is so terrific
While the other workers slave away like beavers
They say we're merely -- soporific
So tonight you can detect us
As we're seen in the G.O.P. prospectus ---

Here we stand asleep all day
While F.D. shoes the flies away
We just wake up to get our pay
What for? For leaning on a shovel

In the forest the C C C
Is also snoozing peacefully
Cause only Hoover can make a tree
While we keep leaning on a shovel

From nine to five we're laying
Us down to sleep
With a pickaxe for an anchor
And if awake we're staying
We don't count shâép
Our supervisor brings us a cup of Sanka

Sleeping beauties in a row
Till five o'clock when whistles blow
We're all tired out as home we go
So tired -- from leaning on a shovel!

BUSINESS DANCE SWAYING BACK AND FORTH, ETC.

When you look at things today
Like Boulder Dam and TVA
And all those playgrounds where kids can play
We did it - by leaning on a shovel

If you wonder how CCC
Planted all the forests that we see
It isn't any mystery
They did it - by leaning on a shovel

We didn't lift a finger
To build the parks
That you see in every city
At home we always linger
And read Karl Marx
If you don't believe us - ask the Dies Committee

Miles of roads and highways, too
Schools and buildings bright and new

(Continued)

Although it may seem odd to you
We did it - by leaning on a shovel

You politicians voting against our crew
Can't you see folks getting wiser
you ought to be a'toting a shovel, too
The way you shovel up the same old fertilizer
Let the papers have their say
Let the elephant snore and the donkey bray
If we can get things done this way
Hurray! - for leaning on a shovel.

BALLAD OF UNCLE SAM

- THE BALLAD OF UNCLE SAM -

SCENE:)Kids playing on a path way in a Park.. Three or four girls play hop-scotch - several boys and girls play leap-frog, etc. Trudy is seated on the grass - she reads a book)

FIRST BOY

(runs on)

Hey, Gang! Here comes that funny looking old man again.

SECOND BOY

You mean Rip Van Winkle?

GIRLS

Aw, him??

THIRD BOY

Come on, play ball! Forget him - he's been hanging around here for weeks.

(Uncle Sam enters - he wears an ordinary suit this time)
(He looks tired and discouraged)
(Hesitates a moment and then sits on a rock down stage right....The boys toss a ball)

BOY

Come on, you! Get off that rock!

BOY

Come on - let's throw him off.

(The boys throw the ball - trying to knock Uncle Sam's hat off. Trudy looks up as the boys throw the ball at Uncle Sam's head)

TRUDY

You boys watch out-you'll hit that old man...

FIRST BOY

Yeah! Well, tell him to go somewhere else and sit down.

SECOND BOY

Yeah -- that's our rock.

GIRL

Go dow on - and mind you're business, Trudy....

(Off stage there is the sound of an ice cream peddler's wagon())

VOICE (Off Stage)

Ice cream! Ice Cream !

(The kids run off leaving Trudy and Uncle Sam alone)

TRUDY

2.

(To Uncle Sam)
Don't mind them.

(Uncle Sam attempts to read)

Wait -- your face looks familiar -- you look like my father -- no
-- you're like Mr. Joe at the Drugstore. No -- like my teacher
at school -- no -- Gosh you look like a lot of people all at once.

Yes, I know you from somewhere.

(Uncle Sam smiles and attempts to leave again)

Don't go - please -- who are you?

UNCLE SAM
I am a lot of people-all at once.
(He starts to go -- Trudy takes his arm)

TRUDY
A lot of people all at once.

(thinks to herself)
Who could that be?

UNCLE SAM
Well, they call me Uncle Sam.

TRUDY
Uncle Sam! (excited) Hey kids! Hey kids! Here's Uncle Sam!
(Boys and girls enter)

BOYS AND GIRLS
Uncle Sam?
So what!
Aw - that ain't Uncle Sam.

TRUDY
(Still holding Uncle Sam's arm)
It is! It is!

FIRST BOY
Go on -- that guy ain't Uncle Sam.

SECOND BOY
He's just an old bum.

THIRD BOY
I'll bet he's one of the Smith brothers.

GIRL
Where is his red, white and blue pants?

SECOND GIRL

Uncle Sam is not a real man.

TRUDY

I believe you Uncle Sam.

MALE VOICE SINGS

Old Uncle Sam is a lazy old man
Washed his face in a frying pan
Combed his hair with a Wagon Wheel
Died with a toothache in his heel.

(Boys and girls laughed)

TRUDY

That ain't no way to talk. Don't you know who Uncle Sam is?

GIRL

No.. who is he?

TRUDY

In '76" the sky was red
Thunder rumbling overhead
Bad King George couldn't sleep in bed
And on that stormy morn
Ol' Uncle Sam was born.

BOYS & GIRLS

Some Birthday!

UNCLE SAM

Nobody who was anybody believed it
Everybody who was anybody they doubted it
Nobody had faith, nobody-

CHORUS

Nobody but Washington - Tom Paine, ~~WOMAN~~,
Chaim Solomon, Lafayette, John Adams, Ben Franklyn

TRUDY

THE Nobody's gave a Tea Party at Boston
Betsy Ross organized a sewing circle.
Paul Revere had a horse race.

UNCLE SAM

And a little ragged group believed it
and some gentlemen and ladies believed it
And some wise men
And some fools
And I believed it too
And you know who I am....

BOY

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CHORUS

The Mister Tom Jefferson, A mighty fine man
 He wrote it down in a mighty fine plan
 And the rest all sign it with a mighty find han'.

MALE VOICE

As they crossed their t's and dot their i's
 a brand new country did arise.

CHORUS

We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men
 are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with
 certain inalienable rights. That among these rights are life-
 (Henry) - "Yes, Sir.) liberty (Muni - "That's right") and the
 pursuit of happiness.

TRUDY

Is that what they said?

UNCLE SAM

The very words.

TRUDY

That does sound mighty fine.

MALE VOICE

Building a nation is awful tough
 The people found the going rough
 And thirteen states weren't large enough
 So they started to expand
 Into the Western land.

UNCLE SAM

Still nobody who was anybody believed it
 Everybody who was anybody they stayed at home.

CHORUS

But Lewis and Clarke and the pioneers
 Drunk by hunger, Haunted by fears
 The Klondike Miners
 And the Forty-niners
 Some wanted freedom
 Some wanted riches
 Some liked to loaf
 While others dug ditches
 But they believed in it

UNCLE SAM

And I believed it too
 And you know who I am.

GIRL

Maybe we do.

BOY

Yeah

FEMALE VOICE (Sings)

Now Ole Abe Lincoln was thin and long
 His heart was high and his health was strong
 He hated oppresion, he hated wrong
 And he went down to his grave
 To free the slave

VIVIAN HOLT

Man in white skin can never be free
 While his black skin brother is in slaveree

BOY

Yeah - that's history. But what about now?

age

CHORUS

The machine/appeared with a great big roar
 And America grew/ in peace and war
 As a million wheels went around and round
 The cities reached into the sky
 And dug down deep into the ground
 And some got rich and some got poor
 But the people carried through
 And so our country grew.

BOY

Yeah - but who are you, Uncle Sam?

UNCLE SAM

I'm everybody who is nobody
 I'm anybody who is everybody

GIRL

What's you job anyway?

UNCLE SAM

Well I'm an engineer - musician - street cleaner - merchant -
 teacher ... (PEOPLE BEGIN TO QUESTION HIM AND HE ANSWERS) How
 about a farmer? .. ALSO .. Officer Clerk? Yes sir! Mechanic?
 That's right ... Housewife? Certainly .. Business Man? You s aid
 it... Stenographer? Yes, Ma'am. Salesman? Absotively. Bartender?
 Posolutely. Truckdriver? Definitely....

Miner - seamstress - ditchdigger

All of them.... I am the etcetras and the andsoforths that do the
 work.

HART

What's your nationality?

UNCLE SAM

I'm just an IRISH .. NEGRO.. JEWISH.. ITALIAN.. FRENCH.. AND
 ENGLISH.. SPANISH.. RUSSIAN.. CHINESE.. POLISH.. SCOTCH.. HUNGARIAN
 .. LITVAK.. SWEDISH.. FINNISH.. CANADIAN.. GREEK AND TURK AND CZE CH*
 AND DOUBLE-CZECH AMERICAN.

GIRLS VOICE

You sure are something

Our country's strong, our country's young
 And her greatest songs are still unsung
 From her plains and mountains we have sprung
 To keep the faith with those who went before-

We nobodies who are anybody believe it
 We anybodies who are everybody have no doubts
 Out of the cheating, out of the shouting
 Out of the murders and lynching
 Out of the windbags, the patriotic spouting
 Out of the uncertainty and doubting
 And the capet-bag
 And the brass spit-toon
 It will come again
 Our marching song will come again
 Simple as a hit-tune
 Deep as our valleys
 High as our mountains
 Strong as the people who made it-
 For we have always believed it
 And we believe it now
 And you know who we are --

BOYS AND GIRLS

Yes, we know!

CHORUS

AMERICA!

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