

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

MUSIC THEME for about 5 seconds

De Marcos (SINGING OVER MUSIC) Mr. Allen...Mr. Allen...

MUSIC STOPS

FRED It isn't one of the Old Hickory Singers, kiddies.

MUSIC THEME back up, play for another 8 seconds

KENNY (OVER MUSIC) The makers of Blue Bonnet Margarine and Tenderleaf Tea present the Fred Allen show. With Fred's guests Mary Livingstone's husband, Portland Hoffa, Minerva Pious as Mrs. Nussbaum, Alan Reed as Falstaff Openshaw, Parker Findlay as Titus Moody, the De Marco Sisters, and Al Goodman and his orchestra. And until I start tooting the Claghorn, my name is Kenny Delmar.

MUSIC Plays additional 5 seconds, *STOPS*.

KENNY Ladies and gentlemen, Shakespeare said "To be or not to be." Benjamin Franklin said "Remember: time is money." But for the last eight months all I've said is, Here he is again: Fred Allen! **SFX: APPLAUSE**

FRED Thank you and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. And Kenny, I happened to overhear your opening remarks. Lad, if you are unhappy in your work...

KENNY Well, how can I be happy, Fred? Every Sunday, what do I do? I have one line: Here he is again.

FRED Kenny, the man who invented the telephone only had one line when he started.

KENNY Yeah, but Fred, I'm not getting any place in radio; it's the same on my other show.

FRED Oh, you're on another a...

KENNY The Lucky Strikes program.

FRED Oh, the Lucky Strike program. What do you do on that?

KENNY You know when the man says L-S-M-F-T?

FRED Yeah...

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

KENNY Then the tobacco auctioneer says ya-ta-fa ya-ta-fa sold, American?

FRED Uh-huh...

KENNY Then a voice says, "You bet!"

FRED "You bet"...

KENNY Another voice says, "Yes sir!"

FRED "Yes sir"...

KENNY The voice that says "Yes sir" is mine.

FRED You're beaten down on that show too, huh? Kenny, why don't you give up that other job and just work on our show?

KENNY You mean, you'll pay me the extra money?

FRED No, Kenny, but I tell you what I shall do: I'll let you add the line you have on the Lucky Strike program to the line you have on our show. Put them together, now, and see how they sound.

KENNY Here he is again, yes sir!

FRED How is that?

KENNY Well, that's more like it, Fred. Now I've got something to do!

FRED As long as you're happy, Kenny, that's...

PORTLAND Mr. Allen!

FRED Well, Portland! **SFX: APPLAUSE**

FRED Well, Portland, pull up an old rejoinder and sit down. What's new?

PORTLAND Mama says President Truman has taken over all the coal mines.

FRED Does your mother need coal?

PORTLAND Yes. Mama's calling up the White House tomorrow and ordering two tons.

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

- FRED Oh, that's fine. Do away with the middleman, go right to the top. Well, if she needs any wood the President could sit down at the piano and give her a couple of chords, I imagine. (*AD-LIB TO AUDIENCE*) Not good, huh? Can I help it? A man crept in here and did something to the script tonight. I won't mention any names.
- PORTLAND Mama says the world today is a bowling alley.
- FRED The world is a bowling alley?
- PORTLAND Every time you turn around, there's a strike.
- FRED Well, I'm glad--(*AD-LIB TO AUDIENCE*) anything you don't understand, applaud, it's perfectly all right. That's what they do in Hollywood: people come in, just applaud, and get warm and go home. (*ON SCRIPT*) Well, I'm glad the trains are running again, Portland.
- PORTLAND Yes, if the railroad strike lasted one more week...
- FRED Yeah?
- PORTLAND The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe would have been off the Hit Parade.
- FRED Oh, that would have been terrible. Well, I think I'll run along, Portland. I have to get my magnifying glass and worm a crabapple.
- PORTLAND Mama says Friday is your birthday.
- FRED That's right.
- PORTLAND How old are you?
- FRED Nobody knows, Portland. I was born before the Decca company started, so there weren't any records in those days.
- PORTLAND (*LAUGHING*) Mama says last...
- FRED (*AD-LIB*) Now, don't you laugh, don't you start up. If you're going to establish a precedent in here I want to know about it.
- PORTLAND Mama says last year when the candles on your birthday cake melted down...

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

FRED Yeah?

PORTLAND There was enough grease to wax the floor at Roseland.

FRED Oh, I'm not that old, Portland.

PORTLAND Mama says, if you were a piece of furniture, you'd be an antique.

FRED If I was an antique in radio I'd be Duncan's other wife. Well...Well, that's life I guess, Portland.

PORTLAND Mama says life is like the Australian Fig Bird.

FRED The Australian Fig Bird?

PORTLAND It lives on the seeds in figs.

FRED But there aren't any figs in Australia.

PORTLAND The Australian Fig Bird dies at birth.

FRED And the Australian Fig Bird has nothing on our jokes, let me tell you. With that said, I think we better get along to Allen's Alley, Portland.

PORTLAND What is your question tonight?

FRED Well, recently a Mister Al Slater, a specialist in mental suggestion, made a phonograph record that he guarantees will put any insomniac to sleep. And so our question is, do you have any trouble sleeping and if you do, what are you doing about it?

PORTLAND Shall we go?

FRED As the dollar dinner said when the glutton sat down, I'll be gone in a minute.

MUSIC BRIDGE for 5 seconds.

FRED Ah, it's so good to get back to Allen's Alley, Portland. It's as quiet as an eel coiling in a bucket of whipped cream. Say, I wonder if the Senator is in. Let's knock.

SFX ***KNOCKING. DOOR OPENS***

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

CLAGHORN Somebody--I say--somebody knocked.

FRED Yes, I..

CLAGHORN Claghorn's the name, Senator Claghorn, that is.

FRED Well now, look, I know...

CLAGHORN Something tells me you don't remember me, son.

FRED Look, I remember you...

CLAGHORN I'm from the South! The pone and possum paradise!

FRED Now look, Senator...

CLAGHORN The only plant life I have around my house is a Virginia Creeper!

FRED Now wait a minute...

CLAGHORN Every time I get chicken pox, they're southern fried!

FRED Senator...

CLAGHORN Remember me now, son?

FRED No!

CLAGHORN Don't say "no" in my presence!

FRED Why not?

CLAGHORN N-O! That's "north" abbreviated!

FRED Wait a minute, Senator. What about this sleeping problem?

CLAGHORN When I--I say--when I first went to the Senate I had plenty of trouble sleeping.

FRED You...

CLAGHORN After the roll was called, I'd put on my seersucker nightshirt and my lindsey-woolsey (*STRESSING FIRST SYLLABLE*) BAY-ray...

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

FRED Yeah?

CLAGHORN Yeah, I'd face the south, lean back, close my eyes...

FRED And go to sleep, eh?

CLAGHORN Until some Yankee pigeon-plucker would get up, start flappin' his lips and break up my morpheus filibuster. Filibuster, that is!

FRED I heard you the first time, Senator. Are you still losing sleep, Senator?

CLAGHORN No, I've solved my problem, son.

FRED How?

CLAGHORN When I'm ready to sleep in the Senate I sit back and croon myself my southern lullaby.

FRED What is your southern lullaby?

MUSIC "ROCK-A-BYE BABY" PLAYS

CLAGHORN (*OVER MUSIC*) Rock-a-bye small fry, On the cotton tree top, When the southern wind blows, Your cradle will rock, When the wind's from the north, I say, baby you'll bawl, For down will come cradle, Tree and you all!

MUSIC STOPS

FRED Well very good, Senator. So long, Senator.

CLAGHORN So long!

SFX *DOOR CLOSES. APPLAUSE*

FRED Well, the Senator stopped just in time: I was dozing off myself. Now, I wonder how Titus Moody is doing.

SFX *KNOCKING. DOOR OPENS*

TITUS Howdy, bub.

FRED You're starting to sound like Dennis Day, Titus. Tell me, Mr. Moody, do you have any trouble sleeping?

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

TITUS I only half sleep.

FRED Half sleep?

TITUS I got short eyelids.

FRED With short eyelids, you can't close your eyes, huh?

TITUS Only when I frown.

FRED I see. Well, are you the only one awake on the farm?

TITUS No, daylight saving time has got everything in a swivet.

FRED The animals are bewildered?

TITUS Yeah. My cow had insomny.

FRED Your cow didn't sleep at all?

TITUS The bags under her eyes were so big, I didn't know which end to milk.

FRED You were confused, eh?

TITUS Yeah. First time I milked the wrong end, and got two buckets full of homogenized tears.

FRED Well, have you cured the cow's insomnia?

TITUS I got a book on hypnotizin'.

FRED Good.

TITUS I stood in front of the cow...

FRED Yeah?

TITUS I stared right into her eyes...

FRED Uh-huh...

TITUS I started waving with my hands...

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

FRED Uh-huh...

TITUS I said, "alacazam, alacazen, you ain't a cow, you're a hen."

FRED "You're a hen." Well, was your hypnotism a success?

TITUS Yeah. Today, that cow thinks she's a hen.

FRED Well, how do you know?

TITUS Well, she's sitting on a nest.

FRED You mean...

TITUS She's laying egg nogs. So long, bub!

SFX ***DOOR CLOSES. APPLAUSE***

FRED Let's try this next door, here.

SFX ***KNOCKING. DOOR OPENS.***

Mrs. NUSS Nu?

FRED Oh, Mrs. Nussbaum!

Mrs. NUSS You were expecting maybe Hoagie Carbuncle?

FRED Tell me, Mrs. N, do you have trouble sleeping?

Mrs. NUSS Who could sleep? Every night with his dreaming, mine husband Pierre is waking me up.

FRED He dreams, huh?

Mrs. NUSS Always he's different things.

FRED Dreams he's different things? How do you mean?

Mrs. NUSS One night, Pierre is dreaming he is the Lone Stranger.

FRED Yeah?

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

Mrs. NUSS All night long, he is yelling "Hi-ho Silver!"

FRED "Hi-ho Silver," huh?

Mrs. NUSS Upstairs is living a Mrs. Silver.

FRED Yeah?

Mrs. NUSS All night, she is yelling back "Hi-ho Nussbaum!"

FRED I see.

Mrs. NUSS One night, Pierre is dreaming he is an automobile, a roadster.

FRED A roadster?

Mrs. NUSS In his pajamas, Pierre is sleeping with the top down.

FRED Oh, my.

Mrs. NUSS Once, he is dreaming he is an Alka-Seltzer.

FRED An Alka-Seltzer?

Mrs. NUSS All night, Pierre is fizzing.

FRED No wonder you can't sleep.

Mrs. NUSS Last night, he should drop dead.

FRED What happened?

Mrs. NUSS He is dreaming he is a tea kettle.

FRED A tea kettle, eh?

Mrs. NUSS All night long, Pierre is whistling.

FRED Whistling?

Mrs. NUSS In the morning, when he is waking ...

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

FRED Yeah?

Mrs. NUSS In bed with Pierre is twenty dogs.

SFX *DOOR CLOSES. APPLAUSE*

FRED Well, that brings us to the lavender shanty at the end of the Alley. Let's try here.

SFX *KNOCKING. DOOR OPENS*

FALSTAFF You knocked three times, do you think that's nice? In my last picture, the postman rang twice.

FRED Ah, Falstaff. You have new poems tonight?

FALSTAFF Indubitably. Have you heard: Said the little bear to the big giraffe, Let's eat a hyena, just for a laugh?

FRED No.

FALSTAFF Or: When I called her "baby," her face lit up, Cause she had a lantern jaw?

FRED No.

FALSTAFF How about this: Mother's home putting spikes in her shoes, She's playing first base for Vera Cruz.

FRED Now, wait a minute, Falstaff! You exponent of the hackney! Tonight, we are discussing the problem of sleep.

FALSTAFF My poem awaits your bidding.

FRED And what is your shut-eye sonata called?

FALSTAFF "My Recipe for Slumber."

FRED How does it Go?

FALSTAFF If you cannot sleep at night And you don't know what to do,
My Recipe for Slumber Is just the thing for you.
Don't waste time taking powders, Don't bother counting sheep,
Don't dawdle in a hot bath, Hoping you will sleep.
Don't give up drinking coffee, Don't send for any gland man,

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

You can eat and drink all night, And still you'll meet the sandman.
My Recipe for Slumber is older than the sphinx.
Just cut twenty tiddlies into halves, And you'll get forty winks.

SFX *APPLAUSE. DOOR CLOSES*

FRED Well thank you, Falstaff. And as Falstaff runs for cover, we turn to greet...

SFX *DOOR OPENS*

GUIDE This is Studio 6A, folks...

FRED Say, wait a minute, wait a minute...

GUIDE This last booth is the control room.

FRED Say, just a minute.

GUIDE That little man with the mildew on him is a Vice President.

FRED Say, wait a minute. What is this?

GUIDE This is a Radio City sixty-cent tour. OK, folks, let's get going...hey, wait a minute! I got a stowaway, here!

FRED A stowaway in a tour?

GUIDE Only fifteen people paid, now I got sixteen.

FRED Who would be low enough to sneak into a tour to save sixty cents?

GUIDE There's the guy. Hey, you!

JACK Who me?

FRED Jack Benny! **SFX: APPLAUSE**

FRED Jack...

GUIDE Come on! I'm going to get sixty cents out of you if I have to...

JACK Take your hand off my tie!

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

GUIDE Come on!

JACK Put me down!

FRED Yes guide, put Mr. Benny down. I'll give you the sixty cents.

JACK Wait a minute, Fred. Wait a minute. Put that money away.

FRED But Jack...

JACK I've only seen half the tour.

FRED Well Jack...

JACK Give him thirty cents.

FRED Here you are, guide.

GUIDE (*Moving away from mic*) Thanks. Follow me, folks. Now on your right is a water cooler...

SFX *DOOR CLOSES*

JACK Well Fred, it was nice of you to pay that thirty cents.

FRED Oh, it was nothing.

JACK "Nothing," he says. Thirty cents.

FRED Jack, how can you be so cheap?

JACK Oh, all right. Go ahead, be like the other radio comedians. Tell some cheap jokes. Say I'm tighter than the skin on Sydney Greenstreet's hip. I squeeze a nickel so hard the "E Pluribus" laps over the "Unum." Tell 'em.

FRED Well Jack, I didn't...

JACK Oh, start insulting me, after I made a special trip up here just to say goodbye before I leave for Hollywood.

FRED Well Jack, I...

JACK All of a sudden I'm cheap. I won't even eat in the sun: my shadow might ask me

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

for a bite.

FRED Your shadow has teeth? Jack, don't get excited. Look, if you're cheap, you're cheap.

JACK That's the way I look at it. Some people save asparagus ends, it's a hobby. My hobby is not spending.

FRED Look, Jack, if there ever was a time that you and I should not argue, this is the time.

JACK What do you mean, this is the time?

FRED Well, a lot of--haven't you heard? A lot of the radio programs that have been on for many years have been canceled. They'll not be back on the air next fall.

JACK Well that's radio, Fred. It's dog-eat-dog. I always say only the fit survive.

FRED Oh, how true. By the way, you finished tonight, didn't you?

JACK Yes sirree. Tonight was my last show of the season.

FRED Did your sponsor mention anything about your program coming back in October?

JACK Well no, no, Fred. But we have a mutual understanding. You see, we always sort of take it for granted.

FRED Oh.

JACK The season ends, the sponsor shakes hands with me, and then we...yipe!

FRED Jack! Jack, what's wrong?

JACK Tonight he didn't shake hands.

FRED Well, that's what happened to The Street Singer. At the end of the year his sponsor used to wink. One year he didn't wink--The Street Singer was back in the street.

JACK But Fred, why should my sponsor want to get rid of me? Why, I'm funnier than I was when I started. And I'm getting less money.

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

FRED Really?

JACK Some days when he's short I take tobacco. (*AD-LIB*) I hate to get these big laughs on your program.

FRED Let's face it, Jack, radio needs new blood. Who knows? We may be through.

JACK I've been in radio fourteen years, they can't throw me aside like an old shoe.

FRED But Jack...

JACK Fourteen years. And now, like an old shoe.

FRED But Jack, you with that "hmm" and "yipe." Fourteen years is a long time.

JACK Fred, what does Ma Perkins got that I haven't got, only longer commercials?

FRED Well, Jack, you know how it is in radio. Today you're a star, tomorrow Ralph Edwards is hitting you in the face with a pie.

JACK Like an old shoe.

FRED Well cheer up, Jack. At least we have our memories. We've known each other for thirty years.

JACK Yep. The first time I met you, Fred, I was just a kid in school. A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar.

FRED You were the only ten o'clock scholar I ever saw with five o'clock shadow.

JACK How I could use some of that fuzz today. (*AD-LIB*) Could use a good joke today, too.

FRED The next time we met, we were in vaudeville, remember? You were doing a musical act.

JACK Playing the violin. What a finish I had. When I played "Glow Worm" my violin lit up.

FRED With those neon strings it was beautiful.

JACK Fred, remember my encore?

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

FRED Encore?

JACK Remember, I'd put the violin bow in my teeth, bend the crab, and play "Listen to the Mockingbird?"

FRED And as you bent the crab, two mockingbirds flew out of the back of your pants.

JACK I stopped every show with it.

FRED (AD-LIB) Except this one. (ON SCRIPT) Remember the closing...

JACK (AD-LIB) This one stopped five minutes before I got on it!

FRED (AD-LIB) It stopped with cash daily. (ON SCRIPT) Remember that week in Needles, Arizona--the closing act, Cohen's Camels?

JACK Cohen's...no, no, I...

FRED The closing act. Jack, how could you forget Cohen's Camels?

JACK Cohen I remember. My sponsor told me to forget that other word.

FRED Ah, those were the happy days. The next time I saw you, you were just going into radio.

JACK Radio. I remember the morning Marconi called me up.

FRED Marconi?

JACK Marconi and Singing Sam--had a little radio station in a doorway down on the East Side. The antenna was a Western Union boy holding a wire.

FRED Well, I guess...

JACK (AD-LIB) These kind of jokes don't fit.

FRED (AD-LIB) No, they don't.

JACK (AD-LIB) "The antenna"--when did I ever say "antenna" on my own show? But go ahead, Fred.

FRED Well, it's all over, Jack. We've come to the end of the rainbow.

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

JACK Like an old shoe.

FRED Like an...(AD-LIB) there it is again.

JACK (AD-LIB) Been on ten minutes already; I've only had "it's an old shoe." Oh, I forgot: "antenna."

FRED (AD-LIB) You ought to get a boot out of that old shoe by now.

JACK (AD-LIB) Now I'm sorry I brought it back in again. (ON SCRIPT) Seems like only yesterday I ran into the May Company and said, "Mary, stop demonstrating that Brillo." (AD-LIB) That's another word I don't always get.

FRED (AD-LIB) It goes on top of an antenna...

JACK (OVER FRED) We're going to work...

FRED The Brillo fits on an antenna. (ON SCRIPT) Cheer up, Jack. When you're retired you can tune in on my program.

JACK Your program? You mean, you're not getting thrown out of radio, too?

FRED Well, why should I?

JACK Listen, if my program is old stuff, you with that broken down "Allen's Alley"...

FRED Well now wait, I mean my new show.

JACK New show?

FRED People don't want entertainment today. A radio show has to give away things. Nylons, iceboxes, automobiles...

JACK You mean, to stay on the air you have to give things away? Free?

FRED Yes!

JACK I'll die first.

FRED Well, not me. I'm auditioning my new program tonight.

JACK And you're...Fred, you're giving things away?

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

FRED Tons of stuff!

JACK To strangers?

FRED What's the difference who gets it?

JACK Well Fred, as long as I'm here in the studio...

FRED Oh no, I'm sorry, Jack. Professional people cannot participate--it's the rule.

JACK But don't you ever find people on these programs changing their names to get something for nothing?

FRED Well, occasionally we do catch a phony, but we're on the air--what can we do?

JACK Nothing. You have to give them the merchandise?

FRED That's right.

JACK Hmm...

AL Mr. Allen, we're ready for your audition.

JACK Uh, I'll run along,

FRED So long.

FRED So long, Jack.

JACK Hmm. Giving away things for nothing.

SFX *DOOR CLOSES*

FRED Well all right, Mr. Goodman. Let's try out my new show.

SFX *TRUMPET FANFARE*

KENNY How would you like to be King for a Day?

SFX **CHEERING and MUSIC--"WE'RE IN THE MONEY"--for five seconds. CHEERING stops,**

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

MUSIC fades down.

KENNY (*OVER MUSIC*) And here he is: the man who'll change one of you nobodys
(*MUSIC FADES OUT*) into King for a Day, the old Kingmaker himself, Fred
Allen!

SFX *CHEERING*

FRED (*OVER CHEERING*) Thank you, thank you, (*CHEERING STOPS*) and good
evening. Did all you folks in the audience like those thousand-dollar bills you
found on your seats when you came in?

SFX *CHEERING*

FRED Good. And if you want more, there'll be a big bag of money at the door. On your
way out, help yourselves. But the stage is loaded with hundreds of presents for
the first man to answer our Jumbo Jackpot Question. He will be King for a Day.
And here is our first eager contestant. Good evening, sir, what is your name?

PLOG Abner Plog.

FRED Mr. Plog, how old are you?

PLOG I'm ninety-eight.

FRED Ninety-eight years old.

PLOG And don't pin no orchid onto me.

FRED No orchid, eh?

PLOG That's how I lost my wife.

FRED On a quiz program?

PLOG Yeah. My wife was a hundred and two, the fella pinned an orchid onto her...

FRED I see...

PLOG The weight of the orchid bent my wife over and snapped her spine.

FRED Well, that's too bad.

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

PLOG Yeah, my wife won first prize, but she never knew it.

FRED Well all right, Mr. Plog, now for our question. You may be King for a Day.

PLOG I don't think I'll last through the day.

FRED All right, we'll hurry. Tell me, who was the sixth President of the United States?

PLOG The sixth?

FRED There were three names.

PLOG Mary Margaret McBride?

FRED Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Plog. But for making such a swell try, here is a gift certificate. Present it at LaGuardia Airfield, and you will get a brand new B-29 and a polka-dot form-fitting parachute. Happy landings, Mr. Plog! And here is our next potential King for a Day. Your name, sir?

JACK Myron Proudfoot.

FRED Myron Proudfoot? You look like a chap I know.

JACK I'm not interested in your friends--start giving things away, brother.

FRED What is your occupation, Mr. Proudfoot?

JACK I'm a chaplain in a bakery.

FRED What does a chaplain do in a bakery?

JACK I put wings on angel cakes.

FRED How long have you been in the cake business, Mr. Proudfoot?

JACK Long enough to know a crumb when I see one. And I see one.

FRED Now don't get sarcastic, Mr. Proudleg...

JACK The name is Proudfoot and make with the question.

FRED All right. Who was the sixth President of the United States?

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

JACK John Quincy Adams.

FRED John Quincy Adams is correct, and Mr. Myron Proudfoot is King for a Day!

SFX **CHEERING and MUSIC--"POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE"--for 3 seconds**

FRED Folks, here he is: King Proudfoot. Well, your majesty, how do you feel?

JACK Never mind how I feel, what do I get?

FRED First, for his majesty from Schnook's Sport Nook, a genuine no-splash beaver-board canoe paddle. Here it is.

JACK (*EXCITED*) A canoe paddle! Oh, boy!

FRED And with the compliments of Tiffany's, this chromium pitchfork! For our King for a Day.

JACK (*EXCITED*) Gee! A four-pronger! And it's all mine!

FRED And from Hemmingway's Hardware Store, two hundred pounds of self-hardening putty for King for a Day.

JACK (*EXCITED*) Just what I needed! Just what I needed!

FRED This is just the beginning, King. King, you are over thirty-five?

JACK By two years.

FRED Fine. A jumbo Podernockle Gym, for his majesty--he is over thirty-five.

JACK Epiy! Epiy! That's "yipe" backwards.

FRED And here, the piston rod from a genuine Baldwin locomotive for his majesty the King. A small locomotive. And here, from Melody Lane Music Shop, this case of two thousand soy bean mandolin picks. These are the mandolin picks.

JACK (*EXCITED*) I just keep pinching myself to believe it!

FRED Immediately after this program, your majesty will be guest of honor at a banquet at Hamburger Heaven. Tomorrow morning through the courtesy of the Sanitation Department, you will be guest conductor on the eleven-five garbage run through the Bronx. At night, in your ermine robe, you will be whisked by bicycle to

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

Orange, New Jersey, where you will be the judge in a chicken-cleaning contest.

JACK I'm King for a Day!

FRED And that's not all!

JACK There's more?

FRED Yes. We're going to start right now to make you look like a king. Sam, of Sam's Super Shoe Shine Stand, is here to brush your shoes. All right, Sam.

JACK Sam, watch out for the buttons!

FRED Next, the president of The Busy Bee Hat Cleaners is here to block your hat. Take the King's hat, Mr. Bumble.

JACK And change the newspaper in the hatband.

FRED Your suit is a little baggy, King. Boys, take his majesty's coat off.

JACK Wait, wait...

FRED On our stage we have a Hoffman pressing machine.

JACK Now wait a minute! Wait a minute!

FRED An expert operating the Hoffman pressing machine will press your trousers...

JACK Now wait!

FRED Take Mr. Proudfoot's pants off, boys.

JACK Now wait! No wait a minute, Allen!

FRED Keep your shirt on, King.

JACK You bet I'll keep my shirt on!

FRED We're a little late, folks. Tune in again next week...

JACK (*OVER FRED*) Oh, come on, Allen, give me my pants!

FRED Quiet, King!

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

JACK Allen, where are my pants?

FRED Benny, for fifteen years I've been waiting to catch you like this.

JACK Allen, you haven't seen the end of me!

FRED It won't be long now!

JACK I want my pants! **SFX: *APPLAUSE***

VOICE This is NBC, the National Broadcasting Company.

SFX NBC Chimes

THE FRED ALLEN SHOW
Sunday, May 26, 1946

CAST

Fred Allen

Kenny Delmar

Portland Hoffa

Senator Claghorn

Titus Moody

Mrs. Nussbaum

Falstaff Openshaw

Jack Benny

Al Goodman (1 line)

Abner Plog

Guide
