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The Old Fashioned Way

By Garnett Weston

Is the show troupe on board? Yes.
Which car? | This car, here.
Well, wait a minute. | They'll all be off.
Is this the McGonigle | Repertory Troupe?
Uh-oh.
Where is the Great McGonigle?
He isn't here, | but I'm his daughter.
Has anything happened?
Not yet.
But I have something here | I'd like to give him.
I'll see that he gets it.
Not on your tintype. | That's my job.
Well, jail can't be | any worse than this.
The best thing | this troupe does
is to get out of town just | one jump ahead of the Sheriff.
Yeah, and I can't jump | like I used to.
What's wrong? | What did he do?
It ain't what he did do, | it's what he didn't do.
Snuck out | of his boarding house.
Didn't pay his board bill, | didn't pay nothing.
Nothing!
Are you McGonigle? | No.
Pardon me, | just a little lung trouble.
That's enough of that.
Are you | the Great McGonigle?
I am, sir, yes.
Then I have something | to give you. There.
Thank you very much.
Board!
Just what I've been | waiting for. I thank you.
Thanks for the light.
Good evening, | my happy little family.
How are my little children | of the theater?
Mr. McGonigle, | I've got to have some money.
Yes, my lad, how much?
Two dollars.
If I had two dollars, I'd | start a number two company.
For two cents I'd quit.
Pay him off.
Tickets, please.
Two score and five years ago... Tickets.
...when I was playing | Mahoney City... Tickets.
Good evening, sir, | how do you do?
I refer you to my amanuensis, | Mr. Marmaduke Gump, our manager.

I am the owner and the star.

Excuse me, please.

Tickets.

Now, if you'll point out | the members of your troupe.

Here's two. There's three. | Here's two. There's four.

What have you got | under your foot, Pop?

Under my foot?

Nothing, dear, | nothing under there.

The other foot.

Other? My other foot?

Oh, for goodness' sake.

I'm glad you noticed it. | What sharp eyes you have.

Let's see, my sleeping car | ticket. I must have dropped it.

Here, I bought it for you. | You what?

I bought it for you | this morning, dear.

No, you didn't.

I didn't buy it?

I saw that man drop it.

A man dropped it? | Well, that's funny.

Give it back to him.

Hmm?

Give it back to him, Pop.

Give it back? | Are you sure he dropped it?

Oh, well, then, of course. It | would be dishonest to keep it.

I'll give it back, but I'd like to | know where that one is I bought for you.

I had it.

Why, don't wait up | for me, dear.

I may play a little Parcheesi | before coming to bed.

Pardon me.

I had a ticket. | I think it was upper nine.

Upper nine?

Upper nine made up?

I'll see. George? | Yes, sir.

Upper nine ready yet? | Yes, sir.

Thank you. Get me the | ladder, please, George.

Yes, sir. | Thank you, my boy.

Quite stuffy affair. | This puts...

Not enough room | to swing a cat around in.

That gentleman | has upper nine.

Well, maybe it was upper six.

No, upper six is occupied.

You don't think I'd lie to you | about a ticket, do you?

Maybe this telegram | will tell you who I am.

"J. Weldon Potter, Grand Mogul | of the High Chamber Secret Order
"of the Veiled Knights | of Matthias. "

Quiet, please, quiet.

What is this, | a cattle car?

Drat!

Well, I had a ticket...

I'll get you... | Now get your belongings.

Hello, Betty.

And where do you think | you're going?

I'm going to Bellefontaine.

Listen, Wally, you've got to stop | following us around from town to town.

Oh, I'm not following us | around. I'm following you.

Well, you can't | follow me, either.

Listen, Betty, I'm going to be an | actor. I'm crazy about the theater.

I'm crazy about you, too.

You're just crazy.

You listen to me, | young man.

You're not going to get off at | Bellefontaine, do you understand?

Yes, ma'am.

You'll stay on the train | until you get back to college

where you should have | been a month ago.

Do you hear? Yes, | ma'am. Thank you, ma'am.

Are you going to do | what I say?

No, ma'am.

Oh, you're impossible.

You're... You're a fool.

Yes, ma'am.

Bellefontaine, boss.

Bellefontaine, boss.

Belle, who?

Bellefontaine.

Oh, hello, Belle, dear, | how are you?

I'll leave two tickets | at the box office for you.

No, sir, | Bellefontaine next stop.

Oh, yes. Oh, why, I'll get up. | Why, so it is. So it is.

Gosh, I slept well last night.

Bellefontaine.

Belle...

How you doing down there?

Who is that? Who is it? | What is this?

Who is it?

Who is it? What are you | doing? What are you doing?

You're acting | like an acrobat.

What's the idea...

What is the idea walking | around in my nightshirt?
What's the idea of wearing a nightshirt | big enough for people to walk
around in?
Get in your berth. I was | when my face you stepped on.
Face you stepped on.
What are you, | Chinese people?
You walking around, | stepping on people's faces!
I... I break your throat!
What? | You... You...
The idea.
Why, was he talking to | me? Stepping on people's...
Papa, he stole my mallet.
You've been creating a lot of | disturbance around here this morning.
You!
I get you! | What are you doing?
You break my head, huh!
I break your neck!
Gangway, please, gangway.
Good morning, gentlemen.
I am the Great McGonigle. | How do you do?
Do you mind | drawing your legs in?
Thank you.
Good morning, Governor.
Good morning, Marmaduke.
Get my parade costume out. | Immediately.
Pardon me. Drat!
Thanks.
Good morning, | little bright eyes.
I hope you are well, | this effulgent morning.
Fine, Pop.
How are all of my little children | of the theater this morning?
That's what I thought.
I have a telegram here that will | warm the cockles of your heart.
I received it | last night at Pocatello.
"The Great McGonigle, | America's leading tragedian. "
It's headed that way.
"Train number 42, upper berth... | Private car number three.
"Dear sir. In reply | to your telegram,
"the advance sale | indicates the worst...
"The best business | this theater has ever known.
"Signed Sneed Hern. " | The manager.
I expect the populace down | to greet us at the station,
possibly with a brass band.
Bellefontaine! | Bellefontaine!

Godfrey Daniel! Strike me | up a gum tree. Here we are.
See, they not only brought a brass | band, but they brought out the militia.
I thank you.
My friends...
My...
Thank you.
My friends of the beautiful | city of Bellefontaine,
words fail me | in expressing our gratitude.
Few of you realize | the penalty of greatness
to which myself | and my company are martyrs.
During our peregrinations | of the seven seas,
we have always had a fond spot in | our heart for dear old Bellefontaine.
And in conclusion,
I wish to thank you on behalf | of myself, the Great McGonigle,
and on behalf of my daughter, | Miss Betty McGonigle.
And on behalf of | the Great McGonigle Company.
I thank you.
I thank you.
I thank you.
Don't shove, daughter. | Little jump here.
Welcome, brother. | I thank you.
I won't...
Left face. | Forward march.
Friends, your reception | has touched my heart.
The opera house is | sold out tonight,
but for your benefit I have | ordered 100 more chairs.
But remember, one and only | one chair to each person.
Bring me my cane.
Thank you. Oh, yes.
Good morning, | my dear Mr. Wendelschaffer.
I hope | I haven't disturbed you.
Mrs. Wendelschaffer, | come down here.
By the by, how is the good Mrs. | Wendelschaffer this morning?
My dear Mrs. Wendelschaffer.
How well you look. | I trust you are fit.
Don't use the word "trust" | around here, Mr. McGonigle.
I hear it too often.
I merely use it | as a hyperbole.
Now, listen to me.
After you've eaten my food | and slept in my beds,
not one piece of baggage goes out | of here until you've paid your bills.
My dear Mrs. Wendelschaffer, | our unimpeachable integrity
has never even been | slightly questioned.

Bertha, show them to | their rooms. Yes, ma'am.
And don't forget to count | the towels. Yes, ma'am.
Is the dining room | open yet?
No!
My dear Bertha. | How charming you look today.
Well, you might as well | pick up your bags.
There ain't nobody gonna | help you carry them upstairs.
Have we any cigars?
Yes, sir.
Thanks.
See if he has any matches.
Thank you.
Gee, it sure is | swell out here.
Nice view.
You know, I like these little | towns, seeing a new one every day.
I hate them.
Traveling with the girl | you love.
Wallace Livingston, | will you talk sense?
Well, I am. | I mean, I do. I...
You ought to be back at school, | studying, making something of yourself.
Betty, listen.
I'll go back to school, | if you'll go with me.
You know | that's impossible.
Well, why?
Because I don't belong there | any more than you belong here.
What do you mean? | Well, I'm...
In the first place, | you're rich.
My father is, but...
Yes, and I know what rich | people think of our profession.
You don't know my father.
You wait till he hears | about you barnstorming
around the country | with a rep show.
Well, he might | get mad, a little.
You didn't give them too | much soup, did you? Mmm-mmm.
No, that's right. Give them | plenty of bread and crackers.
Uh-huh.
And remember, nobody gets a | second helping of apple pie. Uh-uh.
And we don't serve ice cream. Uh-huh.
That's all you're | supposed to know. Uh-huh.
You better look out.
Oh.
Sit here, | my little hourglass.
For the benefit of all those | who do not know me,
I am the Great McGonigle.

The soup sounds good.

Thank you.

Say!

What did you tell us the | opera house was sold out for?

Isn't it? | No, it isn't.

I just saw the manager and he | told me, up till last night,
they only had \$17.30 | in the box office.

Mr. McGonigle, I wanna tell... | Quiet. Take off your hat.

Didn't you hear me tell those gilpins | I'd arranged for 100 extra seats?

Why, they went for it | like a trout for a fly.

Oh, fudge!

Cease!

Don't you use that sort of language | before my innocent little daughter
or I shall be compelled | to lay hands upon you!

Oh... | Hush.

I don't...

Sit down there and have some | of that hot vegetable soup.

Let us finish | our repast in peace,
and remember that every cloud | has a silver lining
and every plate of vegetable | soup is filled with vegetables.

Oh, that's it.

Oh, Mrs. Wendelschaffer, Bertha | tells me Mr. McGonigle is here.

Cleopatra Pepperday, you're not going | to make a fool of yourself again,
like you did last year, | are you?

Why, I don't know | what you mean.

I only want him | to hear me sing.

Sing? Oh, rats.

Who's the old squigelum | over there?

That's that | Pepperday woman.

Who?

Don't you remember how | she pestered you last year?

No, I don't recall.

She's all dressed up | like a well-kept grave.

Well, she's the richest woman | in Bellefontaine.

The cloud | with a silver lining.

What's her name? What's her | name? Quick, quick, quick.

Cleopatra Pepperday.

Mr. McGonigle, | I'm so glad to see you.

My dear Cleopatra Pepperday!

How delighted I am | to see you.

I didn't think | you'd remember me.

Remember you? | How could I forget you?

Oh, Mr. McGonigle. How | could anyone forget you?

Oh, Mr. McGonigle. | Will you sit down here?

Oh, thank you. | Thank you, dear.

It is a pleasure, an honor, to break bread | with you on this delightful afternoon.

Thank you, Mr. McGonigle.

Oh, don't mention it.

Well, little man, | do you know who I am?

Da-da.

Come here. | Boy, you have me wrong.

His name's Albert, after | his dear departed father.

Yes?

Has a wonderful head.

Oh, thank you, Mr. McGonigle.

Shaped like | a Rocky Ford cantaloupe.

Esther.

Are we going to have him | with us for dinner?

Let me, let me... | Please, let me help you.

Now, come on there. | Come on.

He's holding on | to the floor.

There we are.

Hang on.

Look out. Here, I'm just going | to help you in, that's all.

Head up. | Get your foot over there.

Where's his other... | Can you see his other foot?

Oh, here it is. He's such | a friendly little man.

Yes, he is. Yes.

There you are. | Now, you're all right.

Now I have him.

There you are. | There you are.

He has a mind | of his own, hasn't he?

Just like his father.

Yes, stubborn as can be. There | you are. Look at that. There.

Now, could anything be | nicer than that?

Now, come here.

There.

There, little man.

Oh, Mr. McGonigle, I do hope you'll | let me sing for you this year.

You know, you were too busy | when you were here last time.

Yes, we were very... | Very busy last season, yes.

But you will let me | sing for you this time.

I've been looking forward | to it for months.

Oh, thank you.

Really.

Oh, Albert! Now, you | shouldn't have done that.

Whatever possessed you?

Oh, Mr. McGonigle, | I'm so sorry.

Very well done.

Boy. Boy.

I don't know whether to eat | from the coat or from the plate.

Oh, Albert!

Look what you've done | to Mr. McGonigle's watch.

Oh, I'm so sorry. | Oh, Mr. McGonigle.

It's all right. He | has such an impulsive nature.

Yeah. | Just like my own.

Don't apologize, it's all | right. It's just a little child.

Oh, he does the cutest | things. That he does.

You should see him | when no one's around.

Oh, I'd like to catch him | sometime when...

See him sometime | when no one's around.

Oh, Albert. | Why did you do that?

Bet the minute hand won't | be a bit of use after this.

Mr. McGonigle, I hope | he hasn't hurt your watch.

Oh, no. How could you hurt a | watch by dipping it in molasses?

Oh, he's never | done that before.

Well, I hope he doesn't do | it again, not with this watch.

Oh, Mr. McGonigle, I hope you | won't dislike my little Albert.

It'll make me love the | little nipper all the more.

He's a brat. A brat!

A B-R-A-T. Brat!

Albert, you mustn't do that.

Naughty, naughty.

Oh, it's all right. | Don't apologize.

I'm used | to that sort of thing.

We stage folks | get this all the time.

Listen, folks. There's one of them | new-fangled horseless carriages coming.

I've got to see this.

Where is it? | Where is it?

All gone. All gone.

Here. | Don't do that.

See me down at the | theater later. Yes, sir.

Oh, Mr. McGonigle, | I'm all ready to sing for you.

Oh, fine. I've been | waiting for it. Yes.

Bertha, I'm ready.

Yes, ma'am.

You see | the horseless carriage?

Oh, yes.

All right, Bertha.

Mr. McGonigle, | you sit here.

Please don't call me mister. | It's so formal.
Call me Mark Antony.
Mark for short.
Oh, Marky!
Marky.
You pierce my heart.
Now, Bertha, not too fast. No, ma'am.
And don't drown me.
Yes, ma'am.
Begin, Bertha.
Very good, very good.
Very good. | I think that was...
Not so loud.
Very true.
Very good, very good. | Excellent. I think...
Oh, you're really finished. Fine. | Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful.
You make Jenny Lind sound like | a mangy alley cat with asthma.
Oh, Marky, then you | really think I can sing.
Why, those last high notes | are still ringing in my ear.
Oh, Marky.
Will you sit down? | Oh, thank you.
My little | Rocky Mountain canary.
Oh, Marky, I feel like I'm | sitting on top of the world.
Well, I feel the same way,
but I'm not.
Then you really think | I will be a success.
Oh, how can you fail | with those silvery tones
and these golden locks?
Oh, to think you would | give me so much of your time
when you are | such a great artist.
Oh, and it means | so much to me, Marky.
It must mean | a lot to you, dear.
It means a lot to us all. I know | you can't fail, my dear Cleopatra.
Oh, call me... Call me your | little Rocky Mountain canary.
Rocky Mountain canary.
Oh, dear.
Rocky Mountain canary.
My...
My little | Rocky Mountain canary.
Oh, Marky.
Here, quickly. We must hie | ourselves to the opera house.
Oh, yes. | Quickly, dear.
The old wren | couldn't take it.
My little | Rocky Mountain canary.

Rocky Mountain goat.

Are you trying to flim-flam | that silly old fool?

Rats.

Pardon.

You sure your son is here in | Bellefontaine, Mr. Livingston?

Yes, he came in with that | theater troupe this morning.

Is he a play actor?

He'd like to be one.

Stage-struck, huh?

There's a Mrs. Pepperday here

wanted to traipse off with | that same McGonigle last year,
but she's settled down | since then.

In fact I'm... | I'm expecting to marry her.

Last week in Kokomo, the house | was sold out. Capacity house.

Three thousand people | turned away.

Well, it's 2,000 anyway.

Come on, girl. Flies get on | her, you know. Come on, lady.

Well... Say, where will I find | this McGonigle troupe?

Over at the opera house. I got | a telegram to attach the show.

I was just getting set | to go over when you come in.

You know, I don't monkey none | with these fellows.

I close them up like that.

Hey, Sheriff, here comes that | actor fellow riding with your girl.

What?

Looks like | he cut you out.

Don't they make | a handsome couple?

There'll be a hot time in | the old town tonight, Sheriff.

Come on, Livingston.

This, my dear, is the | future temple of your art.

Oh, I'm so excited, | Mr. McGonigle.

Come, dear.

Just fancy, being escorted here | by the Great McGonigle himself.

Nothing, really. Nothing.

Of course, I usually have my | second man do these things.

Come, Cleopatra dear.

Hello, you little lovebirds.

Precede me, honey.

Children, this is | Miss Cleopatra Pepperday.

She's going to join our happy | little family of the theater.

Oh, Mr. McGonigle.

Come, come, come, | folks, now for the rehearsal.

Come, dear. Now, children, | on with the rehearsal.

Dad, Dick Bronson | won't be here. He quit.

The ungrateful coot!

I can play his part, | Mr. McGonigle.
Anybody can play his part. | Can you sing?
Yes, sir. Did you ever | hear the seashell song?
Yes. Yes, I heard the | seashell... Sing a roundelay.
Thank you, sir. Yes, a | little roundelay. One chorus.
Here's one, Rolling in Love. | I know that one.
That's pretty.
Will you play that, please? All right.
Nervous?
No.
Good luck.
Thanks.
All right.
Why, that's my son there, | Sheriff.
That young fellow singing? | Yes.
Say, he ain't bad at all.
If you can't keep quiet, | please leave the auditorium.
What's she doing | up there?
Who?
That's my girl, Cleo.
Quiet, please. Quiet.
This is the Great McGonigle | speaking to you.
Very fine voice.
Wonderful, wonderful.
Of course he can't hold | a candle to yours, dear.
Oh, Marky.
Oh, Marky! | Are you hurt?
Power of mischief! What | kind of skullduggery is this?
Get me out of here! | Get me out.
Governor, | did you get hurted?
No I didn't get "hoited".
Go, go, go, go. Get some | new drums for tonight.
Yes, sir. | Oh, Marky, are you hurt?
No, I had the presence of mind | to fall on my head.
Go, go, folks, rehearsal. | Rehearsal, quickly.
Are you hurt? | Are you hurt?
No. No, no, no and no.
The part is yours.
Oh, gee, thanks, | Mr. McGonigle.
You won't regret it. | I hope not.
Wallace!
Who's that?
I beg your pardon. Have I the | pleasure of your acquaintance?
This is my father.

Dad, I'd like to have you meet | Miss Betty McGonigle
and the Great McGonigle.
Fancy meeting you here | in Bellefontaine.
Bah!
Bah to you, sir. And double | bah. I'd like a word with you.
And a triple bah.
Well, oh, you would? Very well, | I can give you about 15 minutes.
That's all I need.
Now, mister, | what can I do for you?
I have a telegram here from your | friend, the Sheriff of Cucamonga.
The Sheriff of Cucamonga?
Just as I thought. | A grave error.
Evidently for | Ikabod McGonigle.
Different family altogether. | No relation.
Often have those mistakes.
Just a minute.
Why, Walter, what is this?
I have a telegram from | Cucamonga to attach this show.
Do you want this back? | No.
Then tear that up. | But...
I'm a member of the | Great McGonigle Company.
Spoken like a real trouper, | my dear.
Come, I shall rehearse you | in your line.
A pardonable error, sir.
Oh, Dad, Miss McGonigle is | the leading lady with the show.
Yes, I gathered as much.
Excuse me, Wally.
That wasn't very polite, Dad.
No, and it wasn't | intended to be.
Oh, I... | Now, see here, young man,
I want you | to go back to college.
Oh, let's not go all over | that again, Dad, huh?
You don't understand. | I want to stay here.
Your place is in college.
But I promised them | I'd be in the show tonight.
You what? Sure. I'm gonna | act here on the stage.
I'll go tell Betty | you're sorry.
I wouldn't miss | seeing Cleopatra Pepperday
making a fool of herself | if it cost a dollar to get in.
Seems like everybody in town | had the same idea.
"Come, Mrs. Middleton, | I'll find your husband
"if he's in New York, | jailhouse or no... "
"Here comes the prince. "
"Here comes the prince. "

"Here comes the prince. "

Mr. McGonigle, can I see you | a moment? Not now, not now.

"What's the lowest you'll take for your | rotten carcass now, you old rascal, you?

"Well, Squire, | what's the lowest... "

Let me read that for you.

"What's the lowest... "

You see. Give it the gesture, | you see. Oh, yeah. Sure.

"What's the lowest you'll take for your | old carcass now, you old rascal... "

"Here comes the prince. "

"What's the lowest you'll take for | your... " "Here comes the prince. "

"What's the... " | "Here comes the prince. "

There goes the prince. | "What's the... "

Another Gelder sleeve.

Listen, Sheriff, | can't you wait a bit?

My girl's got a part | in the show tonight.

I can't help that.

I didn't come all the way from | New Philadelphia to see her.

Well, well, my old friend, | Sheriff Prettywillie.

How are all the elks | over in New Philadelphia?

Most of them are waiting | for the money you owe them.

They are, eh? | And I'm here to get it!

Oh, another valentine, eh?

What're you | up to now, Walter?

Just an attachment on scenery, | costumes and box-office receipts.

Anything else?

I'll be responsible | for the amount.

Now, Cleo, you don't know | what you're getting into.

Don't do that, Cleo.

Then don't interfere | with my career.

Cleo, that little | investment of yours will garner you | a million dollars.

Here, take it back.

Places everybody, | quickly! Come on.

"What's the lowest you'll take | for your rotten carcass now... "

"Here comes the prince. "

Who was that?

That's my girl. | She owns half the town.

Oh.

I have just come | from the cottage of the widow Wilson | and her daughter.

The widow and the child | must quit the cottage.

Here comes the girl now. | I must watch her closely.

I have now nearly reached | the old mansion house.
In a few moments I shall see this Edward | Middleton, this dissipated
collegian.
I see a gentleman approaches.
My fears tell me | that this is the man I seek.
I shall pause | till he has reached the house.
Good day, son of my old friend. | I've been looking for you.
Ah, Mr. Cribbs, any friends of | my father are always welcome.
Nobly said. I wish to speak to | you with regard to the cottage
you recently inherited | from your late father.
I have an opportunity | of selling it.
Why, I understand that a widow | and her only daughter...
Who are in arrears for rent.
To turn them forth | upon the world
in the present condition | of the old lady...
In short, Mr. Cribbs,
I cannot think | of depriving them of a home
dear to them | as the apple of their eyes.
You are pleased to be | pleasant today, Mr. Middleton.
Good day.
Good day.
Boo! | Boo!
Blessing of the widow | and fatherless be upon thee.
This then is the widow's daughter, | nurtured in the wilderness.
She knows naught | to the cold forms
of the fashionable | miscalled world.
Oh, stay, sir, I pray you. This | is part of the rent which...
Nay, dear girl. Keep it | as a portion of your dowry.
Sir?
Ah, little did I think when I thought | of selling that dear old cottage
that it should be regarded | as a casket,
invaluable for the jewel | which it contains.
Are you hurted again?
Never mind hurted! | Get it off!
Meshach and Abednigo!
The same foot again.
What are you doing now?
Put it down!
"Here comes the prince. "
"Here comes the prince. "
When's Cleo gonna act | in this show?
Oh, Cleo, | oh, yes, yes, yes.
She'll probably go on | right after the epilogue.
Don't be impatient, dear. | Don't be impatient.

That is good brandy, Landlord. | I'll take another glass.
Certainly.
He's not here.
Fancy meeting you here, | Mr. Middleton.
Fill them up, barkeep.
But come, gentlemen. | Come one, come all!
Let's drink to the health of | my old, tried friend, Cribbs!
Again, Mr. Middleton! | To my health! Health!
Hey, what's the matter with you, | old sulky? Why don't you join us?
I drink when I'm dry | and what I drink, I pay for.
Lay off! You're drunk!
Drunk? Death and fury! | Why you...
A fight!
Wrong exit.
Henry, remember your heart.
Mr. Middleton, | where is he?
Lord have mercy. What's this? | You can walk, can't you?
Walk? Why, yes, | I can walk.
But, oh, what's the matter | with my head?
Blood! | You have been fighting!
Fighting?
Oh, shame! Shame!
Pray give me your pardon, sir. Oh, | I wish I'd died before I'd seen this.
Drunk? Fighting? Oh, my | poor wife! My poor child!
Oh, agony! Agony!
Left out that third "agony. "
Has Mr. McGonigle | called me yet?
He ain't gonna let you | set foot on that stage.
All he wants is your money, | Mrs. Pepperday.
"Here comes the prince. "
Places!
Julia, where's | your mother, darling?
Wine cures the gout!
Oh, Bill, I've had the most glorious | time. You know, old Cribbs...
Father, dear Father.
Edward, my mother! | Mary!
She's dead! Oh, | horrors! And I the cause.
I cannot bear this! | Let me fly!
Edward, do not leave me! | Edward, love, husband!
Call me not husband. | Curse me as your destroyer!
Loose your arms! Leave me!
Edward, brother. | Father, Father.
Loose me! Leave me! | Why fasten me down on fire?
Madness is my strength! My | brain is liquid flame! Free!

Farewell forever!

Oh, husband! | Oh, heaven!

Edward, my brother! | Father! Father!

Say, it don't look as if Cleopatra | was going to be in the show at all.
Maybe she played the part | of the dead mother.

Maybe.

Oh, dear Mother, | I'm so cold.

Oh, darling.

Alas, where is he | on this bitter night?

Isn't it wonderful?

Do you think | this is a good play?

Oh, yes.

Who can that be?

Ah, should it be Edward?

Oh!

It ain't a fit night out | for man or beast.

Mrs. Middleton, pardon my | intrusion at this unearthly hour.

I see you still persist in | living in these squalid quarters.

When last we met, | I suggested a change.

Heaven help me. | Where would you have me go?

Return to the village? | I will not.

I must remain | and find my husband.

He would laugh in his drunken | ribaldry could he hear you speak thus.

Most contemptible of earth-born | creatures, it is false.

Ah, my proud beauty! You | are in my power! 'Tis late!

You are unfriended!

Well, Squire, what's the lowest you'll | take for your rotten carcass now?

Curse you! I shall be revenged for | this, if there is law or justice!

Get out!

Curse you!

Kind, generous friend, how | came you here so opportunely?

And what of my poor husband?

Come, Mrs. Middleton, I'll | find him if he's in New York,

jailhouse or no jailhouse, | watchhouse or no watchhouse!

Just a minute. | Who plays this prince?

Oh, you've nonplussed me | for the moment.

I've a very bad memory | for names.

Well, let me tell you... | Let's see. George?

...she ain't gonna | put no money... Harry?

...back in this show | unless she's in it. Fred?

Oh, that's a foregone conclusion, | yes. Excuse me a moment.

All right, go ahead.

Wally, that was marvelous.

Well, thanks. | Did you really like it, Betty?

Shall I rise the curtain, | Governor?

Rise it, yes, rise it.

Stop it! Stop it!

Take it up, take it up.

Yes?

May I speak to you | a moment?

Yes, yes, sure.

Thank you.

Miss McGonigle.

Yes, Mr. Livingston?

This is no life | for my son.

I know it.

I've been trying to send him back | to college for the past four weeks.

You what?

Yes. But he won't go.

Well, I think I've been wrong. I'm very | sorry for what I said this afternoon.

Yes, Wally told me.

Oh, he did? | Mmm-hmm.

Well, maybe you and I ought | to work together on this thing.

Oh, hello, Dad. How do you | like the show? Isn't it great?

Come on, Betty, we're on. | Oh, gosh.

You better get out in front, Dad, | if you wanna catch the rest of it.

I'll see you later. | Come on, Betty.

Excuse me, Mr. Livingston.

"Here comes the prince. "

This is the last act. If you ain't | in that, you ain't in nothing.

Oh, Walter, | what a fool I've been.

There, there, honey girl. | Just forget it.

Oh, I'm so humiliated.

Don't cry.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, a special | added attraction for Bellefontaine only.

The Great McGonigle | will entertain you with his extraordinary feats | of legerdemain and conjuring, with which he has entertained and | mystified the crowned heads of Europe. And don't forget, folks, | tomorrow night, East Lynne.

And now, the Great McGonigle.

Drat!

Telegram, Governor.

What's in it?

Here, hold that.

"The Great McGonigle. The | Great McGonigle Company... "

There's no answer, no answer. Pull up | your socks. Go, quick, quick,

quick.

Who is it?

Can we come in? | Sure.

Dad has something | to tell you, Betty.

Oh, I have to turn these | things in. Sit down, won't you?

Be back in a minute.

Never mind this. You go over to the | boarding house and pack all the trunks.

Where are we going, | Governor?

Go, go! Quick, hurry!

And you really don't | object anymore, Dad?

No. You can | marry Betty tomorrow

if you'll find a way to get | rid of the Great McGonigle.

I won't have it known that we're even | remotely related to that egotistical windbag.

Why, the man is | an out-and-out rascal.

Oh, but you don't | know him, Dad.

I don't want to know him.

He's a great actor.

A great actor?

Oh, Wally, don't let anybody | ever hear you say that.

Why, he's a disgrace | to his profession.

Rather blunt fellow that.

No, Wally, you've a lot | to learn about people.

Well? Well... Maybe I | better let Wally tell you.

I love you, Wally, but I'll never | leave Pop as long as he needs me.

Oh, hello, dear. There you | are. I've been looking for you.

Well, excuse me.

I'm going to close the show.

Why, Pop, there was | a full house tonight.

I know there was, dear.

I didn't see the receipts, but from | what I heard, it sounded very good.

Well, then what happened?

I got a very flattering offer | to come to New York.

New York? | Yes, dear.

Gee.

When are we going?

Unfortunately, | I have to go alone, honey.

I know that you wouldn't | stand in the way of my success.

I'll send for you later on. In the | meantime you shall receive your allowance.

You won't have to do that, | Mr. McGonigle.

She can go home | with Dad and me.

What's this? Well, you see, | sir, we're gonna get married.

What? I mean, if you'll | give us your consent.
Isn't it wonderful how everything | rounds itself out eventually?
My little daughter | happily married,
I on my way | to greater triumphs.
Bless you, my children.
Fine boy.
If you need me at any time, | financially or otherwise,
I'm at your beck and call.
Pop.
Goodbye.
Goodbye, dear.
Goodbye.
That's funny. He never | acted like that before.
What's going on here?
My good Mrs. Wendelschaffer.
I regret having awakened you | at this unearthly hour,
but a friend of mine, | Charlie Bonair,
the top mounter | of the Glinzeritti family,
is coming to spend | a few days with me.
We're bringing his trunk in. | Come, Gump.
No, you don't! I've had | enough of your kind.
Take that trunk | right out of here!
Mrs. Wendelschaffer.
Go on, go on, go on.
However, you are mistress | of this establishment.
Oh, dear Charlie. | How my heart bleeds for him.
Hurry, hurry, hurry, | let's go.
I wonder | where he'll sleep tonight.
You'll regret this | in the morning.
Oh, isn't this great, honey? | Are you happy?
Mmm-hmm.
I kind of wish Pop was here.
Oh, he's all right. He's | probably in New York by now.
I know. I hope | he'll take care of himself.
I suppose New York is the | ambition of every actor.
Oh, it's always been Pop's. | Ever since I can remember I...
Telegram for | Miss Betty McGonigle.
Telegram for Miss Betty | McGonigle. Yes, boy, here.
Why, it's from Pop.
What does he say?
Ladies and gentlemen,
it has been | my great privilege,
many years ago whilst traveling | through the mountains of Paraguay,
to find the Aquí Indians | drinking the juice of the cacti,

the only real cure for hoarseness | known to medical science.
I have here tonight a few | bottles which I am selling for \$1.
It cures hoarseness.
It'll cure the most | stubborn case of hoarseness.
I have been a martyr to the disease | of hoarseness for many years.
This malignant disease, whenever speaking | in public as I do and I depend
on...
It cures hoarseness. It'll cure the | most stubborn cases of hoarseness.
One little sip of the bottle | will cure...
It cures hoarseness!
Who'll be the first | to buy a bottle?