

# THE B I G SHOW

## Parody of “You Bet Your Life” Sunday, November 12, 1950

(THE BIG SHOW was NBC’s answer to sagging ratings on Sunday night. It was on from November 5, 1950 until April 20, 1952 – two seasons. By radio standards it was truly a big show—90 minutes long. Tallulah Bankhead was hostess and each week it featured some of the biggest names in entertainment. A variety show, it featured, singers, actors, comedians and more. Sometimes it had a sponsor, other times it was sustaining. Although it always got rave reviews from the critics, audiences just weren’t there. After all, they were up against Jack Benny and Bergen & McCarthy on CBS. NBC lost over \$1 million in two years trying to stage this epic.)

### Cast

Groucho Marx  
Tallulah Bankhead  
Ezio Pinza  
Fanny Brice  
Hanley Stafford  
Jane Powell  
Meredith Willson  
Announcer Jimmy Wallington

Wallington: And now, here he is, the one, the only...

Groucho: Groucho Marx. That’s me!

Tallulah: Well, look who’s here!

Groucho: Hello. Who are you?

Tallulah: Groucho Marx.

Groucho: You're Groucho Marx? I've always wanted to meet you.  
Tallulah: Oh, come now. I'm not Groucho. You know who I am, don't you?

Groucho: I'll take a wild guess. Chico?<sup>1</sup>

Tallulah: No, sweetheart.

Groucho: Harpo?

Tallulah: No, dahling.

Groucho: Am I warm?

Tallulah: No, dahling.

Groucho: You know, I've had that same complaint lately from all women.

Tallulah: My name is Tallulah.

Groucho: A phony name if I ever heard one.

Tallulah: Tallulah Bankhead, Groucho.

Groucho: Oh! Tallulah Bankhead Groucho.

Tallulah: (Laughing) You tickle me.

Groucho: Not today. What are you doing after the show?

Tallulah: I have a dinner engagement.

Groucho: You believe in short engagements?

Tallulah: I have an appointment after the show.

Groucho: What are you doing during the show?

Tallulah: I'm pretty busy doing this show, my pet. This is an hour-and-a-hoff program.

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<sup>1</sup> Pronounced Chick-o, not Cheek-o

Groucho: An hour and-a-hoff. That's a rather odd figure, isn't it?

Tallulah: (Laughing) Well, yes.

Groucho: Speaking of odd figures, what are you doing after the show?

Tallulah: Well, dahling, I'm having a man for dinner.

Groucho: That's the main course. What are you having for dessert?

Tallulah: No, we're going to Ciro's for dinner. We're having pheasant under glass.

Groucho: Hmm. You wouldn't consider a peasant under glasses, huh.

Tallulah: Now look here, my sweet, I'm getting a little bit fed up...

Groucho: And you haven't even had dinner, yet.

Tallulah: Oh, what's the use. You're incorrigible.

Groucho: I'll accept that. But who are you?

Tallulah: I'm a fan of yours, Groucho. And I've always adored you.

Groucho: How can you say that, we haven't even been out together. So, what are you doing after the show?

Tallulah: I told you. I'm busy.

Groucho: How about before the show?

Tallulah: Before the show I had a malted milk.

Groucho: You mind if I join you?

Tallulah: I'm trying to tell you as gently as I can – I can't see you before, during or ahfter the show.

Groucho: Well, now that you've given me the brush, how you and me going out and painting the town red?

Tallulah: And you're just the one to do it, aren't you KARL.

Groucho: Karl? I'm Groucho Marx.

Tallulah: And now, if you don't mind, I'd like to go on with the show.

Groucho: Go right ahead.

Tallulah: Ah, ladies and gentlemen, we have so many stars on our program...

Groucho: Tallulah. I used to know a Pullman Car named Tallulah.

Tallulah: Ladies and gentlemen, we have so many stars on our program...

Groucho: You have quite a caboose.

Tallulah: (Getting a bit exasperated) Ladies and gentlemen...

Groucho: Tallulah, indeed.

Tallulah: ...we have so many stars on our program...

Groucho: Obviously, this woman is an imposter.

Tallulah: (Aggressively) Ladies and gentlemen, we have so many stars on our program...

Groucho: Who sponsors this program?

Tallulah: We have no sponsor. Ladies and gentlemen...

Groucho: No sponsor?

Tallulah: No. It's sustaining. Ladies and gentlemen...

Groucho: How can you sustain yourself without a sponsor?

Tallulah: ...we have so many stars on the show...

Groucho: No sponsor? What will my friends think?

Tallulah: Ladies and gentlemen...

Groucho: If I have any friends.

Tallulah: Ladies and gentlemen...

Groucho: If they could think.

Tallulah: Ladies and gentlemen, we have so many stars on our program...

Groucho: How can they afford it without a sponsor? I'll bet the rent here alone must be about \$85 a month.

Tallulah: Ladies and gentlemen, please – oh, I mean, Groucho, please.

Groucho: How can a big hour-and-a-half program like this go with all these big stars go on without a sponsor? We'll give it some class. We'll have it sponsored by (pause while he thinks) the Pleebo Company.

Tallulah: Groucho, what is the Pleebo Company?

Groucho: Who cares? There must be a company named Pleebo. And if there is we'll send them a bill for it. Now, who were you trying to introduce?

Tallulah: Meredith Willson and his orchestra.

Groucho: OK. Commercial. Ladies and gentlemen, Meredith Willson and his orchestra are brought to you by the Pleebo Company, America's foremost manufacturers. The Pleebo Company has been manufacturing foremost for years. Try a foremost. Or better still, try the large economy size, the five most. Remember, when using foremost, use caution. Caution comes in six delicious flavors. So ladies, if foremost persists, see your doctor. If your doctor persists, use caution. So buy a box of Pleebo, today. And if you are not satisfied, return the unused portion of the product and the Pleebo Company will refund the unused portion of your money. If you live in Canada, say hello to Papa Dionne.<sup>2</sup> (Slight pause) I heard that Ezio Pinza is on the program tonight.

Tallulah: That's right, dahling.

Groucho: Will he be singing "Some Enchanted Evening?"

Tallulah: Mr. Pinza's not singing "Some Enchanted Evening" on the program, dahling.

Groucho: Somebody's gonna sing "Some Enchanted Evening" on this dahling program even if its only dahling me. Willson, with two Ls, how about a dahling chorus?

Music: Long, dramatic intro to song.

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<sup>2</sup> Father of the Dionne quintuplets

Groucho: (Singing, very off key and with a terrible Italian accent)  
Some Enchanted Evening,  
You will meet a stranger  
You will meet a stranger  
Across a crowded room.  
And then you will know,  
You'll know even then,  
That someday you'll meet her  
Again, and again...

(Speaking, dramatically, while music continues very softly under)  
Yes, that's the way it happens. I was at a party some years ago. It was a cocktail party. Shrimp cocktails. Smallest drinks I ever saw. All of a sudden I looked across a crowded room and there wasn't a stranger in the place. So I went to another party, and there I saw – her. I cut across the room. I took her in my arms and I kissed her full on the lips. And she said, "Take that cheap cigar out of my mouth."

Well, at party after party I saw her again, and again, and again, and again, and again – it was during the Roosevelt administration. And then at one party I met another strahnger, ah strangler, stranger! Her husband. He hit me so hard I would have fallen out of a fifteen story window, but I managed to grab a hold of the straps of her strapless evening gown.

(Singing)  
Once you have found her,  
Never let her go.  
Once you have found her,  
(Big finish) Never her let her go!

Tallulah: Groucho, that was divine.

Groucho: I could have sung louder, but I didn't want to make a bum out of Pinza.

Tallulah: Well, Groucho, listening to you sing that song again brought back warm, dear memories of those days on Broadway when you and your brothers ran through all those wonderful shows like "Coconuts" and "Animal Crackers". Maybe I'm sentimental about those, but memories are my dearest possessions.

Music: A few bars of the "You Bet Your Life" theme.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> "Hooray for Captain Spaulding" from the Marx Brother's film, "Animal Crackers."

Wallington: “You Bet Your Life”, starring radio’s funniest quizmaster, and here he is, the one and only – there used to be four – Groucho Marx!

Applause

Groucho: Well, here we are, ready to play “You Bet Your Life”. Here’s your announcer to explain the rules of the game.

Wallington: Well, folks, its very simple.

Groucho: I’ve been doing it for four years and I still don’t understand it.

Wallington: Each couple in our contest gets twenty dollars.

Groucho: Some deal. Unemployment insurance gives \$26.

Wallington Each couple can bet as much of the \$20 as they like. And the amount bet is added on to the original \$20 and they can bet as much of that as they like, which is again added consecutively to the original amount which can vary each time depending on the amount you have bet or have not bet before.

Groucho: Einstein’s Theory is relatively easy compared to this.

Wallington: And here is our first couple, Groucho, a father and daughter. Mr. Higgins and Baby Snooks, meet Groucho Marx!

Groucho: Well, hello little girl. Your name is Baby Snooks?

Snooks: Yes, sir.

Groucho: Are you a good little girl?

Snooks: Yes, sir.

Groucho: And this is your father?

Snooks: Yes, sir.

Higgins: Hello.

Groucho: Hello, Mr. Higgins. I want to welcome you to “You Bet Your Life.”

Snooks: Wait a minute, mister. Where’s my money?

Groucho: Money? What money?

Snooks: I answered three questions and you didn't pay me any money.

Groucho: Isn't she cute? Why don't you shut up!

Snooks: Hit him, daddy.

Higgins: Snooks, stop that. I'm sorry, Mr. Marx. She doesn't understand the rules of the game.

Groucho: Then she's smarter than I thought she was. Now tell me, how long have you two been married?

Snooks: Hehe. We ain't married.

Groucho: You ain't?

Snooks: No. He's my daddy. We ain't even engaged.

Groucho: Mr. Higgins, you mean this is your daughter?

Higgins: (Resignedly) Yes.

Groucho: And you're still speaking to your wife?

Higgins: What? Now just a darn minute. You can't talk that way about my daughter.

Groucho: Why not? I've got a daughter myself. Well, I really shouldn't say I got her myself. I had a little help.

Higgins: Yes, we can't ignore our wives, can we.

Groucho: No, but I have no respect for a man who doesn't try.

Snooks: Daddy!

Higgins: What?

Snooks: (Softly) Bend down. I gotta whisper something.

Higgins: Alright. What?

(Whispering sound)

Higgins: Why couldn't you think of that when we were still in the hall?

Snooks: I wasn't thirsty, then.

Groucho: This child will obviously grow up to be another Tallulah Bankhead. In fact, it's children like this that are giving marriage a bad name.

Snooks: Ah, go on. Hit him, daddy.

Groucho: Please, Higgins. I'd wish you'd curb your child.

Higgins: But how?

Groucho: The best place would be out in the street. Well, let's dash ahead. And I'd like to dash her. If I thought I could get away with it. Anyway, we're ready to play "You Bet Your Life." Mr. Einstein has explained the rules to you and I see you have chosen Presidents of the United States as your category. Now how much of your twenty dollars will you bet on your first question?

Snooks: A penny.

Higgins: A penny! Oh, Snooks, no. We have twenty dollars to bet. We're not going to bet a penny. Let's bet the whole twenty.

Snooks: Twenty? Are you talking about dollars?

Higgins: I'm not talking cents.

Snooks: You sure ain't! Alright, then, let's really bet big. Let's bet thirty dollars.

Groucho: Look, little girl, and I use the term loosely, you only have twenty dollars so how can you bet thirty? Unless, of course, you expect to do it on credit and frankly you don't look too honest. You've got a fairly ugly little kisser.

Higgins: Now just a minute, I resent that.

Groucho: Do you deny it?

Higgins: No. I just resent it.

Groucho: Now lets get back to where we were, which is about as boring a place as I can think of. Now how can you bet thirty when you've only got twenty?

Snooks: Well, my daddy's got some money, haven't you daddy.

Higgins: No, I haven't.

Snooks: Daddy, I saw you take fifty dollars out of mommy's slacks this morning.

Higgins: Snooks. Shh. Quiet.

Snooks: And I'm gonna tell mommy that...

Higgins: (Resignedly) Alright. Alright.

Snooks: Yes, I will.

Higgins: If she wants to bet thirty I'll put up the other ten.

Groucho: You mean you'll pay me ten dollars of your own if she doesn't know the answer to the question?

Higgins: Yes.

Groucho: That's a pretty unbelievable thing to have happen. But then, so is your daughter. Well, anyway, here is your question for thirty dollars: What is the name of the second President of the United States?

Snooks: The second president?

Groucho: Yes. And I'll give you a hint. His first name was George.

Snooks: I know. George Washington.

Groucho: I'm sorry. Its John Adams.

Higgins: But you told her the first name was George.

Groucho: I'm sorry. I was wrong. Now you own me ten dollars.

Higgins: I won't pay it.

Groucho: Alright. Then I'm gonna tell mommy that you took all that money...

Higgins:        Alright. Alright. Here's the ten dollars.

Groucho:        You know, this is the first time I understood this program.

Higgins:        Come on, Snooks. Let's get outta here.

Snooks:         No we won't, daddy. I'm mad at him and I want to win his money. (Aside) I hate him.

Groucho:        You hate me? Please don't say that. It's a set rule on radio that all quiz masters must be known as loveable. I'll tell you what, if I like you, would you like me?

Snooks:         Well, alright.

Groucho:        Fine. Now we like each other, right?

Snooks:         Right. But you know something?

Groucho:        What?

Snooks:         I liked ya better when I hated ya.

Groucho:        Well, I don't really care if people hate me as long as they think I'm loveable. Now, where were we?

Snooks:         We want to bet you some more money. My daddy's still got forty dollars left.

Higgins:        Snooks, no!

Snooks:         But I saw you take it out of mommy's pocket.

Groucho:        Your mommy sounds like she's got a great pocket. Wouldn't mind reaching in there myself sometime.

Higgins:        Please, Mr. Marx. Have a little respect for my wife.

Groucho:        I do. I have very little respect for her. Particularly since I've gotten a load of you two. Now let's proceed.

Snooks:         Alright. I want to ask you a question and we'll bet forty dollars.

Higgins:        Snooks...

Groucho: Oh, you're gonna ask me a question?

Snooks: Yes, I am. And I'll bet ya forty dollars.

Groucho: (Aside) Little does she know that I have her in my power. For I am the master of the quiz. And soon I shall have her money. (Evil laugh)

Snooks: Are ya ready for the question, mister.

Groucho: OK.

Snooks: Alright. Please pronounce the word T. O.

Groucho: T. O.? To!

Snooks: Right.

Groucho: (Aside) Like taking money from a baby.

Snooks: Now pronounce T.W.O.

Groucho: Two!

Snooks: Now pronounce the second day of the week.

Groucho: (Aside—thinking) Second day of the week. (Aloud) Just a moment. (Aside) Now this is the one with the catch in it. She wants me to say Toosday. But the correct way to say it is Tewsdays. But I'm sure she always says Toosday. So if I say Tewsdays she'll say I'm wrong because its Toosday. So, I'll say Toosday. (Aloud) Toosday.

Snooks: Wrong! We win.

Groucho: Wait a minute, I said Toosday.

Snooks: Wrong again. The second day of the week is Monday! Take the money, daddy. Hahahaha. We fooled ya.

Applause

Theme plays briefly.

Wallington: Groucho, our next contestants are an actress and an orchestra leader. Miss Tallulah Bankhead and Mr. Meredith Willson, meet Groucho Marx.

Groucho: Welcome to “You Bet Your Life.” An actress. Miss Tallulah Bankhead. That’s a rather unusual name, isn’t it?

Tallulah: Which one, Tallulah or Bankhead?

Groucho: I mean the Miss. An attractive girl like you not married?

Tallulah: I am married to the the-a-ter.

Groucho: Well, congratulations. May all your dressing rooms be little ones. With running water, preferably.

Tallulah: Yes.

Groucho: That’s an Indian I used to know. Are you a movie actress?

Tallulah: I am an actress of the legitimate the-a-ter. The the-a-ter of Helen Hayes, Lynn Fontaine,<sup>4</sup> Katherine Cornell.

Groucho: Well, we have a few great actresses in the movies, too. Olivia deHaviland, Greer Garson, and tell me, when have you seen as great an actress as Bette Davis in “All About Eve?”

Tallulah: Every morning when I brush my teeth.

Groucho: What I started to ask you was what play were you ever in?

Tallulah: WHAT play? Why I have been in “Let Us Be Gay,” “The Little Foxes,” “The Green Hat,” “Her Cardboard Lover,” “The Lady of the Camellias,” “Private Lives.”

Groucho: Pretty long title of a play. No wonder it closed. Tell me, Miss Bankhead, why you’re out here in Hollywood why don’t you try going into the movies?

Tallulah: I’ve been in movies. I made a picture called “Lifeboat.”

Groucho: “Lifeboat?” With Raft?

Tallulah: Hehehe. I’m your guest so I laugh politely.

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<sup>4</sup> Pronounced Fon-TAN

Groucho: Mr. Willson, let me get to you. You're an orchestra leader?

Willson: Mmm-hmm.

Groucho: Just what instruments didn't you master that made you become an orchestra leader?

Willson: Well, ah, most all of them, I guess.

Groucho: Where did you start your career as an orchestra leader?

Willson: Well, I started out originally in a little town in Iowa. Mason City, Iowa, to be exact.

Groucho: Well, a lot of great orchestra leaders started out in small towns. There was Abe Lyman of Illinois. Later became president, I hear.

Willson: That must have been before Petrillo.<sup>5</sup>

Groucho: Everything is before Petrillo. Miss Bankhead, let's get back to that Broadway play, the one with the long title.

Tallulah: That was not one play. Those plays represent my career in the the-a-ter. Great plays by great playwrights who were gracious enough to make me the star of their work, and with whom I toured this country over, acclaimed by the critics, hailed by the public in every town and hamlet who practically stampeded the the-a-ters to see my performances. Except Sapoopla,<sup>6</sup> Oklahoma.

Groucho: Well, that is certainly novel pronunciation. What happened there, Miss Bankhead?

Tallulah: Bette Davis.

Groucho: Tell me, Miss Bankhead, do you think I could be an actor in the the-a-ter?

Tallulah: Anyone can become an actor, I suppose, but to become great one must suffer. I had to wrestle with every part I was after, I've had to wrestle with every emotion known to man.

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<sup>5</sup>James "Jimmy" Petrillo. Long-time head of the musician's union who ruled with a very heavy hand. Was frequently the butt of jokes on radio.

<sup>6</sup>A deliberate mispronunciation of Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

Groucho: Is there any method by which you can learn this acting profession?

Tallulah: I use the Stanislavki<sup>7</sup> method.

Groucho: Stanislavski?

Tallulah: Constantin Stanislavki.

Groucho: Oh, yes, good wrestler that Stanislavski. How about you and me doing a little wrestling? I mean a little singing from something and seeing if I have any acting talent.

Tallulah: Very well. What do you know?

Groucho: Oh, not much. What do you know?

Tallulah: What I mean is are you familiar with the lines from any great plays?

Groucho: Just some of the actresses. Well, I know “Come up and see me sometime.”

Tallulah: Oh, no dear. Well, we’ll improvise. I think it’s great training. Well set the scene in a drawing room in London. Penelope, the wife, is telling Ciro, the husband, that she has fallen out of love with him and is leaving him for someone else. English drawing room drama. Are you ready?

Groucho. Quite!

Tallulah: Ciro, you remember when we first decided to get married we said that should one ever tire of the other that one would tell the other. Ciro, I’m telling you now that I am tired of you.

Groucho: Quite.

Tallulah: I’m leaving you.

Groucho: Quite. Quietest part I ever had.

Tallulah: Ciro, I have found happiness elsewhere. But you, my pet, what will become of you?

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<sup>7</sup>Constantin Stanislavki was the first person to create a method by which one could become a professional actor.

Groucho: Oh, don't worry about me, old girl, I'll probably end it all by leaping into the Thames<sup>8</sup> river.

Tallulah: Oh, Mr. Marx, its pronounced "Temmes." River.

Groucho: That's for the stomach, isn't it?

Tallulah: I shall leap into the Temmes River!

Groucho: Look, you jump in the river you like and I'll jump in the one I like. Well, enough of this one night stuff, let's play "You Bet Your Life." Willson, you can wake up now.

Willson: Oh. I started out in Mason City, Iowa...

Groucho: Are you ready to play "You Bet Your Life"? I see you've chosen first names of famous movie stars. I'll give you the last name, you supply the first name. Now, how much are you going to bet on the first question?

Willson: The whole twenty. OK, Miss Bankhead?

Tallulah: Press on, Meredith.

Groucho: Are you referring to his pants? Ok, for twenty dollars, what's first name, his last name is Raines.

Willson: Claude.

Groucho: Right. Claude Raines.

Tallulah: Exactly what I was going to say. He took the words right out of my mouth.

Groucho: OK, you now have forty dollars. How much will you bet?

Willson: Forty.

Groucho: For forty dollars, he last name is Palmer.

Willson: Lily.

Groucho: That's right. That's right. Lily Palmer.

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<sup>8</sup>Mispronounces it by using the TH sound at the beginning.

Tallulah: Exactly what I was going to say, my sweet. He beat me to it by just, ah...

Groucho: How much will you bet now. You have eighty dollars.

Willson: I'll bet you eighty dollars.

Groucho: Alright. For eighty dollars, his last name is Clift.

Willson: Montgomery.

Groucho: Correct. Montgomery Clift. You now have one hundred and sixty dollars.

Tallulah: I was about to say that Mr. Willson, but you're too quick for me.

Willson: Alright. You take the next one. Let's bet the whole thing.

Tallulah: Alright.

Groucho: Very well. Alright. Now for three hundred and twenty dollars, the movie actor whose last name is Stewart. What's his first name?

Tallulah: I know. James.

Groucho: I'm sorry, you lose, its Jemmes.

Music: Theme plays.

Applause

Wallington: For our next couple, Groucho, we selected from our audience a plantation owner and a young singer. Mr. Ezio Pinza and Miss Jane Powell. Folks, meet Groucho Marx.

Groucho: A plantation owner and a young singer. Miss Powell, you're the plantation owner?

Powell: No, Im the young singer.

Pinza: I am the plantation owner.<sup>9</sup>

Groucho: Oh, do you plant taters and do you plant cotton?

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<sup>9</sup>A reference to his hit role as a plantation owner in the Broadway play, "South Pacific."

Pinza: I do.

Groucho: I now pronounce you Ole Man River. Now, Miss Powell, what does a pretty girl like you do for a living?

Powell: I work for MGM.

Groucho: I can't hear you. Would you mind stepping a little closer to the microphone? On second thought, forget the microphone. Just step a little closer to the quiz master.

Powell: Well, which is which?

Groucho: The microphone has more holes in its head. Now Miss Powell, as you know, this is a quiz program. So, ah, what are you doing after the show?

Powell: I'm busy.

Groucho: Let me put it this way – I can get you into pictures.

Powell: I'm already in pictures.

Groucho: Well, let me put it this way, can you get me into pictures?

Pinza: I am a plantation owner.

Groucho: Haven't you sold that thing yet? Oh yes, do you plant taters and do you plant cotton?

Pinza: That's right.

Groucho: (Singing) "Them that's plant them am soon forgotten." So let's forget about you and get back to Miss Powell. Miss Powell, how old are you?

Powell: Nineteen.

Groucho: You call that old? Which brings us to mister – ah – Pinza, is that the way you pronounce it?

Pinza: That is right. Ezio Pinza.

Groucho: How's that again?

Pinza: Ezio. E - Z - I - O. Pinza. P, as in Peter - I - N - Z - A. Ezio Pinza.

Groucho: Tell me, Tom, you must have had a very interesting background. Tell us something about yourself. Don't you think Miss Powell is a beautiful girl?

Pinza: Yes, I do. But I thought you wanted to talk about my background?

Groucho: Well, with a background like Miss Powell's standing around, we should talk about yours? Oh, well, what is your background? How did you start out?

Pinza: I started out in Italy as a professional bicycle rider. Then I was with the opera in Milano. Then I went to the Metropolitan Opera in New York. Then I became plantation owner in "South Pacific."

Groucho: Couldn't hold a job, eh? Well, alright now. Are you ready to play "You Bet Your Life"? I see you have chosen Songs for your category. (Aside) Cowards. (Back on mic) You have twenty dollars between you to bet. Powell has seventeen, and Tom, you have three. Now I'll give the beginning of a song and you have to finish it. Ready? How much of your twenty will you bet?

Powell: We'll bet ten dollars.

Groucho: Very well. For ten dollars, give me the next line for the song that starts out this way, One.

Powell: Is that all you're going to sing of it?

Groucho: That's all. "One." No hints from the audience. (Pause) The song I was thinking of is, "Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now." Now you have ten dollars left, how much of the ten do you want to bet?

Powell: All of it.

Groucho: Alright. Finish the song that starts with "sweet."

Powell: Sweet?

Groucho: That's right. "Sweet."

Powell: What is a song that starts with "sweet?"

Groucho: Candy and cake. I'm sorry you lost all your money but for being such good sports I'm going to give you each a DeSoto / Plymouth car and a lifetime supply of money. Better luck next time!

Music: Outro for "You Bet Your Life" theme.

Applause

Tallulah: Come over her, Groucho. You've been bouncing through this show, dahling.

Groucho: (Nearing mic) I hope your check doesn't do the same.

Tallulah: Hahaha. You say, I don't know about you.

Groucho: I don't know about you, but the rest of my script is blank white paper.

Tallulah: Yes, we're a little short.

Groucho: We're a little short, folks. So, Hello. I can fill in here. Would you like to have me sing another song?

Tallulah: Oh, no, my pet. I don't think so.

Groucho: You don't like my singing?

Tallulah: Well, you must admit that singing is not your fort.

Groucho: I wish Knox were my fort.

Tallulah: Hahaha. That's the sort of thing you do best, Groucho. Jokes. You've heard the old saying, "shoemakers stick to your last."<sup>10</sup> It means you stick to what you do best.

Groucho: I see. What are you doing after the show?

Tallulah: Dahling, you don't seem to understand. I mean you are a divine comedian but your singing voice—really, Groucho.

Groucho: I wasn't going to bring this up, but as long as we have blank white paper, I heard you sing on the show last week.

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<sup>10</sup>A "last" is a shoemakers form.

Tallulah: You mean when I sang “Give My Regards to Broadway?”

Groucho: I’ve got news for you, Broadway refused them. And Herald Square turned them down, too. Don’t go taking about my voice. How about your voice?

Tallulah: Just a minute, Costello. Critics everywhere...

Groucho: Have you been Abbott all this time?

Tallulah: Everywhere they say that I have a sterling voice.

Groucho: Flat ware, eh?

Tallulah: Me? Flat?

Groucho: OK. Meet me at me flat right after the show.

Tallulah: I want you to know I just wrote an article on music in this month’s Player magazine. An article about Louis Armstrong. Why should I discuss music with you?

Groucho: I started out with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York. “A prize in each and every packet.”

Tallulah: I’ll leave it to Meredith Willson. He’s a musician, he should know. Meredith, come here. Now tell me the truth. What did you think about my singing last week. Be brutally frank.

Willson: Brutal.

Tallulah: Well, dahling, if you’d only play in the right key.

Willson: Well, if you’d let me have your key.

Tallulah: I give my key to no man.

Willson: Well, Miss Bankhead, how can play a song for you if I don ‘t know what key its in?

Tallulah: No one has ever complained about my voice before. I wish you’d hear me in the shower.

Groucho: And this is the dame who would give her key to no man.

Tallulah: Now do me a favor, Meredith, please play “Give My Regards to Broadway” right now. I want to prove a point to Mr. Marx.

Willson: Certainly. Gentlemen, would you play “Give My Regards to Broadway” again? She wants to prove a point to Mr. Marx.

Orchestra: Oh, no.

Tallulah: Boys, for me?

Orchestra: Alright, dahling.

Music: Big, flashy intro to song

Willson: (Singing) This is your note, Miss Bankhead.

Tallulah: (Singing) Thank you very much.  
Give my regards to Broadway,  
Remember me to herald square.  
Do, do, do do...

Ah, dahlings, until next week...good night.

Wallington: Groucho Marx appeared through the courtesy of the Desoto / Plymouth dealers of America. This is NBC, the National Broadcasting Company.

Sound: NBC chimes.