

MAN, ROBERT, JANET, DROWSY, GEORGE, UNDERLING....side 1

MAN: Well there you have it, all the guests have arrived. We have a bride who's giving up the stage for love, her debonair bridegroom, a harried producer, jovial gangsters posing as pastry chefs, a flaky chorine, a Latin lothario, and an aviatrix; what we now call a lesbian. And of course, my favorite character, the Drowsy Chaperone. What more do you need for an evening's entertainment?

(the ensemble sings end of Wedding Bells Will Ring.....CUT OUT for AUDITIONS)

MAN: Wasn't that wonderful! "And we'll ding-a-ling-along." I don't even know what that means! Alright, I'll lead you through this record as best I can. Don't worry, it won't be hard to follow. So, we begin with a welcome from the love struck-groom.

(ALL LAUGH)

ROBERT: Well, I just wanted to thank you all for coming. I tell you I must be some lucky fellow. Why, who would have thought that I, Robert Martin, would be marrying a glamorous showgirl, and that glamorous showgirl would be willing to give up a successful career for me, Robert Martin.

ALL; Oh!

ROBERT: Now, if it weren't for prohibition, I'd say let's raise a glass.

DROWSY: *(raises glass)* Here! Here!

ROBERT: ---to Miss Janet Van De Graff—the most beautiful girl in the world!

GEORGE: Absolutely not!

ROBERT: Excuse me?

GEORGE: The groom mustn't see his bride on the day of the wedding. It's bad luck!

MAN: I hope you heard that, because that's the plot. Basically. Hang on for the ride!

UNDERLING: Breakfast will be served in the Arabian Room.

GEORGE (to Chaperone) Say, it's a little bit early in the day to be drinking, isn't it?

DROWSY: I don't understand the question.

GEORGE: Look. You keep Janet away from Robert, you understand? You're the chaperone that's your only job.

DROWSY: Aye, aye Mon Capitan.

JANET: Oh Robert! Who's my little monkey?

Robert: I am! I'm your little monkey.