

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.

485 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

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May 7, 1948

Mr. Amos Carter  
Fort Worth Telegram  
Fort Worth, Texas

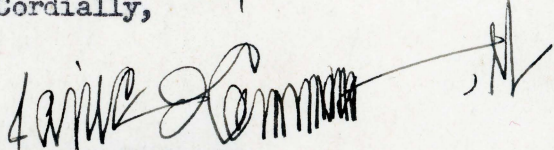
Dear Mr. Carter:

Enclosed herewith is a form granting CBS the right to impersonate you on the Studio One production, "THE FABLE OF BILLY ROSE". We would appreciate your signing and returning the form to this office.

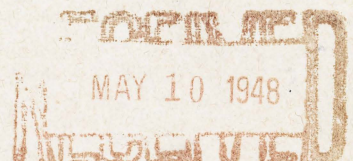
Also enclosed please find a copy of the script to be used on the broadcast.

Thanks very much for your cooperation.

Cordially,

  
Janice O'Connell  
Literary Clearance

JO'C:mb.  
enc.



May 6, 1948

Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.  
485 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y.

I hereby consent and agree that Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc. may broadcast over station WCBS and the Columbia network an impersonation of me rendered by a dramatic actor, including the use of my own name if it so desires, in connection with the sustaining program STUDIO ONE.

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Amos Carter

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"STUDIO ONE"

presents

Fletcher Markle's production of

"THE FABLE OF BILLY ROSE"

An original Broadway bedtime story by  
Quentin Reynolds and Vincent McConnor.

TUESDAY,

1948

10:00 to 11:00 PM EDST

THE CAST

NARRATOR.....  
MUGGSIE.....  
LUNK.....  
BILLY ROSE.....  
MAMA.....  
PAPA.....  
SISTER.....  
OFFICIAL.....  
BERNARD BARUCH.....  
TUMULTY.....  
WOODROW WILSON.....  
PEGGY.....  
MISS PURDY.....  
GUS VAN.....  
GIRL.....  
HEAD WAITER.....  
WAITER.....  
HELEN MORGAN.....  
MISS ANDREWS.....  
NED ALVORD.....  
1ST GANGSTER.....  
2ND GANGSTER.....  
3RD GANGSTER.....  
BUTLER.....  
AMON CARTER.....  
1ST TEXAN.....  
2ND TEXAN.....  
ELEANOR HOLM.....  
AGENT.....  
GROVER WHALEN.....  
1ST EDITOR.....  
2ND EDITOR.....  
JOHN WHEELER.....  
BARKER.....  
VOICES.....

Director-Producer; Fletcher Markle  
Script: Quentin Reynolds- Vincent McConnor  
Conductor; Alexander Semmler  
Supervisor; Harry Ackerman

STUDIO ONE - "THE FABLE OF BILLY ROSE"  
TUESDAY, 1948

MUSIC: SNEAK IN BOOGIE- WOOGIE PIANO BEHIND:

NARRATOR: Lots of guys, around town, ask questions about Billy. . .

MUGGSIE: Wot's he like - dis Rose guy?

LUNK: He's de luckiest guy in de world - dat's wot he is.

NARR: Luck's got something to do with it. But there's a lot more to Billy Rose than luck.

MUGGSIE: Such as what?

NARR: Let me tell you a fabulous story!

LUNK: Yuh mean - like a fairy tale?

NARR: Yes! A kind of fabulous fable! Professor - if you please! A little fable music!

MUSIC: GLISS ON CELESTE AND HARP

NARR: This is the Fable of Billy Rose. . .

MUSIC: FULL ORCHESTRA SNEAK IN - SHIMMERING EFFECT - BEHIND:

NARR: Billy was born on a wonderful magical island - the island of Manhattan. Like all heroes in this kind of fable - Billy's parents were poor but honest people who, of course, had great dreams for their son.

MUGGSIE: Dat's de way it always is!

NARR: Billy's childhood was much like that of millions of other kids who grow up on the island of Manhattan - until one day he discovered a brand new kind of magic. It was a magic way of writing!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA SWEEPS UP AND OUT

MUSIC: PIANO - PLAYING "POOR BUTTERFLY" VERY BADLY - HOLD BEHIND:

MAMA: Billy. . .

BILLY: Yes, Mama?

MAMA: You are very quiet tonight. . .

BILLY: Uh-huh. . .

MUSIC: CRASH OF PIANO AS MUSIC STOPS.

PAPA: What this house needs is a good piano tuner!

MAMA: To me it seems very strange - one of those scientific magazines you're always reading doesn't tell you how to tune a piano!

BILLY: Look at this, Papa - what I've written down.

PAPA: So? Now what are they teaching you at school - Chinese?

BILLY: It's shorthand.

MAMA: It's mishmash!

PAPA: What does it mean?

BILLY: What you said just now.

MAMA: Those scribbles - they mean something?

BILLY: Sure! They say - "What this house needs is a good piano tuner!"

PAPA: This is shorthand?

BILLY: Yes, Papa. This is shorthand - and it's wonderful!

MUSIC: STING .. BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING OFF

MAMA: (ON MIKE) That you, Billy?

SOUND: BRING IN BILLY'S FOOTSTEPS WITH VOICE

BILLY: Where's Papa?

MAMA: Who knows? Half an hour ago he went down to the corner to buy a cigar and a copy of "Popular Mechanics."

BILLY: Look, Mama! I won a medal!

MAMA: A medal? What's it for, Billy?

BILLY: I'm the best shorthand writer in our whole school! I can take it down faster than my teacher! One hundred and twenty words a minute! Keep the medal for me, Mama.

MAMA: Yes, Billy. I'll keep it for you.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATE

SISTER: (14 - READS VERY FAST) ". . . and, today, President Woodrow Wilson nominated Louis D. Brandeis for Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court to fill the vacancy left by the death of Mr. Justice Lamar. . . Oh! I'm out of breath, Billy! That's all tonight.

BILLY: But you - you can't stop, sis!

SISTER: I've been reading to you for hours - and I've stopped.

BILLY: I'm paying you five cents an hour.

SISTER: I'll read some more tomorrow night.

BILLY: The competition's next week! The winner will be the best amateur shorthand writer in all New York City. And it's got to be me - Billy Rose!

MUSIC: STING - BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: HUM OF VOICES IN ECHOING AUDITORIUM - HOLD BEHIND:

OFFICIAL: Your name, please?

BILLY: William Rose.

OFFICIAL: Those bandages on your hand, Mr. Rose. . .

BILLY: What's wrong with 'em?

OFFICIAL: They're on your right hand! You can't enter this shorthand contest with your hand bandaged.

BILLY: Why not? It isn't against the rules - is it?

OFFICIAL: Well, no. It - it's just that you've no hope of even making a showing.

BILLY: At least I can try - can't I?

OFFICIAL: How'd you hurt your hand, anyway?

BILLY: I sprained it - ice-skating in Central Park.

OFFICIAL: You can't even hold a pencil - with all those bandages!

BILLY: Sure I can. Like this. . .

OFFICIAL: What?

BILLY: I brought this potato along. See - I stick the pencil through the potato - then I hold the potato in my hand.

OFFICIAL: Now I've seen everything!

BILLY: Please! Let me enter the contest.

OFFICIAL: Well - if you want to enter it that badly . . .  
All right. What's your name again?

BILLY: Rose - Billy Rose.

MUSIC: STING - SEGUE TO BOOGIE-WOOGIE PIANO - VERY SOFT -  
HOLD BEHIND:

NARRATOR: So -- Billy entered the contest. He had no lance  
or spear -- only a pencil inside a potato. It  
must have contained some sort of magic spell  
because Billy won that contest -- a champion at one  
hundred and seventy-eight words a minute.

MUGGSIE: That's a mighty fast potato!

NARRATOR: Unfortunately -- Billy didn't have his potato with  
him when he entered the national shorthand contest.  
He had left it behind and, without it, he didn't  
even pass the first test.

MUGGSIE: Wot happened?

NARRATOR: Billy cracked up. He'd been working too hard -  
training day and night for the contest. He was  
worn out -- suffering from fatigue. . .

LUNK: De poor kid!

NARRATOR: That was the year we entered World War I. Billy was only seventeen -- too young to enlist -- but he went down to the mysterious, white, marble capital, called Washington -- and there he found himself on the staff of a great wizard -- chairman of the War Industries Board.

MUGGSIE: Wot was de name o' dis wizard?

NARRATOR: He was called Bernard Baruch. Billy Rose worked on his stenographic staff using his magic writing. One day Billy asked to have an audience with the mighty wizard . . .

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA - SNEAK IN BEHIND PREVIOUS LINES - WIPE OUT PIANO AND BRIDGE TO:

BARUCH: (47) Well, young man? I understand you've something you want to speak to me about . . .

BILLY: Yes, Mr. Baruch. There's a lot of lost time in this department.

BARUCH: What do you mean - "lost time?"

BILLY: Every day dozens of meetings are held which concern your War Industries Board.

BARUCH: That's right.

acq



TUMULTY: (BRING IN) Your name's Rose - isn't it?

BILLY: That's right, Mr. Tumulty - Billy Rose. I do all of Mr. Baruch's personal jobs. Any message for me to take back to him?

TUMULTY: No. I - I don't think so. The President may tell you himself.

BILLY: What?

TUMULTY: The President wants to see you.

BILLY: See me - Mr. Wilson?

TUMULTY: If you'll come this way . . .

BILLY: Is - is anything wrong? What's he want to see me for?

TUMULTY: I don't know, Mr. Rose.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING - ON MIKE.

TUMULTY: Mr. President - this is Mr. Rose.

WILSON: (OFF - 61) Come in, Mr. Rose! Come in!

BILLY: Yes, sir.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES - BEHIND:

WILSON: (BRING IN) Mr. Rose! I understand that you're quite a shorthand writer.

BILLY: I - I've heard you're pretty good yourself, Mr. President.

WILSON: I don't get much chance to practice any more. Mr. Baruch tells me you can write two hundred words a minute . . .

BILLY: That's right, sir.

WILSON: I - I wonder if you'd mind giving me a little demonstration?

BILLY: Well, I - I'd be gald to ... Yes, sir!

WILSON: Here! Use my pad and pencil. I'll dictate something to you from the morning paper. How would that be?

BILLY: Fine!

WILSON: Then - you can dictate to me!

BILLY: Me? Dictate to the President of the United States?

WILSON: If you'll promise not to go too fast.

BILLY: Oh - no, Mr. President! I wouldn't do that!

MUSIC: "HAIL TO THE CHIEF" - UP BIG - SEGUE TO BOOGIE\*WOOGIE  
PIANO - HOLD BEHIND:

NARRATOR: That's one of the few times anybody ever dictated anything to Woodrow Wilson.

LUNK: Waddaya know . . .

NARRATOR: De President, himself!

REYNOLDS: After the war, Billy Rose went back to the island of Manhattan where he used his magic writing to work as a newspaper man - reporting banquets and conventions. But, somehow, that wasn't exciting enough. Billy decided that he wanted to travel - to see something of the United States.

LUNK: How'd he travel - on a magic carpet?

NARRATOR: Matter of fact, he did - on hundreds of little magic carpets - green in color and manufactured by the Treasury Department. And they carried him across Arkansas, Mississippi, Georgia and a good many other states. Billy watched an oil boom in Texas and listened to jazz in Louisiana.

MUGGSIE: He sure covered some territory!

NARRATOR: When Billy ran out of magic carpets he took a steamer back to New York. Aboard ship he met a beautiful little princess. She had been casting spells on the people of New Orleans - singing in a night club. Billy spent several evenings on deck with her - gazing at the moon . . .

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA - SNEAK IN BEHIND LAST LINES - WIPE OUT  
PIANO AND BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: **THUMP** -THUMP OF SMALL SHIP - HOLD BEHIND:  
acq

PEGGY: . . . and when I get back to the big town I'll look up my pals. I know lots of the Broadway guys - 'specially song writers. They can always tell a girl where she can get a cabaret job.

BILLY: I never saw a cabaret.

PEGGY: Better still, maybe they'll get me in the chorus of a Broadway show.

BILLY: I never saw a Broadway show, either.

PEGGY: Where are you from, anyway?

BILLY: Me? I was born in New York City.

PEGGY: And you never saw a Broadway show? Brother - I'll have to take you on a guided tour of your own home town!

BILLY: Got a cigarette you could spare?

PEGGY: Sure. You know - since I met you, yesterday, you must've smoked a whole pack of my cigarettes. Don't you ever buy any?

BILLY: Nope. They clutter up my pockets. I don't like anything in my pockets but money - nice, light, folding money!

MUSIC: STING - SEGUE TO BROADWAY THEME - BRASH AND EXCITING- AND OUT.

SOUND: CLATTER OF DAIRY RESTAURANT - VOICES, ETC. - HOLD IN acq BG.

PEGGY: How do you like this restaurant?

BILLY: Fine.

PEGGY: All the big song writers eat here.

BILLY: Any of 'em here now?

PEGGY: Sure! See that fellow - sitting next to the mirror?

BILLY: Yeah . . .

PEGGY: He wrote "Mammy" - made a fortune with it!

BILLY: He did?

PEGGY: That other man - sitting in the corner - he wrote  
"Oh, What A Pal Was Mary!" Made a fortune with it!

BILLY: How do you learn to write songs:

PEGGY: I don't know. I guess you just write 'em.

BILLY: Well! I've just decided - I'm going to be a song  
writer!

PEGGY: Yeah? When're you gonna start?

BILLY: Tomorrow morning. In the Public Library!

MUSIC: STING AND OUT.

MISS PURDY: (40) Can I help you, young man?

BILLY: I - I wonder if you could give me a list of all the  
song hits of the past twenty years?

MISS PURDY: Oh, yes! We have an excellent file of popular music? All the hit songs . . .

BILLY: Okay. I want to see them.

MISS PURDY: All of them?

BILLY: All of 'em!

MISS PURDY: But you couldn't begin to see all of them in one day!

BILLY: That's all right. I got plenty of time.

MUSIC: STING - BRIDGE TO:

PEGGY: Billy - you look tired tonight.

BILLY: I've been in the library all day.

PEGGY: Not again! You've spent the past three months in that old place! When are you going to take a day off?

BILLY: After I write my first song.

PEGGY: And when will that be?

BILLY: Any day now. I've discovered something about hit songs.

PEGGY: I know! They're all written by Irving Berlin.

BILLY: Nope! I've found out that anybody can write a song hit.

PEGGY: Oh - yeah?

BILLY: I've analyzed every song hit of the past twenty years.

PEGGY: You - what?

BILLY: Torn 'em apart - inside out! And I've discovered that one sound is used more frequently than any other. It appears in the lyric of nearly every big hit!

PEGGY: And what sound might that be?

BILLY: The sound of "ooo" . . .

PEGGY: Well - write a song lyric that's nothing but ooo ooo ooo - and you'll have a hit!

BILLY: That's just about what I'm doing!

PEGGY: What are you talking about?

BILLY: I looked around for something - some popular name that had an "ooo" sound . . .

PEGGY: I'm listening.

BILLY: You know that cartoon character - Barney Google?

PEGGY: Yes?

BILLY: I'm writing a song about him.

PEGGY: That's silly! Who'd want to sing a song about a funny little guy in a comic strip?

BILLY: I think lots of people would. You see - my lyrics follow the rules for a sure-fire song hit. "Barney Google - with the goo goo googly eyes!"

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA STING

CHORUS: "Barney Google, with the goo goo googly eyes  
Barney Google, had a wife three times his size  
She sued Barney for divorce  
Now he's sleeping with his horse  
Barney Google, with the goo goo googly eyes!"

MUSIC: ORCHESTRAL BRIDGE TO:

1ST VOICE: (OFF) Hey - you! Where d'ye think y're goin' with that lamp post?

BILLY: I want to see Van and Schenck.

1ST VOICE: (FADE) Nobody's allowed backstage. You can't go in there!

BILLY: I am in. C'mon, boys - bring it on in!

2ND VOICE: We're right in backa ya!

SOUND: MUMBLE OF VOICES - BRING IN BEHIND:

MUSIC: NOODLING ON PIANO - BRING IN BEHIND:

fdm

BILLY: Excuse me - where can I find Van and Schenck.

3RD VOICE: That's Gus Van - over there at the piano.

BILLY: I see him. Thanks..... Okay, boys! Follow me!

2ND VOICE: Yes, sir!

MUSIC: BRING PIANO UP TO MIKE

BILLY: Mr. Van - could I speak to you for a minute?

MUSIC: PIANO STOPS

VAN: I'm sorry. We're rehearsing . . .

BILLY: Put it down, boys. Right there.

VOICE: Yes, sir.

SOUND: THUD OF LAMP POST

VAN: What is this - a joke?

BILLY: My name's Rose - Billy Rose . . .

VAN: Aren't you the fellow wrote "Barney Google?"

BILLY: That's right.

VAN: What are you doing here in Boston?

BILLY: I came up to see you and Mr. Schenck.

VAN: Joe went out for supper between rehearsals.

fdm

BILLY: Look, Mr. Van! I've got another song. I - I've come up here to get it in this new "Ziegfeld Follies."

VAN: Flo's got all the music he wants.

BILLY: But couldn't you and Mr. Schenck use another number - one that's a sure fire hit?

VAN: Who couldn't! Why? Have you got one?

BILLY: I sure have. Just finished writing it.

VAN: Say! Isn't that a New York lamp-post you've got there?

BILLY: Yeah. I brought it up on the train with me.

VAN: You brought a New York lamp-post all the way to Boston!

BILLY: This song has to be sung standing on a street corner. Now - the lamp-post will be stage center . . . You and Joe stand there - a baby spot on you as you sing . . .

VAN: Let's see that song!

SOUND: SHEET OF MUSIC UNFOLDED

BILLY: Sure! Take a look at it.

VAN: I'll run it over - here on the piano . . .

fdm

BILLY: It's a sentimental song - nostalgic . . .

MUSIC: START PIANO

BILLY: (WITH PIANO) "Gee, but I'd give the world to see  
that old gang of mine . . ."

VAN: This is pretty good!

BILLY: "I can't forget that old quartette  
That sang Sweet Adeline . . ."

VAN: In fact - it's terrific!

BILLY: "Goodbye forever, old fellows and gals . . ."

VAN: It's in! We'll do it in the "Follies!"

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA STING

CHORUS: "Good bye forever, old sweethearts and pals  
God bless them.  
Gee, but I'd give the world to see  
That old gang of mine!"

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA UP TO FINALE OF NUMBER AND OUT

MUSIC: BOOGIE-WOOGIE PIANO - HOLD BEHIND:

NARRATOR: Billy had found a second kind of magic - writing songs that people liked to sing.

MUGGSIE: Dey swept de country like a cold in de head!

NARRATOR: Billy's pockets soon bulged with song lyrics - and with plenty of that nice folding money - those little green magic carpets. It was around this time that Billy met his first big stars. Only they didn't twinkle in the sky. They shone in night clubs - headliners like Texas Guinan and Sophie Tucker. Billy wrote special songs just for them. And when he saw how gold was mined in a night club - he wanted a night club of his own.

LUNK: Wot did he know about night clubs?

NARRATOR: Very little. But, don't forget-- Billy had already discovered an enchanted cavern - a place where you could find out anything you wanted to know about everything. Billy wanted to know about night clubs so he went back to this cavern - the main branch of Fifth Avenue - and consulted the wise woman in charge of all the knowledge . .

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA SNEAK IN BEHIND LAST SPEECH - BRIDGE  
TO:

MISS PURDY: (44) Could I help you?

BILLY: Yes! I'd like to see everything you have in your files about night clubs . . .

MISS PURDY: Night clubs?

BILLY: Cafes - floor shows - cabarets . . . Y'understand?

MISS PURDY: Of course I understand but . . .

BILLY: Photographs, magazine articles, publicity - anything you've got about night clubs in New York or in Europe!

MISS PURDY: Well, I - I suppose we have something. . . Aren't you the same young man who was in here doing research on popular songs?

BILLY: That's right.

MISS PURDY: Well! And have you written a song yet?

BILLY: Dozens of 'em!

MISS PURDY: Indeed? Have any of them been published?

BILLY: Most of 'em.

MISS PURDY: Most of . . . I wonder if I've ever heard them?

BILLY: How about "You've Got To See Mama Every Night?" Ever hear that?

MISS PURDY: (HORRIFIED) That - that horrib..... You wrote that?

BILLY: I certainly did.

MISS PURDY: Well! I - I'll see what we have on night clubs. If you'll sign your name on this slip . . .

BILLY: The name's Rose - Billy Rose!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA STING - SEGUE TO SMALL STRING ENSEMBLE PLAYING "FOLLOW THE SWALLOW" - HOLD BEHIND:

1st VOICE: So this is the night club Billy Rose opened last week!

GIRL: He calls it the Fifth Avenue Club but it looks more like Park Avenue to me!

1st VOICE: Kind of stuffy - don't you think?

GIRL: (FADE) Well - at least we can get a table.

1st VOICE: (FADE) You can get a hundred tables!

HEAD WAITER: (FRENCH) Monsieur Rose . . .

BILLY: Yeah? What is it?

HEAD WAITER: As head waiter of your club - might I make a suggestion?

pd

BILLY: Sure. What is it?

HEAD WAITER: Monsieur - I would not stand here at the entrance if I were you. It - it looks much more proper if I stand here and greet the guests - alone!

BILLY: What guests?

HEAD WAITER: We may get quite a crowd after the theatre.

BILLY: Quit your kidding. If anybody shot off a gun in here they wouldn't hit anything but waiters.

HEAD WAITER: But, Monsieur - this is the most exclusive club in New York City!

BILLY: Next time I open a night club it's not going to be so exclusive. Y'understand? Next time I'm going to have a club where people can have some fun for themselves. Girls and loud music and noise! That's the mistake I made here. We need noise!

HEAD WAITER: Monsieur Rose!

BILLY: Lots of noise!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA - STING - SEGUE TO BRASSY JAZZ BANG  
PLAYING "CLAP HANGS" - CONTINUE WITH CHORUS  
SINGING.

CHORUS: "Clap hands! Here comes Charley;  
Clap hands! Good time Charley;  
Clap hands! Here comes Charley now.  
This way - join the party. . ."

MUSIC: FADE BAND BUT CONTINUE IN BG BEHIND:

1ST VOICE: So this is Billy Rose's new night club!

GIRL: The Backstage Club! You enter it over this row  
of footlights!

SOUND: BRING IN BLUR OF CROWDED NIGHTCLUB BEHIND:

1ST VOICE: Look at these bare brick walls - like backstage  
at a theatre!

GIRL: (FADE) And just look at this crowd!

1ST VOICE: (FADE) We'll never get a table!

WAITER: Mr. Rose . . .

BILLY: Yeah? What is it?

WAITER: One of the singers wants to see you . . .

BILLY: Anything wrong?

WAITER: She didn't say.

pd

BILLY: Okay. I'll go find out what she wants.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS - "CLAP HANDS" - UP TO END

SOUND: APPLAUSE - QUITE A LOT - BUT OFF A BIT - FADE OUT  
BEHIND:

BILLY: Somebody back here wants to see me?

MORGAN: I did, Billy.

BILLY: Anything wrong?

MORGAN: Wrong? Have you looked at that crowd out there?

BILLY: I sure have - and it's beautiful!

MORGAN: It is - if you don't have to sing.

BILLY: I don't get it. What do you mean?

MORGAN: Where am I going to stand? You've even put  
tables on the dance floor.

BILLY: Don't.

MORGAN: What?

BILLY: Don't stand. Sing sitting down.

MUSIC: BRING ORCHESTRA IN BEHIND:

MORGAN: Sitting down?

BILLY: Yes - on top of the piano.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA SWEEPS UP - "TONIGHT YOU BELONG TO ME"

MORGAN: "In the middle of the night  
The moon was bright,  
And by its light I kissed you  
In the middle of a kiss  
You sighed with bliss,  
And whispered this:  
'I missed you' . . ."

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA WIPE OUT NIGHT CLUB SINGER - SEGUE TO BOOGIE-  
WOOGIE PIANO AND HOLD BEHIND:

NARR: That was the night Helen Morgan climbed up on her first  
piano!

MUGGSIE: There was a great performer!

NARR: Helen had been a show girl until Billy gave her a break  
as a singer.

LUNK: Had Billy stopped writing songs - now he was openin'  
night clubs right an' left?

NARR: Oh - no! He was doing lyrics for Broadway shows by that time. Big shows! "Charlot's Revue" - "Strike Me Pink" - "Great Day." Professor - let's hear some of those songs!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA SWEEPS UP IN SHORT MEDLEY FEATURING CHORUS - "WITHOUT A SONG" - "A CUP OF COFFEE, A SANDWICH AND YOU" - "GREAT DAY" - FADE OUT BEHIND:

NARR: After Billy Rose discovered the fantastic neon canyon called Broadway he got the urge to produce a show himself. So back he went to the cavern of wisdom and the wise woman in charge of all the knowledge . . .

MUSIC: OUT

MISSPURDY: (50) Is there something you wish to see?

BILL: Yes, Ma'am - I'd like to read some plays.

MISS PURDY: Why - you're Mr. Rose - aren't you?

BILLY: That's right.

MISS PURDY: Last time you were here - you said you'd written "You Have To See Mother Every Night" . . .

BILLY: You mean - "You Gotta See Mamma?"

MISS PURDY: That's what I said. Well, I - I didn't believe you - until I checked your name on the cover of the song sheet. And you really did write that song!

BILLY: I sure did.

MISS PURDY: Do you mind my asking - why you want to read plays?

BILLY: I'm going to be a Broadway producer.

MISS PURDY: Are you?

BILLY: So - I thought I'd better read a few plays.

MISS PURDY: Yes. That might be a good idea. Where do you want to start - back with the Greeks?

BILLY: That's going a little far. No - I just want to read the biggest hits of the past twenty years.

MISS PURDY: All of them?

BILLY: All of them.

MUSIC: STING - THEN DOWN - BUT CONTINUE MUSIC BEHIND:

SOUND: TYPEWRITER

1ST VOICE: Billy Rose's first show - "Corned Beef and Roses" - opened in Philadelphia last night. All Philadelphians should avoid it!

CHORUS: "There's a cheerful little earful!"

CHORUS HUM BEHIND:

SOUND: TYPEWRITER

2ND VOICE: "Corned Beef and Roses" has some top stars and some fine tunes but as a show - it's "The Rose That Does Not Smell So Sweet!" Stay away from it!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRAL PUNCTUATION - TAKING US TO BROADWAY

SOUND: TYPEWRITER

1ST VOICE: "Sweet and Low" opened on Broadway last night. This is the show that Billy Rose called "Corned Beef and Roses" on the road. As "Sweet and Low" it's very low and not very sweet!

CHORUS: "Mm-mm-mm  
Would you like to take a walk?"

CHORUS HUM BEHIND:

2ND VOICE: It should have been called "Good and Low!"

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA - WIPE OUT CHORUS AND BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: INTER-OFFICE BUZZER

SOUND: TELEPHONE LIFTED FROM CRADLE

BILLY: Yes, Miss Andrews?

MISS ANDREWS: (FILTER) Mr. Rose - there's a Mr. Alvord here to see you . . .

BILLY: Ned Alvord - the press agent?

MISS ANDREWS: (FILTER) That's right.

BILLY: Well! Send him in.

MISS ANDREWS: (FILTER) Yes, Mr. Rose.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RETURNED TO CRADLE

SOUND: DOOR OPENING OFF

BILLY: Come in, Deacon!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING OFF

ALVORD: (OFF) Oh - so you know me?

ROSE: I guess everybody on Broadway's heard of the Deacon!  
What can I do for you?

ALVORD: (BRING IN) I think I can do something for you.

ROSE: Yes? What's that?

ALVORD: I see - you closed your show last week.

ROSE: That's right! We finally gave up.

ALVORD: I've got to hand it to you! You tried every trick to  
make a hit out of that turkey!

BILLY: When we started out we called it "Corned Beef and Roses."  
It was a flop in Philadelphia so we changed its name to  
"Sweet and Low" - and brought it into New York. It was  
a flop in New York so we changed its name again - this  
time we called it "Crazy Quilt!"

ALVORD: And it was still a lot of "Corned Beef and Cabbage!"  
Look here, Billy - let me take this show on the road  
for you.

BILLY: Tour it? You think it might go?

ALVORD: Why not? You've got some mighty nice tunes in it -  
"I Found a Million Dollar Baby" - "Cheerful Little  
Earful!" And you've still got your scenery. Put in a  
few extra dancing girls and let me sell it as a girlie  
show.

BILLY: Girlie show?

ALVORD: This country hasn't seen a real girlie show in years!  
I'll have all your posters printed in yellow and black.  
You'll be able to read them for a mile - on a foggy  
night!

BILLY: Yeah?

ALVORD: I'll put your picture in one corner - your face in the  
center of a large red rose. And under it I'll put -  
"The People's Showman!"

BILLY: "The People's Showman . . ." I'll do it! I'll send  
"Crazy Quilt" on the road!

MUSIC: STING - SEGUE TO CARNIVAL THEME - HOLD BEHIND:

ALVORD: "Crazy Quilt!" A Saturnalia of Rhythm! An Emperor's Ransom lavished with a prodigality befitting a Hindoo Prince at the Durbar of Delhi! Dazzling Gems Conspire with the Delectable Creatures they adorn to make "Crazy Quilt" the crowning optical delight of the century! "Crazy Quilt" - produced by the people's showman - Billy Rose!

MUSIC: UP AND OUT - SEGUE TO BOOGIE-WOOGIE PIANO AND HOLD BEHIND:

NARR: Hundreds of thousands of people listened to these siren words and paid their dollars to see "Crazy Quilt." And all those greenbacks - those magic little carpets - came flying straight to Billy's pockets.

MUGGSIE: Wot did the boy do wit' all that dough?

NARR: Well - he still wanted to have a successful show on Broadway.

LUNK: So he did anudder one - an't it wuz a big hit!

NARR: It was a big flop. But in it was one song that Billy had written himself. He used to go down to the theatre - backstage in that carnival world of paint and tinsel - to hear them rehearsing his song . . .

MUSIC: BRING IN BOY AND GIRL SINGING "PAPER MOON" WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT - REGISTER FOR HALF CHORUS THEN FADE DOWN BUT HOLD BEHIND:

1ST GANGSTER: Mr. Rose - can I speak to you?

BILLY: Sorry, pal - I'm listening to a rehearsal.

1ST GANGSTER: This'll only take a minute.

BILLY: Okay. What is it?

1ST GANGSTER: I've got a proposition for you, Mr. Rose.

BILLY: What kind of a proposition?

1ST GANGSTER: I represent a syndicate that wants to back you in a new night club.

BILLY: Yeah? What kind of a club?

1ST GANGSTER: Any kind you want! The biggest in New York City!

BILLY: What's in it for me?

1ST GANGSTER: The syndicate would pay all the bills and you'd be on a salary.

BILLY: How much salary?

1ST GANGSTER: A thousand dollars a week?

BILLY: With no strings?

1ST GANGSTER: No strings.

BILLY: Well - it's mighty attractive. I do have an idea for a new kind of night club . . . But I'm producing this play. Let me get it opened before I give you an answer.

ha

1ST GANGSTER: Sure - sure!

BILLY: I'll call you right after this show opens.

1ST GANGSTER: We can wait.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA SWEEPS UP - "PAPER MOON" - BRIDGE TO:

1ST GANGSTER: I dropped over, Mr. Rose, to get your answer.

BILLY: But my show only opened last night!

1ST GANGSTER: We read your notices this mornin'.

BILLY: Oh - you did?

1ST GANGSTER: You gotta flop on y'r hands.

BILLY: You're telling me! Okay. I'll open a night club for you. Who are these guys you've got - these backers?

1ST GANGSTER: Do we have t' mention names?

BILLY: Oh? So it's like that? Well - get this straight! I'll be boss. Everything will have to be done as I say. Y'understand?

1ST GANGSTER: Sure!

BILLY: From waiters to stars - I'll make all the decisions.

1ST GANGSTER: Absolutely!

BILLY: This is going to be a brand new kind of night club.  
I'll call it the "Casino de Paree!"

MUSIC: STING - PARISIAN THEME - BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

MISS ANDREWS: Mr. Rose - there are some gentlemen to see you . . .

BILLY: I'm busy right now, Miss Andrews. Ask them to . . .

1ST GANGSTER: You got time t' see us - ain't yuh, Billy?

BILLY: Well - yes! Sure . . .

1ST GANGSTER: I brought some o' the boys along. They wanta talk  
wit' yuh.

BILLY: Come in - come in! I've been wanting to meet my  
backers! That's all, Miss Andrews.

MISS ANDREWS: Yes, Mr. Rose.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

1ST GANGSTER: This here is Manny . . .

BILLY: Hello, Manny!

MANNY: Yeah.

1ST GANGSTER: An' this is Happy . . .

BILLY: Hi ya, Happy!

3RD GANGSTER: GROWLS

ha

BILLY: Say - what is this anyway? Anything wrong?

2ND GANGSTER: We wanta make some changes round here, pal.

BILLY: Changes? What kind of changes? We've got a hit on our hands. The "Casino de Paree" turns people away every night. The newspapers liked our show. What kind of changes are you talking about?

3RD GANGSTER: First of all - we don' think y're chargin' the public enough....fer wot they're gettin' . . .

BILLY: Now wait a minute! You're not going to raise the prices!

2ND GANGSTER: We also wanta make a few changes in the show.

BILLY: Such as what?

2ND GANGSTER: Well, I got a little dancer I wanta put in the finale.

BILLY: Somebody you picked up in a honky-tonk?

2ND GANGSTER: Now - look . . .

3RD GANGSTER: We also gotta singer we wanta give a break to.

BILLY: Nothing doing! You're not putting anybody in my show. Y' understand? It stays as it is - as long as my name's on it.

2ND GANGSTER: Mebbe we could take your name off it. . .

BILLY: But I've got a contract.

3RD GANGSTER: If you don't play nice - maybe you won't be needin' no contract.

BILLY: You guys don't scare me! I'm making no changes. And while we're all together - what about my salary?

2ND GANGSTER: What about it?

BILLY: I haven't been paid in fifteen weeks. You owe me fifteen thousand dollars!

2ND GANGSTER: Mebbe we'll pay you - after yuh make these changes in the show.

BILLY: And if I don't?

2ND GANGSTER: We'll give yuh a coupla days t' think about it. Meanwhile, we'll be thinkin' about what we'll have t' do if you won't cooperate.

BILLY: A couple of days?

2ND GANGSTER: A couple of days.

BILLY: Okay - I'm thinking.

MUSIC: UP - MIDWAY FINALE

ANNCR: From STUDIO ONE, radio's celebrated playhouse of dramatic entertainment, you are hearing Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ starring in "THE FABLE OF BILLY ROSE" - an original radio extravaganza by Quenton Reynolds and Vincent McConnor.

MUSIC: SNEAK THEME AND HOLD BEHIND:

ANNCR: Our story will resume after the customary pause for station identification.

THIS IS CBS...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

MUSIC: UP FOR 15-SECOND HOLD, OVER WHICH:

(STATION IDENTIFICATION)

MUSIC: UP INTO REPEAT OF OVERTURE STATEMENT AND UNDER FOR:

ANNCR: From STUDIO ONE, we continue tonight's full-hour dramatic entertainment.

\_\_\_\_\_ stars in Fletcher Markle's production of THE FABLE OF BILLY ROSE.

MUSIC: UP IN PUNCTUATION, COMING UNDER FOR:

SOUND: BUZZ OF TELEPHONE

SOUND: CLICK OF LIFTED RECEIVER - OTHER END

BUTLER: (FILTER) Mr. Bernard Baruch's residence.

BILLY: I'd like to speak to Mr. Baruch.

BUTLER: (FILTER) Mr. Baruch has retired for the night.

BILLY: But I've got to talk with him! Just tell him it's Billy Rose calling. Please . . .

BUTLER: (FILTER) But, Mr. Rose, I . . .

BILLY: It's very urgent - believe me!

BARUCH: (FILTER) Hello! Who is that?

BILLY: That you, Boss?

BARUCH: (FILTER) Billy?

BILLY: It's me, all right.

BARUCH: (FILTER) I'm on the upstairs extension. What's wrong?

BILLY: Boss - I think I'm in trouble.

BARUCH: (FILTER) Any special kind of trouble?

BILLY: Seems like somebody wants to get me out of the way.

BARUCH: (FILTER) Who would want to do a thing like that?

BILLY: The muggs who're backing my Casino de Paree - they refuse to pay the salary they owe me! They're taking over my club.

BARUCH: (FILTER) Do you know who they are - these muggs?

BILLY: Yes! I just met 'em today.

BARUCH: (FILTER) Do any of them have criminal records?

BILLY: Every one of 'em! From here to Sing-Sing!

BARUCH: (FILTER) Let me see what I can do . . .

BILLY: I hate to bother you, Boss . . .

BARUCH: (FILTER) I'll make a phone call. You sit tight and see what happens.

BILLY: Thanks, Boss - thanks a million.

MUSIC: STING - BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: DOOR OPENING - OFF A BIT

1st GANGSTER: We're back!

BILLY: My secretary didn't tell me.

2nd GANGSTER: Naw. We walked right past her.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING BEHIND:

mp

3rd GANGSTER: We come t' get y'r answer.

BILLY: You mean - about you guys taking over the Club?

2nd GANGSTER: We want t' organize things differ'nt round here.

BILLY: Well, I - I'm still thinking about that.

1st GANGSTER: We can't give you no more time. We're takin' over!

BILLY: But I've still got a contract!

3rd GANGSTER: Wot's a contract?

2nd GANGSTER: Last guy I knew wit' a contract didn' live very long.

BILLY: Look here! If you think you - you're going to scare me - you're crazy in the head. I'm going to hold you to that contract! Every clause of it! What's more . . .

SOUND: INTER-OFFICE BUZZER

BILLY: Excuse me.

SOUND: RECEIVER LIFTED FROM CRADLE

BILLY: Yes, Miss Andrews?

MISS A: (FILTER) Mr. Rose - there are three gentlemen here from the F.B.I. !

BILLY: Three G-Men?

1st GANGSTER: Wot's dat?

BILLY: In my outer office?

MISS A: (FILTER) That's right, boss.

3rd GANGSTER: Take a look outside! See if he's kiddin'!

1st GANGSTER: Sure, boss.

MISS A: (FILTER) They've been sent up from Washington to see you.

BILLY: Ask them to wait a minute.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING OFF

1st GANGSTER: (OFF) Yeah! Dere's t'ree guys out dere!

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

2nd GANGSTER: We'd better beat it!

BILLY: Go through that other door and you can get out the back way.

1st GANGSTER: C'mon - you guys! Let's blow!

BILLY: You might leave your forwarding address - in case the F.B.I. wants to see you!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA STING AND OUT - SEGUE TO BOOGIE-WOOGIE  
PIANO AND HOLD BEHIND:

NARRATOR: Billy's friend, the great wizard, had phoned another wizard in the white marble capitol. This other wizard was the strongest of them all.

MUGGSIE: Who was dis guy?

NARRATOR: Mr. J. Edgar Hoover - a wizard with hundreds of assistants who could appear and disappear at his command. It was three of these assistant wizards who appeared at Billy's office.

LUNK: An' saved his life!

NARRATOR: They certainly did! What's more the bad mobsters disappeared from the island of Manhattan and were never seen again. Billy never got his back salary but that didn't matter. He already had a dream of another way to make a million dollars . . .

MUGGSIE: I like t' hear about dreams!

LUNK: I like t' hear about a million dollars.

NARRATOR: This was a dream Billy had been thinking about for some time. But, before he could make it come true, he had to pay another visit to the wise woman in charge of the cavern of knowledge . . .

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA WIPE OUT PIANO AND BRIDGE TO:

MISS PURDY: Is there something that I . . . Why, Mr. Rose! What is it this time?

BILLY: This time it's elephants.

MISS PURDY: Elephants?

BILLY: I want to see everything you've got in the Library on circuses . . .

MISS PURDY: You're not thinking about doing a circus?

BILLY: A kid's dream of a circus - a Broadway circus!

MISS PURDY: Well . . .

BILLY: Show girls and elephants! With a big band - maybe Paul Whiteman conducting - riding a snow-white horse!

MISS PURDY: I love circuses - especially the clowns.

BILLY: I'll have a hundred of 'em! With a top funny man like Jimmy Durante! This'll be the biggest circus there ever was! I'm going to call it "Jumbo!"

SOUND: TREMENDOUS ELEPHANT TRUMPET

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA FANFARE - INTO OPENING OF "JUMBO" MUSIC - THEN DOWN BUT HOLD BEHIND:

ALVORD: Here y'are, folks! The greatest show on earth - with Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Durante and a star-spangled aggregation of artists! Fire-eaters, sword-swallowers and the world's most beautiful elephants!

ALVORD: See them all in Billy Rose's "JUMBO!"  
(CTD)

SOUND: ELEPHANT TRUMPET

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS - SHORT "JUMBO" MEDLEY - FADE  
OUT BEHIND:

1st VOICE: Billy Rose is a second Barnum!

2nd VOICE: A zany Ziegfeld!

3rd VOICE: He's Billy the magnificent!

MUSIC: OUT- LEAVING ONLY BOOGIE-WOOGIE PIANO - HOLD BEHIND:

NARRATOR: Among those who saw "Jumbo" was a potentate from a  
far off foreign land.

MUGGSIE: Wot land was dis?

NARRATOR: A land called "Texas".

LUNK: Dat's de land everybody gets deep in de heart of!

NARRATOR: The same! Well - this potentate's name was Carter -  
Amon Carter. He and his friends down in Fort Worth  
were planning a big frontier Centennial.  
Unfortunately, a rival city, called Dallas, was  
having a Fair. This is the sort of situation which  
could easily lead to war. So - Mr. Carter and his  
friends sent for Billy Rose!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRAL BRIDGE - HINT OF "DEEP IN THE HEART OF  
TEXAS".

BILLY: The city of Dallas can afford a Fair but Fort Worth can't! Why - Fort Worth's only a cow town!

1st TEXAN: Mr. Rose! We've run men out of town for saying less than that about Fort Worth!

2nd TEXAN: We're mighty proud of our fair city!

BILLY: Keep your sombreros on! You gentlemen are business men - successful business men! But you know nothing about show business. That's my business. And, let me tell you - show business costs money!

CARTER: We know that, Billy!

BILLY: All right, Mr. Carter! How much money have you raised for your Fort Worth Centennial?

-more-

CARTER: (PROUDLY) Five hundred thousand dollars.

BILLY: Peanuts! How much has Dallas raised for their Fair?

CARTER: Well - twenty million dollars.

BILLY: With that money Dallas will put on the greatest educational exhibition ever produced! Huge industrial displays! The most modern mechanical demonstrations! Dallas is going to educate - to feed the mind! Well! There's only one to beat that!

CARTER: What's that, Mr. Rose?

BILLY: Feed the eye! Give the people entertainment instead of culture! Don't make 'em think! Make 'em laugh! Give them excitement! Give them beauty! Here's a slogan for you, gentlemen! Dallas for Education - Fort Worth for Entertainment!

1ST TEXAN: That'll kill 'em in Dallas!

CARTER: Tell us, Mr. Rose - how much would this cost us?

BILLY: Two million dollars!

1ST TEXAN: What?

BILLY: And you'll lose every penny of it! But you'll put Fort Worth on the map. Don't look upon this as a business proposition, gentlemen, but as a long term investment in civic exploitation!

CARTER: We could raise two million dollars without any trouble.

1ST TEXAN: And we won't mind losing it, either!

2ND TEXAN: After all - Dallas will be losing twenty million!

CARTER: Billy - how much will you charge us to produce our Centennial?

BILLY: One hundred thousand dollars.

1ST TEXAN: Wow!

BILLY: You're buying more than my time, gentlemen! You're buying every bit of knowledge I've acquired as a showman. You're buying my dreams!

CARTER: When can you start to work?

BILLY: Then - it's a deal?

CARTER: It's a deal!

BILLY: I wonder - could one of you gentlemen let me have a cigarette?

MUSIC: "DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS" - SEGUE TO BOOGIE-WOOGIE  
PIANO AND HOLD BEHIND:

NARRATOR: Billy performed a small miracle and, in exactly one hundred days, the Fort Worth Centennial was ready to open.

MUGGSIE: Say! Dat Rose guy had kind of a magic touch himself.

NARRATOR: That's what people were saying. It was after the Centennial opened that Billy got a call for help from the city of Cleveland. They'd opened a Fair but people just weren't coming to see it. Billy's always ready to answer a cry for help - if the price is right. So Billy flew out to Cleveland.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: MIDWAY NOISE - HOLD BEHIND:

OFFICIAL: This is our midway, Mr. Rose . . .

BILLY: You've got everything here but a medicine man selling snakebite remedies.

OFFICIAL: We've got everything but customers.

MUSIC: "BLUE DANUBE WALTZ" SNEAK IN BEHIND:

BILLY: Ought to be able to do something spectacular with Lake Erie for a stage and Canada for a backdrop. Hey! What're those kids doing out there in the water?

OFFICIAL: They're part of our water ballet.

BILLY: Water ballet?

OFFICIAL: They swim around in time to the music.

BILLY: And with all those seats - you've only got twenty-three - twenty-four people in the audience.

OFFICIAL: I'm afraid this show hasn't been much of a success.

BILLY: Who wants to see two kids swimming to music? People might pay to see a hundred girls - a chorus of mermaids with a big orchestra! That's what you need! A huge musical show! Why - you'd make history here on Lake Erie!

OFFICIAL: They made history here once before, Mr. Rose. Fellow named Commodore Perry won a big naval battle on Lake Erie.

BILLY: That's what we'll use for our finale! Stage a mock naval battle right here on the lake. Borrow battleships from the Navy! They must have a couple they aren't using.

OFFICIAL: Battleships?

BILLY: Those things you see in the newsreels! Just think - beautiful girls - beautiful music - beautiful battleships!

OFFICIAL:        Sounds incredible!

BILLY:            We'll get two stars for our show!  Maybe Johnny  
Weismuller and Eleanor Holm!

OFFICIAL:        Then you're going to do a job for Cleveland - like  
you did for Fort Worth?

BILLY:            A bigger job!  Now - I've got to go back to New  
York and think up a name for this show!  By the way -  
could you spare me a cigarette?

MUSIC:            STING - SEGUE TO LIBRARY THEME - AND OUT

BILLY:            Miss Purdy . . .

MISS PURDY:     Mr. Rose!  What is it today?  More elephants?

BILLY:            No, Miss Purdy!  I want to read every book you've  
got in the library on swimming, swimmers, water games-  
that sort of thing.

MISS PURDY:     What are you planning this time?

BILLY:            I don't have a name for it, yet, but I'm working on  
a musical show that's to be played on water.

MISS PURDY:     What will you think of next!  Actors on acqua!

BILLY:            I've thought of calling it a "Watercade" or ...  
What was that you said, Miss Purdy?

MISS PURDY: I said?

BILLY: Just now - what was that about "aqua?"

MISS PURDY: I said - "actors on aqua."

BILLY: "Aqua?"

MISS PURDY: That's the Latin word for "water."

BILLY: That's it, Miss Purdy! That's what we'll call our show - the "acquacade!"

MUSIC: STING AND OUT

SOUND: BUZZER

SOUND: TELEPHONE LIFTED FROM HOOK

BILLY: Yes, Miss Andrews?

MISS ANDREWS: (FILTER) Mr. Rose - Miss Eleanor Holm's here to see you.

BILLY: The girl athlete? I'll bet she has a build like Carnera and a face like a seal! Send her in!

SOUND: TELEPHONE RETURNED TO HOOK

SOUND: DOOR BANGS OPEN - OFF A BIT

HOLM: (FURIOUS - BRING IN) So! I've got a build like Carnera and a face like a seal, have I?

BILLY: Wait a minute!

HOLM: You'd be surprised how your voice carries over that gadget!

BILLY: So - you're the Fire Chief's daughter?

HOLM: How did you know my father's a Fire Chief?

BILLY: I know everything about you! Only - the books didn't tell me how pretty you were. I may as well call you Eleanor - right from the start. That'll save time.

HOLM: Look, Mr. Rose! Save your sweet talk for those songs you write. I came here to talk business.

BILLY: Sure - sure! Sit down.

HOLM: Thanks. You wrote that you want me to swim in your Cleveland Aquacade.

BILLY: Here's your contract! All ready for you to sign. Five hundred dollars a week.

HOLM: That's very generous of you!

SOUND: CONTRACT TORN UP

BILLY: Don't tear that up!

HOLM: A girl with a build like Carnera and a face like a seal ought to be worth - at least seven hundred and fifty dollars.

BILLY: Well... Let's say six hundred a week.

HOLM: Let's say good-bye, Mr. Rose.

BILLY: Hey! Wait a minute. . .

HOLM: Yes?

BILLY: I'll give you what you want!

HOLM: Seven hundred and fifty dollars?

BILLY: (LICKED) Seven hundred and fifty dollars.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO:

AGENT: (FILTER) Look, Billy! Once you asked me to get you forty elephants.

BILLY: Yes - and you're a good agent. You got 'em for me!

AGENT: (FILTER) Another time you wanted twenty zebras!

BILLY: You got 'em!

AGENT: (FILTER) With stripes even.

BILLY: All zebras have stripes! If they don't - they're donkeys.

AGENT: (FILTER) Don't change the subject! I've gotten you snake charmers and sword-swallowers - but girl backstroke swimmers?

BILLY: They grow 'em down in Florida. Get down there and bring 'em back alive. Two hundred of 'em!

AGENT: (FILTER) Two hundred?

BILLY: Have 'em here in New York in two weeks. I've rented a pool to audition them in!

MUSIC: STING -- WATER MUSIC THEME AND OUT

SOUND: SPLASH (AS GIRL DIVES INTO POOL)

BILLY: I'll take that one!

SOUND: SPLASH

BILLY: And that one! How many have I picked?

MISS ANDREWS: That's the eighty-second, Mr. Rose.

BILLY: (CALLS) Okay, kids! Keep diving!

SOUND: SPLASH

BILLY: I'll take that one!

SOUND: SPLASH

MUSIC: STING AND OUT

SOUND: CANNON BOOMS

SOUND: IN DISTANCE -- DIN OF APPLAUSE AND PEOPLE -- FADE OUT

BEHIND:

OFFICIAL: Well, Mr. Rose -- looks like you've done it! Cleveland's got a hit!

BILLY: People will tear down the gates to see this show - the world's first Aquacade!

OFFICIAL: Here comes Miss Holm - to do her opening number.

VOICES: CHATTERING GIRLS - BRING IN BEHIND:

BILLY: Kids - you're wonderful! You don't swim like girls - you swim like - like seals!

HOLM: (BRING IN) What's this about seals?

BILLY: I said swim like seals - not look like seals! Elie - you sure are pretty in that bathing suit.

HOLM: Look, Billy -- I haven't been in the water yet but the girls are complaining how cold it is.

BILLY: I can't heat Lake Erie! It's the fourth biggest lake in America! Two hundred and forty miles long - fifty-seven miles wide and, in the middle, it's...

HOLM: You talk like an encyclopedia! Where did you learn so much about Lake Erie?

BILLY: At the public library.

VOICE: (LOUS SPEAKER) And now, ladies and gentlemen - Miss Eleanor Holm!

MUSIC: DISTANT FANFARE - SEGUE TO SOFT WALTZ - HOLD BEHIND:

HOLM: There's my cue!

BILLY: I'll be seeing you!

HOLM: Stand back - or I'll splash you!

BILLY: You can splash me - any time you want!

HOLM: Why Mr. Rose!

BILLY: Good luck.

HOLM: Thanks! Matter of fact - thanks for everything!  
Well - here I go!

SOUND: SPLASH

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP - BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: APPLAUSE - FADE OUT BEHIND:

HOLM: I wonder what became of Mr. Rose?

GIRL: Somebody said he caught a plane back to New York.

HOLM: That man's always running. I wonder if he's running  
away from something or after something?

GIRL: Eleanor Holm! I do believe you go for that guy!

HOLM: Don't be silly! I just never knew such a character  
before. He writes beautiful love songs - romantic and  
wonderful - yet he spends his time in a library  
worrying about the size of Lake Erie!

GIRL: Looks to me like you're wondering how deep he is!

HOLM: No! Billy Rose is just a name on my pay check. I'm not the sentimental type.

GIRL: At the right time - everybody's the sentimental type!

HOLM: I wonder. . .

MUSIC: STING - SEGUE TO BOOGIE-WOOGIE PIANO AND HOLD BEHIND:

NARR: Billy's magic helped save the Cleveland Fair. But back home, on the island of Manhattan, Billy found himself with nothing to do.

MUGGSIE: Wasn't dat about de time New York was havin' a Fair of its own?

NARR: Yes - only nobody asked Billy to take part. His own home town - and they didn't want him.

LUNK: I bet he did somethin' about dat!

NARR: He sure did! Billy worked out a plan. The first step was to open a new night club. Billy called it the "Casa Manana!"

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA - WIPE OUT PIANO AND BRIDGE TO:

BILLY: Here it is, Deacon! My idea's to have a theme running through the whole show - like in a musical comedy.

ALVORD: That's never been done in a night club.

BILLY: We'll tie it in with the World's Fair - call it "Let's Play Fair!"

ALVORD: I hear you got a brush-off from the World's Fair Committee.

BILLY: The back of their hands! Grover Whalen won't even see me! So - I'm going to show 'em. Look, Deacon - I want you to spread a story that my night club show's going to kid the Fair.

ALVORD: I'll plant it in tomorrow's papers.

BILLY: Actually what I'm going to do is have Oscar Shaw impersonate Grover Whalen. He'll travel around the world hunting acts for the Fair. In Ireland he'll discover a singer - that'll be Morton Downey. In India he finds a bunch of trained tigers.

ALVORD: You aren't going to put an animal act in a night club!

BILLY: Not a big act. Just twelve tigers.

ALVORD: Grover Whalen may not like this.

BILLY: Good! I want to make Mr. Whalen mad. He and his Committee think they don't need me. Well - this show should make them change their minds.

ALVORD: You mean - you're doing the whole show just for them?

BILLY: That's right, Deacon!. I'm spending seventy-five thousand dollars to meet Mr. Grover Whalen!

MUSIC: STING AND OUT.

SOUND: BUZZER.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RECEIVER LIFTED

BILLY: Yes?

MISS ANDREWS: (FILTER) Mr. Whalen calling.

BILLY: Put him on!

WHALEN: (FILTER) Hello! Mr. Rose?

BILLY: Yes, Mr. Whalen?

WHALEN: (FILTER) Mr. Rose - I've been hearing some rather disturbing things about your new show at the Casa Manana.

BILLY: Disturbing, Mr. Whalen? I don't understand.

WHALEN: (FILTER) I hear your entire show is nothing but a burlesque of our Fair. If this is true, Mr. Rose, we may have to take action.

BILLY: I can't imagine where you got such an idea, Mr. Whalen! Tell you what! Why don't you and your Committee come to the opening as my guests? If there's anything in my show you find offensive - I'll gladly cut it out.

WHALEN: (FILTER) Well, now - I - I don't know . . .

BILLY: Look, Mr. Whalen! I was born in this town. I wouldn't think of ridiculing it - or the Fair.

WHALEN: (FILTER) Perhaps I was misinformed. Very well, Mr. Rose. I'll be at your opening!

BILLY: Good! I'll reserve a table for you.

SOUND: RECEIVER RETURNED TO HOOK

HOLM: (BRING IN) "I was born in this town! Wouldn't think of ridiculing it!"

BILLY: Eleanor - how'd you get in here?

HOLM: Walked in while you were on the phone. So your trick worked - you fakir - you'.

acq

BILLY: I do love New York! I belong to this city. And when anything as big as a World's Fair comes along I want to be a part of it. Look out this window, Elie. Here - let me open it . . .

SOUND: WINDOW RAISED.

SOUND: DISTANT NOISE OF CITY - HOLD BEHIND

BILLY: Look at that! Manhattan at night!

HOLM: It is beautiful. . .

BILLY: Those lights are the jewels Manhattan wears in her hair. They're like diamonds . . .

HOLM: Yes - they are . . .

BILLY: That reminds me, Elie. Try this on for size.

HOLM: A diamond bracelet!

BILLY: Here . . . tricky kind of a clasp . . .

HOLM: I - I never owned anything like this, Billy. I can't accept it.

BILLY: This is a bonus for what you did for our show out in Cleveland.

HOLM: No, Billy. The Fire Cheif always said - "Daughter, never accept diamond bracelets from strangers - especially Broadway producers." Thanks - just the same.

BILLY: This is strictly business, Elie. You know I'm not the sentimental type.

HOLM: I've got news for you! At the right time - everybody's the sentimental type. Everybody!

BILLY: I wonder . . .

MUSIC: STING - BRASSY AND EXCITING - FADE DOWN BEHIND:

SOUND: CROWD NOISE AT OPENING ---FADE OUT BEHIND:

WHALEN: Mr. Rose! Could we see you for a moment?

BILLY: Certainly, Mr. Whalen.

WHALEN: I want to apologize. Our Committee had the wrong idea. Your show doesn't ridicule our Fair - you've glorified it!

BILLY: I could put on a much bigger show for you out at the Fair.

WHALEN: If we did want you to do one for us - when would you be able to give us some ideas?

BILLY: Right now! I've been planning a show for months!

WHALEN: What kind of a show?

BILLY: A tremendous Aquacade! With Eleanor Holm, Johnny Weismuller and Gertrude Ederle. Morton Downey will sing a special theme song - backed by Fred Waring's Glee Club. My Aquacade will be the Number One Hit of the World's Fair!

acq

WHALEN: All right, Mr. Rose. It's a deal. We'll make room for your Aquacade.

BILLY: Good! Now - I wonder could one of you gentlemen let me have a cigarette?

MUSIC: STING AND OUT.

ANNCR: (FILTER) And now, ladies and gentlemen - Miss Eleanor Holm!

MUSIC: FANFARE

HOLM: (ON MIKE) That's my cue!

BILLY: First it was the Cleveland Fair - now it's the World's Fair!

HOLM: We're doing all right, huh?

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA - SNEAKS IN WITH "YOURS FOR A SONG" - BEHIND:

BILLY: There's your song, Elie.

HOLM: My song?

BILLY: I wrote it for you.

HOLM: Thanks, Billy. Thanks for everything.

BILLY: Good luck!

HOLM: Here I go!

SOUND: SPLASH.

MUSIC: SWEEPS UP - "WORLD'S FAIR THEME" - SEGUE TO BOOGIE-  
WOOGIE PIANO AND HOLD BEHIND:

NARRATOR: The Rose magic had worked again. He gave the  
public a two-and-a-half million dollar show at the  
Fair. That's how much they paid in one year to  
see Billy's Aquacade.

MUGGSIE: Dat's a lotta dollars!

NARRATOR: And Billy Rose, the young Prince of Manhattan, had  
fallen in love. His dream girl was a beautiful  
mermaid.

LUNK: Eleanor Holm!

NARRATOR: That's right. Billy was planning another night  
club and Eleanor was the first to hear about it.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA - WIPE OUT PIANO AND BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: RESTAURANT NOISE - HOLD BEHIND:

BILLY: I'm going to call my new club the "Diamond Horseshoe!"

HOLM: A night club in a cellar? Two stores below street  
level!

acq

BILLY: But I'll give people a marble staircase to walk down!

HOLM: So - you get them into this tourist trap! Then what?

BILLY: I'm going to give 'em a show that's different. I've got a hunch people will pay to hear the old songs and see the old timers they were in love with twenty years ago. Ann Pennington and Fritzie Scheff!

HOLM: Say! could be . . .

BILLY: I'm going to dramatize nostalgia! Sell people their own memories! And I'm going to make the price right. Not too expensive. After all - it's their memories.

HOLM: What's ~~this~~ I read in the columns - the place is to be painted red? I've never heard of a red night club!

BILLY: I've done some research about color. Red's explosive - stimulating. It's a danger sign on a truck of dynamite!

HOLM: Papa's fire engine was painted red.

BILLY: Red's the bull fighter's cape and the traffic signal that stops you short. In fact - red's my favorite color!

HOLM: Except on your blocks?

BILLY: My books haven't shown any red in a long time.

HOLM: Well - if the Broadway boys are right - you're going to need a barrel of red ink after you open the Diamond Horseshoe!

BILLY: I'm betting different.

HOLM: If that's the way you're betting - that's the way I'm betting!

BILLY: Speaking of the Diamond Horseshoe - I've got something here for you. What do you think of this?

HOLM: Isn't that the same diamond bracelet you showed me before?

BILLY: I've kept it around - in case you'd change your mind.

HOLM: Sorry. Maybe some other time.

BILLY: Okay. I'll always have it in my pocket. You just say when.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: NIGHT CLUB NOISE - HOLD BEHIND: sh

BILLY: Looks as though I was betting right. The Horseshoe's a hit.

HOLM: It's wonderful, darling! Noisy - but wonderful!

BILLY: More champagne?

HOLM: No - thanks.

BILLY: Anything in all the world you want? Name it, Elie - and I'll get it for you.

HOLM: "When."

BILLY: What d'ya mean, "when"?

HOLM: Remember? I told you - when I wanted that diamond bracelet - I'd say "when."

BILLY: Elie!

HOLM: You said you'd keep it in your pocket.

BILLY: Here it is . . .

HOLM: Oh, Billy!

BILLY: But - before I give it to you - there's a question I want to ask. Elie - will you marry me?

HOLM: Suppose I say - yes?

BILLY: I'd be the happiest guy in New York!

sh

HOLM: All right. You're the happiest guy in New York!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA - STRAIN OF WEDDING MARCH - BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: VOICES - LAUGHTER - WEDDING PARTY - HOLD BEHIND:

1ST VOICE: Congratulations, Billy!

GIRL: Eleanor! You look simply elegant!

HOLM: Mr. Rose . . .

BILLY: Yes, Mrs. Rose?

HOLM: I just realized that nothing's been said about  
a honeymoon.

BILLY: Honeymoon? I thought we'd get settled in the new  
house and . . .

HOLM: No trip? Bermuda - Florida - or someplace?

BILLY: Something's come up that's going to keep me in  
town.

HOLM: Well - we can always have a honeymoon later on.

BILLY: Sure we can.

HOLM: Billy - are you dreaming up another show?

BILLY: Well - sort of. Oscar Hammerstein brought me a script that I'd kind of like to produce. It's a musical - "Carmen Jones."

MUSIC: STING - SOME OF THE "CARMEN JONES" MUSIC IN THE CLEAR WITH CHORUS - TO CLIMAX AND OUT

HOLM: "Carmen Jones" is out of the way. What about that honeymoon?

BILLY: Look, darling - I have to keep my eye on the way the show's running . . .

HOLM: "Carmen Jones" can drop dead! We're going on a cruise!

BILLY: I'd like to, Elie. I really would! Only . . .

HOLM: Only - what?

BILLY: I bought a theatre today?

HOLM: You - what?

BILLY: I've bought the Ziegfeld Theatre.

HOLM: Oh - no!

BILLY: I'm going to redecorate it and make it the most beautiful theatre in the world. Soon as it's finished - we'll take that cruise!

MUSIC: PUNCTUATE

HOLM: One week from today - and we'll be on that boat.

BILLY: I'm sorry, Elie - I - I've been trying to tell you all evening . . .

HOLM: You've finished redecorating your theatre - haven't you?

BILLY: Yes, darling. Only . . .

HOLM: All right! What is it now?

BILLY: An empty theatre's like an elephant . . .

HOLM: Very interesting!

BILLY: I've decided to do a musical with Bea Lillie and Bert Lahr. I'm calling it "The Seven Lively Arts!"

HOLM: Go on . . .

BILLY: After that - we'll take our cruise!

MUSIC: PUNCTUATE

BILLY: Elie - I'm worried about my newspaper ads for the Diamond Horseshoe!

HOLM: What's the matter with them?

BILLY: They've got no style - no flavor!

HOLM: Well - why don't you do something about them?

BILLY: I think I'll try writing them myself. Turn my ads into a kind of column . . .

HOLM: Good for you!

BILLY: I'll call 'em something like "Billy Rose's Pipsqueak Paragraphs!"

HOLM: That's nice.

BILLY: I'll write about anything that comes into my head. Anything except the Diamond Horseshoe! Then I'll mention it at the end of each ad. Sort of casually! A new kind of advertising - that's what it'll be!

MUSIC: PUNCTUATE

VOICE: (FILTER) And, Mr. Rose - I'd like to reprint them.

BILLY: You - what?

VOICE: (FILTER) I'd like to reprint those ads of yours - in my newspaper - out here in St. Louis.

BILLY: Help yourself! Glad you like 'em! Go ahead and print 'em - all of 'em!

VOICE: (FILTER) Thanks, Mr. Rose. Thanks - a lot.

BILLY: You - you're welcome!

SOUND: RECEIVER RETURNED TO HOOK

HOLM: Look, Mom - I'm a newspaper man!

BILLY: We're doing all right! Here's a letter from Amon Carter down in Fort Worth! He wants to know if he can reprint my ads down in Texas . . .

HOLM: Well - it's good publicity for the Horseshoe!

BILLY: Know what I'm going to do, Elie?

HOLM: What, darling?

BILLY: I'm going to pick out eight or ten of the best ads - have 'em photostated. Send them to papers all over the country. If they want to print them - they're welcome to - for free!

MUSIC: PUNCTUATE

1ST EDITOR: I've been editor of this paper for twenty years - but this is the first time I ever got something for nothing that was any good. These Billy Rose columns are terrific human interest stuff. We're going to print them!

MUSIC: PUNCTUATE

2ND EDITOR: Look at all these letters! We've five hundred of 'em since we started printing the Billy Rose columns. We're selling eight thousand extra copies of the paper! This Rose column's sensational!

MUSIC: PUNCTUATE

SOUND: BUZZER

SOUND: RECEIVER LIFTED FROM HOOK

BILLY: Yes, Miss Andrews?

MISS ANDREWS: (FILTER) Mr. Wheeler of the Bell Syndicate is here to see you.

BILLY: Send him in!

SOUND: RECEIVER RETURNED TO HOOK

BILLY: HUMS "YOURS FOR A SONG"

SOUND: DOOR OPENING - OFF - AND CLOSING BEHIND:

BILLY: Hello, John! Been waiting for you to drop in.

WHEELER: (BRING IN) Hello - sucker!

BILLY: Who - me?

WHEELER: I've known you fifteen years, Billy - but this is the first time I ever saw you pass up an honest dollar.

BILLY: What are you talking about?

WHEELER: Those ads you're running! Do you realize I could sell them as a regular syndicated column?

BILLY: Could you?

WHEELER: Of course I could - all across the country!

BILLY: Sure, John. I know it. I've known it for some time.

WHEELER: What?

BILLY: I said I'd been waiting for you to drop in.

WHEELER: Oh? Well, now . . .

BILLY: If I went to you and asked you to syndicate my ads as a column - you'd be in a position to bargain. This way - you've come to me. You want to syndicate them! Sit down, John! What do you offer?

WHEELER: I should have known better!

BILLY: Yes, John - after fifteen years - you certainly should!

MUSIC: STING - INTO CIRCUS THEME AGAIN - FADE BUT HOLD BEHIND:

BARKER:           Announcement! Your attention is respectfully  
                  directed to this singular and significant event!  
                  Mr. Billy Rose - Popular Purveyor of Popcorn and  
                  Palaver, Nostalgia and Droll Pleasantries - presents  
                  his renowned column - "Pitching Horseshoes!"

MUSIC:            SMALL CIRCUS FANFARE - SEGUE TO BOOGIE-WOOGIE  
                  PIANO AND HOLD BEHIND:

NARR: Billy Rose, for the third time in his life, had discovered a magic kind of writing. His column, today, is featured in more than two hundred newspapers.

MUGGSIE: Does Billy really write those columns himself?

NARR: Matter of fact - and this is a secret - there's a little man with a long gray beard who comes in every night after Billy's asleep. In the morning when Billy wakes up - there's the column - all finished for him.

LUNK: Must be de same guy they used to say wrote all of Irving Berlin's song hits.

NARR: Billy's one guy who writes exactly as he talks. Listen to Billy for an hour - and you'll know the columns are pure Rose. And, believe me, he works hard on them!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA WIPE OUT PIANO AND BRIDGE TO:

SOUND: TYPEWRITER - HOLD BEHIND:

HOLM: (SLEEPILY) Billy . . .

BILLY: Uh huh?

HOLM: It's four o'clock! How 'bout some sleep?

SOUND: TYPEWRITER STOPS

BILLY: (YAWNS) I've got to finish this column, Elie. Believe me - writing songs was a lot easier!

HOLM: I feel as though I'm married to a typewriter!

BILLY: Look, darling! I'm trying to get a few columns ahead.  
If I do that we can go away - take our honeymoon.

HOLM: (WAKING UP) You mean it?

BILLY: We'll go wherever you say.

HOLM: What about Cuba? I'll get some travel folders tomorrow.

BILLY: It'll be a few weeks before we could leave.

HOLM: Billy!

BILLY: I've got to dream up a show for the Diamond Horseshoe!

HOLM: I knew it!

BILLY: New year's coming. I should have a new show.

HOLM: I haven't even seen the show you've got there now!

BILLY: That's right! You haven't been to the Horseshoe in months!

HOLM: It's so loud, Billy!

BILLY: So - you don't like the Horseshoe? My own wife!

HOLM: What difference does it make whether or not I like it?  
A million customers like it every year - don't they?

BILLY: But I want it to be a place that you like!

HOLM: Well - the show's so noisy!

BILLY: Maybe there are lots of people like you, Elie. People who are tired of loud night club shows. Maybe they'd enjoy something quiet and relaxing. A show that doesn't move too fast . . .

HOLM: No fanfares!

BILLY: String music instead of brass. No trumpets - but lots of fiddles! Elie - you've got something!

HOLM: I haven't said a word!

BILLY: You've given me an idea for the new show at the Diamond Horseshoe!

HOLM: Have I, darling?

BILLY: A string orchestra featuring forty violins. I'll make the Horseshoe the kind of a night club you'll want to visit!

HOLM: What about our trip to Cuba?

BILLY: We'll go after the show opens. I think I'll call it "Violins Over Broadway!" That's not a bad title - "Violins Over Broadway!"

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA SWEEPS UP - "YOURS FOR A SONG" - ALL THE STRINGS - FADE BUT HOLD BEHIND:

BILLY: Well, darling - how do you like "Violins Over Broadway?"

HOLM: I love it, Billy. All those strings - they're wonderful.

BILLY: Eleanor - I think I'm going to stop writing the column for a while.

HOLM: You - what!

BILLY: I'm going to stop everything. Take a month off.

HOLM: Billy - do you feel all right?

BILLY: A little worried - that's all.

HOLM: What's wrong?

BILLY: I had a telegram tonight from an old friend - said she wanted to see me.

HOLM: (RATHER COY) Telegram? Oh -- Anybody I know?

BILLY: It was signed "Eleanor."

HOLM: Oh - Billy . . .

BILLY: What do you say, darling? Let's have that honeymoon.

MUSIC: UP AND DOWN - HOLD BEHIND:

NARR: So off they finally went for their honeymoon - Billy and his mermaid.

MUGGSIE: Ain't that beautiful!

NARR: And - not to coin a phrase but to end this fable -  
they're bound to live happily ever after!

MUSIC: UP TO CURTAIN

ANNCR: From STUDIO ONE at CBS, you have just heard Mr.  
\_\_\_\_\_ starring in Fletcher Markle's  
production of THE FABLE OF BILLY ROSE, another full hour  
of dramatic entertainment from radio's celebrated  
playhouse. Tonight's original extravaganza was prepared  
by Quentin Reynolds and Vincent McConnor, and the  
original musical score was composed by \_\_\_\_\_  
and conducted by Alexander Semmler. Now, again, Mr.  
Markle :

MARKLE: May a producer identify the principals in our cast  
tonight. In the foreground: