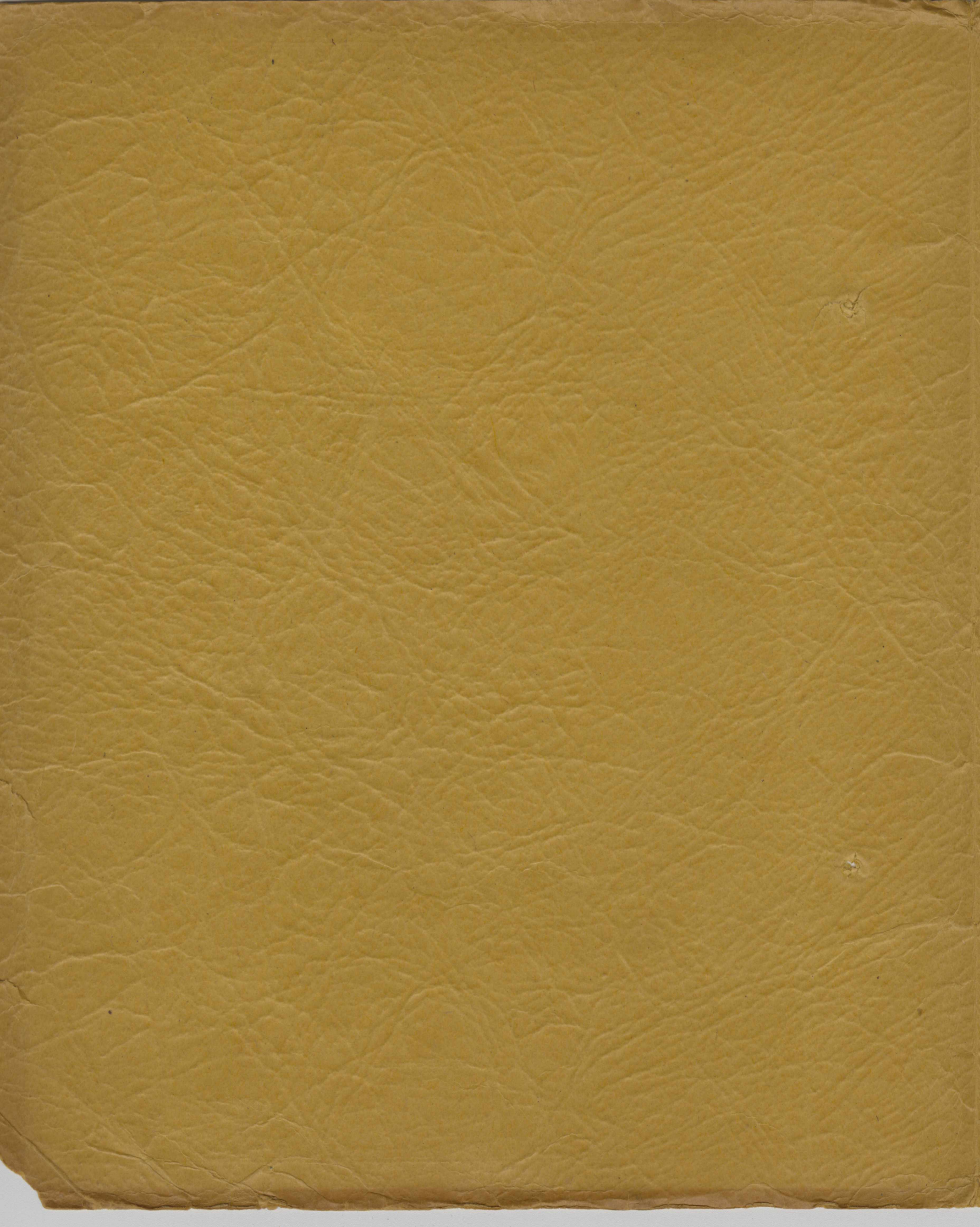


Property of  
GEORGE CHOOS  
110 West 47th Street  
New York City

BATTLING BUTTLER

CENTURY FILED  
NEW YORK CITY

RIALTO SERVICE BUREAU  
MIMEOGRAPHING AND TYPING  
229 WEST 42ND STREET  
NEW YORK CITY  
WISCONSIN 6742



Property of  
GEORGE CHOOS  
110 West 47th Street  
New York City

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Sender*

**"BATTLING BUTTLER"**

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New York City

"BATTLING BUTTLER"

ACT ONE

Cast in Order of Appearance

DEACON GRAFTON	Eugene McGregor.
MAID	Helen La Vonne
MRS. ALFRED BUTLER	Helen Eley.
MARIGOLD	Mildred Keats.
EDITH	Marie Saxon.
CHAUFFEUR	Irving Mills.
ALFRED BUTLER	Charles Ruggles.
FRANK BRYANT	Jack Squires.
SOCKS	Wm. T. Kent.
SPINK	Teddy McNamera.
SWEENEY	Cuy Voyer.
"BATTLINO" BUTLER	Frank Sinclair.
BERTHA	Frances Halliday.
SPECIALTY DANCERS	Grant Wing. George Dobbs.

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"BATTLING BUTTLER"

ACT ONE

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SCENE:

The home of ALFRED BUTTLER at Silver Lake, N. H.

The Sun Parlor attached to the House up stage Left. Entrance to House with three steps. Also an entrance from garden to sun parlor up stage Right. Sun Parlor is made of lattice work so you can see the garden all around behind the sun parlor.

OPENING ENSEMBLE.

(CHORUS enter on opening intermezzo)  
(DEACON is seen approaching through garden R.)

All  
The deacon, the deacon. He can deliver the speech.  
He's most intelligent, it's his element  
And his hearers he'll reach.

Deacon  
Why me?  
I'm modest and I'm shy. I really don't see why  
You call on me to make the plea. On me you can't rely.

All  
We're counting on you, deacon  
Go on, and do not weaken  
Your influence will be immense  
We'll gain our point in consequence  
Go on and ring, go on and ring  
Attention it will bring.  
(DEACON rings bell - orchestra effect)  
Ding-dong-ding-dong-ding-dong - ding dong - Ding - dong  
ding-dong-dong.  
(Enter MRS. BUTTLER)

Mrs. Buttler  
Good day.

Chorus  
(To Deacon)  
Here's Mrs. Buttler, so.

Mrs. Buttler  
Good day.

Chorus  
(To Deacon)  
We'd like to let her know why we're all here and make it clear.

Yes indeed ( Mrs. Buttler  
 ( I would like to know.  
 ( She

(X C.)

I am very glad to see you all.  
 This is indeed a surprise  
 How proudly I recognize  
 Old friends I value and prize  
 What lies behind this distinction?  
 Surely some matter of weight  
 This call portends  
 Tell me how I may best serve or lend you  
 My help, assist or befriend you?  
 You've but to ask, my friends.

Ensemble

And with the soft breath of spring  
 Robins first take to the wing  
 Y'heir song of gladness to sing  
 Our hopes we bring never doubting  
 Your heart will hark to the plea  
 We come to make  
 For the sweet sake of civic improvement  
 We've started this little movement  
 All for dear Silver Lake.

Deacon

(L.C.)

We are going to give a little affair for the Village  
 Band. We feel that the addition of a trombone will greatly  
 improve the organization, and we wondered if we couldn't  
 persuade your husband to give us an exhibition of boxing.

Mrs. Buttler

I'm afraid that is out of the question, Deacon.

Deacon

But think what it would mean to announce that your husband,  
 Battling Buttler - World's Champion Welterweight Boxer,  
 would possitively appear.

Mrs. Buttler

My husband won't even permit ME to witness any of his con-  
 tests nor allow me to accompany him on his training trips  
 so I know he would never consent to box right here in his  
 own community.

(X L.)

However, Mr. Buttler will be down in a few minutes, why not  
 wait and ask him for yourself.

Deacon

An excellent idea, Mrs. Buttler.

Mrs. Buttler  
You will find lemonade in the garden.

Deacon  
Very sweet of you, Mrs. Buttler. I'm quite sure the young people will enjoy it. But for me - Just a glass of water.  
(Bus. of showing flask in hip pocket. All laugh)

Mrs. Buttler  
I am expecting my sisters back from Boston this afternoon, so we'll be quite a party.

Deacon  
Really? Miss Edith and Miss Marigold coming home? This is good news. We shall be quite a party. I have never been to Boston. But I'm going.  
(MRS. BUTTLER exits into house L.)  
(DEACON number)

Tho' I may live in the rube town  
In a boob town with the Hicks  
There are easy pickings in a boob town  
In a Rube town - in the sticks  
There was a poet, who once said, so I once read, long ago  
That we all would wake up one day  
To find every day a Sunday, And oh how I hope it's so.

Chorus  
If ev'ry day was Sunday I'd have Rockefeller licked  
For there's no receiving teller has a job like I have picked  
I collect the large collection from an eager congregation  
With an eye to each donation that's exceptionally strict  
When they kick into the heathen in some far off tropic clime  
With a quarter or a nickel or a button or a dime.  
I rake off a slight commission  
For my troublesome position  
Fifty-fifty with the Heathen every time.

(Deacon Number)

(After Music MAID enters from house L. with tray)

(Enter EDITH and MARIGOLD R. I. E.)

Maid  
(L. C. recognizing girls as they X rear)  
Miss Edith - Miss Marigold. Oh - it's so good to see you back.  
(Takes bags.)

Marigold  
Believe me, it's good to be home again. Why didn't they



meet us with the car? Marigold (Cont'd)

Edith

(R.)  
Didn't they get our telegram?

Maid

No, Miss. Mrs. Buttler thought you'd be coming on the Maine Express.

(Exits house L. with bags and Marigold's hat)

Marigold and Edith

Maine Express!

Edith

Wasn't it an inspiration to take the local train?

Marigold

Indeed it was.

Mrs. Buttler

(In house L.)

Do hurry with the sandwiches.

Marigold

Sister Connie ----

(MRS. BUTTLER enters from house L. ad lib greeting and X C. MARIGOLD and EDITH to MRS. BUTTLER at C. ad lib greeting.)

Mrs. Buttler

Let me look at you ----

(MARIGOLD and EDITH display gowns.)

Mrs. Buttler

(C.)

All dressed in "New-ies" --- just the grandest things!

Marigold

(R.C.)

Connie darling - we've had adventures .

Mrs. Buttler

What sort of adventures?

Edith

(L.C.)

He ones. Oh don't blame me - it was all Marigold's fault --

Marigold  
Now it's all right. We were on the train --

Edith  
And we were hungry.

Marigold  
And THEY had sandwiches - and -- they're friends of  
"Daddy's."

Mrs. Buttlers  
Marigold - please stop referring to Alfred as "Daddy" ---  
It makes me feel so old.

Marigold  
I'm so sorry. It just slipped out. But I can't call him  
Battling Buttler and I don't like the name of Alfred -  
and -- and anyway HE likes it.

Mrs. Buttler  
Well never mind - WHO were the "He ones?"

Marigold  
Oh the loveliest fellow --

Edith  
Fellows!

Marigold  
His name is Bryant - Frank Bryant. The other one is Mr.  
Socks.

Mrs. Buttler  
I never heard of either of them. Where were they going?

Edith  
They WERE going to Bar Harbor - but they got off - here.

Marigold  
Yes. To call on "Daddy." They've seen all his big fights.

Mrs. Buttler  
They have! WHEN are they calling?

Edith  
They went to the hotel - to freshen up a little.  
( GLASS CRASH OFF UP L )  
(Trio react ad lib)

Marigold  
(Up C.)  
For heaven sake - what's that?

Mrs. Buttler  
(Up L.C. looking off up L.C.)

Mrs. Buttler (Cont'd)

It's Postmaster Cummings. He has been at the Elderberry wine again. Oh - he's walking through the cucumber frames -- Oh ---

(Exits into house L. MARIGOLD and EDITH exit R. 1. and through garden.)

Chauffeur

(Off stage R.2.)

You keep out of this, I'll see for myself whether he's here or not.

(MAID runs off into house)

(Enter DEACON and CHAUFFEUR ad lib R. 2)

Deacon

But I assure you Mr. Buttler isn't home.

Mrs. Buttler

(Enters from house X C.)

What is it, please?

Chauffeur

I want to see your husband, lady. He run into me yesterday. He promised to make good and he ain't done it so I'm going to collect it with my mitts.

Mrs. Buttler

(R.C.)

You evidently do not know my husband.

Deacon

(R.C.)

He doesn't understand that he is the world's champion welterweight boxer.

Chauffeur

(C.)

Welterweight champion - that don't scare me, I can scrap myself.

Deacon

Here's Mr. Buttler now.

(Enter ALFRED from house)

Alfred

Am I intruding --?

Mrs. Buttler

Oh, Alfred, this person wants money for something or other - and he's very rude about it. Pay him and throw him out.

Alfred  
Don't be hasty, my dear, you may have misunderstood him.

Chauffeur  
(Threateningly)  
Aw, she's right - all right. Kick in for the fender or I'll take it outa your hide --  
(X to him - ALFRED moves to protect himself)

Alfred  
You're right he is rude.

Deacon  
Calm yourself, Mr. Buttler --

Chauffeur  
Put up twenty bucks --  
(Sneers)  
Or put up your mitts.  
(Moves close, as if to fight.  
ALFRED retreats.)

Mrs. Buttler  
Don't let him talk that way, Alfred.

Alfred  
I'm not going to, dear - I'm going to put up the twenty dollars.  
(Money business.)

Chauffeur  
I've a good mind to take a sock at you anyhow - you four flus her.  
(Exits R. 1.)

Deacon  
(R.C.)  
Why didn't you hit him, Mr. Buttler?

Mrs. Buttler  
(L.C.)  
Yes, Alfred, why didn't you chastise him!

Alfred  
I couldn't strike him dear - he was my guest? No man hits a guest!

Deacon  
You certainly live up to your title, Battling Buttler, the gentleman champion.

Alfred  
Once a gentleman - always a gentleman.

Mrs. Buttler  
After all, I am glad you didn't hit him, Alfred.

Alfred  
You have nothing on me, dear.

Deacon  
Mr. Buttler, will you box for us Thursday night?

Alfred  
Why, what's coming off Thursday night?

Deacon  
Well, you see - the village band needs a new trombone so we're holding a benefit.

Alfred  
I've never boxed for a trombone in my life and I'm not going to begin now -- No man is a hero in his home town.

Deacon  
But you are a hero since you won the championship ---

Alfred  
Say no more about that championship, Deacon.

Deacon  
But I must speak about it. I didn't see it, you know. Won't you tell me about it?

Mrs. Buttler  
Do, dear. You have always refused to tell me, - perhaps you will tell it to the Deacon.

Alfred  
No, I'd rather not speak about it - Modesty always, wife -

Mrs. Buttler  
Alfred, I insist --

Alfred  
Well, if you insist -- It was like this - Knock - out Bozo -

(Enter MARIGOLD and EDITH from house)

Marigold and Edith  
Daddy!

(Ad lib)

Alfred  
(Yes to Girls L.)  
You don't know how glad I am to see you at this moment.

Marigold  
You're really glad to have us here?

Alfred  
More than you can imagine!

Edith  
You say it so seriously, daddy - what's wrong?

Mrs. Buttler  
The deacon has just asked Alfred to tell us how he won the Championship from Knockout Bozo --

Marigold  
Oh, Daddy, can't we all hear it?  
(Then all get chairs.)

Alfred  
Well you brought this on yourselves - Deacon, have you ever seen a boxing contest.?

Deacon  
Never.

Alfred  
Then I can speak more freely - sit down. Well, there were two of us in this fight -- Knockout Bozo and myself. We came to the center of the arena and Bozo immediately stared at me - I stared right back - which gave me a score of 40 love. Then he tore at me with a furious left. I retaliated and had him two up at the Fifth hole - We were circling the track when suddenly his pedal broke - I - quick to seize my opportunity altered my stance - took my mashie made a furious drive and struck him squarely in his fairway. There he was lying - lying - as I am lying now - while I was crowned World's Welterweight Champion.

Mrs. Buttler  
Oh you must have been wonderful, dear.  
(Puts chairs back.)

Deacon  
Yes Mr. Buttler - you took your part off fine.

Edith  
Daddy can't we watch fight some day?

Alfred  
Watch me fight? No -- I couldn't possibly allow it. The thought that you or your sister or your sister's sister were looking on would entirely unnerve me. It might jeopardize my whole career. Don't ever mention it again.

Deacon  
Thank you so much for a wonderful few minutes. I'll tell everyone in Silver Lak.e.

(Starts R.)

Alfred

(X to Deacon)

No, Deacon, I wish you'd keep this a secret for a little while.

Deacon

Very well - trust me - Toodle-co --

(Exits R.2.)

Marigold

(X to Alfred)

Oh, Daddy -- Edie and I met one of the loveliest men on the train - coming from Boston - they're coming to see you this afternoon.

Edith

They are friends of yours.

Alfred

What? Friends of mine? Isn't that fine?

Mrs. Buttler

Yes - and they've seen you fight - Lots and lots of times.

Alfred

They've what?

(X C.)

They - and you propose that I shall receive into my house two men that you meet in a common railway train? Common, ordinary fight-fans?

Marigold

(Goes to Alfred)

But Daddy -- you're a fighter.

Alfred

Don't "Daddy" me.

(MARIGOLD Xes L.)

I'm a gentleman fighter. How dare you invite them. I'm certainly upset -- meeting men on a train - on a local train too -- it's horrible.

Mrs. Buttler

There's nothing to be upset about -- if they are your friends where is the harm?

Alfred

Harm? Plenty. You calmly tell me that you intend to bring two more idiots into this home? Men who probably insist on wearing spats during Lent? I won't have it.

Edith

Oh --

(Exits into house with stamp of foot. MARIGOLD also exits into house, disconsolately)

Mrs. Buttler

Alfred Buttler, you should be ashamed of yourself.

Alfred

You're upset, dear -- it must be the heat.

Mrs. Buttler

Heat nothing. It's the strain I'm under. The house crowded with guests and now you expect two more strangers.

Alfred

Well - let's slip away to some nice quiet spot for a week or two.

Mrs. Buttler

No, Alfred - I can't leave my social duties.

Alfred

Perhaps it might be a nice change for you if I - myself - slipped over to Europe for a week or two?

Mrs. Buttler

No, dear - I couldn't bear having you away from me --

Alfred

I didn't think I could get away with it.

Mrs. Buttler

When you speak of leaving me I begin to think your love is waning.

Alfred

Ah, you're still Papa's little loud speaker.  
(Embrace)

Mrs. Buttler

Tell me truly, Alfred, do you love only me?

Alfred

Of course dear. Do you think I would lie to you?

Mrs. Buttler

Yes.

Alfred

Well you may be right.  
(NUMBER "APPLES, BANANAS and YOU")

When but a youth I learned the truth  
Would always serve me better



Than my lies I might devise  
 So I stuck to the letter.  
 And deviate from what is straight  
 No matter how I try  
 You ask if I love only you, I cannot tell a lie  
 I don't (you don't( I must confess I don't.  
 And fabricate to you, my mate, Assuredly I won't.

## Chorus

I love roses in June, and the light of the moon  
 I love violets modest and shy  
 I love birds, I love bees  
 And the soft summer breeze  
 When it sighs through the leaves  
 Of the whispering trees  
 I adore the perfume of the lilacs in bloom  
 I go wild over melody too  
 Though it grieves you a bit  
 I am bound to admit  
 I love apples - bananas and you.

## Helen

I love cool shady nooks  
 And the ripple of brooks.

## Charlie

I love pinockhles, poker and you.

## Helen

I love hearing the roar  
 Of the surf on the shore -

## Charlie

I love you only you  
 And frog's legs I adore  
 But for curry of lamb  
 I don't give a hoot -  
 Though in that respect darling I'm true.

## Helen

Though it jars me a bit -

## Charlie

I am forced to admit -  
 I love apples - bananas - and you.

(DANCE)

(MOTOR HORN - R.)

Enter BRYANT and SOCKS, R.1.)

## Maid

(Enters from house with tray, to  
 C. table. Bus.)

What name shall I say, sir?  
 (Coming to Bryant)

Bryant

My card.

(Passes card and hat.)  
(MAID Xs to SOCKS )

Socks

Sorry, I'm afraid I haven't a card but you'll find my name in your hat - I mean your name in my hat - I should say my name in my hat.

(Gives maid hat.)

Maid

All right, Mr. Truly Warner.

(Eyes Bryant, then exits into house Left. Ad lib - laugh off in house.)

Bryant

(Looking off L.)

I say, Socks - there's some sort of a party on.

Socks

(R.)

Party! We're always in the nick of time - Frank.

Bryant

Earnest.

(Shake hands Bus.)

Socks

Oh - look - rosebuds!

(Takes radish from table.)

Bryant

Those aren't rosebuds - they're radishes.

Socks

I always thought radishes grow on trees. Oh look - food - Eskimo pies.

Bryant

No - you mustn't do that - we haven't been invited yet.

Socks

(Note: This scene played down stage. C.)

But I'm hungry - don't forget you gave all my lunch to that darn girl on the train.

Bryant

Oh, you mean Marigold!

Socks

Who's Marigold?

Bryant  
The one you gave your lunch to.

Socks  
You mean the one you gave my lunch to!

Bryant  
Let's have it your way. Tell me, did you notice her eyes?

Socks  
No.  
(Starts to eat Eskimo pie)

Bryant  
And her lips?

Socks  
No.

Bryant  
Can you wonder I wanted to get off here!

Socks  
I don't see how the Eskimos can eat these darn things.  
Frank, what was the other girl's name? She was a cutie.

Bryant  
She is the sister. I don't recall her name. Say, did you pay attention to what both of those girls said about Battling Buttler?

Socks  
I remember they said something.

Bryant  
What?

Socks  
Said he was their son. No, I remember now - They said he was their "Daddy."

Bryant  
Well, doesn't that strike you as being strange?

Socks  
Why should it? They must have one! All girls do!

Bryant  
But Battling Buttler can't be over twenty-eight or so. How in the world could he have two grown up daughters?

Socks  
(Bus. of thinking)  
Maybe they're by his first wife, Frank.

Bryant

Ernest. No - they are not the daughters of the prize-fighter, and even if they have a father named Buttler, I'll bet he's no more Battling Buttler than my hat.

Socks

Then according to you, this house doesn't belong to Battling Buttler.

Bryant

No.

Socks

Nor these Eskimo pies?

Bryant

No.

Socks

Then I can eat them with perfect safety.  
(Sits again)

Bryant

In the first place, didn't we see Battling Buttler in Boston this morning on his way to Long Island, to go into training?

Socks

Then he can't be here.

Bryant

No, and that is one of the reasons why I insisted on getting off here at Silver Lake. I'm going to get to the bottom of this. Will you help me?

Socks

Frank!

(Hand bus.)

Bryant

Ernest !

(NUMBER)

"TWO LITTLE PALS"

Socks: He's been Frank and I've been Ernest since we were short pants.

Bryant: Ernest always has been Frank

Socks: Frank is earnest you can bank on that.

Bryant: Thanks, little partner.

Socks: When Dame Fortune's face was sternest

Side by side we stood

Bryant: Both determined we would weather  
The storm and strife of this weary life together.

Chorus

Both: Two little pals, like brothers, we have been  
Two little pals, no others came between.

Bryant: When troubles came we bought them  
Life's little knocks, each sharing.

Socks: When he had mumps I cought them  
Those are my socks, he's wearing.

Both: Two little pals, we'll always be.

Marigold

(After Number, enters from house L.  
- goes to Bryant C.)

Why, Mr. Bryant, I didn't expect you for at least an hour.  
That sounds rather rude - though I didn't mean it to be.

Bryant

If you had -- I should have deserved it.

Marigold

Why?

(SOCKS bus. about due between  
BRYANT and MARIGOLD trying to  
attract their attention during  
following scene)

Bryant

Well, I'm afraid I've rather rushed matters, haven't I?

Marigold

I told sister you were coming and she was delighted.

Bryant

I thought your sister invited us too?

Marigold

Oh I don't mean Edith. I mean my married sister, "Daddy's"  
wife. Her name is Connie. I should say Constance. You  
see she's Battling Buttler's wife - and he is "Daddy."

Bryant

Exactly. And was he pleased to hear that we were coming?

Marigold

Why - he -

(Turns embarrassedly to L.)

Socks

(To Bryant)

Have a bite.

(BRYANT knocks pie to floor)

Marigold

(Steps on pie)

I hope you won't think me rude, Mr. Bryant -- but he didn't seem very pleased.

(SOCKS drops pie which lands under Marigold's feet. Bus. of trying to get same.)

Bryant

You don't mean to tell me that. Oh -- but I'm sure he will be when he recognizes me.

Marigold

I do hope so. I can't understand why ---

Socks

(Trying to pick up pie)

I beg your pardon but you're standing on an Eskimo pie.

Marigold

Why Mr. Socks, I didn't see you down there. Please excuse me.

Socks

It's all right. Why hello -- how is your sister?

Marigold

She's fine --

Socks

Oh - that's too bad. I mean I'm glad.

Bryant

(X's R. with MARIGOLD - SOCKS follows them)

What a lovely place you have here.

Marigold

Yes. It's beautiful.

(Stops - SOCKS turns away from them and as they X L. he follows behind Bryant)

Daddy is awfully proud of it -- Especially the garden. You haven't seen the garden have you? Don't you think this conservatory attractive?

Bryant

(L.)

Very. But there are too many people in it.

(Eyeing Socks,)

Socks

(R.)  
Are there?

Marigold

(L.)  
I'm crazy about the gardens outside.

Bryant

I'm sure Socks would like to see it.

Socks

(X to Marigold)  
I'd be delighted to take Miss Buttler through the garden.

Marigold

(X R. of Bryant)  
Oh, I've seen it loads of times. I'm not Miss Buttler. I'm Miss Thorpe. Buttler is Daddy's name. Edith is Miss Thorpe, too. There isn't any Miss Buttler - only a Mrs. She's my sister Constance. She and Daddy haven't any children.

Socks

Wow.

Bryant

You figure that out, Socks -- while Miss Thorpe and I look the garden over.

(Exits R. 1. with MARIGOLD while SOCKS goes to the table, takes radish.)

Edith

(Enters from house.)  
Hello -

Socks

Hello -

Edith

(L.C. by table.)  
I was looking for my sister. Have you seen her? I mean Marigold?

Socks

(C. by table.)  
She's out in the garden with Frank. They're overlooking it.

Edith

It's a pretty garden, isn't it? Do you like gardens?

Socks

I like vegetable gardens.

Edith  
Vegetable?

Socks  
They have such a future.

Edith  
Future?

Socks  
Yes. Stews and pies and things.

Edith  
I'm afraid you're not very romantic. I'm crazy about  
flower gardens myself.

Socks  
What is your favorite flower?  
(Whole scene played in front of  
table.)

Edith  
Sweet peas. Don't you adore them too?

Socks  
Yes. Let's go and pick one.  
(Takes her hand, starts R.)

Edith  
But there won't be any for a whole month yet.

Socks  
(Back to table.)  
No? Well, we could sit and wait.

Edith  
That's a very pretty suggestion but I don't think I'd  
care to spend my time that way.

Socks  
Have you ever tried it?

Edith  
Have you?

Socks  
I've never felt as though I wanted to before.

Edith  
Oh, Mr -

Socks  
Oh, Miss -- ?



Edith. Edith

Edith? Socks

MISS. Edith

(Xes R.)

Oh -- Miss Edith would you wear this in your buttonhole?  
Socks  
(Offers radith.)

Oh! Edith

I mean - will you have a radish?  
Socks

You're impossible.  
Edith  
(Exits R.)

Please don't go - I want to tell you something. When  
Socks  
you come back, bring some salt.  
(Turns to table and takes Eskimo  
pie, hears Mrs. Buttler and hurriedly  
throws pie away.)

Well ! - having a nice time?  
Mrs. Buttler  
(Enters from house.)

Rotten, thanks.  
Socks

I'm serry you're not enjoying yourself.  
Mrs. Buttler

My whole day has been spoiled. I only came here to oblige  
Socks  
a friend.

Then I shouldn't stay if I were you.  
Mrs. Buttler  
(Turns slightly away from him.)

And I'm not going to - Aren't you sick of it, too?  
Socks

Yes.  
Mrs. Buttler

Socks  
 Come on, Let's beat it.  
 (Starts R.)  
 Can I give you a lift in the car?  
 Mrs. Buttler  
 A lift? Where?  
 Socks  
 Home.  
 Mrs. Buttler  
 I am home -- thank you.  
 Socks  
 What do you mean?  
 Mrs. Buttler  
 I live here. I am Mrs. Buttler.  
 Socks  
 (Laughs embarrassedly)  
 Wow! Then this is your party?  
 Mrs. Buttler  
 It is.  
 Socks  
 Then, of course, you've got to stay, haven't you? I  
 rather imagine I've said something out of the way,  
 haven't I?  
 Mrs. Buttler  
 Somewhat.  
 Socks  
 Well - now that's all thrashed out -- we know where we  
 stand, don't we?  
 Mrs. Buttler  
 Roughly.  
 (X toward house.)  
 Socks  
 In the rough - Frank - Ernest --  
 (Goes R. - holding out hand.)  
 (MAID enters from house L with  
 tray, exits R. into garden. SOCKS  
 R. flirts with maid.)  
 Your sister?  
 Mrs. Buttler.  
 (L.)  
 Sir.

Mrs. Buttler (Cont'd)

(SOCKS business. MRS. BUTTLER  
business )

If you are tired, why don't you leave?

Socks

Well, you see -- I'm waiting for my pal.

Mrs. Buttler

What pal?

Socks

Yes, indeed. We met your two daughters on the train,  
Mrs. Buttler.

Mrs. Buttler

(X.R.)

Daughters? I have no daughters.

Socks

(Down R.)

Frank was right - No - of course you haven't.

Mrs. Buttler

(R.)

Come here and let me look at you.

(SOCKS business - cf posing)

No ---

)SOCKS business.)

No. You must be the other one.

Socks

What other one?

Mrs. Buttler

Where is your friend?

(BRYANT and MARIGOLD enter from  
garden R. ad lib gaiety.)

Marigold

R.)

Sister, this is Mr. Bryant.

Mrs. Buttler

(C.)

How do you do.

Bryant

How do you do, Mrs. Buttler .

Marigold

And this is Mr. Socks.

Mrs. Buttler  
 We have met before, haven't we?  
 (SOCKS bus. Xes to Bryant)  
 In fact we are almost old friends, aren't we?

Socks  
 How Mrs. Buttler -  
 (Business. SOCKS and BRYANT  
 place chairs R. SOCKS attempts  
 to sit in chair he has placed but  
 finds BRYANT there, he then gets  
 pillow from up C. and sits at R.  
 of table.)

Mrs. Buttler  
 (Seated L. of table.)  
 There's a chair for you, Mr. Socks.

Socks  
 (Gets cushions and reclines at R.  
 table a la Turk.)  
 Oh, I'm going to like it right here.  
 (Bus. with radishes, taking some  
 from table, putting them in his  
 pocket.)

Bryant  
 (Seated R.)  
 His name isn't really Socks, Mrs. Buttler. It's Hosier -  
 Ernest Hosier.

Marigold  
 Hosier? Oh -- I see. So that is why you call him socks.

Bryant  
 Yes.

Socks  
 Oh -- is that why? You know, that's been worrying me for  
 years.

(Putting radishes in pocket.)

Mrs. Buttler  
 Marigold says you know my husband. Did you have difficulty  
 in finding the house?

Bryant  
 Not the slightest. We simply asked for the home of  
 Battling Buttler. That's the best of being married to a  
 celebrity Mrs. Buttler -- your friends can't lose their way.

Alfred  
 (Enters house L. sees Duo man,  
 pauses - All rise.)

Marigold

Daddy --

Mrs. Buttler

Alfred -- who do you think is here? Your old friend, Mr. Bryant!

Alfred

Why yes -- if it isn't my old friend Bryant --

(Xing and shaking Socks' hand -  
SOCKS having hand full of radishes.)

And my old friend - Mr. - er - er--

(Xing and shaking Bryant's hand.)

(WOMEN surprised, at a loss.)

Bryant

No - no - My name is Bryant.

Alfred

Is it? My how you've grown, Mr. Bryant. I didn't quite catch my friend's name?

Bryant

Socks.

Alfred

Does he? I mean has he?

Bryant

His proper name is Hosier -- we just call him Socks.

Alfred

I see -- Socks is his maiden name?

(Nervous laugh)

Marigold

(R.C. sit)

I'm so glad you didn't miss Daddy.

Bryant

(R.C. seated)

So am I --

Alfred

(C.)

So am I.

Socks

(L.C.)

Me too.

Alfred

Yes -- well - er - have you had anything to eat as yet?

Socks

(Takes ALFRED L.)

Not yet.

Alfred

Well, do have something.

(Offers plate to Bryant)

No, thanks. But Socks might like one.

Alfred

(Extends plate to Socks, puts it on table before Socks gets one.)

Will you have something?

Socks

(Bus. gets chair L.C.)

Yes - a little salt.

Alfred

(Eyeing men)

Yes - well -- if you don't mind, I'll be leaving you for a --

Mrs. Buttler

(L. of table, rising in surprise.)

Alfred --?

Alfred

Alright dear, I won't go. How are all the boys?

Bryant

Fine, thanks.

Alfred

That's splendid, isn't it?

Socks

What?

(Seated chair L. C. - gloomily)

Alfred

I say that's splendid, isn't it?

Socks

What's splendid?

Alfred

Yes - oh, yes it is.

Bryant  
And they all want to know when you are going to fight again.

(ALFRED trapped. ALL eye Alfred)

Alfred  
Ha, ha. Do they? Well - that -- er -- that would be telling. As a matter of fact - I don't really know myself.

Bryant  
Don't you? Really?

Alfred  
No -- I -- er-- now are all the boys?

Socks  
Not doing so well.

Alfred  
That's splendid, isn't it?

Bryant  
As a matter of fact I have a message from one or two of them.

Alfred  
You have a message from the boys?

Bryant  
Yes. From Spink --

Alfred  
Spink. Dear old Spink.

Bryant  
And Sweeney --

Alfred  
Oh -- Sweeney? Bless his heart --

Bryant  
And also one from Bertha ---

Alfred  
(All rise - SOCKS puts chair up  
C - comes down stage again.)  
Dear little - WHO?

Bryant  
Bertha. Surely you haven't forgotten Bertha.

(MRS. BUTTLER down a step)

Alfred  
Bertha -- Oh, of course -- dear little -- how is the  
dear CHILD? Bertha's the cutest little child dear.

(To Mrs. Buttler)

I can see by your face you don't believe a word I'm say-  
ing.

(To Bryant)

You and I must have a nice quiet little talk, mustn't  
we?

Bryant  
No.

Alfred  
Mustn't we?

Socks  
N-o.

(Gloomily.)

Alfred  
There you are - nice quiet little talk. I'll tell  
you what to do Mr. Radish - Mr. Socks - you go out  
to the garden - you go out - you - what's tha matter --

(Xes to Socks, takes his hand)

Are you nailed down? Constance, take him into the  
gardens and show him to the children, they haven't had  
a laugh for hours. And Marigold, take your dolls and  
join them --

Marigold  
But Daddy I want --  
(Xing to him at C.)

Alfred  
Of course you do. Everybody does. We all want but I  
just want to talk to Mr. Bryant. We want to talk over  
old times for a while, don't we?



No -- Bryant

Alfred  
No? There you are -- a nice quiet little talk. Con-  
stance, come back -- say in about an hour's time.

But -- Alfred --? Mrs. Buttler

Alfred  
Make it about TWO hours' time.

But Daddy -- Marigold

Alfred  
Marigold - garden.  
(Indicates R.)

(MARIGOLD hesitates, then exits  
R.)

Alfred -- Mrs. Buttler

Alfred  
Constance -- garden.  
(Indicates R.)

(MRS. BUTTLER hesitates, then exits  
R.)

Dadde! Socks

Alfred  
(Watches women off, turns to Socks.)  
Garden.

Socks  
How are all the boys?  
(Exits L. 1.)

(ALFRED, great relief, then realiz-  
es BRYANT still to be faced. BRYANT  
eyes Alfred suspiciously.)

Alfred  
Warm this afternoon, isn't it?

Bryant  
No.

Alfred  
Warm this afternoon, isn't it?

Bryant  
No.

Alfred  
Can't I have my own way about something.

Bryant  
(R.)  
Personally, I've been thinking you were pretty cool -  
Look here, Buttler, what's the idea of this?

Alfred  
L.)  
The Idea of what?

Bryant  
Why are you pretending to be Battling Buttler?

Alfred  
Pretending to Be Battling Buttler? Oh -- there must be  
some mistake.

Bryant  
Mistake?

Alfred  
Yes, my name is Alfred Buttler - But I never claimed  
to be Battling Buttler - and - and - if anyone has been  
spreading the rumor that I am Battling Buttler - I'd  
like to find out who it is.

Bryant  
(Turning R.)  
Don't worry - I'll find out THAT.

Alfred  
You're going to find out?

Bryant  
Yes - Battling Buttler is a great friend of mine and  
I'm going to find out the party responsible for spread-  
ing this rumor and let Butler deal with him himself.

Alfred  
Let Buttler deal with him?

Bryant  
Yes.

Alfred  
Battling Buttler?

Bryant  
Yes.

Alfred  
The Champion?

Bryant  
Yes.

Alfred  
Oh, I wouldn't do that.

Bryant  
I'm going to.

Alfred  
But if I should tell you the truth? Would you consider?

Bryant  
Well --? I might consider it.

Alfred  
Sit down for a minute!

(BRYANT sits R. ALFRED sits L. of  
Bryant.)

When I came here for a quiet six days, I met my wife,  
married her and remained for a quiet six years -- and  
Oh God how quiet -- I suggested that we move to town --

Bryant  
And she wouldn't?

Alfred  
She wouldn't hear of it.

Bryant  
I can't see why you should want to leave a place like this  
-- I think it's beautiful.

Alfred  
You haven't been here for six years. The place is al-  
right but it's the awful monotony of it all - I grew  
desperate and then one day I had an idea --

Bryant

I'm surprised.

Alfred

I was myself for the moment, You see - I'd read in the papers of Alfred Buttler the Welterweight Champion. Alfred -- same name you see. Even his pictures bore a resemblance to me.

Bryant

I'll admit they do.

Alfred

Well -- I told my wife that I was Battling Buttler -- and she, womanlike, of course, told everyone else ---

Bryant

She believed it?

Alfred

She did. I told her I had to go away to train for my fights - that was to get the freedom I was dying for. Every time the papers announced that Battling Buttler was going to fight, off I'd go into training, or in other words stepping out.

Bryant

(Laughs)

What a risk.

Alfred

Not at all. I'd always go to his training camp and send home postcards, every day, to be on the safe side. I'm known in the training camp, as Jones.

Bryant

Oh -- so you're Jones? I've often heard them speak of you -- Funny we never ran across each other at the camp -- I'm often there myself.

Alfred

Well, it isn't so strange because -- probably we kept different hours.

Bryant

How so?

Alfred

Well -- to be perfectly frank with you -- I am more of a playmate of Bertha's -- Battling Buttler's wife.

Bryant

Oh, the little child.

Alfred

Yes - we played around quite a lot while I was in training - but usually while the Battler was taking his nap - so as not to disturb him.

Bryant

Very considerate of you. And you mean to tell me you've been getting away with this fight thing for six years?

Alfred

Yep. Never fought and never been defeated.

Bryant

I think you've got the biggest nerve of any man I ever met.  
(Rises X L.)

Alfred

(Rises - follows Bryant)

But the main thing is you're going to be a good sport and not give me away?

Bryant

I don't know what to do -- Battling Buttler is a great friend of mine.

Alfred

But think of the disgrace. I'd be the laughing stock of the entire village. Why, think of what it would mean to me - to my wife - to Edith?

(Pause)

To Marigold?

Bryant

(R.C.)

Marigold? I never thought of her.

Alfred

(R.C.2.)

But you should think of her. It's very selfish of you not to. She thinks of you.

Bryant

Do you really think she does?

Alfred

Of course, she does.

Bryant

If I really thought --

Alfred

Why it was the day before yesterday she was saying how much she -- I've been getting away with this for six years -- why should it fail now?

Bryant

All right. I feel rather like a conspirator but -- for Marigold's sake I won't give you away.

Bryant & Alfred

For Marigold's sake.  
(Hand bus.)

Alfred

For anybody's sake.

(BRYANT and ALFRED exit in  
house L. Enter MRS. B.,  
MARIGOLD and EDITH R.l.)

Marigold

Why should Daddy be so peculiar today?

Mrs. B.

Because there is a mystery here, my dears- and I will not have mysteries in my house!

Edith

What are you going to do?

Mrs. B.

I am going to look for that Socks person and try and find out something from him -- wait till I get him alone.  
(Exits in house)

Edith

(X to house)

I'm goind in and powder my nose - Coming - what's the matter with you - are you ill or have you fallen in love?

Marigold

Oh, Edith, don't you just adore the name of Bryant?

Edith

No - it reminds me of telephone numbers.  
(Exit house)

(NUMBER)

"SOME DAY"

(MARIGOLD and BOYS)

My dreams at night, to my delight  
 With wond'rous visions are filled  
 For slumber fancy does invite  
 And all my senses are thrilled  
 By Moonlight dim I picture him  
 Upon his bended knee  
 And in my ear I seem to hear  
 The words he'll say to me.

CHORUS

Marigold: Some day, somebody's going to say,  
 Boys: "I love you, my sweet."  
 Marigold: Some day, somebody's going to lay  
 Boys: His heart at my feet - and whisper,  
 Marigold: Sweet things about my engagement rings  
 How happy I'll be - that certain  
 Someday, somebody's going to say,  
 Boys: "Will you marry me?"

(After Number - MAID and MRS. B.  
 enter. Business straightening  
 furniture)

Mrs. B.

Nancy, run along - here comes that socks person - I want to  
 talk to him.

(Bus{SOCKS

(SOCKS enters from house humming  
 "Two Little Pals" and Xes toward  
 table - takes pie - starts R.)

(MRS. B. follows in Socks'  
 footsteps)

(SOCKS hears footsteps behind him, stops, on guard, takes a few steps, turns C. and sees Mrs. B., throws pie away, starts to house)

Mrs. B.

(Catches his hand)

Oh don't run away. You'll find it much cooler here - and besides, I want to have a nice little chat with you.

(Gets him to chair R.C.)

Socks

(Suspicious of her sudden change of mood - bus.)

Really, Mrs. Buttler - I ought to go and look for Frank.

(Starts up)

Mrs. B.

(In chair to his R. stops him, caressingly HE SITS)

Now don't worry about Mr. Bryant. He's with my husband, talking over old times. I want to ask you some questions.

Socks

I know some dandy answers.

Mrs. B.

So you and Mr. Bryant have known Mr. Buttler for a long time?

Socks

Mr. Buttler?

Mrs. B.

Battling Buttler.

Socks

Battling -- Oh Battling Buttler. Oh yes - yes - know him for years.

Mrs. B.

Did you see him fight Jumbo Flynn?

Socks

Well, I should say I did. Wonderful fight. Knocked him for a goal in the fourteenth round. What a night we had afterwards.

Mrs. B.

Afterwards?



Socks  
Yes. We all went down to his place in Lakewood and had a  
blowout.

Mrs. B.  
At whose place in Lakewood?

Socks  
Battling Buttler's. He's got a sort of a little hide-away  
down there -- sort of a rest camp.

Mrs. B.  
A rest camp?

Socks  
Yes. But the funny part of it is -- nobody ever gets any  
rest.

Mrs. B.  
Do tell me some more, Mr. Socks -- this is most interesting.

Socks  
That was nothing compared to the time when he fought Porky  
Ryan.

Mrs. B.  
Yes? Yes? Do tell me!

Socks  
No, I don't know you well enough.

Mrs. B.  
Perhaps if you did tell me -- it would make us better  
acquainted.

Socks  
Oh, no, I couldn't.  
(Up to C.)

Mrs. B.  
Please.  
(To C.)

Socks  
Well - since you insist -- Remember you brought this on  
yourself.  
(Whispers)

Mrs. B.  
Oh -- Mr. Buttler did that?

Socks  
Oh that's not the half of it.  
(Whispers)

Mrs. B.  
(Slaps him)  
Mr. Buttler did that!  
(Apologizes)  
Oh, I'm so sorry - I mean that for my husband!

Socks  
Don't worry, I'll give it back to him.

Mrs. B.  
Just when did you see battling Buttler last?

Socks  
This morning -- at the South station -- Boston.

Mrs. B.  
My husband in Boston - this morning. How could my husband Battling Buttler - be in Boston this morning when he was here this morning?

Socks  
Oh - your husband - yes, I mean no - I mean - I mean really Mrs. Buttler I must go and find Frank. And I'll tell -- if you see a little dog with large ears and an inner tube and you take the whites of two eggs so when they're brown they're cooked and if I don't see you again - how're all the boys! -  
(Ad lib toward house)  
How are all the boys.  
(Exits into house L.)

Mrs. B.  
Oh - Marigold.  
(Coming to C. - beckoning R. for Marigold)  
(MARIGOLD and EDITH enter garden R)

Marigold  
Sister dear -- what did you find out?

Mrs. B.  
Plenty, I assure you. Either there is some scoundrel passing himself off as Battling Buttler - who isn't. Or else your brother-in-law isn't Battling Buttler.

Deacon  
(Enters with newspaper R.)  
Oh Mrs. Buttler, then you are, I'm so excited, listen to this.

(ENSEMBLE drifts on R. after  
Deacon)

Deacon

(At C.)

Battling Buttler to fight again. match settled with the  
Alabama Murderer.

Trio Women

What?

Deacon

Mr. Buttler will kill him. How proud you must feel Mrs.  
Buttler. I wish he were my husband.

(Ad lib explanation in pantomime)

(BRYANT and SOCKS enter from house  
during Deacon's line)

Bryant

(L.C.)

So Mrs. Buttler has been trying to pump you.

Socks

(L.)

Yes - But I was too smart for her. Frank --  
(Hand bus.)

Bryant

Ernest.

(Hand bus.)

Deacon

Three cheers for Battling Buttler.

Ensemble

Hurray -- Hurray - Hurray.

Alfred

(Enters smilingly from house  
to C.)

What's that for?

Deacon

(R.C.)

Oh Mr. Buttler - why didn't you tell us?

Alfred

Tell you? Tell you what?

Deacon

About your new fight.

Mrs. B.

(R.C.)  
Yes, Alfred - why didn't you?

Alfred

(C.)  
Why didn't I?  
(Nervous alarm - at a loss)

Bryant

(L.C.)  
Well - why didn't you?

Socks

(L.)  
How are all the boys?

Deacon

(R.)  
Why it's right here in the papers -- and all about the Alabama Murderer too. I have never seen a prize fight but I won't miss this one.

Alfred

So - the news is out, is it! I tried to keep it a secret for awhile - May I see it?  
(Takes paper from Deacon)

Bryant

(Takes paper from Alfred, reads)  
"Arrangements for the match between Battling Buttler and the Alabama Murderer have just been completed. The date is set for July Fourth and the contest will mark the opening of the new Four Hundred Athletic Club of New York City, both men go into training at once.

Deacon

But the Alabama Murderer is a much bigger man than you are.

Alfred

(Rising to emergency)  
I know, Deacon, but the bigger they are the harder I fall - it ought to take me about six weeks to get in condition.  
(Nudges Bryant)

Bryant

(Winks at Alfred)  
Yes, about six weeks.

Mrs. B.

Where will you train?

Yes - Alfred

(To Bryant)  
Where will I train?  
(Whispers)

Tentawanka, Long Island. Bryant

Where is that? Alfred

Tenatawanka, L. I. Bryant

Ten-to-one -- Long Island. Alfred

Oh, Daddy I'd just love to go. Edith

So would I. Marigold

Why can't we all go - just this once? Mrs. B.

What! Have you girls come and spoil my entire training trip - Nonsense!! Alfred

FINALE

Alfred: Pack my grip I'm off on a trip  
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye  
My reputation is at stake.

(MAID exits)

Deacon: As well as the honor of Silver Lake.

Mrs. B: Alfred, dear, I'd love to be near  
Why can't I go as well?

Alfred: Most certainly not.

Bryant: With the troubles he's got?

Socks: That's how Napoleon fell.

(ALFRED, BRYANT and SOCKS exit  
into house)

Mrs. B: Girls, I don't believe, that Alfred would deceive  
But just the same I mean to find out  
And clear my mind of ev'ry doubt.

Mari: But why doubt Daddy since the truth the paper  
prints?

Edith: They give at least a column to the bout.

Deacon: I should love to see the fight.

Mrs. B. I'll be there on the night.

Mrs. B: )  
Girls: ) It's sure to be a sight.  
Deacon: )

(MAID enters)

Chorus: We'd love to -  
See the fight ourselves but we're left on the  
shelves  
Because we live in Silver Lake we never, never  
get a break  
We are rusticated, growing antiquated  
The height of our excitement's baking cake.

(DESC.  
MUSIC)

(ALFRED, BRYANT and SOCKS enter  
carrying suitcases)

Alfred  
Bryant  
Socks:

Three little pals, like brothers,  
We will always stick together, troubles we will  
always weather  
Three little pals, each others cares and burdens  
gladly bearing.

Socks: You two fellows do the sharing

Alfred  
Bryant  
Socks:

One for the three and three for one we will be  
you see for  
Three little pals we'll always be  
You wait and see.

(BRYANT and SOCKS go to exit and  
ALFRED to Mrs. B.)

Alfred: Goodbye sweetheart be a good girl  
Promise not to cry dear  
I will bring the bacon home at any rate I'll  
try dear.

Mrs. B: I'm going to worry all the while. Why don't  
you take me too  
I know if you would do it I'd be such a help  
to you.

Alfred: I can't dear - goodbye.  
(Kisses her)

Deacon: Three cheers for Battling Buttler.  
(ALL say "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah")

Alfred: Thank you - Well let's go.

Chorus: Goodbye, good luck, make no mistake.  
Remember you're from Silver Lake.

(Recit.)

(CHORUS sing refrain of "Someday"  
to her)

CURTAIN

BATTLING BUTTLER

ACT II



ACT II

SCENE: Sweeney's Training Camp at Malba,  
L.I.

SETTING: Outside Sweeney's Hotel with entrance  
to Hotel up stage Left. Round back  
of stage are Tiers of steps for the  
chorus to sit on and watch the danc-  
ing, etc.

Exit up stage right also right and  
left.

This scene is full of a Boxers para-  
phenalia such as swing, dummy, gloves,  
dumbbells, clubs, weights, etc.

Front of porch is a wicker table with  
two wicker chairs.

AT RISE: OPENING.

Curtain rises to applause and general  
ad lib comment from crowd Ensemble  
on tiers of seats rear watching.

TWO BOXERS give a one minute round  
sparring exhibition C.

SWEENEY with watch at L. on hotel  
steps as Timekeeper hand on gong  
string.

SPINK C. with Boxers ad lib as referee.

SWEENEY rings gong.

Spink  
All right boys - that'll be all for this afternoon.

(Ensemble clap hands and ad lib  
appreciation, some disapproving)

(TWO BOXERS exit L.)

First Man  
Where is Battling Buttler?

Ensemble  
Yes-- Where is Battling Buttler?

Sweeney  
 You can't see Battling Buttler until 4:30. Bring on that  
 Physical Culture Class.

(Exit Hotel)

(ENGLISH GIRLS on and dance and  
 exit)

(Ensemble general applause)

Sweeney  
 (Enter from hotel)  
 Here's the Battler now---  
 (Looking off at hotel door)

Ensemble  
 ( Rising, eyeing hotel)  
 Battling Buttler -- Battling Buttler ---  
 (Ad lib greeting)

Battler  
 (Enters from hotel L. smiling,  
 waves greeting)  
 Morning everybody! Good morning.  
 (Comes to C.)

(Ensemble off seats and crowd  
 around Battler at C. ad lib patting  
 him on the back, asking re-his  
 condition, shaking his hand)

(BATTLEER ad lib genial response)

(SWEENEY ad lib at L.C. pushing  
 crowd away from Battler)

(SPINK ad lib R.C. pushing crowd back  
 from Battler)

(Ensemble breaks to R. and L. and up-  
 stage a little)

Spink  
 Alright, give him the air -- Give him the air ---

Battler  
 What's on the programme, Spink?

Spink  
 (And as ensemble open up)  
 Go get your rope, Alf---  
 (Slaps Battler on shoulder, turning  
 him R.)

Battler

Right, Teddy.

(Exits R. I. on run)

(Ensemble start off various entrances  
slowly)

First Man

When can we see the Battler box?

(Ensemble - All pause and face  
Spink)

Spink

Not until four thirty.

Second Man

Do we have to pay again?

Sweeney

Sure you do -- it'll cost you all another fifty cents a head.

(Ensemble ad lib murmurs and exits  
as--)

Ah! The Champ looks to be in wonderful shape.

Spink

I should say he is -- you should have seen the Battler working out this morning with Horrible Hogan. They kept at it like a couple of Gorillas. Just toward the end the Battler crossed one to his button -- followed it through with a left to the bread-basket and -- Sweet birds and Twittering stars! ---

(To R. C.)

Sweeney

(R.C.)

Begorra, he's a wonder all right.

Spink

I'll say he is.

Sweeney

Well - all I can say is - if he wasn't the drawing card he is, I wouldn't have laid out my good money for these training-quarters.

Spink

They're certainly the goods.

Flapper

(Enters R. with autograph book and  
pen, to Spink)

Can I have your autograph?

(Extends book, smiles)

(SPINK eyes flapper, smitten)  
Please ---

Spink  
Can you have ---? I should say you could -- SUGAR.  
(Takes book and pen, shakes letter,  
prepares to write)

Flapper  
Write some poetry.

Sweeney  
Poetry -- ha -- ha -- ha!

Spink  
(Indignantly)  
Say -- maybe YOU think I can't. Watch me.  
(Flourishes and writes)

Flapper  
(Eyes writing delightedly)  
O-o-oh --- that's be-yoo-ti-ful.

Spink  
What did I tell you?  
(To Sweeney, writes his name,  
passes book)  
There you are -- Angelcake.

Flapper  
Oh, thank you.  
(Takes book and pen and Xes to C,  
eyeing book, turns to face Spink)  
Oh -- I thought you were Battling Buttler?

Spink  
Well, I ain't ----

Flapper  
Oh, well - never mind -- I can tear that page out.  
(Does so and exits L.I.)

(SWEENEY laughs in delight at Spink)

(SPINK discomfited, turns R.)

Battler  
(Runs on R. with rope)  
All set Teddy?

Spink  
All set, Alf.  
(Business R.)

Sweeney

(C)  
Oh-- Mr. Battler -  
(Gives him telegram)  
Remember him?

Battler

(R.C. - Reading t/d C.)  
"Roses are red and violets blue  
In twenty-four hours I'll be with you" JONES.

Sweeney

Got that last night.

Battler

That guy from Silver Lake -- Is he coming here again?

Sweeney

Looks that way.

Battler

Funny fellow -- Jones -- I wonder what his little game is?

Spink

Aw he's stuck on you -- that's all. He ain't missed your  
training camp in the last six years.

Battler

Stuck on me -- Huh! He's a pest.  
(Throws t/d to floor, turns up C.)

Sweeney

(Stooping for t/d)  
Strikes me he's a Mascot.

Battler

Mascot?  
(Derisively)

Spink

Sure. You ain't lost a fight since he's been coming here,  
have you?

Battler

Say -- maybe you're right.  
(Attentive)

Spink

(X's C)  
Sure, I'm right. He's a nice bloke -- no harm in him. The  
women all seem to like him, too. I guess he's got what they  
calls SEX-ALLURE, like me.

(BERTHA enters from hotel with  
magazine and stick)

(BATTIER and SWEENEY laugh)

Battler

(Looking L.)

Nix-- the wife.

( Starts skipping rope C.)

(SPINK quickly to R.)

Sweeney

(Up L.C. eyeing hotel)

Good morning, Mrs. Butler.

Bertha

Good morning.

Battler

Had your breakfast, dearie?

(Stops skipping)

Bertha

Yes.

(Faces)

And that's the second bad egg I've had in two days.

Sweeney

I'm sorry, Mrs. Butler -- I get my eggs fresh from the City  
every day.

(To her L.)

Bertha

Well you ought to get your eggs from the hens and not from  
the city.

(BATTLEER skipping rope, back to  
Bertha)

(SPINK eyeing Bertha)

(SWEENEY whispers and slips Bertha a  
telegram and exits hotel L.)

Bertha

Jones---

(Crushes t/d, delightedly, puts it  
in gown)

Battler

(Stopping rope skipping)

I thought you liked it here?

Bertha  
Like it? I like company -- someone to talk to once in a while.

Spink  
Come on, Alf ---

Battler  
Well, -- there's me and Ted.

Bertha  
(L. - Coming C.)  
Yes-- and a nice chatty pair you are, a couple of dummies. Every evening at nine o'clock it's "Well Alf?" -- "Well Ted"? -- Then he says "How you feel" -- and you say "Plunk" --- and then you both go to bed.

Spink  
Come on Alf ---

Battler  
(Going L. to Bertha)  
Now look here! I got to do my training.  
(Throws rop to Ted)

Bertha  
Why can't you do your training while there's someone around. What's the use of bringing all my swell clothes -- with no one here to look at them --

Battler  
Well, - who asked you to bring 'em -- And there were plenty of people here awhile ago to keep you company.

Spink  
Come on, Alf.

Bertha  
(BUTLER exercises - Xing to Spink)  
Will you stop talking a minute? A pal like you ought to sympathize.

Spink  
Aw come now Bertha - I'll take you to the pictures next Saturday night.

Bertha  
I'll be dead then.

Battler  
Your old friend Jones will be here soon - then YOU'LL have company and I won't.

Bertha  
Jones? And who is Jones?

Spink  
Just as if you didn't know.

(Hat bus.)  
Listen to her Alf.

Bertha  
That's right. Try to make trouble between husband and wife.  
Mr. Jones is a friend of Alf's -- isn't he, Alf?

Battler  
Sure.  
(Down L.C. makes vicious punch in air)

Bertha  
And a gentleman of taste, discernment and tact -- which is more than you are Ted Spink.  
(Starts to cry)

Spink  
Aw, come on Bertha, I didn't mean nuthin'.

Battler  
No. Ted was only kidding. He knew you liked him and thought you would be glad to see him. Didn't you, Ted? That's all --

Spink  
Sure-- that's all.  
(Ad lib bus.)

Battler  
But you did run after him, didn't you, Bertha?

Bertha  
That's right. You can be surrounded by all the silly flappers in the world, while if I dare to speak to a gentleman friend I'm running after him.  
(Cries - )

(BERTHA and SPINK both jarred)

Spink  
(Pantomimes Battler to soothe Bertha)  
Come on Alf.

Battler  
Now listen, Honey -- you knew what I promised you. Just this one more fight and I'm through.

Bertha  
Honest?

Battler  
Cross my heart and hope ter die.



Spink  
Come on Alf.

Battler  
Say, if I can only put this "Alabama Murderer" to sleep I'll quit -- and buy you the -- the Grand Central Depot.

Bertha  
Oh Alfred -- you're just wonderful.

Spink  
Come on, Alf.

(BATTLEER runs off R.I. waving kiss  
to Bertha)

Bertha  
(Blows kiss after Battler and exits  
house L.)  
Isn't he wonderful?

Spink  
Ah - Marvelous, do you want me to put that to music--  
(With banjo)

Bertha  
You make me tired. All you know is "Come on Alf" and how  
to play the Banjo.  
(Tinkle tune)

1.

Tinkle tinkle little tune  
I wonder what you are  
You are quite the sweetest little tune  
I've heard by far  
Tell me little tune what your name is  
And where you're from  
Ev'ry time I hear you little tune  
I have to hum -

You've got a -

Chorus

Cute little twist  
I can't resist its fascination  
I must admit  
you've made a hit. Your syncopation  
Is even in my restless dreams at night  
To make my shoulders shake  
On the level you just raise the devil  
With my footsteps when I'm wide awake  
Melodies come, melodies go  
Little tink-a-ling tune

But one like you  
Comes very true only once in a moon  
For you are  
Not like the rest  
I like you best  
You'll be doggone popular soon  
Tinkle away,  
You've come to stay little tune  
Tinkle tune.

(SOCK, BRYANT and ALFRED enter, singing  
R.2. - Sit on suitcase R.C.)

(Trio finish refrain of "Two Little  
Palls")

(SOCKS works in "Old Oaken Bucket" chord)

Bryant

(ALL put grips up stage R.)

Well - here we are at last.

Alfred

Yes-- and it certainly does feel good to get back into training again.

Socks

Yes -- a coupla weeks here and you'll be able to stay up all night and never feel it.

Bryant

Say, Butler -- How many Quarts does it take to GET you in condition?

Alfred

Ssh! Don't call me Butler -- down here I'm Jones!

Sweeney

(Enters hotel L. and to front C.)

Well, well -- gentlemen -- it wouldn't seem the real thing without you. How are you, Mr. Bryant -- how are you Mr. Jones -- and if it isn't Mr. Hosiery himself --

( X. to Socks )

Alfred

Get my wire, Sweeney?

Sweeney

Yes, sir, and I gave it to the lady. I knew you wouldn't be sending ME poetry.

Alfred  
Sweeney, you're a born diplomat. Now I don't suppose you  
could make us --

(Indicates tall drink)

Sweeney  
With plenty of ice --  
(Cock-tail shaking)

Socks  
(R.C.)  
And a little lemon --  
(Squeezing lemon rind)

Bryant  
Not too much sugar.

Alfred  
(C)  
In tall glasses.

Sweeney  
On the fire gentlemen -- on the fire.  
(Exits L. into hotel)

Bryant  
(At L.C.)  
He's a born bartender.

Bertha  
(Enters hotel L.)  
Oh, Mr. Jones ---  
(Xing to C. and Jones)  
And Mr. Bryant -- and Mr. Socks too -- this IS a surprise.  
(Shakes Socks' hand)

Socks  
Well -- forevermore -- are YOU staying here, too?

Bertha  
(R)  
Yes, indeed.

Socks  
(R)  
Then perhaps you can tell me when lunch will be ready ---  
I'm starved.

(Enter BATTLER and SPINKS R.2. - ad lib)

Battler  
Look who's here.

Alfred  
There's your husband - how do you do, Mr. Butler --

Battler  
Hello Jones.

(Shakes hands)  
Hello Bryant -- glad to see you.  
(X. to Bryant)

Bertha  
(Lifting to cover awkward situation)  
Isn't it nice to see them again?

Alfred  
How are you, Mr. Spink?

Spink  
(Xing to Alfred C. and shaking hands)  
Fine, sir, thank you. Glad to see you.

Alfred  
Take this one.  
(Extends other hand)  
And how is the work getting along?

Spink  
A-One, sir. We're just off for a trot now! The roadwork is what takes off the weight faster than anything. Like to join us?

Alfred  
No, thanks -- no. Glad to hear you're coming along all right -- Butler -- I hope you win. It means more to me than you can imagine.

Battler  
Thanks.

Alfred  
You may not think it but -- I regard YOUR triumphs as I do my own. You don't know why, but I do.

Battler  
Much obliged.

Spink  
Come on, Alf---  
(Gets bicycle R.I.)

Battler  
(X. to C. - R.C.)  
We're just going for a run down the road -- would YOU --  
(To Alfred)  
or all of you, care to join us?

Bertha

Don't be so silly, Alfred.

(Yes to between Battler and Alfred)

What does Mr. Jones want to go running around the country for? That's only for fighters, dear.

Battler

(Meaningly)

A little training now and then will never hurt anybody.

(Eyeing Alfred)

You never can tell when you'll need it.

(Turns R. to Spink)

Alfred

(To Bryant at his L.)

That has all the earmarks of a dirty dig.

Spink

Come on Alf ---

(Rides off L.I.)

(BATTLER runs off L.I. after Spink)

Sweeney

(Appears at hotel L. with cocktail shaker)

Gentlemen, your broth is ready.

Socks

Aha--

(Xing front to hotel L.)

First call for lunch in the dining car -- nothing served after the train leaves the station!

(Exits L. into hotel)

(ALFRED and BERTHA ad lib pantomime C.)

Bryant

(Xing to hotel L.)

I say Jones -- our broth is ready.

(Exits into hotel)

Alfred

Be with you in a minute.

(Turns R. to Bertha)

Bertha

Oh, Jonesy, dear, I'm so glad you're here. It's been so lonely without you.

Alfred

Cheer up -- now that I'm here -- it won't be so bad -- Now -- how about a little supper-party tonight -- just to start the ball rolling?

Bertha  
 Oh, splendid. You're a peach.  
 (Kisses him)

Alfred  
 Bertha! You kiss so loudly. WHERE shall we have it -- in the coffee room?

Bertha  
 Oh, not in the coffee room -- Let's have it in YOUR rooms -- It'll be so much more cozy there.

Alfred  
 But there won't be room enough for all of us in my rooms.

Bertha  
 All of us? All of who?

Alfred  
 Well, there'll be three in your party and Bryant and I and Socks -- that makes five and a half --

Bertha  
 Three in my party? Why my husband and Ted always go to bed at nine o'clock, and there's no need to ask anyone except your little Bertha. It will be just like old times ---

Alfred  
 It certainly will.

Bertha  
 Oh, WON'T we have fun making my husband jealous?  
 (Exits R.2.)

Alfred  
 What? ---

(SOCKS enters from hotel to L.C.)

(ALFRED suddenly anxious re-Battling Butler - swallows)

Socks  
 (Goes L. to Alf)  
 What's the matter -- are you ill?

Alfred  
 No, I'm in the throes of a premonition. Did you ever have a premonition?

Socks  
 Maybe, when I was a little boy -- I was always catching things from the other children.

Alfred  
A premonition is not a disease -- it's an advance agent of impending disaster.

Socks  
Oh a sort of a lunch -- I mean a hunch.

Alfred  
Exactly. I've just had the worst sort of a hunch that something is going to happen to me here.  
(Xes worriedly toward hotel to L.C.)

Socks  
Who was the lady who just left you?

Alfred  
Mrs. Battling Butler.

Socks  
Ah-ha -- Big Bertha. Something's liable to happen to you all right. I noticed that the Battler wasn't over-joyed to see you. He swings a mean right, to say nothing of a hale and hearty left.  
(ALFRED suddenly claps hands)  
Oh -- What's the matter --

Alfred  
What did you do with those postcards I wrote this morning?

Socks  
Mailed them. You owe me fourteen cents.

Alfred  
What? You mail -- ? You mean you mailed them all?

Socks  
Sure! You didn't intend to deliver them yourself, did you?

Alfred  
Man -- you've ruined me.

Socks  
Ruined you? How?

Alfred  
Why, Socks, old boy -- those postcards were supposed to go to my wife one at a time -- they represent my daily experiences for the next two weeks to come. Now what'll I do?

Socks  
Why not have lunch?

Alfred  
Lunch? I'll never eat again.

Socks  
Then -- may I have your Apple Sauce?

Alfred  
What will my wife think?

Socks  
About your not eating?

Alfred  
No, -- about my Sauce -- about those postcards.

Socks  
Oh she won't see those.

Alfred  
Why won't she see them?

Socks  
Well, you forgot to address them -- so I sent them to my friends.

Alfred  
(Hand bus.)  
Come on in and have a drink.  
(Start L.)  
You've saved my life.

Socks  
Oh, that's absolutely nothing.  
(Exits L.2. with ALFRED)

Alfred  
(Exits L.2. with SOCKS)  
What ---

(MRS. B., MARIGOLD and EDITH enter  
with bags and parasols R.I. wearily and  
sit. MRS. B., - L. of table -- MARIGOLD  
R. of table and EDITH up C.)

Mrs. Butler  
Well, that is the longest half mile I ever walked in all my life.

Marigold  
Well -- you insisted that we walk.



Edith

It certainly wasn't my idea. I never knew before how letter-carriers could suffer.

Mrs. Buttler

Well I didn't want to arrive in a local apology for a taxi and be the event of the season. We came here to snoop and you can't snoop if you make a noise.

Butler

(Enters from house, sees women - turns and exits, falls upstairs to hotel)

Oh my God!

(MRS. B. - MARIGOLD and EDITH face hotel and rise)

Sweeney

(Enters L.I.)

Ah -- Good morning, ladies.

(MRS. B. - MARIGOLD and EDITH bow, at momentary loss)

Were you looking for someone?

Mrs. Butler

Yes. Is Mr. Butler, Battling Buttler - here?

Sweeney

No ma'am.

Mrs. Butler

There you are.

Sweeney

He's out on the road -- with his trainer, doing three or four miles to take off a pound or two.

Marigold &amp; Edith

THERE YOU ARE.

Marigold

Connie, he IS here.

Mrs. Butler

When will he be back ---

Sweeney

(Indicating girls to be quiet)

I couldn't exactly say, ma'am. He might be here now -- and then again, he might not be here now.

Edith

(To down R.C.)

Well, if he's running three or four of those miles they have here -- he won't be back for a week.

Sweeney

Would you ladies wish rooms?

(MARIGOLD and EDITH - to one another in dismay, shaking heads at Mrs. B.)

Mrs. Butler

(Looking at girls, decides)

Yes!

(MARIGOLD and EDITH towards Mrs. B.)

These are my sisters -- I am Mrs. ----

Sweeney

(Calls off at hotel)

Boy -- BOY -- get this baggage --  
(Bus. of shaking each grip. Turns to Trio)

Very good, ma'am. I'll see about them at once. I'll give you the finest rooms in the house -- give you a bath, too.  
(Exits into hotel L.)

Marigold

Daddy IS here. Well - that settles everything, doesn't it?  
(To front C.)

Mrs. Butler

(Coming front to Marigold)

It doesn't settle anything at all.

Edith

Now Connie --

(Coming from C. to Mrs. B.)

Mrs. Butler

It makes it all the more mysterious. Your friend, Mr. Bryant said Battling Butler came here to train before Alfred said a word about it.

Edith

(R.)  
I'm shaking in my shoes. I was never born to be a detective.

Marigold

What will Daddy say when he sees us? I'm positively dreading it, Connie. Won't he be furious?

Mrs. Butler

Perhaps he will and perhaps he won't. All I want to know is how he manages to be at the South Station, Boston - and home in Silver Lake at the same time.

Edith

(X. L.)  
Oh, I'm sure you misunderstood Mr. Socks.

Mrs. Butler

(C)  
No -- no one could understand Mr. Socks.

Marigold

(Goes R. to boxing things)  
Oh look -- here are Daddy's dumbbells.  
(Bus.)

Mrs. Butler

Just because you see a dumbbell doesn't prove that Alfred is here.

(BRYANT off L.I. rings bicycle bell and rides on, to R. up R. down C. and off R.)

(ALFRED enters L.I. after Bryant, in sweater, cap and tennis shoes, flannel trousers, head on breast, hand clinched, running awkwardly, following Bryant and then another circle to Mrs. B.)

(Trio women ad lib pantomime surprise, delight, etc. Building the situation)

Alfred

(At L.C. feigning to see Mrs. B. for first time)

Constance Buttler!

(Feigning shock, surprise)

Mrs. Butler

Alfred!

(BRYANT re-enters R. and to R.C.)

Alfred  
What on earth are you doing here?

Mrs. Butler  
Well, I thought, that is -- Marigold and Edith and I  
thought ---

Alfred  
What are you two girls doing here? Boy -- give me my  
dumbbells.

(BRYANT tosses Alfred rubber  
Indian club -- Bus.)

Mrs. Butler  
You see we thought ---

Alfred  
(Swings club wildly)  
How dare you come here? Is this how you obey my instructions?  
Marigold - Edith -- I'm not so much surprised at YOU -- over  
you two I have no legal authority -- and you have inexperience  
and ignorance on your side -- but as for your siser -- she  
is old enough to know better.

(Hits himself on face with club,  
staggers)

Mrs. Butler  
Oh --

Marigold &  
Edith  
Oh Daddy --  
(Toward him in alarm)

Mrs. Butler  
Are you hurt? Alfred --?  
(To him solicitously)

Alfred  
Certainly not. It's all a part of my training. I always  
finish up that way.  
(Throws club to Bryant)

(BRYANT catches club, places it up R.  
and gets big dumbbell up R.)  
This is terrible -- you're coming here is apt to throw me  
back weeks ---

Mrs. Butler

(Contritely)  
Oh Alfred -- I hope not.

Alfred

Here I am trying to maintain a reputation that it has taken me years to acquire --

(Stumbles over big dumbbell, eyes it, eyes Bryant ferociously)

And now -- now this --

(Tries to raise dumbbell - bus.)

What's the matter with this thing -- it must be broken!

(BRYANT puts dumbbell up R. and exits R. 2. for Dummy punching figure, rolls it on during Alfred's line to R.C.)

How can I devote my undivided attention to my work when you deliberately ignore all my wishes? How can I discipline myself when I cannot discipline my own family?

(Sees Dummy R.C. takes a punch at it, turns to trio)

How do you ever expect me to chastise the Alabama Murderer when YOU persist in --

(Dummy swings back and hits Alfred, he falls to floor)

(Trio women, little cries and rush to pick up Alfred)

Alfred

(Collects himself)

Bryant -- I wish you'd keep your loose friends outside!

Marigold

I didn't know Mr. Bryant helped you in your training.

Alfred

You didn't know? Why HE is the one who thought of it.

Marigold

Why I thought --

Edith

Yes -- U thought --

Mrs. Buttler

We ALL thought ---

Alfred

Never mind what you all thought.

(Gropes mentally for a thought to keep up deception)

Where's my sparring partner?  
(Looks around)

Socks  
(Sudden entrance hotel L. and into  
pose on steps)  
Right on the job. How are all the boys?

(ALFRED dismay, looks from Bryant to  
Socks - suspects conspiracy)

Ah, good morning ladies. How are all the boys?  
(To stage proper at L.C.)

(EDITH to Socks delightedly)

Oh Socks -- Alfred

Socks  
(To L. of Alfred, front C.)

Alfred  
Remember, I'm Battling Buttler!

Socks  
I got you.  
(Turns to Edith)

Alfred  
(Bad shadow boxing - explains)  
My shadow boxing.  
(Tired, eyes all for effect)  
That's enough of that.

(BRYANT brings boxing gloves to  
Alfred)

Mrs. Butler  
Now, Alfred, you mustn't strain yourself. Hadn't you  
better have a cup of tea?  
(SOCKS, bus. with punching bag)

Alfred  
Tea? At a time like this? The idea. Ridiculous!  
(To front C. - puts on gloves)  
Come on Socks, old Socks.

(SOCKS bus. at punching bag L. squares off,  
hits it and knocks it flat, then struts  
down stage)

Alfred

(Eyeing Socks in dismay & fear)  
No boxing today --  
(Turns to hotel)

Marigold

Oh-- won't you box for us?

Edith

Yes-- show us what you're going to do to the Alabama Murderer.

Bryant

Yes-- come on Battler-- you can stand a couple of rounds.

Alfred

Couple of rounds? I paid for the last couple.  
(To Bryant, eyeing Socks. Starts to take off gloves)

Bryant

Come on -- come on.  
(Pushes Alfred C)

Alfred

All right. Are you ready, Socks?

Socks

All ready.  
(Rings bells gong L and rushes to C)

Bryant

Shake.

Alfred

What shake, I am shaking.  
(SOCKS in fighting starts for Alfred)

Socks

Alfred afraid.

Bryant

BREAK!

Alfred

(Into clinch)  
If you hit me I'll ruin you with Edith.  
(ALFRED & SOCKS ad lib farcical bout)

(BRYANT ad lib acting as referee)

(TRIO WOMEN working up the scene and ad lib interest and fear and admiration)

(ALFRED & SOCKS into front clinch,  
gloves between breasts, bus)

Socks

Which is mine?  
(Bus)

(ALFRED & SOCKS clinch back to back  
ad lib -then spar and lead a few times-  
square off)

(ALFRED aims a blow at Socks as though  
holding a rifle)

Edith

Look out, Mr. Socks.

Socks

I beg pardon?  
(Faces Edith)

(ALFRED hits Socks on jaw. EDITH  
cries out - SOCKS totters. Groggy  
then slowly starts for Alfred)

(ALFRED runs to gong, and rings it.  
Trio women ad lib. and close in a little)

(EDITH aids Socks, pets him, takes him  
L.C)

Mrs. B.

(Coming to Alfred)

Oh Alfred--you're wonderful.

Alfred

I know, dear. I don't know my own strength.

Sweeney

Aha--

(Entering from hotel, to L of Alfred)

Been having a bit of fun, Mr. Jones?

(ALFRED puts glove on Sweeney's lips)

Mrs. B.

Jones?

(At C. faces Alfred)

Alfred

Jones? That's just a little nickname they have for me down here.

Sweeney

Your rooms are ready, ladies. (Indicates hotel)



Mrs. B.

Come along girls.

(Yes to Alfred L.C)

Do take care of yourself, dear.

Alfred

Don't worry about me, Constance--I could spread him out like butter if I wanted to.

Marigold

Could you really?

Alfred

(To C)

Yes indeed when I get mad I could crush a --

(MRS. B., MARIGOLD & EDITH exit into hotel)

(SWEENEY bows to ladies and exits into hotel)

(Jubilantly)

Well -- I put it over all right, didn't I?

Socks

You put it over on me all right.

Alfred

Well I had to with my wife watching so closely--I HAD to slip you the real thing.

socks

Why didn't you do it when I was looking?

Alfred

If you'd been looking I couldn't have slipped it.

Bryant

Do you think Marigold was glad to see me?

Alfred

Don't be so inconsiderate. Think of me a little. Do you realize the trouble I'm in? There's my wife and her sisters and Bertha and Battling Buttler --

(Counts them off on fingers)

Socks

And Spink!

Bryant

And Sweeney!

Alfred  
It's a convention - something's got to be done before 4:30.

Socks  
Why the time limit?

Alfred  
Because Battling Buttler boxes here in public at 4:30.  
(Bus.)

Bryant  
And they're bound to see them.

Socks  
I've a great idea! Why not let Battling Buttler knock you out then you won't know what's going on--

Bryant  
Ernie!

Socks  
Frank - Elmer --

Butler  
Elmer!

Bryant  
Come on Socks. Let's gag Sweeney with one of his own drinks.  
(ALFRED bus)  
(BRYANT exits in hotel)

Alfred  
Remember now-- I depend upon you, Socks--

Edith  
(Enters from L.2. Sees Socks, shows love, Xes to him)  
How-de-do-ooo--

Socks  
Oh, hello!

Edith  
You didn't expect to see me here, did you?

Socks  
Of course I did.

Edith  
What makes you think you're so attractive?

Socks  
You do.

I do? And why? Edith

Well -- here you are. Socks

Well, I like that. Edith  
(Xes Socks to R.C)

It's mutual! Are you going to stay? Socks

Are you? Edith

If you are-- Socks  
(Xing to her)

Oh-- Mr. Ernest-- Edith

Just Ernest. Socks

Ernest! Edith

Ernest- I never knew it was such a pretty name before. Socks  
Ernest--  
(Dreamily)

Ernest Hosier, I like it. Edith  
(Dreamily, below dummy)

You can have it. Socks

Yes? Edith

I don't want it. Socks

Oh-- you ARE impossible. Edith  
(Starts to exit L)

Oh, don't go. You'll only be back. Socks

Edith  
What makes you think so?

Socks  
Well, a girl followed me all the way from Seattle once--

Edith  
What did you do?

Socks  
I settled--  
(Ad lib exit L.I. for both)  
(ALFRED from hotel in anxiety)

Bertha  
(Enters R.2. and Xes C to Alfred)  
Jonesey!

Alfred  
(Turns, sees Bertha)  
Now it commences. Now it commences.

Bertha  
Jonesey - I've got a wonderful idea. We're NOT going to have supper in your rooms.

Alfred  
You SAID it.

Bertha  
We're going to HAVE it -- in the summerhouse--alone.

Alfred  
No! You're going to have it--alone. You're--not we're--you're!

Bertha  
Why ALONE?  
(Starts to bridle)

Alfred  
Because - I don't think I'LL BE here long!

Bertha  
Are you going away and leave me?

Alfred  
Yes, I've just thought of an important engagement in Egypt. I got to get there tomorrow morning.

Bertha  
But what about our tete-a-tete tonight?

Alfred

There will be no - what you said tonight.

Bertha

(Starts to get on her dignity)

Why, what do you mean?

Alfred

I mean -- Now, look here, Bertha-- you have a husband and I have a--radio set. WE know that our little diversions have been as pure as new-born snow but--what if your husband shouldn't understand? I'd have to apologize and possibly fight your husband and that would cause me a lot of pain, -- I'll tell the world.

Bertha

(During Alfred's speech has been gradually getting angry)

YOU -- fight my husband? You wouldn't dare--you miserable worm. Worm? Why you haven't even got the nerve to turn.

Alfred

Why SHOULD a worm turn--it's the same on all sides--

(Xes R)

Bertha

SO --

(Eyeing him angrily and disgustedly)

You're afraid of my husband--

Alfred

I'm not afraid--I'm careful--I was thinking of his reputation--

(Offering it as a suggestion)

Bertha

You'd better be thinking of his straight left--I'm through with you--THROUGH!

(SPINK enters R.I. pauses seeing Alfred and Bertha)

Battler

(C. Xes to Bertha - Enters on run, set face after Spink, sees Alfred, stops, eyes Alfred)

You said it. Get in the house.

(To Alfred)

Stay you--

(BERTHA hesitates then exits incoherently hotel L)

Alfred

(In agony, smiles wanly at Battler,  
looks for a place to turn to, turns  
to Dummy)

Stick by me, dumbell.

(BATTLER L. arm out - slowly, menac-  
ingly - Xes to Alfred)

Oh, look -- we have the same color sweaters, yours in  
blue and mine's pink, that's a funny remark, isn't it?

Battler

Naw--

Alfred

Well, I laughed there as long as I could.

Battler

Nuthin' is funny to me --comin' from you.

Alfred

(Placatingly, hanging to Dummy)

Well -- there's no accounting for tastes -- what one likes --  
another don't like --

Battler

That's just it.

Alfred

What's it?

Battler

I -- don't like YOU.

Alfred

I like you, Mr. Butler.

Battler

Listen Jones--mebbe my brains don't work fast as yours but  
me mitts do - see --

(Business)

Alfred

(Ducks)

Now keep your temper--nobody wants it--

Battler

Now look here--JONES--you keep away from my wife--I love my  
wife.

Alfred

So do I! I mean so does she--if you only KNEW how often she's  
mentioned it.

Spink  
Come on Alf--

Battler  
SO--been talking me over behind my back, eh?

Alfred  
Yes-- I mean no--naw.

Spink  
(Worriedly - L.C)  
Come on, Alf--

Alfred  
Oh, for God's sake do what he says.  
(Stumbles toward R)

Battler  
(Hesitates. Turns L and then back  
to Alfred)  
Did you make a pass at me?

Alfred  
Don't be silly!

2nd Flapper  
(Enters R 2)  
Oh, please, may I have your autograph?  
(Extends book and pen)

Alfred  
Come back in ten minutes and I'll give you my obituary.  
(Exits R.I. followed by FLAPPER)

(Enter BERTHA from L)

Bertha  
(L)  
So --  
(BATTLEER Xes L)  
you bawled me out--

Battler  
Oh, don't make another fuss.

Bertha  
I'll make a fuss when I like--where I like--and as often  
as I like--so there.

Spink  
(R)  
Come on Alf--

Bertha

Bertha

What's this got to do with you--a couple of dummies--  
(Exits R.I)

Spink

Boy, she's good and hot--what are you going to do?

Battler

I'll buy her a box of strawberries--maybe that will cool her off.  
(Exits L.I)  
(BRYANT enters R."2 and plays exit of Battler R.I)  
(MARIGOLD enters from hotel - sees Bryant -  
comes directly C. toward him)

Bryant

(Sees Marigold, Xes to C)  
Marigold! - Why what's the matter?

Marigold

(Interrupting)  
Why did you deceive me? Why did you let me think you broke  
your journey at Silver Lake just because of me?

Bryant

Well, do I did.

Marigold

But Mr. Socks said you got off because you thought--you were  
going to find out something about Daddy - Alfred.

Bryant

So --THAT'S why you've been so cold to me?

Marigold

You deserved it -- you're been trying to make trouble for  
Daddy--

Bryant

Now dearest -- are you going to argue with me like this  
when we're married?

Marigold

Married? Who said we were going to be married?

Bryant

Don't you KNOW I love you? Surely you have seen it--in my  
eyes--in every move I've made. You are going to marry me,  
aren't you?



Marigold

Well -- I suppose if you really are going to marry me --  
I'll sort of be obliged to be a party to it -- won't I?

Bryant

You darling--

(Embrace)

And now--tell me--when?

Marigold

When--when Daddy whips the Alabama Murderer.

Bryant

(Business)

Why wait that long? I'm just dying to dance you off right  
now --to the Little Church Around The Corner.

(DANCING HONEYMOON NUMBER)

Marigold

1.

I should love dancing  
Through life with you  
To have you fold me  
Close to your heart and tightly hold me.

Bryant

You'd always find me  
A partner true  
And I have got an idea we can try dear  
This is what we'll do

Both

Two step to the altar  
One step back again  
Gallop to a railway station  
Waltz into a train  
We'll fox trot to the mountains  
Beside the dancing streams  
And let the little honeymoonbeams  
Dance into our dreams.

Marigold

2.

It sounds delightful  
I'd happy be  
With you beside me  
At ev'ry turn and step to guide me.

Bryant

Let's set the day, dear  
Let's say in June

So I may count upon us starting on  
Our dancing honeymoon.

Marigold

3.

It surely thrills me  
I must admit  
But you might weary  
Of dancing with your wifey, dearie -

Bryant

You'd always find me  
A partner true  
For you are so entrancing I'd love dancing  
Ev'rydance with you.

(CHORUS enters - dancing, after number  
all exit)

(MRS. B. enters from hotel -- goes to  
table)

(BERTHA enters from R. and to table  
with Vogue)

Mrs. B.

(Accepts entrance of Bertha, pleasantly)  
Good morning!

Bertha

(Pleasantly)  
Good morning!

Mrs. B.

Lovely day.

Bertha

Yes, isn't it?  
(Sits L of table glances off after  
Socks)

Mrs. B.

Are you stopping here?  
(Sits R of table L.C)

Bertha

Yes-- but only because I have to.

(SWEENEY enters from house with an open  
basket of luscious strawberries, to above  
table. BERTHA looks off down L. still  
seated)

Sweeney

A basket of strawberries for Mrs. Butler--with the compliments of Mr. Butler.

(Exits into house)

(MRS. B. follows Bertha's gaze down L. as she looks off)

(MRS. B & BERTHA nod acknowledgment to Sweeney, neither seeing the other do so)

Mrs. B.

(Takes a strawberry and eats it)

The strawberries are very good this season.

Bertha

Yes -- very.

(Takes a strawberry and eats it)

Mrs. B.

My husband knows how fond I am for them and always remembers to get them for me.

Bertha

So does mine.

(Reaches for a strawberry, her fingers touch MRS. B's)

(MRS. B. reaches for a strawberry, her fingers touch Berthas)

(BERTHA & MRS. B eye each other's fingers, then each other, at a loss, piqued, endeavor to be polite)

Mrs. B.

Won't you have one?

Bertha

I -- was just about to offer YOU one.

Mrs. B.

(Rises--amazed, frigid- super-politeness)

Indeed? Permit me to call your attention to the fact--that the landlord said these strawberries were for MRS. BUTLER.

Bertha

One would think-- YOU hadn't heard him.

Mrs. B.

I think -- you are merely rude.

(Turns down and C. a little)

Bertha  
I consider YOU -- merely greedy.  
(Follows Mrs. B)

Mrs. B.  
Pardon me, but these strawberries belong to me.

Bertha  
Pardon me, but I - am Mrs. Butler.  
(Superior smile of indulgence, called  
other's bluff)

Mrs. B.  
Pardon me-- I am Mrs. Butler, THE Mrs. Butler.

Bertha  
Perhaps--but I am Mrs. Battling Butler.

Mrs. B.  
(Quite superiority)  
How dare you say such a thing? I am Mrs. Battling Butler!  
(Superciliously)  
And I can produce a hundred witnesses.

Bertha  
(Eyeing Mrs. Butler as though she were  
a woman of suspicious moral character)  
And I -- can produce my marriage license.

Mrs. B.  
(Smile of tolerant disdain)  
I was married to Mr. Battling Butler in Silver Lake, New  
Hampshire--and -- disprove THAT if you can!

Bertha  
And I was married to Mr. Battling Butler in Lakewood, New  
Jersey and-- put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Mrs. B.  
Oh!  
(Direct - dropping politeness)  
I am his lawful wedded wife--and--and I wouldn't like to  
say what YOU are.

Bertha  
I am his lawful wedded wife--and--and for two pins I WILL say  
what YOU are.

Mrs. B.  
Oh--if you DARE I'll send for a policeman and have you arrest-  
ed for slander.

Bertha  
 YOU'LL send for a policeman? I'll send for a policeman and  
 have HIM - ARRESTED.

Mrs. B.  
 Him -- ? Who?

Bertha  
 Alfred!  
 (ALFRED enters R.I. and holds R.C)  
 (BATTLEER enters L.I. and holds L.C)

Mrs. B.  
 Arrested? What for?

Bertha  
 Bigamy - that's "what for".  
 (Sees Battler - faints)

Battler  
 (Catches Bertha)  
 Bigamy!  
 (MRS. B. turns and sees Alfred R.  
 faints - ALFRED catches Mrs. B)  
 What the -- whats the matter with 'em?

Alfred  
 Been eating strawberries. How'll be bring 'em too?

Battler  
 Bring 'em to - I don't know--all I know is Alfred knows how  
 to knock 'em out. Socks do something.

Socks  
 (Enters L.I)  
 Are they sleeping?

Battler  
 No, you fool. They're OUT -- fainted.

Socks  
 Why wake them up?  
 (SPINK enters L.I. holds--at a loss)

Bertha  
 (Revives)  
 Oh - oh --  
 (Sees Battler to her L. slaps him)

Battler  
 What did I do?  
 (Turns - turns to Spink for solution)  
 (MARIGOLD, EDITH & BRYANT enter R.2)

(Girls rush to Mrs. B)

(ENSEMBLE start on R. and L. and form circle about two women at centre)

Mrs. B.

(Reviving, sees Alfred to her R)

Oh --

(Slaps him)

Alfred

What did I do?

(Turns R. to Bryant)

(Ensemble - gradually filtering on stage with two circles about Bertha and Mrs. Butler at R.C. and L. C. respectively and between them and foots)

Battler

(Comes front C. before ensemble)

Come here, Jones--what IS all this?

Alfred

(Coming C to Battler)

I don't know--just a mistake--my wife seems to think I'm married to you--and your wife thinks I'm married to her.

Battler

ARE you?

Alfred

I'm damned if I know.

Battler

So--that's what she meant by bigamy.

Mrs. B.

STOP!

(NOTE: Have music start so that "STOP" comes atop "Bigamy" with NO holdup at all)

(FINALE ACT TWO)

Mrs. B.

Stop, I demand  
An explanation, here and now -

Chorus

No doubt a fam'ly row.

Mrs. B.

(Pointing to Battling Butler)

I never saw that man before in all my life. I'm not his wife.

Chorus

She says she's not his wife.

Bertha

She has told you a fact -

(Points to Alfred)

and he told me a lie.

(To Alfred)

Say why don't you act like a regular guy?

Alfred

To which lie is it you refer?

The one I told to you or her?

Chorus

Regretful that such scenes occur

The single life we must prefer- by far.

Alfred

(To Bryant and Socks)

It's up to you to pull me thru.

Socks

You might suggest what we're to do.

Mrs. B.

(To Mrs. Bertha B)

I demand an explanation

That will clear this situation

I have suffered degradation all thru you.

Chorus

(To B.B)

Through you!

Bertha

(To Alfred)

I suppose you will deny it

(Walks him across stage)

But I'd like to see you try it

So admit you told a lie, it's up to you.

Chorus

(To Alfred)

You too!

Bryant

(To Alfred)

If you're clever you'll endeavor  
Here and now, all claim to sever  
To the name of Battling Butler while you can.

Butler

My plan -

(To Crowd)

Battling Butler's not my name --

All

What!

Butler

And I lay no claim to fame --

All

What!

Butler

And if you want to see the Battler -

(Point to Alfred)

There's your name!

(Shouts from all)

Chorus

So!

(To B.B)

What's your game?

You say that Battling Butler's not your name

Then your conduct really is a shame

why lay claim to Butler's name and the fame that surrounds it?

It is more than clear that you haven't any business here

You'd better beat it and we repeat it - from here.

Bertha

(To B B)

What does this mean?

Butler

(To Bertha)

Trust to me, my dear, don't make a scene.

I've a plan to settle the hash of this smart young man.

(Spoken)

Bertha

Are you crazy?

Butler

Lay off me- you've been running my affairs long enough--

From now on -- I'm the boss -- see!

Chorus

He's the man we'll back up -



Butler

(To Spink)  
Go pack up!

Chorus

He will win you bet you.

Bertha

(T.B.B)  
I get you.

Mrs. B.

(To Alfred)  
Dear!

Chorus

That man's a fraud, for Battling Butler let's applaud.

Mrs. B.

You know I trusted in you, dear.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

(Curtain down and up)

Battler

Well, so long Buttler.

Alfred

What's that?

Battler

I said so long Buttler.

Alfred

O - so long.

Battler

You are Battling Buttler, aren't you?

Alfred

Of course I am.

Battler

Well, good-bye and don't forget your date.

Alfred

What date?

Battler

Why on July 4th - you fight the Alambama Murderer.

(Exits - ALFRED calls bus.)

All sing refrain of "Two Little Pals")

Curtain.

"BATTLING BUTTLER"

ACT THREE

ACT THREE

The Four Hundred Athletic Club.  
New York City.

Foyer of Magnificent Club.

Up stage there is a platform attached to the entire back drop with a huge ARCH CENTRE. Steps leading to the platform. Tableau Gold curtain centre behind Arch, which opens for the ANNIVERSARY NUMBER, inside of which is another platform backed by a Dark Blue Velvet Drop.

This platform is also used as a RING for the flash of the Boxing Bout off stage.

Right and left in front are small arches for exits and entrances.

Athletic decorations are on the walls and two light arm chairs on scene.

OPENING ENSEMBLE.

"YOU'RE SO SWEET"

Oh tell us please young lady  
Is your resident near here

Oh no, it is a long way off we fear  
But if you're from the neighborhood  
We really wish it was

You'll pardon our inquisitiveness  
It is just because.

Chorus.

You're so sweet  
Have we misunderstood you  
You're so sweet  
You wouldn't kid us would you?  
Where's the garden if we're not presuming  
Where such buds are blooming  
We're not taking chances with advances  
At your feet our loving hearts we're gladly laying  
Saying to call on you I'd be delighted  
Why not wait until you're invited  
You're so sweet.

Battler

(Enters after Number, L 1 with BERTHA -  
both in evening dress)

Some swell athletic club. This oughter boost the fight game.

Bertha

(Enters L. 1 with Battler)

What do you care about the game? You've got yourself all gummed up.

Battler

Didn't I tell you to lay off me? I know what I'm doing. I've fixed your Mr. Jones good and pretty.

Bertha

What'll you gain? You're cutting off your own nose just to get revenge on him. He'll get knocked out -- yes, but think what you'll LOSE.

Battler

Ha-ha -- I'm laughing.

Bertha

Since when can you afford to laugh a thirty-five thousand dollar purse?

(SPINK enters gloomily up L.)

Bertha

(C.)

And think of the laugh they'll have on you.

Battler

(R.)

You mind your own business. Leave this to me and Ted. He's taking orders from me - but I ain't taking orders from you.

Spink

(L.)

Yes and a fine flock of orders you handed me.

Battler

(X to Spink)

How's our Champ shaping up?

Spink

He ain't. There's no shape left to him. Why I could walk him up to any undertaker and get an advance on him.

Bertha

(R.)

Of course, it's none of MY business, BUT -- don't blame me if he dies on our hands.

Spink

(L.)

He ain't on YOUR hands - he's on mine. And a fine month I've had trying to train that guy.

Battler

(L.)

Where is he now?

Spink

I got him locked in one of the dressing rooms. He kicked, but I told him it was to keep reporters OUT. I tacked a sign "Battling Buttler" on the door and he's as happy as a King. And you know how happy Kings are.

Battler

And he ain't afraid to fight?

Spink

Afraid? Say, I can't get that guy's angle. I think he'd rather fight six Alabama Murderers than to let his wife know HE ain't YOU.

Battler

What a sap to be frightened of his wife.

Bertha

What?

Battler

(Passing Bertha a ticket)

Here's your ticket - go park yourself.

Bertha

Well this is the first time I ever had a box seat to an execution.

(Exits up R.)

Battler

Well - use it.

Socks

(Enters L. 1)

Battling Buttler. So you turned up after all.

Battler

Sure. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

(To L.U.)

Socks

Missed --? What--?

Battler

The murder.

(Laughs. Exits R.U.)

(SOCKS business C.)

Spink  
Have you SEEN Mr. Jones, sir?

Socks  
No. And I don't want to. I can't stand seeing people suffer.

Spink  
Well -- I got to get back to him before he rinks the iodine.  
(Turns L.)

(SOCKS goes R. until stopped by MRS. B.)

Mrs. B.  
(Enters R. 1)  
Good evening, Mr. Socks.

Socks  
Good evening, Mrs. Buttler.

Mrs. B.  
Good evening, Mr. Spink.

Spink  
Evening, Mrs. Buttler.

Mrs. B.  
Will you tell me the way to my husband's dressing room?

Spink  
I'm sorry Mrs. Buttler, it's against the rules - but I'll go get him for you.

(MRS. B. to Socks)

Socks  
(Indicates C.)  
Mrs. Buttler, I was just speaking of you to Bertha.

Mrs. B.  
Bertha --? Don't ever mention that person's name to me again.

Socks  
But, Mrs. Buttler -- you're unfair. She was telling me how sorry she was NOT to be the wife of your husband ---

Mrs. B.  
Oh ---

Socks  
I mean to say she apologized ---

Mrs. B.  
For accusing my husband of bigamy?

Socks  
Yes.

Mrs. B.  
Very well. I MUST accept the apology. But, just the same -- she's a cat. If Alfred is going to box for a prize, I want to see him get it.

Socks  
You'll see him get it all right.

Spink  
(Goes C. on stairs, goes R.C. Enters L.U.)  
Champion Battling Buttler!

(ALFRED enters L.U.)

Mrs. B.  
(Goes to Alfred L.)  
Oh, Alfred -- You look lovely!

Alfred  
Do I, dear? I think I'm a bit overtrained. What do you think Socks?

Socks  
I think you'd be alright if you had your skates sharpened.

Alfred  
Socks, old scout, will you and Spink let me spend these last few moments alone with my wife? It's customary, you know.

Socks  
(Beckons to SPINK, down to him)  
He wants to spend the last few moments with his wife, is it customary?

(SOCKS and SPINK exit R.)

Spink  
I think it would be a good idea.

Alfred  
Constance, Darling, there have been times when I have been unjust and even times when I have caused you unhappiness. Forgive me and do not let it mar my memory.

Mrs. B.  
What in the world is the matter with you?

Alfred  
Nothing, my dear, but one never knows. Today we're here, tomorrow we're in Brooklyn.

(MRS. B. puts her arms around him)

Alfred  
I'd give anything if you hadn't come here tonight.

Mrs. B.  
But Alfred, dear, I'm so proud of you.

Alfred  
That's why, dear. By the way, where are you sitting?

Mrs. B.  
I haven't a seat as yet -- you see Mr. Bryant was ----

Alfred  
I'll attend to it.

(Calls off)  
Oh, Socks!

(Enter SOCKS and SPINK R 1)

Socks  
I was listening.  
(SOCKS Yes to Alfred, MRS. B. to Spink)

Alfred  
You've got to do something for me -- My wife mustn't see this fight. Suppose by some accident I lost ---

Socks  
Accident! Leave it to me -- come with me, Mrs. Buttler and I'll show you to the best seat in the house.

Mrs. B.  
Good-bye, dear.

Socks  
How are all the boys?  
(Winks at SPINK and exits R. 1)

Spink  
Come on, Champ!

Alfred  
Now?

Spink  
Just to weigh in -

Alfred  
I'm more interested in the way out --  
(Exits upper L.)

(MARIGOLD enters R. 1)



Spink  
Good evening Miss Marigold - have you ordered your carriage?

Marigold  
What for?

Spink  
For tomorrow -- or whenever they hold the services.  
(Exits L. U.)

(MARIGOLD holds anxiously, then dismisses worry)

Bryant  
(Has entered)  
Marigold, I'm worried to death about your brother-in-law.

Marigold  
It's darling of you to worry about him - but Battling Buttler always wins, doesn't he?

Bryant  
(Making up mind)  
Listen little sweetheart - you don't understand. Your Brother-in-law isn't a boxer at all.

Marigold  
What?

Bryant  
That man on Long Island was the real Battling Buttler. Alfred is an imposter.

Marigold  
Alfred - not a fighter -- Oh, I can't believe it - what would sister Connie say!

Bryant  
That's just it. What would she say. And it's just because of her that HE has to go through with it. He daren't let her know the truth. You must realize that he's been deceiving her for years.

Marigold  
Oh! So that is why he'd never let us see him box.

Bryant  
Exactly. And once this Alabama Murderer hits him ----

Marigold  
Oh -- Frank. You must prevent this fight.

Bryant  
But how --? Why he'd rather face a wild lion than your sister -

(SOCKS enters happily R. 1)

Marigold  
Oh, Mr. Socks -- what do you think?

Socks  
What.

Marigold  
"Daddy" isn't "Battling Buttler" at all.

Socks  
(Eyes Bryant, feigns surprise)  
You don't mean to tell me that? Oh if I could only live till Spring.

(X C - between Bryant and Marigold)  
I can't believe it.

Bryant  
Yes, you can.

Socks  
Well, of course I can -- if you BOTH say so.

Marigold  
And now he's going to fight this Alabama Murderer -- and if Connie SEES it --

Socks  
But she isn't going to see it.

Bryant  
But Mrs. Buttler is here -- she's bound to see it.

Socks  
But she ISN'T GOING TO SEE IT!

Bryant & Marigold  
Of course she will.

Socks  
Of course she won't. From where she's sitting she can't see anything.

Bryant  
(R)  
What do you mean?

Socks  
(C.)  
Well -- when I found out that Mrs. Buttler was on the job I did some very important thinking. I offered to escort the lady in question to a ringside box. She accepted my gallant offer. So I opened the door and pushed her in and turned the key.

Bryant  
Of the box?

Socks  
No, of the cellar.

Bryant  
You locked her in the cellar? Ernest.  
(Hand bus.)

Socks  
Frank.  
(Hand bus.)

Marigold  
(L.)  
Oh, Frank Darling -- it was wonderful of you to have thought it all out. You've saved the situation.

(X to Bryant - Embrace)  
(SOCKS exits disgustedly L. 1)

Connie won't see the fight after all. Alfred is really too lucky - it's more than he deserves. BUT -- what is going to happen to HIM?

Bryant  
He may get knocked out - but whatever happens he can charge up to overtraining.

Marigold  
By the way -- YOU don't ever take training trips, do you?

Bryant  
No sweetheart -- only business ones.

Marigold  
And you won't even when we've been married as long as Connie and Alfred?

Bryant  
No matter how long.

(NUMBER)

(Number)

"AS WE LEAVE THE YEARS BEHIND"

1.

He: When we have been married for a year, dear  
We're going to celebrate  
That most eventful date.

She: Just as long as I may have you near, dear  
I'm sure that it will be  
Enough for me.  
Let's hope that our anniversary brings us joy.

He: Maybe there will be a baby girl or boy.

Chorus

He: Every year that finds us  
Will, my dear, remind us  
Of the time we stood together in June  
While the chime was ringing our wedding tune  
As the years grow longer  
So will love grow stronger  
Clouds you'll find  
Golden lined  
As we leave the years behind.

"AS WE LEAVE THE WORLD BEHIND"

----

RECITATION

1st Show Girl

(Enters dressed as cotton)

With cotton first of all my dear  
We'll mark the passing of a year.

2nd Show Girl

(Enters dressed as Paper)

Then paper gifts our friends will send  
When two short years have reached their end.

3rd Show Girl

(Enters dressed as Wood)

When five have sped it's understood  
The presents all will be of wood.

4th Girl

(Dressed as Tin)

When seven seasons a hall begin  
Our kitchen will be stocked with tin.

5th Girl

(Enters dressed as Crystal)

Then sparkling crystal comes dear when  
Our marriage years have numbered ten.

6th Girl

(Enters dressed as China)

If I am not mistaken, twelve's  
The year for China on our shelves

7th Girl

(Enters dressed as Silver)

And fifteen years together brings  
A wealth of shining silver things

8th Girl

(Enters dressed as Pearl)

For twenty happy years dear girl  
An anniversary of pearl

9th Girl

(Enters dressed as Gold)

When fifty years their way have rolled  
We'll celebrate the date with gold

10th Girl

(Enters dressed as Diamond)

And then perhaps someday we'll see  
Our wondrous Diamond jubilee.

(All sing one Chorus then exits)

(After Number)

Usher

(Enters R.U. and exits L. 1)

The preliminaries are on -- the preliminaries are on - the  
preliminaries are on.

(Bell curtains - fight -)

Spink

(Enters L.U. and to C. with articles  
used later)

Alfred

(Enters L.U.)

Those scales are all wrong.

Spink

What do you mean all wrong!

Alfred

How I could have lost 10 lbs. in one hour is more than I can  
imagine.

Spink

If you don't quit worrying you'll be down to a bantamweight be-  
fore 10 o'clock.

Alfred

Is it my turn yet?

Spink

No - not yet they'll call you.

Alfred

I thought perhaps they tolled a bell.

Spink

You ain't afraid of this Alabama guy are you?

Alfred

I can't afford to be afraid -- if I ever get out of this I'll  
devote the rest of my life to checkers.

Spink

All you got to do is remember the 1 - 2.

(ALFRED Bus.)

Spink  
No - no. It's this way. You lead with your left and follow up with your right.

Alfred  
Oh, yes, of course I'd rather do it this way.  
(Bus. of sledge hammer)

Spink  
Never mind doing it that way.  
(ALFRED bus. as SPINK explains)  
Atta boy -- atta boy -- that's enough you'll make yourself tired - now you stay here while I go and get the bandages.

Alfred  
Bandages? So soon?

Spink  
Aw - for your mitts. To put under your gloves.  
(Exits L.U.)

(ALFRED Bus. starts practicing blows)

Deacon  
(Enters L. 1 consulting with large bouquet)  
(Sees Alfred)  
Bless my soul, if it isn't Mr. Buttler himself.

Alfred  
O Hello. Deacon, glad to see you.  
(Bus. feints at Deacon)

Deacon  
Mr. Buttler I brought you these flowers.

Alfred  
For me - Deacon, you must know something.

Deacon  
Tell me how are you feeling -

Alfred  
Fine - never felt better -- I'm going to show you the one - two stand still while I show you how it goes.

Socks  
(Enters L. 1)  
Pardon me. Is this a private fight or can anyone get in on it?

Alfred  
Ah - Socks - just in time to meet Deacon Grafton from Silver Lake.

Socks

You don't say. Well, I thought he was one of the toys.

Alfred

So he is, in Silver Lake. I'm the other one.

Deacon

Mr. Buttler and I are old friends. I've always wanted to see him in the ring so I could go back and tell the folks I'd seen him in the manly art of fisticuffs.

Socks

Oh! Deacon you've never seen Battling Buttler in the ring?

Deacon

Never.

Socks

(To Alfred)

He has never seen you fight?

Alfred

Never.

Socks

Deacon, allow me to select your seat for you.

(Exits R. 1 with DEACON)

(Bell)

(Ad lib murmur off C. from ensemble and GONG)

(As gong sounds, TWO MEN in evening clothes, enter L. 1 - pause L.)

1st Man

Don't talk Battling Buttler to me. I saw the "Alabama Murderer" in Jersey City and he lifted "Soapy Smith" clean over the ropes!

2nd Man

Really --

1st Man

It was the nearest thing to murder I ever saw.

2nd Man

Oh then he lives up to his reputation.

1st Man

Does he live up to his title -- I'll say he does. This Alabama Murderer graduated from a slaughter house - where he used to kill a bull with one punch.

(Exits L.U.)

(ALFRED Business)



(Stretcher brought on from R.U. by  
TWO MEN, fighter on stretcher entirely  
covered with sheet. They carry him  
toward L. 1)

(Business)

First Man  
Gee! This guy's heavy for a lightweight.

(TWO MEN set stretcher down at L.C.)

Alfred  
What's the matter, an accident?

First Man  
No - a cinch.

Alfred  
A cinch?

First Man  
It's the Harlem Adonis.

Alfred  
You don't say, what happened to him?

First Man  
He got knocked out in the second round. Only goes to show you -  
a guy ain't got no business in the ring unless he knows some-  
thing about fighting.

Alfred  
You said it.

First Man  
Come on, Joe, let's get the ambulance.

Alfred  
Just a moment.

(FIRST MAN pauses at L. 1)

Alfred  
Where are you taking him?

First Man  
Mount Sinai. Say, watch him till we get the ambulance guys,  
will you?

(Exits L. 1)

Alfred  
Harlem Adonis -

(Bus. draws back sheet from Fighter's face)  
 You're going to Mount Sinai that's in Palestine -- a long, long  
 way from - far, far, from here --

(Idea hits him, bus. Draws back sheet,  
 gets on stretcher with fighter, pulls sheet  
 over head leaves dressing gown on chair)

(TWO USHERS enter quickly L. 1 and carry  
 stretchers off L. 1)

Spink

(Enters L.U. big shock, looking around,  
 sees dressing gown)

I wonder where' he's got to --

Socks

(Enters delightedly R. 1)

What's the matter, Spink?

Spink

(L.C.)

Matter? We lost our champ.

Socks

Battling Buttler?

Spink

No - JONES.

(Exits L.1)

Marigold

(Enters L. 1 - pauses, faces off L 1)

Why, Mr. Spink?

(Faces Socks, comes to him)

What's the matter with him?

Socks

He'll come out all right. Did Edith - I mean did Miss Edith  
 come?

Marigold

I left her in the cloakroom.

Socks

First time in my life I've ever wanted to be a cloakroom girl.

Marigold

(Sensing his mood)

Is there anything I can do for you?

Socks

You promise you won't tell anybody?

Marigold

I promise.

Socks  
There IS - YOU COULD help me, couldn't you?

Marigold  
Of course I would, if I could.

Socks  
You certainly could if you would.

Marigold  
And I certainly would if I could.

Socks  
Well -- now that's all thrashed out. Well -- I guess I'm elected.  
I'm in love. Miss Marigold did you ever love a little girl -  
I mean if you DID love a little girl - what would you do?

Marigold  
Make love to her.

Socks  
Well I started to but somehow I didn't seem to finish.

Marigold  
The finish IS rather important.

Socks  
S-positively S-necessary.

Marigold  
And -- you want me to show you how?

Socks  
Could you? I mean would you? I mean will you?

Marigold  
Certainly.

Socks  
Everything?

Marigold  
Everything that I KNOW.

Socks  
But -- you wouldn't hold out on me?

Marigold  
No indeed. Now -- first. We need two chairs.  
(Indicates Socks to get one, gets other  
herself places front C.)

Socks  
(Places chair to R. at front C.)  
Well I suppose you sit there and I'll sit here.

Marigold  
Oh no - you sit on this side - the lady sits on the other side.  
(Sits chair to R.)

Socks  
(Xing L. rear of chairs - sits chair L.)  
I didn't know there were any set rules.

Marigold  
Now -- you sigh.  
(Sighs)

Socks  
What for?

Marigold  
Because you're in love!

Socks  
O-h!  
(Big sigh)

Marigold  
Now -- look into my eyes --  
(SOCKS looks at Marigold)  
And tell me just what you are thinking about.

Socks  
Now you've gone a little bit too far and besides I'm too good  
a friend of Frank's.  
(Business)

Marigold  
Oh, don't worry about Frank. If he should come in we could  
easily explain.

Socks  
We could? HOW?

Marigold  
Now - you put your arm around me.  
(Puts his R. arm behind her back)

Socks  
What do I do with this one?

Marigold  
You put that one right here.  
(Puts his L. arm front of her)

Socks  
Whose move is it now?

Yours. Marigold

Darn the luck. Socks

What's the matter? Marigold

I've run out of arms. Socks

And now - you kiss her. Marigold

Kiss her? Oh fireman spread your net - Socks  
 (Hums "Two Little Pals" starts to kiss her)

I said H-E-R. Marigold  
 (Disengaging - rising)

Oh. Socks

And now how do you feel? Marigold

Hungry. Socks

Oh -- How can you speak of your appetite when I'm trying to Marigold  
 teach you how to make love. Edie was right - you ARE impossible.  
 (Exits R. 1)

I'm beginning to believe it myself. Socks  
 (To R.C. disconsolately)  
 (Turns C. disconsolately, sees chairs, gets idea rehearses proposal, ushering lady to chair L., sitting chair R. trying to propose but unable to do so, thinks, realizes his mistake, bows lady to chair R. and sits chair L. proposes, leans R. arm about imaginary waist, lips to kiss)

What on earth are you doing? Edith  
 (Enters L. 1)

Socks

Just swimming.

(Rises to R. of chairs, sees EDITH)

Oh -- hello. How are all the boys?

Edith

Are you crazy?

Socks

Yes. I mean N<sub>o</sub> - No - I - Miss Edith - I wanted to ask you something.

Edith

You have something to ask of me that's worth hearing?

Socks

Oh yes, indeed, it's awfully important!

Edith

What is it?

Socks

Miss Edith I wanted to ask you -- to sit down.

Edith

Sit down? Why, of course.

(Sits chair L.)

Socks

(Bus. gets idea)

Would you mind sitting on this side?

(Indicating chair R.)

Edith

Why on that side?

Socks

Because -- I can't do on this side what I'm going to try to do on that side.

(Indicating chair L.)

Edith

What on earth are you going to do?

(Sits chair R.)

Socks

I don't know -- work is awfully hard to get right now.

(Sits L. sighs, bus. hand - knocks her kerchief to floor)

(EDITH stoops to pick up kerchief)

(SOCKS picks up kerchief and puts L. arm about her, at the same time slipping R. arm behind her back)

Edith  
Do you realize that you have your arms around me?  
(Liking it, feigning release)

Socks  
I know - I put 'em there myself.  
(EDITH sighs contentedly)  
Now -- look me in my big blue eyes and tell me just what you  
are thinking about.

Edith  
I think you've been drinking.

Socks  
You can't fool a woman.

Edith  
Why don't you say something?

Socks  
I don't know what to talk about.

Edith  
There's only one topic of conversation really worth while.

Socks  
I know - but I hate to talk about myself.  
(EDITH tries to disengage)  
(High tension)  
Miss Edith that day on the train when Frank gave you my last  
sandwich you ate your way into my heart. Don't leave me - for  
God's sake, ask me to marry you, will you?

Edith  
Marry you? Oh Ernest.  
(Embrace)

Socks  
FRANK.  
(Embrace)  
Now - when shall we be married?

Edith  
In the Spring.

Socks  
You can't depend on me in the Spring.

Edith  
Why not?

Socks  
I'm always so full of Bromo Quinine.

(NUMBER - DUET - EDITH and SOCKS)

"IN THE SPRING"

1.

Edith: Pitter-patter, pitter-pitter-patter,  
Goes my heart each year  
When the chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter  
Of the birds I hear  
Soft rain on my window pane  
Is music to my ear - Oh -

Socks: April showers always bring the little flowers  
From the ground  
When they glisten with the dew, I listen  
To the gentle sound  
Of bursting seeds and sprouting weeds  
When Spring together with its rotten weather  
Comes around.

Chorus

Edith: Little wild flowers that grow in the bowers -  
Socks: Grow wilder in the Spring  
Edith: Lambs gambol over the meadows of clover  
Socks: And green peas have their fling  
Edith: The season's propitious  
Socks: Old men get ambitious  
Edith: For Love alone is king  
Socks: So-- you can't blame my fancy for turning romancy  
I'm cuckoo in the Spring.

2nd Verse

Edith: Robins each morning as daylight is dawning  
Socks: Are all out picking worms  
Edith: In each leafy thicket, the song of the cricket  
Socks: Says look out for the germs  
Edith: The daffy down dillies all flirt with the lillies  
Socks: For love alone is king  
Edith: A man gives sweet kisses to even his misses  
He's cuckoo in the Spring.

(After Number)



Spink

(Enters L. 1 with ALFRED)

What do you mean jumping over the gate? If it hadn't been for me knowing the cop you'd be in the cooler by now.

Alfred

(Enters L. 1 with Spink, dejectedly)

I only wanted to get an Aspirin tablet.

Spink

That cop thought you had copped something and was making a getaway.

Alfred

Get away? I -- ? Ha ha -- that's funny --

Spink

Oh never mind. Come on, sit down here --

(Placing chair R.C.)

and let me treat you.

(Bus. bottle rub mixture)

Alfred

What's in that bottle?

Spink

Something that'll make you feel you could lick the whole world with your little finger.

Alfred

Give me a cup of it now?

Spink

You don't drink it -- I rub it in.

Alfred

It must take a long time to reach the spot that way.

(GONG)

(To feet and starts L. 1 runs twice across the stage - SPINK catches him and seats him)

Spink

Gimme your leg.

(Take L. leg, rubs it)

Alfred

What for?

Spink

Massage, greatest thing in the world for you.

(Massages it violently)

Alfred

Is it?

(Misery)

Spink  
Now - let's have the other one.

Alfred  
No this is a good leg. In fact it's always been my very best leg.

(Puts leg R)

Spink  
Here - none of that.

(Massages R. leg)

(ALFRED grimaces in misery)  
Am I tickling you?

Alfred  
No. Why?

Spink  
I thought I heard you laughing.

Alfred  
Laughing.

Spink  
You know I had a pal once -- "Roughouse Slattery". Whenever I'd massage him before a fight he used to scream with laughter.  
(Pounds leg)

Alfred  
What the hell about?

Spink  
Poor Old Slattery - one punch done it.

Alfred  
DID what?

Spink  
Finished him in the fight game.

Alfred  
What's "Slat" doing now?

Spink  
He's a musician.

Alfred  
What instrument does he play?

Spink  
A harp.

(ALFRED rises, knees wobble)  
What's the matter with you?

Alfred  
I don't know - I think I have Charitable Knees.

Spink  
What do you mean "Charitable Knees?"

Alfred  
They keep giving.

Spink  
You know I've handled hundreds of fighters in my day and I've never yet seen one like you.

Alfred  
Then - you think I'll win?

Spink  
Well I ain't saying THAT - but you certainly ought to cop SECOND prize. Gimme your hand.

(Starts bandage wrapping)  
Now listen -- all you've got to do is to wait for him.

Alfred  
Wait for what?

Spink  
Wait for him to do the fighting - Let him knock you around for a little bit at first.

Alfred  
LET him knock me around?

Spink  
Sure. Don't you see -- all the while he thinks he's being clever you are taking his measure. See?

Alfred  
I'll bet he's nine feet tall -

Spink  
Now if you should have a bit of luck -- and have one eye closed ---

Alfred  
That would be lucky - I wouldn't have so much to see, would I?

Spink  
Sure. That'll lead him on and give him the idea that he's got something soft on his hands.

Alfred  
(Eyeing bandages)  
Something soft on his hands. Put a Pink bow on here.

Spink  
(Bandage other hand)

Yes. In fact if I was you I'd give him an eye - just to fool him. It's a good idea.

Alfred  
You're so full of good ideas - - which eye would you give him?

Spink  
That don't make the slightest difference.

Alfred  
No, it's not your eye, is it?

Spink  
Just as soon as he'd socked you one or two on the nose and has you bleeding nice and comfortable --

Alfred  
Tell me a bed-time story will you?

Spink  
Yes. Bleeding nice and free. That ought to make him warm up to his job. And as soon as he starts smashing 'em in with both hands -- then comes YOUR time --

Alfred  
I'll know -- when my time has come.

Spink  
Yes.

Alfred  
What do I do then?

Spink  
Faint.

Alfred  
You don't have to tell me that.

Spink  
You see he won't know you're only kidding him and waiting --  
(Laughing)

Alfred  
You don't think he will know?

Spink  
No. Just because he's knocked you down eight or nine times -  
(Laughing)  
he'll think you're a cinch.

(ALFRED laughs)--(Feeble)  
He'll see the damage he's done to your map and he'll think HE'S winning.

(Laughing)

Alfred

(Laughing)

And all the time I am winning. How are all the boys?

(GONG)

Spink

Then comes the time to surprise him.

Alfred

Wouldn't it be better to surprise him right at the start and not fool him at all?

Spink

Nix--nix. Make him swing with his right, then you come through with your left and as his head comes up - in comes your right to the jaw and it's his finish.

Alfred

Awfully simple, isn't it?

Spink

You can't go wrong. Now you stay here and I'll go in and fix it so you can see the doctor right after the fight.

(Exits up R.)

(Finish as may be decided)

Alfred

He leads with his jaw -- I swing to the right - and he swings to the left -- and I faint. Then I wait for him -- I wonder -- Spink, how long should I wait?

(Then sees Spink gone)

Then comes his finish - the one - two -

(Bus. starts counting)

One - two - three - four -

Voice

(Off Up C.)

Five - six - seven - eight - nine -

Ensemble

(Off up C. pandemonium, pause)

Battling Buttler -- Battling Buttler -- Battling Buttler -

(Keep up pandemonium)

Alfred

(Grips himself and quickly up C. to steps)

Someone has passed out.

Voice off Stage

Winner Battling Buttler.

Spink

(Appears up centre between curtains with BUTTLER)

Alf, that old right cross sure did it.

Buttler

Ah, he was a cinch.

Bertha

(Enter right first)

Alf you're wonderful. Why did you say Jones was to fight?

Buttler

I just wanted to scare him for being so fresh.

Spink

Come on Alf.

(ALL exit left first)

(BRYANT, SOCKS, MARIGOLD and EDITH enter right first. ALL ad lib excitement)

Marigold

I am so glad that Daddy isn't a fighter.

Edith

(Sees Alfred)

Daddy.

Bryant

What's the matter old boy? Aren't you happy?

Socks

You should be, look at the beating you missed.

Alfred

I haven't missed it yet. My wife now knows I didn't fight.

Socks and Bryant

No she doesn't.

Alfred

What do you mean?

Socks

Instead of putting her in a ringside box I put her in the cellar.

Alfred

You mean -

Socks

Abso-bloomin'-lutely.

Alfred  
Then she still thinks I'm Battling Buttler.

Bryant  
She does.

(Pounding and screaming off stage right)

Alfred  
My wife.  
(Off stage noise again)  
Stand by me for my last big lie.

(More noise)

Socks  
What are you going to do?

Alfred  
Never mind. Open that cellar door.

(ALFRED exits up centre. SOCKS goes right)

(Enter DEACON arguing with SOCKS)

Deacon  
You locked me in the cellar.

Socks  
You deserved it.

(Enter MRS. BUTTLER right)

Mrs. Buttler  
Boys, boys, stop arguing. Tell me who won the fight?

Socks  
Why Battling Buttler.

Mrs. Buttler  
Alfred?? Where is he?

Alfred  
(Off stage)  
Hurrah for Battling Buttler.  
(Appears opening curtains)

Mrs. Buttler  
My Hero!! Did you win?

Alfred  
Did I win?

Did he win??

Socks and Bryant

How are all the boys?

Alfred

( F I N A L E )

C U R T A I N



