

The Ziegfeld Follies
a musical comedy revue
written by Luis Rivera

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PROLOGUE

Florenz Ziegfeld enter writing in a book.

ZIEGFELD

Saturday, September 25th. Another heavenly day. It's always a heavenly day. Everyday is perfect. Nothing but happiness. I've got everything that man or angel could desire. Beautiful memories of the past. Pictures and toys. Children playing with the dreams of tomorrow. And old men playing with the memories of yesterday. I can hear the applause, as if it never vanished into the past. The New York nights still burn to me with the names I branded into the sky. Great shows that were part of the dream of America, how many people today remember their courtships, their honeymoons, their anniversaries, their happiest moments in terms of the Ziegfeld Follies. Those were the days. And yet I wonder, are those days really over? Just because I moved to St. Peter's Gate. Must the Follies die as well? Can there be a new Follies. I suppose not. After all, how can there be a Ziegfeld Follies without me? What I would give to be one more Follies. Ah yes. How would I open. Let's see. I would open with a song. Done by Ed Sullivan. I hope he would say something very nice about me. [exits]

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

Ed Sullivan enters.

SULLIVAN

Well what can I say about Ziegfeld? Well, I can only tell you that as long as there is a song and a dance and a comedy sketch, somewhere around or in it is Ziegfeld. He never cared so much about heroes, villains, plots and stories, the Follies never had a story. The

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SULLIVAN (cont'd)

Ziegfeld Follies was itself the
story of an era. It was gay,
bright, beautiful, that's how
Ziegfeld wanted it. And so, without
any further ado...

[singing] The butcher, the baker,
the grocer, the clerk

Are secretly unhappy men because

The butcher, the baker, the grocer,
the clerk

Get paid for what they do but no
applause.

They'd gladly bid their dreary jobs
goodbye

For anything theatrical and why?

There's no business like show
business

Like no business I know

Everything about it is appealing,

Everything that traffic will allow

Nowhere could you get that happy
feeling

When you are stealing that extra
bow

There's no people like show people,

They smile when they are low

Yesterday they told you you would
not go far,

That night you open and there you
are

Next day on your dressing room
they've hung a star,

Let's go on with the show!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SULLIVAN (cont'd)

There's no business like show
business

And I tell you it's so

Traveling through the country is so
thrilling,

Standing out in front on opening
nights

Smiling as you watch the theater
filling,

And there's your billing out there
in lights

There's no people like show people,

They smile when they are low

Even with a turkey that you know
will fold,

You may be stranded out in the cold

Still you wouldn't change it for a
sack of gold,

Let's go on with the show.

Let's go on with the show!

Exits.

EDELWEISS

Curtain opens.

The Lander Sisters enter.

LANDER SISTERS

Edelweiss Edelweiss

Ev'ry morning you greet me

Small and white

Clean and bright

You look happy to meet me

(CONTINUED)

Blossom of snow may you bloom and
grow

Bloom and grow forever

Edelweiss Edelweiss

Bless my homeland forever.

Curtain closes.

SLOWLY I TURNED

Buddy sitting forlorn on a park bench. Jim walks by, notices
Buddy.

JIM

You've got such a sad long face.

BUDDY

You've got such a kind face. Would
you like to hear my story?

JIM

Indeed I would.

BUDDY

I was not always a worthless bum.
Once, I had a happy
life--well-educated, with a good
job, a loving wife, and
child. Until the fateful day that
I befriended a stranger down on his
luck, and took him into my
home. One day, I came home from
work, only to find that the
stranger has run away with my wife.
I searched the world over, and
eventually found my wife and the
man in Niagara Falls, where I had
my revenge! [As Buddy tells this
story, he becomes more excited and
shrill] Slowly I turned, step by
step, inch by inch, [as he says
this, he approaches Jim, who begins
backing away in fear] and I had my
revenge! I beat him [hits Jim with
a pillow or slapstick] over and
over [repeats] and finally, put my
hands around his wretched throat...
[begins strangling Jim, who breaks
free]

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Stop it! Wait a minute! What's wrong with you?

BUDDY

[coming to his senses] Why...you're not him...you're my friend, the stranger with a kind face!

JIM

Yes, that's right! What's the matter with you?

BUDDY

I'm sorry, friend. You see, whenever I hear Niagara Falls, it takes me back to that horrible moment and I want to kill...Kill...KILL! [starts toward Jim]

JIM

Wait a minute! I didn't say it!

BUDDY

Say what?

JIM

Niagara Falls!

BUDDY

Niagara Falls! [starts moving toward Jim] Slowly I turned, step by step, inch by inch until I began beating that miserable wretch [again begins beating Jim with pillow or slapstick, until Jim takes it away from him]

JIM

Now stop that! You can't attack me just because I say Nia...that word!

BUDDY

I'm sorry. Please forgive me, friend. Have you ever been there, by any chance?

JIM

Oh, yes, I love it at Niagara Falls. Oh! [clamps his hand over his mouth as he realizes that he's said it again]

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY

Niagara Falls! Slowly I turned,
 step by step, inch by inch, and
 then I...[realizes that he doesn't
 have the pillow or slapstick, pulls
 out a bottle of seltzer water
 instead] grabbed a handful of
 Niagara Falls and threw it at him!
 [squirts the seltzer water at Jim
 and chases him off the stage]

TEA FOR TWO

Curtain opens.

Fred and Ginger enter.

FRED

I'm discontented with homes that
 I've rented

So I have invented my own.

Darling, this place is lovely oasis

Where life's weary taste is unknown

Far from the crowded city

Where flowers pretty caress the
 stream

Cozy to hide in, to live side by
 side in,

Don't let it apart in my dream.

Picture you upon my knee

Just tea for two

And two for tea

Just me for you

And you for me alone.

GINGER

Nobody near us to see us or hear us

No friends or relations

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GINGER (cont'd)
On weekend vacations
We won't have it known
That we own a telephone, dear.

FRED
Day will break and you'll wake
And start to bake a sugar cake
For me to take for all the boys to
see.

BOTH
We will raise a family
A boy for you
And a girl for me
Can't you see how happy we would
be.

Fred and Ginger dance.

Curtain closes.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

Cyrano de Bergerac and Viscount de Valvert enter.

VISCOUNT
Monsieur, your nose... your nose is
rather large.

BERGERAC
Rather?

VISCOUNT
Oh, well...

BERGERAC
Is that all?

VISCOUNT
Well of course...

BERGERAC
Oh, no, young sir. You are too
simple. Why, you might have said a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BERGERAC (cont'd)
great many things. Why waste your
opportunity? For example, thus:

AGGRESSIVE: I, sir, if that nose
were mine, I'd have it amputated on
the spot.

PRACTICAL: How do you drink with
such a nose? You must have had a
cup made especially.

DESCRIPTIVE: 'Tis a rock, a crag, a
cape! A cape? Say rather, a
peninsula!

INQUISITIVE: What is that
receptacle? A razor case or a
portfolio?

KINDLY: Ah, do you love the little
birds so much that when they come
to see you, you give them this to
perch on.

CAUTIOUS: Take care! A weight like
that might make you top-heavy.

ELOQUENT: When it blows, the
typhoon howls, and the clouds
darken!

DRAMATIC: When it bleeds, the Red
Sea.

SIMPLE: When do they unveil the
monument?

MILITARY: Beware, a secret weapon.

ENTERPRISING: What a sign for some
perfumer!

RESPECTFUL: Sir, I recognize in you
a man of parts. A man of...
prominence!

Or, LITERARY: Was this the nose
that launched a thousand ships?

These, my dear sir, are things you
might have said, had you some tinge
of letters or of wit to color your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BERGERAC (cont'd)
discourse. But wit? Not so, you
never had an atom. And of letters,
you need but three to write you
down: A, S, S. Ass!

VISCOUNT
Insolent puppy, dolt, bumpkin,
fool!

BERGERAC
How do you do? And I, Cyrano
Savinien Hercule de Bergerac.

VISCOUNT
Such arrogance, this scarecrow.
Look at him! No ribbons, no lace,
not even gloves!

BERGERAC
True! I carry my adornments only on
my soul, decked with deeds instead
of ribbons. Manful in my good name,
and crowned with the white plume of
freedom.

VISCOUNT
But...

BERGERAC
But, I have no gloves. A pity too.
I had one - the last of an old pair
- and lost that. Very careless of
me. A gentleman offered me an
impertinence. I left it - in his
face.

VISCOUNT
[Drawing his rapier] So be it!

BERGERAC
You shall die exquisitely!

VISCOUNT
Oh, a poet?

BERGERAC
Oh, yes, a poet. So, while we
fight, I'll improvise a ballade for
you, and as I end the refrain,
thrust home.

VISCOUNT

Will you?

BERGERAC

I will. Ballade of the duel at the Theatre of the Burgoyne, between de Bergerac and... a barbarian.

VISCOUNT

What do you mean by that?

BERGERAC

Oh, that? The title.

Stop. Let me choose my rhyme. So.
Here we go.

Lightly I toss my hat away.

Languidly o'er my arm let fall the
cloak that covers my bright array.

Then, out swords, and to work
withal.

A Lancelot in his lady's hall,

A Spartacus at the Hippodrome,

I dally a while with you..you
jackall.

Just as I end the refrain, thrust
home!

Where shall I skewer my peacock
again?

Nay, better for you to have shunned
this brawl.

Here in the heart or your ribbons,
gay, in the belly 'neath you silken
shawl?

Now, come my points floats, light
as the foam ready to drive you back
to the wall, and then as I end the
refrain, thrust home.

Oh, for a rhyme.

Why, your fight is fading.

(CONTINUED)

You break. You cower. You cringe.
You crawl.

How can I tell you're allowed to
say something to turn on my head
forestall...

Life with a tunny
death with a scall.

Something to turn on my fancy roam,
free for a time till the rhyme's
recall, then as I end the refrain,
thrust home!

Refrain.

Prince, pray God that is Lord of
all, pardon you soul, for your time
has come.

Pass! I fling you aslant, asprawl.

Then as I end the refrain, thrust
home!

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Bojangles enters.

BOJANGLES

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There's where the cotton and the
corn and taters grow,

There's where the birds warble
sweet in the spring time,

There's where the darkey's heart am
longed to go.

There's where I labored so hard for
old massa,

Day after day in the field of
yellow corn,

No place on earth do I love more
sincerely,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOJANGLES (cont'd)

Than old Virginny, the state where
I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There let me live 'till I wither
and decay,

Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I
wandered,

There's where this old darkies'
life am passed away.

Massa and misses, have long gone
before me,

Soon we will meet on that bright
and golden shore.

There we'll be happy and free from
all sorrow,

There's where we'll meet and we'll
never part no more.

Carry me back to old Virginny,

There's where the cotton and the
corn and tators grow,

There's where the birds warble
sweet in the spring time,

There's where the old darkies'
heart am longed to go.

Bojangles exits.

SHE CAN'T PAY THE RENT

Damsel enters.

DAMSEL

It's cold. No food for baby. No
fuel for fire.

VILLAIN

Knock knock knock.

(CONTINUED)

DAMSEL

Come in.

Villain enters, laughing.

VILLAIN

I've to collect rent.

DAMSEL

But I can't pay rent.

VILLAIN

But you must pay rent.

DAMSEL

But I've got no money.

VILLAIN

Well, maybe we can make arrangement.

DAMSEL

O the horror! Woe is me!

Hero enters with moneybag.

HERO

Stop! I'll pay the rent.

DAMSEL

My hero.

VILLAIN

Curses! Foiled again.

Exeunt.

OH JOHNNY

Curtain opens.

Rita Hayworth enters.

HAYWORTH

All the girls are crazy about a certain little lad,

Al-tho he's very, very bad,

He could be, oh, so good when he wanted to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAYWORTH (cont'd)

Bad or good he understood 'bout
love and other things,

For every girl in town followed him
around,

Just to hold his hand and sing:

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny!

How you can love!

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny!

Heavens above!

You make my sad heart jump with
joy,

And when you're near I just

Can't sit still a minute. I'm so,

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny!

Please tell me dear.

What makes me love you so?

You're not handsome, it's true,

But when I look at you,

I just, Oh, Johnny!

Oh, Johnny! Oh!

Hayworth dances.

Curtain closes.

MR. GALLAGHER & MR. SHEAN

SHEAN

Good morning, Mr Gallagher.

GALLAGHER

Good morning, Mr. Shean.

(CONTINUED)

SHEAN

There is something that is
troubling me.

GALLAGHER

That is very plainly seen.

SHEAN

Mr. Gallagher, I am a simple man.

I never yell nor shout.

GALLAGHER

Mr. Shean, if you'd confide in me,

I'll try to help you out.

SHEAN

Oh! Mister Gallagher,

Oh! Mister Gallagher!

GALLAGHER

Hello, what's on your mind

This morning, Mister Shean?

SHEAN

Ev'rybody's making fun

Of the way our country's run

All the papers say

We'll soon live European.

GALLAGHER

Why Mister Shean,

Why Mister Shean.

On the day they took away

Our old canteen,

Cost of living went so high

That it's cheaper now to die.

SHEAN

Positively, Mister Gallagher.

(CONTINUED)

GALLAGHER

Absolutely, Mister Shean.

SHEAN

Oh! Mister Gallagher,
Oh! Mister Gallagher,
If you're a friend of mine,
You'll lend me a couple of bucks.
I'm so broke and badly bent,
And I haven't got a cent.
I'm so clean you'd think
That I was washed with Lux.

GALLAGHER

Oh! Mister Shean,
Oh! Mister Shean,
Do you mean to say
You haven't got a bean?
On my word as I'm alive, I intended
touching you for five.

SHEAN

Oh! I thank you Mister Gallagher.

GALLAGHER

You are welcome Mister Shean.

SHEAN

Oh! Mister Gallagher,
Oh! Mister Gallagher,
Once I think I saw you save a
lady's life
In a rowboat out to sea.
You were a hero then to me,
And I thought perhaps
You've made this girl your wife.

(CONTINUED)

GALLAGHER

Oh! Mister Shean,

Oh! Mister Shean,

As she sunk I dove down like a
submarine,

Dragged her up upon the shore,

Now she's mine forever more.

SHEAN

Who, the lady, Mister Gallagher?

GALLAGHER

No, the rowboat, Mister Shean.

SHEAN

Oh! Mister Gallagher,

Oh! Mister Gallagher,

What's the name of that game

They play on the links?

With a stick they knock the ball

Where you can't find it at all,

Then the caddie walks around

And thinks and thinks.

GALLAGHER

Oh! Mister Shean,

Oh! Mister Shean,

You don't even know a hazard from a
green.

Its become a popular game,

And you don't even know its name,

SHEAN

Sure it's croquet, Mister
Gallagher.

(CONTINUED)

GALLAGHER

No, lawn tennis, Mister Shean.

THE GUZZLER'S GIN PROGRAM

A table is set with a bottle and a glass.

Red Skelton enters.

SKELTON

Funding for this program is provided by a grant from the Corporation of Public Broadcasting and financial support by viewers like you. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Bring the chillen to the television set for this is the Guzzler's Gin Program. Guzzler's Gin comes in two sizes. The college size and the jumbo elephant size. With Guzzler's Gin there's no bad taste, no after affects, no upsetting the nerves, just a nice smooth drink. [pours some gin in the glass] Pour a little glass and drink it right down, but be sure to ask for Guzzler's Gin, a nice smooth drink. [swallows the gin, begins to cough] Drink some after dinner, drink some before so you won't need dinner. I'll be back in moment with more from our sponsor. Meanwhile, here's our first guest of the evening, Mr. Knickerbocker Master Juggler. [exits]

Mr. Knickerbocker enters. He takes out one ball and tosses it from one hand to the other and vise versa. He then take another ball and juggles two ball in one hand. He then take out a third ball and juggle three balls.

KNICKERBOCKER

And now, back to our announcer and more from out sponsor, Guzzler's Gin. [exits]

Skelton enters, slightly intoxicated.

SKELTON

This is the Guzzler's Gin Program you lookin' at. Guzzler's come in five sizes. Get the college size

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SKELTON (cont'd)
 and you'll be in a class by
 yourself. No bad taste, no after
 affects, no upsetting the nerves
 just a nice smooth drink. Pour a
 little glass and drink it right
 down...[looks for the glass] You
 gotta find the glass first. [find
 the glass and pours some gin in it]
 Be sure to ask for Guzzler's Gin, a
 nice smooth drink. [smells the gin
 and gags] I should've done the
 oatmeal program. [pinches his nose
 and swallows the gin, he begins to
 cough] And now for our next guest
 of the evening, John Jacob
 Jingleheimer Schmidt. [exits]

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt enters.

SCHMIDT
 Hallo. I'll be sing a novelty song
 written by the Sherman Brothers.
 It's called There's a Great Big
 Beautiful Tomorrow. [sings the
 song] And now back to our announcer
 who'll sign off the Guzzler's Gin
 Program. [exits]

Skelton enters, completely intoxicated.

SKELTON
 Smooth! Guzzler's Gin comes in
 twenty-nine sizes. With Guzzler's
 you don't need a chaser, nothing
 can cat'cha. Save money, get the
 jumbo elephant size, only
 twenty-five cents a quart. Smooth!
 Pour a little glass and drink it
 right down. [drink the gin straight
 from the bottle, begins to cough]
 Smooth! [does a pratfall]

HARLEQUIN & COLUMBINE

Enter FAIRY.

FAIRY
 [mime] I bid you welcome. I am the
 queen of the fairies. I would like
 to show you the characters of the
 following scene. [characters appear
 (MORE)]

(CONTINUED)

FAIRY (cont'd)
when called by name] The jumping
Harlequin, the graceful Columbine,
the miserly Pantaloon and the
madcap Clown. These figures will
perform for you. Go and make ready.

Exeunt.

Curtain opens.

Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE. Dance and exit.

Enter CLOWN, who goes to Butcher's shop, followed by PANTALOON, and tries to steal a leg of mutton. Butcher sees him and hides, and then hits CLOWN. CLOWN turns round and knocks down PANTALOON. PANTALOON explains by signs that he didn't do it. CLOWN picks him up. PANTALOON engages Butcher in conversation while CLOWN steals a round of beef, and tries to put it in his pocket; but it flies up and disappears at the touch of HARLEQUIN's wand, who comes in at back.

He then goes to Baker's shop and steals a loaf, which disappears in the same way as the beef.

Servant-girl comes out of a house and begins to clean the steps. CLOWN and PANTALOON both make love to her. She drives them off with her broom. CLOWN pushes PANTALOON backwards into the pail. After helping him out, he takes the pail, and washes his face in it, and then drinks the water. He then kisses Servant, who screams. Enter Policeman. CLOWN makes signs that it was PANTALOON. While Policeman is taking PANTALOON in custody, CLOWN goes off and brings a red-hot poker. He walks on the other side of PANTALOON, and touches-up the Policeman with the hot end. Policeman shrieks and exit. CLOWN and PANTALOON run off in the opposite direction.

Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE. Dance.

Enter CLOWN and PANTALOON in pursuit of HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE; they try to catch them. COLUMBINE dances off. They take HARLEQUIN, each holding a hand; they spin round, and then HARLEQUIN dodges under their arms and gets off, giving each a slap on the face.

Enter a Costermonger with a basket of fruit, a Fishmonger, and Baker with rolls. CLOWN and PANTALOON trip them up; general row and pelting. Enter Policeman and drives them all off. CLOWN hides in a shop, and comes out with some butter; licks it, and greases his hair with it. PANTALOON asks for a taste. CLOWN gets red-hot poker, and suddenly substituting

(CONTINUED)

it for the butter, burns PANTALOON's tongue. While laughing at PANTALOON, he inadvertently takes hold of wrong end of poker and burns himself. Recommends PANTALOON to go to the doctor. As soon as he has gone in, CLOWN makes a butter-slide on the steps, and knocks loudly at the door. PANTALOON and Doctor rush out, and both fall down. They threaten CLOWN, who jumps through Doctor's window. Doctor follows him, and CLOWN running out of the door, tumbles down on his own slide. Jumps up and hides. The Doctor comes out and rushes off in pursuit. CLOWN goes in and steals a lot of pillboxes and bottles; he and PANTALOON sit down in front to share them. Enter HARLEQUIN, who comes behind and tickles CLOWN, who thinks it is PANTALOON, and knocks him over. They then sit down again to share plunder. Enter Doctor, who shakes his fist, and fetches in Policeman, who quietly sits down between them. As fast as CLOWN has been giving PANTALOON his share in front, he has reached behind him and stolen it. As he is putting down something, he happens to look up and see Policeman. Terror; he slides away and bolts; PANTALOON ditto, pursued by Policeman.

Enter HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE. Dance.

Stage gradually darkens; music ceases; they begin to grope about in the dark; CLOWN steals HARLEQUIN's bat, and he and PANTALOON take him prisoner.

Curtain closes. FAIRY discovered. The Characters form a group.

FAIRY

[in mime] We hope you enjoy this scene. We now bid you farewell.

Exeunt.

YES WE HAVE NO BANANAS

Curtain opens.

Sullivan and Eddie Cantor enter.

SULLIVAN

There's a fruit store on our street

It's run by a Greek.

And he keeps good things to eat

But you should hear him speak!

When you ask him anything, he never answers "no".

(CONTINUED)

He just "yes"es you to death, and
as he takes your dough

He tells you...

CANTOR

"Yes, we have no bananas

We have-a no bananas today.

We've string beans, and onions

Cabbageses, and scallions,

And all sorts of fruit and say

We have an old fashioned to-mah-to

A Long Island po-tah-to

But yes, we have no bananas.

We have no bananas today."

"Yes, we have no bananas

We have-a no bananas today.

Just try those coconuts

Those walnuts and doughnuts

There ain't many nuts like they.

We'll sell you two kinds of red
herring,

Dark brown, and ball-bearing.

But yes, we have no bananas

We have no bananas today."

Curtain closes.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Marilyn Monroe enters.

MONROE

Drink to me only with thine eyes,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MONROE (cont'd)

And I will pledge with mine;

Or leave a kiss within the cup,

And I'll not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth
rise

Doth ask a drink divine;

But might I of Jove's nectar sip,

I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,

Not so much honoring thee

As giving it a hope, that there

It could not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only
breathe,

And sent'st it back to me;

Since when it grows, and smells, I
swear,

Not of itself, but thee.

End of Play.