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**Record Group/Collection:** George H.W. Bush Presidential Records  
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# DOUG GAMBLE

*Lange*

Jan. 15/90

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TO: KRISTEN GEAR

*4 Pages*

ALFALFA CLUB (Ed McNally)

*- most not used? 96 ~~has~~ ~~Advis~~ ~~like~~.  
see Ed.*

I GUESS I SHOULD POINT OUT THAT THE LINES I'LL BE DELIVERING TONIGHT WERE PURCHASED FROM A JOKE-SELLER IN LAFAYETTE PARK, ACROSS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE.

I MENTIONED TO BARBARA THAT I WAS GOING TO A FUNCTION WHERE NOTHING ACTUALLY GETS ACCOMPLISHED, BUT EVERYONE HAS A GOOD TIME. SHE SAID "WHY ARE YOU HAVING A CABINET MEETING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT?"

THE FACT THAT THIS IS BEING HELD INDOORS IS THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS ME FROM PLANTING A TREE.

I DON'T THINK I'LL BE GIVING MY CAPITAL GAINS TAX CUT SPEECH HERE TONIGHT. THIS LOOKS LIKE THE KIND OF AUDIENCE, THAT IF I SAID IT'S NOT A TAX BREAK FOR THE RICH, SOMEONE WOULD STAND UP AND SHOUT "IT BETTER BE."

THE ONLY THING I HAVE TO SAY ABOUT PANAMA TONIGHT IS TO APOLOGIZE TO FRUIT-OF-THE-LOOM IF WE INADVERTANTLY HURT THEIR SALES OF RED UNDERWEAR.

MORE...

TO: KRISTEN GEAR - ALFALFA (CONT'D)

LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE, THE PANAMA OPERATION HAD ITS HIGHS AND ITS LOWS. I FELT PRETTY GOOD WHEN I FIRST HEARD THAT GENERAL NORIEGA HAD FLED TO THE VATICAN EMBASSY. BUT I WASN'T TOO THRILLED NEXT DAY WHEN THE HEADLINE IN THE WASHINGTON POST SAID "BUSH CREATES YET ANOTHER HOMELESS PERSON."

I, AS MUCH AS ANYONE, REGRET THE DAMAGE AND CARNAGE THAT RESULTS WHEN HOSTILE FORCES DO BATTLE WITH EACH OTHER. BUT I PLEDGE A CONCERTED RE-BUILDING EFFORT TO MAKE SURE THAT THE RUBBLE IS CLEARED AWAY -- AND DICK DARMAN AND BILL BENNETT'S OFFICES ARE FULLY RESTORED.

I'M A LITTLE UPSET AT CONGRESS FOR DRAGGING THEIR FEET ON SOME OF MY PROGRAMS, BUT IT'S NOT TRUE THAT IF THEY DON'T ACT SOON, I'M GOING TO BLAST ROCK MUSIC AT THE CAPITOL.

IT WAS ABOUT A YEAR AGO WHEN I PREDICTED THAT THE DAY OF THE DICTATOR IS OVER. AND YET JOHN SUNUNU IS STILL IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

I WAS EXCITED WHEN I HEARD THAT THE PERSON WHO RUNS THE STATE DEPARTMENT WOULD BE HERE TONIGHT. THEN I REMEMBERED THAT NO WOMEN ARE ALLOWED, SO YOU COULDN'T INVITE MARGARET TUTWILER AFTERALL. NICE TO SEE JIM BAKER FILLING IN, THOUGH.

I UNDERSTAND DAN ROSTENKOWSKI HAS A NEW CAR, WITH A UNIQUE WARRANTY: FIVE YEARS OR 50 ATTACKS ON IT BY SENIOR CITIZENS.

MORE...

TO: KRISTEN GEAR - ALFALFA (CONT'D)

~~XX~~ THERE'S A RUMOR GOING AROUND ILLINOIS THAT BOTH ELVIS AND DAN ROSTENKOWSKI'S SENIOR CITIZEN SUPPORT ARE STILL ALIVE.

THE CHARGE THAT I MIGHT BE DEVALUING THE PRESIDENCY BY GIVING SPEECHES TO SMALL, OBSCURE GROUPS IS JUST NOT TRUE. AND I'LL BE REINTERATING THAT POINT NEXT WEEK IN MY ADDRESS TO THE CHEEKTOWAGA AARDVARK AND ANTIQUE DOORKNOB APPRECIATION SOCIETY.

SOME SAY I HAVE A DESIRE TO BE CONSTANTLY ON THE MOVE, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S THE CASE. ALL I'M DOING ON MONDAY IS ADDRESSING THE RELIGIOUS BROADCASTERS IN WASHINGTON, FLYING TO OREGON FOR A FUNDRAISER, TRAVELLING TO SOUTH CAROLINA FOR A TREE-PLANTING, DROPPING BY MINNESOTA FOR A RIBBON-CUTTING, GOING TO PENNSYLVANIA FOR A FACTORY DEDICATION AND VISITING IDAHO FOR AN AGRICULTURAL CONVENTION. AND THEN IN THE AFTERNOON...

I THINK ALL OF US IN WASHINGTON WERE PROUD THAT ONE OF OUR COLLEAGUES, SENATOR JOHN GLENN, WAS GRAND MARSHAL OF THIS YEAR'S 101ST ROSE PARADE IN PASADENA. I'M SURE JOHN WOULD HAVE ENJOYED IT MORE IF THEY DIDN'T TRY TO GET HIM TO RIDE IN A LINCOLN.

I THOUGHT I NEEDED TO GET INTO BETTER SHAPE, SO I CALLED ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER AND ASKED HIM TO COME TO THE WHITE HOUSE AND BRING ALONG HIS DUMBBELLS. HE SAID 'WHY CAN'T WE JUST USE THE PEOPLE WHO DEvised YOUR ( ) POLICY?'

(Is there some screw-up we can put in here?)

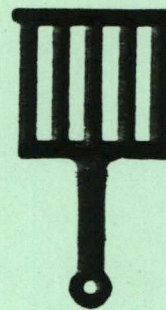
MORE...

TO: KRISTEN GEAR - ALFALFA (CONT'D)

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY SO MANY PEOPLE ARE CONCERNED ABOUT MY VISIT NEXT MONTH TO COLUMBIA. IT'S NO MORE DANGEROUS THAN MY VISIT LATER THAT SAME DAY TO UNIVERSAL, PARAMOUNT AND WARNER BROTHERS.

BARBARA IS DOING FINE AFTER THE LAST OF HER RADIATION TREATMENTS, BUT NOW WHEN I TELL HER SHE LIGHTS UP MY LIFE, I REALLY MEAN IT. AND WHEN SHE SAYS I'M A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, SHE'S NOT KIDDING.

BARBARA AND I HAD AN ARGUMENT THE OTHER NIGHT, AND SHE SAID 'WHEN YOU'RE READY TO APOLOGIZE, I'LL SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN.' I TOLD HER 'I'M NOT GOING TO KOWTOW.' AND I DIDN'T. I SENT BRENT SCOWCROFT.



THE GRIDIRON CLUB  
1990 Spring Dinner  
Rehearsal Book  
Version 3



OPENER

It's a Grand Night for Singing

CHORUS

It's a grand night for singing,  
And we are glad you're here.

SOLOIST (Ritter)

So grant us these hours,  
We will use all our powers  
To make this a time of good cheer.

CHORUS

Oh, it's our night for singing  
Some tunes you've heard before.

SOLOIST (Stranahan)

The lyrics are new  
And the jokes are on you  
And we're here to settle some scores.

CHORUS

We just  
Don't want  
To bore.

(BREAK IN MUSIC FOR STANDUPS)

MEARS: Mr. President

BRODER: Mr. Walter R. Mears of The Associated Press,  
Music Chairman of the  
Gridiron Club

MEARS: Mr. President, I must report - sadly - that while we don't want to bore, this gray flannel government may offer no alternative.

Our wit is wasted. We have not been able to find worthy targets for our poison pens.

We have searched the suitcases under motel beds, for the likes of Tip O'Neill, to no avail.

There are no successors to the velvet fogginess of Everett Dirksen or the supersonic syllables of Hubert Humphrey.

You can't even find a world class villain these days. A guy like Sam Pierce is okay - but he's no Spiro Agnew.

The stars of yesteryear simply are not out there.

After you get through beating up on Dan Quayle - again - this is a city full of managers and ribbon clerks.

Therefore, instead of our customary song and dance, we will present tonight a panel discussion on congressional redistricting. I apologize, but with the cast of characters we've got, Oprah Winfrey and Phil Donahue couldn't put on a show between them.

Our first panelist . . .

DONAHUE (Dan Thomasson): Forget that. You wouldn't know a star if you stepped on one. Look at all those fancy suits - stuffed with important people. Oprah, do you see any shortage of TV potential here?

WINFREY (Helen Thomas) : We can do a show starting right now. Some of the biggest names west of Warsaw are right here in this room.

DON. You're right. Let's have lights and camera on some guests we will ask to stand for a moment so that the rest of the studio audience can see them. But no autographs, please.

WIN. Let's welcome the White House press secretary, Marlin Fitzwater.

DON: And the chief of staff, John Sununu.

WIN: Marlin says what President Bush thinks.

DON: And John Sununu thinks what Bush says.

WIN: From Congress, we have Representative Bob Michel and Senators Lloyd Bentsen, Bill Bradley, Pete Domenici, Chuck Robb, Fritz Hollings, Alan Cranston, just to name a few.

And from the world of business, David Kearns of Xerox and Roger Milliken of Milliken Co.

DON: I want to congratulate those last two for winning the Commerce Department's Malcolm Baldrige Award for productivity.

And I am pleased to announce that Congress has once against received the National Zoo's Panda Prize for Perpetual Passivity.

WIN: There's Peggy Noonan, who wrote speeches for Bush. And Roger Ailes, who told him which speeches to give. And up at the head table, the Chief Justice of the United States.

After Peggy turned on the thousand points of light, Ailes had her write all those lines about saluting the flag.

DON: Then Justice Rehnquist's court told everybody to go ahead and burn it.

WIN: Here's Paul Tagliabue, commissioner of the National Football League.

DON: And, by instant replay, Paul Tagliabue, commissioner of the National Football League.

(VOICE OVER: After further review, the introduction stands.)

WIN: Now Governor L. Douglas Wilder of the Commonwealth of Virginia. In the long and glorious history of Virginia, mother of presidents, home of Thomas Jefferson, first capital of the Confederacy, the Old Dominion, the first state to decide that it was for lovers.

Douglas Wilder is the first governor . . . . .  
who is less than 5 feet 7 inches tall.

WIN: Oh, yes, and Mayor Art Agnos of San Francisco. Mayor Agnos, the vice president will see you now.

WIN: He can't, he's in California tonight.

DON: Timing never was his strong suit.

WIN: Here are Richard G. Darman, the budget director . . . Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board . . . Secretary of the Treasury Nicholas Brady . . . L. William Seidmann of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp . . . Michael Boskin of the Council of Economic Advisers . . .

DON: And Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York, the social security savior... . Gentlemen: meet your counselor on retirement.

WIN: Now some television types - Tom Brokaw . . . John Chancellor . . . Jane Pauley . . . . . aaaaannd Debra Norville of NBC News. And Michael Gartner, of the Ames, Iowa, Daily Tribune.

DON: Michael Gartner also is the president of NBC News.

WIN: I guess Debra and the others are pretty happy about that.

DON: Not as happy as . . . (pointing to Jennings area) Peter Jennings of ABC.

WIN: There's General Colin Powell, chairman of the joint chiefs of staff.

DON: Did he have the same job when Reagan was president?

WIN: Don't ask me. Reagan can't remember . . . why should I?

DON: And Brent Scowcroft, the national security adviser, who went to Beijing for dinner . . . And within an hour, he was so hungry he wanted to go back again.

DON: Please welcome Attorney General Dick Thornburgh. And William Sessions, director of the FBI. . . . We want to congratulate you lawmen for creative use of the VISTA International Hotel in setting up the cause of municipal purity.

WIN: Here are Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago and David Dinkins of New York. The mayors want the Justice Department to know that if they are booking any special guests into hotel rooms in New York or Chicago, reservations should be made through city hall.

WIN: And here as symbols of the close partnership in the Cabinet are Clayton Yeutter, the secretary of agriculture, which subsidizes tobacco. . . Secretary of Transportation Sam Skinner, who lets pilots smoke but not passengers . . . . And Secretary Louis Sullivan of the Department of Health and Human Services, the man who tells the country that cigarettes will kill you.

DON: Now Lee Atwater, chairman of the Republican National Committee, a man we are especially happy to welcome tonight. And Ron Brown, the Democratic national chairman.

WIN: And Yuri Dubynin, the ambassador of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

DON: The Soviet Union is just taking up the two party system.

WIN: That's fine. As Mr. Atwater and Mr. Brown can tell him, we were through with it anyway.

(The Band then strikes up the music, loudly, resuming Grand Night for Singing to lead in to the resumption of the song with Mo Ribble's solo)

SOLOIST (Ribble)

You are the ones we most need.

No other folk could we use.

You are the ones who inspire our desire  
To conspire - but mainly amuse.

SOLOIST (Phillips)

Frankly it's more than the jokes.

Our gags are less than brand new.

Surely the reason this evening's so pleasin'

Has something to do with you.

CHORUS

It's a grand night for zinging

The folks who rule the land.

The Gridiron's aglow

And to warn them - you know

Our targets are all in a row.

Let's get

On with

The show.

Initiation

Fanfare.

Broder: Once again, the dulcet, dynamic Gridiron Chorus.

Curtain goes up on chorus, and on Al Cromley, who is in an admiral suit at center stage.

Chorus sings:

We're jour nal ists of  
Seniority

There aren't many hacks  
As important as we

Music stops, or goes to undertone

Cromley: Mr. President

Broder: Mr. Alan Cromley, secretary of the Gridiron Club and commodore of recruits.

Cromley: Mr. President, the Gridiron Club is august if not robust, a condition that has led to the induction of seven new members to fill vacancies since our last dinner.

They are here to salute you. At least they had better salute. A lot. I present them in the order of their election to the club.

INSERT NEW MEMBER NAMES

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.

He reads the names, slowly, and as he does so, each new member steps forward and salutes toward Broder. The music plays in the background.

Broder: Thank you Mr. Cromley. Please take the initiates below deck and show them how to row.

## CHORUS

We went to Malta

For summitry

And what did we see

We saw the sea.

## SOLOIST

It started raining

We were straining

All that leaked was the Mediterranean

All we got was a lot of seasick sophistry

We went to Panama to cover the war

But they shut the door

On their lovely war

Though they fought with Noriega

It's the press that they abhor.

They let us see.

## CHORUS

The Embassy.

SOLOIST

We cover the stealth administration  
There's a wealth of disinformation  
And the nation's press is left outside the door.

They tell us that the president  
Is as nice as he can be  
But although we see the president  
He mainly operates in secrecy

NEW MEMBERS (7)

We've joined the Gridiron  
We cover the news.

CHORUS

But what'll you get  
You'll get confused

SOLOIST

When something quacks they claim its a guppy  
Marlin's flaks go get the puppy  
Well at least the puppy leaks and leaves some clues.

CHORUS

Well at least the puppy leaks and leaves some clues.

Democratic Skit

DICK COOPER: Mr. President

PRESIDENT BRODER: Mr. Dick Cooper, producer of the Democratic skit.<

COOPER: Mr. President, I'm here with a bunch of life's losers -- the Democrats. They're making a career of it. To get into the White House these days, they have to line up for tour tickets.<

I think we have figured out their problem -- they're just too nice.

George McGovern, Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale, Michael Dukakis: Good grief! The Charlie Browns of America politics. No wonder they live on political peanuts.<

They can't even hang onto their milk money. The Republicans take it away from them every four years.<

(Curtain begins to rise)<

They keep saying they're ready to grow up and get tough. But they never do. Take television. They haven't figured out how to use TV to win elections. They still think television is the Howdy Doody Show. Maybe that's why they still hang around with Buffalo Bob Straus.<

(Curtain now fully open. Buffalo Bob comes to microphone)<  
<

BUFFALO BOB (Jim McCartney): Hello, boys and girls. Hey, kids, what time is it?<

DEMOCRATIC CHORUS (shouting in unison):  
It's Howdy Doody time!<

BUFFALO BOB: No, no, no, you little brats, it's Richard Gerphardt time.

"IT'S HOWDY DOODY TIME" (Ernie Sult)

It's Richard Gephardt time,  
It's goody two-shoes time.  
We Democrats aren't mean,  
We like to keep it clean.  
We are too nice, it seems,  
To have a White House dream;  
But we are here tonight  
To learn to kick and bite.  
So give a rousing cheer,  
Soon it will all be clear:  
If honesty won't fly,  
Then we will learn to lie!

Democratic Chorus:  
Yes, give a rousing cheer,  
Soon it will all be clear:  
If honesty won't fly,  
Then we will learn to lie!

(As song ends, Clarabelle Clown runs around the stage honking a horn & squirting a seltzer bottle, then grabs a microphone) <

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CLARABELLE (Marianne Means): You're going to lie, boys and girls? <

DEMOCRATIC CHORUS: (Jumping up and down) Yes. Then we'll win. <

CLARABELLE: It's about time! <

BUFFALO BOB: Clarabelle, what's this? You've never spoken a word before. <

CLARABELLE (Marianne Means): Things were never this bad before. I'm talking now, and I've hired a political hit man to help us as a consultant. Roger Ailment, the man who invented George Bush. <

ROGER AILMENT (Jack Germond): Well, this is a lot tougher assignment. Democrats need training wheels. And I can't help you people at all until

until you learn how to play the game. <

You're got to get tough. Support the death penalty -- for flag burning. <

My pollster, Malcolm Mugger, can tell you what works.

"Why Don't You Play Rough" ("Why Don't You Do Right?")

You had plenty margin, back in '88,  
Then let Willie Horton be your running-mate.  
Why don't you play rough,  
Like Republicans do?  
Start punchin' low and make up some charges too.

'bout Bradley, Jackson, Cuomo there's a lot of doubt,  
Your sole surviving Kennedy is all worn out.  
Why don't you move right,  
Like Republicans do?  
Run up the flag, and listen to Nixon too.

Your platform was wimpy and your TV stank.  
You let Mike Dukakis ride that stupid tank.  
Why don't you kick ass,  
Like Republicans do?  
Hire Roger Ailes -- he'll take YOUR money too.

DEMOCRATIC CHORUS:

So cook up some libel 'bout the GOP,  
The voters believe whatever's on TV.  
Why can't WE play rough,  
Like Republicans do?

SOLOIST

Like Republicans do!

ROGER AILMENT: That's the ticket.

CLARABELLE: Did you say ticket? We've been trying to find a ticket  
for years. We might even win with somebody like Bill Bradley, Mario  
Cuomo and Albert Gore but all of them are playing hard to get in 1992.

"We Won't Run, Don't Ask Us "

Trio Chorus:

We won't run -- don't make us.  
We can't run -- don't take us.  
We shan't run -- we're bound to fail.  
We'd rather wait and run against Danny Quayle.

(Bradley): So don't push Bill Bradley.

(Cuomo): Don't call for Cuomo.

(Gore): And don't pressure Albert Gore.

(Trio): As long as all the Bush poll ratings stay hot,  
We'll just keep running for the jobs that we've got.

Trio (bridge):

(Cuomo) Now George Bush is kinder, and he's gentle.

(Bradley) Next to Ronald Reagan, almost mental.

(Gore) So our calculation's elemental:

(All) We cannot win it,  
So why get in it?

And that's why ---

DEMOCRATIC CHORUS:

They won't run -- why should they?  
They can't run -- how could they?  
They won't run -- find someone new.  
So what are we poor Democrats gonna do?  
Maybe we'll just hold our breath and turn blue.  
(Enter Jesse Jackson) <

JESSE JACKSON (John Duvall): Turn blue if you like. I AM SOMEBODY. You won't run, but Jesse Jackson might. Then watch the stampede.<

(Jackson) I might run -- watch Jesse.  
And it could get messy.  
You block me, you're bound to fail.  
Down in the Sun Belt I make voters turn pale,  
But snub me and you will get President Quayle.<  
(Susan Page & Finley Lewis appear as campaign workers with "Quayle in '96" banner)

Enter DAVID DINKINS and DOUG WILDER characters who greet each other with a high five

DINKINS: Why, Doug Wilder, a fellow star of the Class of 89.

WILDER: And David Dinkins . . . Are we supposed to be having a class reunion so soon?

DINKINS : Why not - we sure changed things when we won - especially for Jesse.

Oh We . . .  
(Music begins)

Row, Row, row the boat  
Safely down mainstream  
Merrily, verily, quite contrarily,  
Keep Jackson off the team.

Why? Because Jesse . . .  
(Music begins again)

Rocks, rocks, rocks the boat  
And sails us up the creek.

DINKINS:  
Now I'm the mayor

WILDER:  
And I'm the gov.

BOTH:  
All Jesse does is speak.

CLARABELLE: That leaves the Democratic Party without a leader to our name.

(Mr. Peanut enters)

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CLARABELLE: Unless we have to count Mr. Malaise.<

AILMENT: That's how bad things are. Jimmy Carter's approval rating is higher than Reagan's. Ten years too late. At least he has finally learned how to win a

presidential election -- in Nicaragua.

"They All Laughed"

(Carter): They all laughed when Jimmy and his Georgians  
Said they'd keep us safe and sound.  
They all said I ran the ship of state aground.  
They laughed at me for kissing Brzezhev,  
Running on about my lust.  
Acting like a Babbit,  
Fighting with a rabbit,  
Begging for your trust.

Now look at me -- globally, the patron of democracy,  
Managua is free,  
Violetta trusted me.

(Violetta): They laughed at me for trusting Carter,  
Said that we'd get robbed -- and how!  
But Or-tega trusted the polls, so --  
Thanks, Je-me -- ha-ha and ho-ho,  
Peanut Man, we've got the last laugh now.

CHORUS:

Born again -- back on the talk shows,  
At long last, he's getting kudos  
Peanut man, you've got the last laugh now.<

<

<

CLARABELLE: If that's all the Democrats have I might as well quit talking and go back to the horn and the squirt bottle.

AILMENT: Well, they could have an issue. All they really need to do is say the magic words.<

CLARABELLE: Open Sesame?<

AILMENT: No, Social Security. It could make a nice negative TV spot for the Democrats. Picture this: a young voter, a hard-hat...and Old Father Time. Places, everyone. Hardhat, hit your mark. Father Time, are you ready? Lights, camera, attack.

"When I'm 64" (The Beatles)  
Young Hardhat (Ernie Sult):  
Went to the office, picked up my check,  
Need to pay the rent,  
But when they deducted for the payroll tax,  
All I got was 35 cents.

It doesn't matter -- cuz when I get old,  
They'll keep me alive.  
I'll never bitch, man. I'll be a rich man,  
When I'm 65.

Father Time (Adon Phillips):  
Sorry my friend but we spent it all,  
There'll be nothing left.  
We must raid the Old Age & Survivor's fund  
To pay off the national debt.

You gotta pay the baby boom tax  
For working 9 to 5.  
First they will loot ya,  
Then they will shoot ya,  
When you're 65.

>  
>

ROGER AILMENT: See, a little exaggeration, a little negativism, next thing you know the voters love you. Or better yet, fear you.

CLARABELLE: Yes, and if Social Security's the issue, that could only mean one thing ...

>

"Stout-Hearted Men"

DEMOCRATIC CHORUS:

Give us a man like New York's Moynihan,  
Who can stick it to Bush with finesse.

SOLOIST (Mike Ryan):

I can inspire all those folks who retire  
And we'll see who is causing the mess,  
Oh!  
I'm much more charmin' than Richard G. Darman  
And PAC-men I crunch -- more or less.  
I can't figure out why all my leaders are so shy.  
No one can deny  
No one is half as smart as I.

Bush tries to shove, but he can't lay a glove  
On a wiz using his sleight-of-hand.  
My tricks got fixin' with Richrd M. Nixon,  
Though my cards are Kennedy's brand,  
Oh!  
I'll grant the fact is we may need new taxes,  
But I won't say which, and that's grand,  
Cuz I've got a shell game any Harvard man can play,  
Trust funds fade away.  
Now Moynihan will save the day.

DEMOCRATIC CHORUS

Trust funds fade away.  
Now Moynihan will save the day.

CLARABELLE: Maybe Social Security IS the issue the Democrats  
have been looking for.

AILMENT: It's possible, but Democrats can screw up anything. The  
best thing they've got going is  
Incumbency. Now some of them have found a way to blow that one too.

17

(Enter Carl Rowan as Jim Wright, Frank Jackman as Barney Frank,  
and Art Wiese as Tony Coehlo)

“Personality”

(Wright): I think of ev'ry book  
The Teamster lo-cals took,  
Instead of paying my steep lec-ture fee,  
The Eth-ics po-lice ended,  
My In-cum-ben-cy.

(Frank): When I was cleans-ing HUD  
Of all that Sam Pierce crud,  
My roommate thought he could throw a part-y,  
Land-lady is de-mand-ing  
My In-cum-ben-cy.

(Savage) A Peace Corps volunteer  
I tried to hold quite near  
When I was visiting her embassy.  
Who knew she'd try to cut off  
My In-cum-ben-cy.

(Coehlo): And what did Tony C.  
Want the whip job for?  
A junk bond free?  
No, That's not my score.  
In-cum-ben-cy,  
That Wall Street  
Can't beat.

CHORUS:  
And when those four great guys  
Get the Pew Litzer Prize  
For know-ing eth-i-cal re-dun-dan-cy,  
What is it that they want most?  
Their in-cum-ben-cy.

>

ANNOUNCER (Dick Ryan)

The following is a public service announcement from the national municipal league. Here are Miss Rasheeda Moore and Miss Karen Johnson.

Enter Karen Johnson (Groer) in prison garb, and Rasheeda Moore (McKinney)

Our boyfriend's back and we're going to tell you sister  
Hey la de la, His honor's back

He'll show the city  
A brand new vista,

Hey la de la, our boyfriend's back

Yeah, you tried to put him down  
Yeah, but he still runs this town.

CHORUS:

Hey la de la, their boyfriend's back.

ANNOUNCER: Support your local city.  
We now return you to our regularly scheduled program.

CLARABELLE: I guess politics is a like a love affair. There's one that always means trouble -- money. Ivana Trump could teach the Democrats a thing or two about that -- or 25 million.

"I'll Take Manhattan"

Ivana (Helen Thomas)  
I'll take Manhattan, the Bronx and Staten  
Island too,  
And with some luck, he'll get -- the zoo.  
For Marla's tryout, he's gotta buy out me,  
he cries;  
Those young, aerobic thighs  
May be his dumbest buys --  
I'm her size.

Donald (Rick Smith)  
I told Ivana I merely wanna quiet spouse  
To darn my socks and just -- keep house.  
Now I have found someone more refined,  
She is my new bottom line.  
She'll take Manhattan -- but not forget  
it's mine.

DEMOCRATIC CHORUS  
The city's tabloids will all enjoy  
The tale of this girl and boy.

Donald Solo  
I'll trump Manhattan

Ivana Solo

You'll move to  
Perth-Amboy.

AILMENT: Ivana Knows Fundraising. The Democrats don't do it well.  
Show them a hundred dollar bill and they'll follow you

anywhere. Charlie Keating proved that. <

Look what happened to Senators Alan Cranston, John Glenn, Dennis  
DeConcini and Don Riegle. Even senator John McCain got into  
trouble hanging around with them, and he's supposed to be a Republican.

(Enter sanctimonious Senators: Don Larrabee, Chuck Lewis, Adon  
Phillips, Tex Ritter, John Duvall) >

"What a Friend We Have in Keating"

What a friend we have in Keating,  
Dollars for our cam-paign staff.  
What a privilege to hass-le  
Bureau-crats on his be-half.  
Uncle Sam was actin' ugly,  
Forc-ing Charlie out the door,  
So we had a tiny meeting,  
Just to show we love the poor.

27

A con-stit-u-ent so faithful,  
For any-one we'd do the same.  
Precious Charlie won our favor  
'Cause it's just the Senate game.  
But it cost more than a billion  
To save his fail-ing S and L,  
Now the voters are revengeful --  
Want to close us down as well.

Democratic Chorus:  
What a friend they had in Keating,  
Dollars for their cam-paign staff.  
They thought Charlie was their saviour.  
Look who ends up with the shaft.  
YOU --- DO. (Amen tempo)

CLARABELLE: That's pathetic.

AILMENT: Tell me about it. Even my services may not be enough for guys like that. Bush wants bipartisanship and the Democrats are so dumb they make the savings and loan scandal bipartisan.

They don't know how to handle an issue. They wouldn't know what to do with a secret weapon if one walked in right now.

(Enter handsome woman wearing a white wig & Lone Ranger mask)

“The Man That I Married” (Mo Ribble) <  
The man that I married can sometimes be  
A little too far to the right of me.

The man who I adore,  
Has conservative hang-ups  
I simply abhor.

He preaches pro-life in the name of God,  
He'd send a drug lord to a firing squad.

I'm not switchin'  
I'm just itchin'

To turn up the heat in his kitchen.  
A man who can't take it, is not going to make it  
With me!

The man that I married -- who calls me “Bar”  
Would machine-gun a deer from an armored car.

I'm not cryin'  
I'm just tryin'

To point out some things I'm not buyin'  
The man I can plight with, a man I can fight with must be.

Your liberal compulsion I find divine,  
Like treating the homeless to Brie and wine.

Call it sloppy,  
That won't stop me  
From agreeing with you more than Poppy.

If George spoke with your voice,  
His lips would read pro-choice --  
Like mine.

(Exit Barbara Bush, with Democratic Chorus visibly  
baffled...baffled hubbub)

CLARABELLE: Who was that Masked Woman?  
ROGER AILMENT (despairing): Forget it!

27

CLARABELLE: (Exasperated) This whole business is getting taxing.

AILMENT: Don't say taxing. Even Lloyd Bentsen and George Mitchell have learned better.

(Enter singers dressed as two elegant hobos a la Fred Astaire and Judy Garland)

"A Couple of Swells"  
(Bob Stranahan-Warren Rogers)

We're a couple of swells,  
We go to the best hotels,  
But not to cause discomfort to the taxable clientele.  
Two Democrats we are,  
But stale as an old cigar  
If people think of taxes as the Democrats guiding star. <

<  
(Stranahan) The Annenburgs won't ask us up for tea, <  
(Rogers) And neither will the Yuppie bourgeoisie.

We could drive up the revenue, even for the middle class  
We could groove on the revenue, and our spending bills could pass.

We could ride on the revenue, like a dizzy carousel.

(CHORUS): We could talk up the revenue,

Yes, sir, talk up the revenue --

(Stranahan-Rogers): And we'd die for the revenue, sure as hell. <

<  
(Stranahan) The fat-cats all can ask us up for snacks.  
(Rogers) We'll never say so rude a word as 'tax.'

We could vote for some revenue, but we know the awful price.  
We could scheme for some revenue, but that's skating on thin ice.

We could die for a tax increase but that would be absurd.

DEMOCRATIC CHORUS:

So let BUSH find the revenue, <

Yes, let BUSH find the revenue,

If he WON'T find the revenue, he's a nerd.

>

CLARABELLE: Those are two of the great Democrats.

AILMENT: I'll show you another one -- Tip O'Neill, the advertising

man.

(Enter O'Neill in suitcase)

Just look at him. Can you imagine a speaker dressed up that way? Tom Foley certainly wouldn't do anything so embarrassing.

CLARABELLE: He could do worse.

(Enter Foley as French dandy) Look at him. (disgustedly)

"Foley's Bergere ("Can-Can")

(John Duvall)

Congress is the place to be  
If you like flexibility.  
There's no principle or tenet <  
In the House, much less the Senate.

Thus, they're natural habitats  
For up-and-coming Democrats.  
All are kin of Camelot  
Though some are lib'ral, others not.

DEMOCRATIC CHORUS:

Ev'ry four years, members poor and affluent,  
Gird up their rears and all run for president.  
Though no one cheers, and the press is insolent  
When the time nears, they all run for president.

They can scent, imminent, eloquent government . . . So

DUVALL:

Thank heaven then for the big Tom Foley,  
He's so tied up solely  
In the House and all its machinations.  
Thank heaven that our peerless Speaker's <  
Not a big self-seeker, <  
With the help of Heather,  
They can pull the House together,  
Make the Dems float  
In both calm and stormy weather.  
No also ran, that Foley man,  
Big on C-SPAN, he surely can,  
CHORUS: CAN-CAN-CAN

Can Can music repeats for dancers, then CHORUS sings final verse again

>  
REPUBLICAN SKIT>

>  
>

>  
SUSAN PAGE: Mr. President.>

>  
DAVID BRODER: Ms. Susan Page of Newsday, producer of the Republican skit.>

>  
SUSAN PAGE: Mr. President, it's time to put away childish things --like the Democratic party -- and get down-and-dirty with some good old Republican sleaze. The GOP didn't win five of the last six presidential elections by worrying about the rules. And their TV has nothing to do with kiddie shows. They'll salute the flag until they have tennis elbow, and they shout a lot about pornography. But some of their own campaign commercials ought to be X-rated.>

That makes them ideal guests on what passes for adult television. In fact, this very night some of them are booked for appearances on the GERALDO REVOLTING Show.>

>  
[Curtain begins to rise during last line; GERALDO (Bob Novak) walks on.)>

>  
Here's your host, GERALDO REVOLTING, the only man on television who makes Morton Downey Jr. look tasteful.>

>  
>  
GERALDO REVOLTING: Yeah, and some of these top Republicans make me look like Miss Manners. Why, in the House of Representatives, NEWT GRINCH'S idea of white tie for a Democratic candidate is tar and feathers. NEWT GRINCH, LEE BATHWATER and their pals in the GOP are one mean bunch.>

>  
>  
1. GOP LEADER: "BAD, BAD GOP.">  
[NEWT GRINCH (Bill Raspberry) leads the Republican National Committee on stage, cavorts and eventually joins GERALDO REVOLTING at microphone to act as co-narrator. GOP LEADER (Tex Ritter), the soloist, is at the head of a collection of weirdly-clad CHORUS members representing the new-style Republican party.)>

>

>

>

BAD, BAD G-O-P>  
(Bad, Bad Leroy Brown)>

>

GOP LEADER:>  
We've learned to win the White House,>  
Now our target's Capitol Hill,>  
And our humane plan as we go man-to-man,>  
Is a simple:

CHORUS:

Kill! Kill! Kill!>

GOP LEADER:

>

We play it down and dirty,>  
Love to spread those spicy tales,>  
For a good Democrat is a dead Democrat.>  
We learned it all from Roger Ailes!>

>

CHORUS:>  
Just call us bad, bad G-O-P,>  
The dead-end kids of democracy,>  
Rougher than a Sears catalog,>  
Meaner than a junkyard dog!>

>

GOP LEADER:>  
Sometimes we make George Bush nervous,>  
As reputations we besmirch,>  
But there's no room for shame>  
when you're playing this game,>  
'Cause elections ain't won in church.>

>

>

>

>

CHORUS:>  
Just call us bad, bad G-O-P,>  
The dead-end kids of democracy,>  
Rougher than a Sears catalog,>  
Meaner than a junkyard dog!>

>

>  
GERALDO REVOLTING: [Gesturing to the weirdos in the Republican chorus] NEWT, these are your people. They even scare me. Stick around and keep them off me.>

>  
NEWT GRINCH: No problem. Let's have a hand for our next guest, John Sununu, the White House chief of staff and New Hampshire's answer to Greenpeace.>

>  
GERALDO REVOLTING: Tough-looking guy. Understandable. You have to be tough to work for a president with a split personality. One day a wimp; next day a warlord. You never know whether George Bush is going to do his Jekyll thing or his Hyde thing.>

>

>

>

2. JOHN SUNUNU: "PANAMA.">

[The call of "Panama," "Panama" is heard in the distance, from off-stage. Sununu (Don Larrabee) steps forward in overblown general's uniform.)>

>

PANAMA>  
(Camelot)>

>

JOHN SUNUNU:>

Once Bush looked like a wimp and just would bore us,>  
He had to show that he had vertabra,>  
So George sent in the troops and got a chorus,>  
For Panama!>

>

Who says that Bush is not a bold crusader?>  
He's following the Reagan formula.>  
The target's even bigger than Grenada,>  
In Panama!>

>

CHORUS:>

Panama! Panama!>  
We missed the guy we had to snatch.>  
But in Panama! Panama!>  
The Pope helped make the catch.>

>

SUNUNU:>

In '92 we'll plan a new invasion,>  
With TV spots and lots of real hoopla,>  
We'll show just how to score,>  
By winning one more war,>  
And passing out the medals as we did>  
In Panama!>

>  
CHORUS:>  
We'll show just how to score,>  
By winning one more war,>  
And passing out the medals as we did>  
In Panama!>

>  
>  
>  
NEWT GRINCH: Dan Quayle got to go to Panama,  
too...(pause)...after he learned how to spell it. He was a real  
beacon of hope to the people of Latin American.>

>  
[DAN QUAYLE (John Hall) -- dressed as a golf player and trailed  
by a caddy (Roland Powell) carrying a placard that reads, "HE'S A  
BEAKON OF HOPE" -- wanders on stage, looking lost.)>

>  
GERALDO REVOLTING: [Looking at Quayle sign, puzzled) Beacon? Or  
Beckon? Is that written in Hoosier?>

>  
NEWT GRINCH: No, no, no. It was his wife who spelled it wrong on  
last year's Christmas cards. But then, Dan never made it to the  
National Spelling Bee, either.>

>  
>  
NEWT GRINCH: Dan Quayle got to go to Panama,  
too...(pause)...after he learned how to spell it. He was a real  
beacon of hope to the people of Latin American.>

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>  
NEWT GRINCH: No, no, no. His wife spelled it wrong on  
last year's Christmas cards. But then, Dan never made it to the  
National Spelling Bee, either.>

>  
>  
>

>  
3. DAN QUAYLE: "THE ALPHABET SONG.">

>  
[DAN QUAYLE is joined on stage by an efficient, humorless-looking MARILYN QUAYLE (Ann McFeatters) dressed as a schoolteacher and carrying a pointer.>

[Lined up behind them are nine members of the CHORUS, who each in turn hold up a placard with the letter that DAN QUAYLE is singing about in the first verse.)>

>  
Dan and Marilyn Quayle sing:>

>  
THE ALPHABET SONG>

- >
- DAN QUAYLE:>
- A, I'm a-lectable.>
- B, I'm bice president.>
- C, Cocomo thinks I am swell.>
- D, I'm da next in line.>
- E, You emprove my mind.>
- F, With Fonetics I can spell!>
- >
- K, I'm konservative.>
- S, It's a sertainty.>
- Q, stands for Quomo and for Quayle.>

>  
DAN AND MARILYN QUAYLE:>  
It's fun to wander through>  
The Alphabet with you,>  
Before we send our cards by mail!>

>  
>  
ALPHABET ENCORE>

- >
- DAN QUAYLE:>
- K, Went to kollege to>
- N, Get the 'knowledge to>
- W, Put a W in DePauw.>
- >
- R, Riting I learned from>
- U, U. Gene Pulliam,>
- K, My kantankerous grandpa.>
- >
- X, As Xec'tive Two>
- Y, Y'sley I turn to>
- C, Billy Kristol, with a K.>

>  
DAN AND MARILYN QUAYLE:>  
It's fun to wander through>  
The Alphabet with you,>  
In case we're Number One someday!>

>  
>  
>  
NEWT GRINCH: Dan Quayle sure takes a lot of flak. But the vice president may find that it pays off in the end.>

>  
GERALDO REVOLTING: It certainly did for Ronald Reagan. He got two million dollars from the Japanese -- if he could only remember where he put it. He and Nancy are my next guests. These days, they're working the SONY side of the street.>

>  
>  
>  
>  
>  
>  
4. RONALD AND NANCY REAGAN: "EASY STREET.">

>  
Ronald and Nancy Reagan (Mo Ribble and Jack Duvall) are on:>

>  
EASY STREET>

>  
RON: It was only a speech for Fujisankei,>  
A mere two million, a modest fee.>

NANCY: It was ko-sher; there was no hanky-panky,>  
A Jap'nese thank-you, to him and me.>

RON: In the White House, we had no bed of roses.>

NANCY: I had to borrow, economize.>

Just some rags, from Adolpho and Galanos.>

BOTH: But now we're back in, free enterprise - on ->

>  
NANCY: Easy Street! Spending's chic,>  
Here to Tokyo.>

CHORUS: Yen yen yen, yen yen yen, yen yen yen.>

NANCY: When they ask, him to speak,>  
I will just - say - DOUGH!>

>  
RON: In retirement, I never have to hurry,>  
Or answer questions, from nosey press.>

NANCY: In Bel Air, there is never care or worry,>

RON: Except perhaps from the I-R-S.>

NANCY: I am bored by the worship of Saint Bar'bra,>  
And Patti dearest. (Yelled) Give it a rest!>

RON: All in all, my reward for life achievement,>  
I think an Oscar, would be the best.>

CHORUS: Yes!>  
Easy Street! Nippon's Neat!>  
That's where they belong.>

BOTH: Yes siree, yes siree, yes siree yeah.>

>  
BOTH: Easy Street! Can't be beat.>

Lux-ur-ee - is - our - song.>

>

HOODED FIGURE APPEARS ON STAGE LEFT  
MAN IN BUSINESS SUIT ON RIGHT

During applause for Easy Street, a telephone starts ringing loudly.

MARLIN FITZWATER (Al Hunt) enters, pulls telephone handset out of his pocket and answers, loudly, at microphone

FITZ: Marlin Fitzwater here.

HOODED FIGURE (Chuck Bailey) (into handset he produces) This is the Ayatollah khoemeni.  
Put President Bush on the line.

FITZ: Who is it???? Spell that please.

HOODED: Khoemeni?

FITZ: No, ayatollah.

HOODED: That's I as in Iran . . . A as in ayatollah . . .

FITZ: Oh never mind. How do I know it's you? Where are you calling from?

HOODED: You running dog imperialist lackey of the great satan, how dare you question the ayatollah.

FITZ (Nervously) Hold on - I'm sure the president will want to talk with you.

He hurries off, as does the hooded figure

>

NEWT GRINCH: We haven't seen that kind of diplomatic skill since Brent Scowcroft came back from China . . . came back from China.

>

>

>

>

>

>

5. BRENT SCOWCROFT: "DENG XIAOPING, OH, DENG XIAOPING.">

[Brent Scowcroft (Warren Weaver) appears in Chinese coolies outfit and flat straw hat, carrying a glass of champagne, for toasting.)>

>

Brent Scowcroft sings:>

>

DENG XIAOPING, OH, DENG XIAOPING>

(Chinatown, My Chinatown)>

>

Deng Xiao-Ping, oh, Deng Xiao-Ping!>

George still thinks you're keen.>

Though those tanks at Tianenmen,>

Were a trifle mean.>

He still wants to foster trade,>

End that sanctions thing,>

Ship your students home to you,>

You kind old Deng Xiao-Ping.>

>

Deng Xiao-Ping, though dung you sling,>

No more knocking heads.>

Why can't you be gentle like>

All those other Reds?>

Must your Chinese commie bunch

Speak with forked tongue?

Truth wears off like three course lunch

With shifty, swifty Deng.

>

>

GERALDO REVOLTING: We'll be right back, after this message from our sponsor.>

>

>

[FIRST COMMERCIAL]>

>

JOE SUNUNU (Lars-Erik Nelson): Hello! I'm Joe Sununu. If you re-elect George Bush in 1992, every American will receive a free Sununu roadster and won't have to pay any taxes!>

[NAYSAYER (George Condon) standing at front of CHORUS holds up a big sign that says, "HE'S LYING."]>

These cars run on Perrier, and their exhaust fumes repair the ozone layer!>

[NAYSAYER displays sign again.)>

>

>

>

GERALDO REVOLTING: We're back, and it's time for our weekly Romp Through the Arts. Who better to set the taste of America than Sen. Jesse Helms?>

>

>

6. JESSE HELMS: "I SET THE RULES FOR PICTURES.">

[A male portrait (Tom Braizatis) and a female portrait (Maggie Hunter) scurry out carrying large, ornate picture frames, and take their positions as motionless works of art.)>

>

Jesse Helms (Adon Phillips) sings:>

>

I SET THE RULES FOR PICTURES>  
(You Oughta Be in Pictures)>

>

JESSE HELMS:>

I set the rules for pictures:>

No sinful nudity.>

If Jesse is your picture,>

Oh, what a hit you will be!>

>

[Female statue comes to life and sings back)>

FEMALE PORTRAIT (mockingly):>

Put shorts on ev'ry statue,>

A blouse on ev'ry breast.>

JESSE HELMS (lecturing):>

I want your promise that you>

Will cover up all the rest.>

>  
**JESSE HELMS:**>  
 When you show a naked leg or two,>  
 That is a mortal sin.>  
 Arms just don't have any charms,>  
 And I'm shocked when I see a shin.>

>  
 [Abraham Lincoln portrait comes to life and sings back]>

**MALE PORTRAIT** (mockingly):>  
 No Michelang'lo's David,>  
 No bosomy Renoirs.>

**BOTH PORTRAITS:**>  
 He sets the rules for pictures -->  
 They must wear bras!>

>  
**CHORUS:**>  
 Just draw a tobacco leaf and he'll>  
 Say that is mighty keen.>  
 But even a well-clad butt,>  
 To that critic is just obscene.>

>  
**HELMS:**>  
 No sexy clothes for fillies,  
     As advertised by mail,  
 No dirty dolls from Chile  
     For Danny Quayle.

**CHORUS:**>  
 No sexy clothes for fillies,  
     As advertised by mail,  
 No Dirty Dalls for Chile  
     He'll censor Quayle.

>  
**NEWT GRINCH:** We Republicans are not stopping at the water's edge  
 when it comes to pushing good old family values. We're going to  
 instill virtue everywhere. Morality. Honest government. Drug-free  
 dictator zones. That's why we had to arrest Manuel Noriega.>

>  
**GERALDO REVOLTING:** Wait a minute. I thought he was our guy,  
 George Bush's hired spy -- until we turned and used that BOOM-BOX  
 diplomacy against him.>

>  
 >  
**7. MANUEL NORIEGA:** "Yanqui Doodle Dandy.">  
 [NORIEGA (Ron Cohen) marches in wearing red-white-and-blue  
 prison stripes, carrying ball and chain. Two women (Marianne Means  
 and Fran Lewine) are dressed as life-sized BOOM BOXES. They escort  
 Noriega on stage, stand to either side of Noriega during the song,  
 tap-dance and march along to the song.)>

>

Manuel Noriega sings:>

>

YANQUI DOODLE DANDY>

>

MANUEL NORIEGA:>

I'm a Yankqui Doodle Dandy,>

A vet'ran of the C-I-A,>

A covert nephew of our Uncle Sam.>

How can you treat me this way?>

Bill Casey, Bush, North and Poindexter,>

They all called me 'Manuel.'>

>

You used to write me thank-you notes,>

And now I'm in your pokey.>

You gringoes kissed -- I am going to tell.>

>

I've got Yanqui boodle handy,>

Laundered for my legal fees.>

I infiltrated all those drug cartels,>

Only just trying to please.>

Then those cowboy prosecutors,>

Indict me for such picky crimes.>

>

Why'd you have to send your army,>

And those damn boom boxes?>

What happened to our good old times?>

>

CHORUS [as Noriega and Boom Boxes dance]:>

Then those cowboy prosecutors,>

Indict him for such picky crimes.>

>

Why'd we have to send our army,>

And those damn boom boxes?>

What happened to our good old times?>

>

>

>

GERALDO REVOLTING: OK, OK, so he's not our guy anymore. So he's a gun-running money-laundering voodoo-worshipping thug terrorist narco-gangster who wears red underwear. But Newt, nobody's perfect.>

Anyway, he's a narco-feminist.>

>

NEWT GRINCH: (puzzled) A narco-feminist?>

>

GERALDO REVOLTING: That's an Equal Opportunity villain. Noriega opened up all sorts of opportunities for female soldiers. They went to war, even if the Pentagon won't admit it. Our next guest is just back from the Canal Zone dog kennels. Linda Bray is the Army captain who led the charge. If her name was Lyndon, she'd be a major with a medal. No wonder she's mad.>

>

>  
8. LINDA BRAY: "WHY CAN'T A WOMAN BE MORE LIKE A MAN?">

[LINDA BRAY (Cheryl Arvidson) is dressed in full combat gear, with helmet and twigs in her hair. She marches out with her PLATOON of women soldiers (Helen Thomas, Margaret Mayer, Anne Groer) who are dressed in fatigues.)>

>  
Linda Bray asks:>

>  
WHY CAN'T A WOMAN FIGHT JUST LIKE A MAN?>  
(Hymn For Him)>

>  
LINDA BRAY:>  
Why can't a woman fight just like a man?>  
Men are so stuffy,>  
So totally square.>  
They think they're being noble.>  
Why can't they be fair?>  
Why is it men get to shoot and be shot at?>  
Why can't women be in combat?>  
Why can't we face bullets like our brothers do?>  
Linda Bray was dodging lead.>  
Why must we do everything our mothers do?>  
Why can't we grow up like our fathers instead?>  
Why can't we smear that black stuff on our face,>  
Slip into fatigues,>  
And just be a pal?>  
Would camouflaged women be bad for morale?>  
If we get wounded, would you have to send us flowers?>

>  
WOMEN PLATOON:>  
Just the customary Purple Heart would do!>

>  
BRAY:>  
Would we get cranky when we've had no sleep for hours?>  
Would that make a woman UNlike you?>  
Oh, one or two of us may pout a bit.>  
Some may have emotional defects.>  
Some, perhaps, whose ruggedness you doubt a bit.>  
But, small or large, we the macho-est sex.>  
So why can't a woman fight just like a man?>  
Be just as hostile, blood-thirsty, UNkind!>  
A meaner combatant you never will find!>  
If we even hinted YOU were yellow, YOU would bellow!>  
Don't think that we're expecting you to hold our hand.>  
Why can't you look at us as just another fellow?>

>  
BRAY AND WOMEN PLATOON:>  
Why...can't...Dick Cheney...UNDERSTAND?>  
>

>  
>

NEWT GRINCH: Stay with us, folks. We'll be back after a word from our sponsor, White House Exterminators, Inc.>

>  
>

[SECOND COMMERCIAL]>

>

ANNOUNCER: (Carl Leubsdorf, in exterminator outfit, maybe with his back reading, "WHITE HOUSE PESTS.") Have narco-bullies infested your neighborhood? Don't risk dangerous chemicals. Try the White House scheme -- Little bitty caterpillars that will eat up that old coca while it's still on the vine!>

CATERPILLAR (Alan Cromley) sings:>

>

Glow Little Glow Worm>

Go little Glow Worms  
Glimmer, glimmer  
You'll make the drug lords,  
Grimmer, grimmer.

Strip the beans among the mocha  
Spare the coffee, kill the coca,

We'll fight crime and save our woolies  
Send our worms after narco bullies

Stoned moths put on quite a show  
So go little glow worms, go.

>  
>  
>

GERALDO REVOLTING: My next guest is one of the smoothest talkers around -- my pal, Jimmy Baker. But these are hard times for a good ole boy from Texas. He gets tongue-tied every time he tries to tell the president who's big in Bucharest, powerful in Prague or leading in Latvia.>

>  
>

>

9. JAMES BAKER: "SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS">  
[Jim Baker (Ernie Sult) comes out in striped-pants and cutaway, with cowboy boots and hat.)>

>

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS>

>

JIM BAKER:>

Havel, Calfa, Dubcek -->

Those are names that once could shock ya,>

But I've learned to say them,>

'Cause they run Czech-o-slo-va-kia.>

Lilov, Lukanov and Mladenov will surely scare ya,>

But you must enunciate>

The names that run Bul-gar-ria!>

>

CHORUS:>

Um-diddle-diddle-diddle um-diddle-off!>

Um-diddle-diddle-diddle um-diddle-off!>

>

BAKER:>

Hans Modrow and Gregor Gysi,>

Ask them in for dinner.>

Tell those guys that you are wise -- >

Ich bin ein East Berliner!>

Make the check to Lech,>

But just make sure he doesn't soak ya.>

I hope Ma-zo-wiec-ski can teach us to dance the polka!>

>

CHORUS:>

Um-diddle-diddle-diddle um-diddle-off!>

Um-diddle-diddle-diddle um-diddle-off!>

>

BAKER:>

Nicolae Ceau-ces-cu's gone, and now it's Il-i-es-cu.>

Isn't there an expert who can hurry to my rescue?>

Whether it's Ro-man-nia or maybe Lith-u-a-nia,>

All in all I think I'd rather be in Tran-syl-va-nia!>

>

CHORUS:>

Nicolae Ceau-ces-cu's gone, and now it's Il-i-es-cu.>  
Isn't there an expert who can hurry to our rescue?>  
Whether it's Ro-man-nia or maybe Lith-u-a-nia,>  
On the whole we think we'd rather be in Philadelphia.

>  
>  
>

GERALDO REVOLTING: All those funny names could even confuse Zbigniew Brzezinski. But if you stick with one simple name, you can't go wrong.>

>

NEWT GRINCH: What name?>

>

GERALDO REVOLTING: Mikhail McGorbachev. Forget glasnost. Forget perestroika. What do the old captive nations really want? McGorby knows.>

>  
>  
>

10. MIKHAIL GORBACHEV AND THE SOVIETS:  
"INTERNATIONALE.">

[Gorbachev (Mike Ryan) is dressed in loose-fitting gray Soviet-style suit and distinctive Gorbachev hat, but during song strips like Superman to reveal uniform of a guy who works at McDonald's; he puts on a McDonald's hat. Small-group choruses are dressed as ethnic Russians.)>

>

GORBACHEV DESERVES A BREAK TODAY>

>

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV:>

(Tune of Internationale)>  
Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!>  
Your day is finally at hand.>  
No more a lean and hungry nation,>  
Come share the riches of our land.>

>

RUSSIAN SEXTET

You deserve a break today!>  
Eat Beeg Mac and plastic tray!>  
At MacGorby's!> (Solo by Art Weise)

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>  
GORBACHEV:>  
(To Lara's Theme)>  
Some-day, comrades,>  
You will have things you lack.>  
Meanwhile, comrades,>  
Be happy with Beeg Mac.>  
Someday, my friends,>  
You will have Jap'nese cars,>  
Two-bedroom huts,>  
Golf clubs and cocktail bars.>  
>  
Meanwhile, keep Soviet Union strong.>  
Glasnost is telling you I'm not wrong.>  
So until then, Tovarich, stay in line.>  
Ethnics keep cool, you'll like chiz-bourgers fine.>

Save Russian bread, we used to spend on guns,  
We'll eat instead sesame seeded buns

>  
GORBACHEV AND CHORUS:>  
Don't be afraid, in U-S we have friend.>  
George will send aid from the peace dividend.>

>  
>  
>  
NEWT GRINCH: (Suspiciously) OK, fine. We can trust them, but we  
still have to mcVerify.>

>  
GERALDO REVOLTING: Why verify? Who needs missiles? The Russians  
are just  
like us now. How could we consider a missile attack that might hit Moscow in  
the middle of a Big Mac Attack?

>  
NEWT GRINCH: You could be right. But what's Dick Cheney going to  
do with all those leftover missiles? Sell them at the Army surplus  
store?>

>  
>  
>  
>  
>  
>  
11. DICK CHENEY AND THE CONEHEADS: "FIFTY WAYS TO SCRAP

A  
MISSILE.">

>  
[Dick Cheney (Bob Stranahan) and the Coneheads (Geyelin, Boyd,  
Lastelic, Barnett) emerge.]>

>

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FIFTY WAYS TO SCRAP A MISSILE>  
(Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover)>

>

RICHARD CHENEY:>

To help our pres'dent get the country on the mend,>  
We're junking all our missiles as a peace dividend,>  
And when they ask us how to use them we pretend:>  
There must be fifty ways to scrap a missile.>

>

This perestroika was what really did us in,>  
With Gorby knocking down The Wall in East Berlin,>  
They want to trash our toys and we think it's a sin.>  
[CONEHEADS ENTER]>  
There must be fifty ways to scrap a missile.>

>

CHENEY:>

Just paint 'em all red, Ted,>  
Wind 'em up like a toy, Roy,>  
Make a tunnel of love, Dove,>  
CONEHEAD GENERALS: Just leave it to us.>

>

CHENEY:>

Buy an S & L, Nell,>  
Fix the Brooklyn Bridge, Midge!>  
Super can to stash, trash.>  
GENERALS: Just leave it to us.>

>

CHENEY:>

Make a moonshine still, Bill,>  
A place to hide your crack, Jack.>  
Fill 'em full of hay, Ray.>  
GENERALS: Just leave it to us.>

>

CHENEY:>

Fill St. Andreas fault, Walt,>  
Catch an oil spill, Jill!>  
Hats for Donald Trump, chump.>  
GENERALS: We'll give 'em to you free.>

>

[CONEHEADS EXIT AND GET ALTERNATIVE CONEHEADS  
OFFSTAGE)>

>

CHENEY:>

It's sad to contemplate the end of S-D-I,>

Defense contractors starving as we wave good-bye.>

Bush says to trust the Reds but not to verify.>

There must be fifty ways to scrap a missile.>

>

They say we've gotta cut the war room down to size,>

And now with peaceniks we'll be forced to fraternize,>

But I will be a shoo-in when they pick the Nobel Prize,>

For finding fifty ways to scrap a missile.>

>

CHORUS:>

Just paint em all red, Ted

Wind em up like a toy, Roy

Make a tunnel of love, Dove

Just leave it to us.

Buy an S and L Nell

Fix the Brooklyn Bridge, Midge

Super can to stash trash,

Just leave it to us.

YEAH

CLOSER

Fanfare

MEARS: Mr. President

BRODER: Mr. Mears, music chairman of the Gridiron Club.

MEARS: Mr. President, we have spent most of our evening inside the beltway, looking in. But far from our precincts, the world has been transformed.

As we close our 105th dinner, we sing of the rise of freedom in other lands.

We sing proudly of the role our country has played in that tide of democracy.

And we salute the courage of people who dared to demand the democracy that was our birthright.

Will the following people please rise for a moment.

The Ambassador of Czechslovakia.

The Ambassador of Hungary.

The Ambassador of Yugoslavia.

Thank you.

SOLOIST 1 (Rowan)

See the lights go on again,  
All over the world.  
From Moscow to East Berlin  
New freedoms unfurl.

A wrech-ed wall can fall  
To man's yearning to just be free  
New rulers risk their all  
On democracy

SOLOIST 2 (Mike Ryan)

As the lights go on again  
Cape Town to Warsaw  
Happy crowds of people win  
Peace under the law

Soon they will know the joy  
A free life brings  
As liberty rings  
And the lights go on again  
All over the world

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## CHORUS

Soon they'll rejoice in things  
That justice brings  
And free hearts will sing  
As the lights go on again  
All over the world.

Music shifts to verse of God Bless America

SOLOIST (Jack Duval)

For a generation  
Forty years and more  
We have borne the burden  
Of a long, cold war.

Now the iron curtain (Music repeats)  
Rises hopefully  
And our celebration  
Finds glad company

So let us be grateful  
For our land so fair. (Music changes to original)  
As we raise our voices,  
In a solemn prayer

CHORUS

(Sung once by chorus, then audience is motioned to join)

God bless America

Land that I love

Stand beside her and guide her

Through the night with a light from above

From the mountains to the praries

To the oceans white with foam

God bless America

My home sweet home.

(SOLOISTS, then CHORUS GESTURE AUDIENCE TO JOIN)

God bless America

Land that I love

Stand beside her and guide her

Through the night with a light from above

From the mountains to the praries

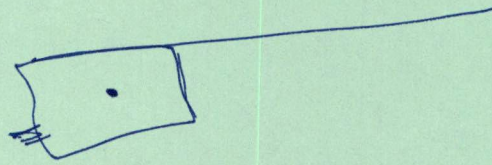
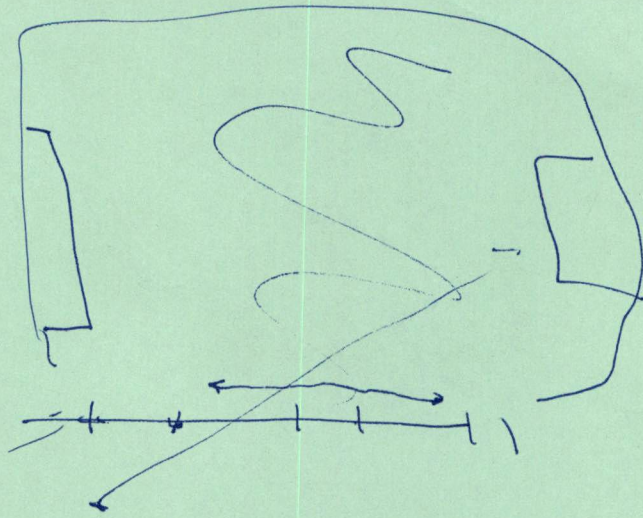
To the oceans white with foam

God bless America

My home sweet home

God . . . Bless . . . . America

My home . . . . Sweet . . . . Home



THE GRIDIRON CLUB

1989 Spring Dinner

Rehearsal Book



ANNOUNCER -- Mr. President, in this exact month, we celebrate the 200th anniversary of George Washington's Inauguration. We have a few members who were there and the Gridiron Club now wishes to record this bicentennial moment in its own warped fashion. It is April, it is New York, and the American colonials -- victorious in their struggle for independence from England -- have gathered for the inauguration of George Washington on Wall Street.

ASCOT GAVOTTE

(Stranahan, singing ensemble, stage chorus and chorus on stage. Mo and the dancers begin from doors at stage left. Dancers minuet up the ramp in a two-by-two processional behind the ensemble. Mo, carrying a folded flag, goes to the microphone at stage left.)

ASCOT GAVOTTE

Every Washington and Lee is here  
Every patriot who should be here  
This euphoric, possibly historic spectacle  
The first inaugural day.

We have tweaked the nose of George the Third of England  
And we are here to stay  
An enduring, positively stirring moment, the  
First pres'dent's opening day.

Wall Street Crowded, each wig powdered  
Braid and homespun, heroes of the Revolution  
Any second now, this inaugural day  
Hear, the bell is ringing, Washington will have his say  
We're on our way.

(BREAK IN MUSIC)

ENTER NOVAK stage right. leading a white, two-man soft horse, kind of broken down and bedraggled with its tongue hanging out.

WASHINGTON -- Now what is all this about some other guy named George.

(As ensemble finishes song, dancers come to the front of the stage).

What a magic moment that was  
In 200 years in a Gridiron play  
This will sing and magically bring back memories  
Of that first inaugural day.

GILBERT STUART -- Betsy Ross, Betsy, sweetheart.

BETSY ROSS -- Why....Gilbert Stuart. What's this supposed to be.

GILBERT (pointing to painting)-- This is George Washington on his White horse.

BETSY -- (pointing to the real GW and his broken down nag) But it doesn't look anything like George Washington. Look at him. Look at his horse. They were nearly frozen to death at Valley Forge and almost drowned in that river.

GILBERT -- What difference does that make. Listen, we're now entering the era of modern media manipulation. Reality is too painful. You paint not what ya see, but what you want 'em to see. You paint your enemies ugly and your clients pretty. Image, Betsy, image.

BETSY -- What it is, Gil, is distortion.

GILBERT -- Now take that flag there. What a symbol I could make out of that. (He reaches for the flag and she pulls it away.

BETSY -- Keep your hands off my flag, Stuart.

(she stalks off stage left trailed by the other woman dancers. Novak and the horse exit stage right. While Stranahan completes his solo, the women change offstage into Tom Jones pantaloons and lace-up bodices. Mo leaves her flag backstage).

LAMBRETH WALK I

(Gilbert Stuart -- Stranahan)  
(verse)

Nothin' is what it seems  
The sky ain't blue, the grass ain't green.  
George is George, but in the clutch.  
It just don't matter very much.

We'll paint a different way  
Turn day to night, and night to day  
Turn-clouds to sun, when we're done  
Oh, boy.

If your public image fails  
Contact me or Roger Ailes  
Since Valley Forge  
We've been improving George -- yeah.

We can make you kind or tough  
Sell you nice or sell you rough  
Leaders, we forge  
Getting from George to George -- yeah.

Give 'em some pledge alleeegee  
Give 'em noblesse obleegee  
Sell 'em a great big lu-lulu  
Sell -em do-do.

Any George can change with flacks  
Who can rearrange the facts  
Since Valley Forge  
Onward from George to George

## LAMBETH WALK II

(WOMEN DANCERS CARRYING TAMBOURINES RETURN, LED BY MO WITH MICROPHONE SINGING AS SHE GOES UP THE RAMP. THE FOUR DANCERS GO IN FRONT OF THE FOUR MEN DANCERS. STRANAHAN RETREATS ONE STEP. MO DANCES BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE STAGE AS THE OTHERS SWAY.)

BETSY (MO)

If your public image fails  
 Contact Gil or Roger Ailes  
 Since Valley Forge  
 They've been improving George -- yeah.

They can make you kind or tough  
 Sell you nice or sell you rough  
 Leaders, they forge  
 Gettin' from George to George -- yeah.

Give 'em some pledge alleeegee  
 Give 'em noblesse obleegee  
 Sell 'em a great big lu-lu  
 Sell 'em do-do.

Any George can change with flacks  
 Who can rearrange the facts  
 Since Valley Forge  
 Onward from George to  
 Onward from George to  
 Onward from George to George

## LAMBETH WALK III

ALL

If your public image fails  
Contact Gil or Roger Ailes  
Since Valley Forge  
They've been improving George, -- yeah.

They can make you kind or tough  
Sell you nice or sell you rough  
Leaders, they forge  
Gettin' from George to George -- yeah.

(THE FOUR MALE DANCERS AT THIS POINT DESCEND INTO THE AUDIENCE VIA THE RAMP AT STAGE RIGHT. THE FOUR FEMALE DANCERS DESCEND VIA THE STAIRS AT STAGE RIGHT. THEY JOIN IN THE MIDDLE. THE CHORUS RUSHES OUT FROM THE RISERS DOWN THE RAMP AND INTO THE AUDIENCE WHILE THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS THE BRIDGE. REMAINING ON STAGE: MO, STRANAHAN, THE SINGING ENSEMBLE AND THE STAGE CHORUS.)

ORCHESTRA ONLY

Give 'em some pledge alleeegee  
Give 'em noblesse obleegee  
Sell 'em a great big lu-lu  
Sell 'em do-do.

ALLL

Any George can change with flacks  
Who can rearrange the facts  
Since Valley Forge  
Onward from George to George -- yeah.

## LAMBETH IV

THE FOUR COUPLES DANCE UP THE CENTER AISLE. THE CHORUS JOYOUSLY SINGS WHILE MOVING ONTO THE FLOOR -- INTO THE WINGS AND ACROSS THE FRONT. NOVAK AND THE HORSE RE-ENTER FROM STAGE RIGHT. STILL ON STAGE ARE MO, STRANAHAN, THE SINGING ENSEMBLE AND THE STAGE CHORUS.

ALL

If your public image fails  
 Contact Gil or Roger Ailes  
 Since Valley Forge  
 They've been improving George -- yeah.

They can make you kind or tough  
 Sell you nice or sell you rough  
 Leaders, they forge  
 Gettin' from George to George -- yeah.

Give 'em some pledge alleeegee  
 Give 'em noblesse obleegee  
 Sell 'em a great big lu-lu  
 Sell 'em do-do.

Any George can change with flacks  
 Who can rearrange the facts  
 Since Valley Forge  
 Onward from George to  
 Onward from George to  
 Onward from George to George

(orchestra -- shave and a haircut)  
 CHORUS  
 HI HI

DEMOCRATIC CAST

Dr. Rex Morgan ..... Thomasson  
Nurse June Gail..... McKinney  
Mitchell.....Larrabee  
Byrd.....Stranahan  
Foley.....Ritter  
Wright.....Rogers  
Nunn.....Phillips  
Speaker 1.....Bailey  
Speaker 2.....Saikowski  
Speaker 3.....Cole  
N.R.A. Agent.....Bigbee  
Orderly 1.....Grady  
Orderly 2.....Condon  
Speaker 4.....Lewis  
Bentsen.....Sult  
Pickens.....Trehitt  
Speaker 5.....Cromley  
Barry.....M. Ryan  
Speaker 6.....McCartney  
Dukakis.....Ribble  
Rock Dancers....Anthan, Johnson, Prina, Means, terHorst  
Speaker 7.....Thomas  
Supreme Court.....Hunter, Hall, Leubsdorf, McFeatters  
L-E Nelson, Page, Reed, R. Ryan  
Speaker 8.....Novak  
Brown.....Duvall

## 1989 GRIDIRON SHOW

## Democratic Act

President O'Rourke introduces Cheryl Arvidson, chairman of the Democratic Act.

ARVIDSON: it's been a tough year for the Democratic Party, with such an odd mix of results that it's hard to figure out whether the Democrats are winners or losers. Not surprisingly, this has created some of the signs of classic Schizophrenia: withdrawn, bizarre, sometimes delusionary behaviour and intellectual and emotional deterioration.

In dire need of treatment before the 1992 elections, the entire Democratic Party has checked into St. No Where, an obscure but highly respected Boston hospital. A crack team of medical personnel is searching for a miracle cure, but every time they think they're onto something, another strange new symptom comes to light.

We take you now to the emergency room at St. No Where, where some Congressional leaders, led by the new Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell of Maine, are seeking to describe their ailments to Dr. Rex Morgan and Nurse June Gail.

Curtain rises on hospital emergency room. MITCHELL, BYRD, FOLEY AND ROSTENKOWSKI sing "Handle Us with Care."

## HANDLE US WITH CARE

Mitchell, Byrd, Foley and Rostenkowski

(Tune - Handle Me With Care)

FOUR: We've been beat up and battered around,  
The pay raise put us in the doggy pound.  
Need some help, but it can't be found.  
Handle us with care.

Reputation sinking fast,  
Sure we had a glorious past,  
But without help we won't last.  
Handle us with care.

STRANAHAN: We're so tired of being losers ,  
Damn Dukakis did us in.  
Won't you give us, please, another chance?

CHORUS: Everybody's got somebody, who needs us?  
But our party's got nobody to lead us.

(2)

RITTER: We've been Cartered, we've been Mondaled;  
Wille Hortoned and Roger Ailed.  
Everything we've tried has failed,  
FOUR: Handle us with care.

LARRABEE: I am just a guy from Maine,  
Learning that Jim Wright's a pain,  
Got this pay raise to explain,  
FOUR: Handle us with care.

STRANAHAN: We're so tired of being losers,  
Damn Dukakis did us in.  
Won't you give us, please, another chance?

CHORUS: Everybody's got somebody, who needs us?  
But our party's got nobody to lead us.

FOUR: Our nominees all make a mess,  
Our own worst enemies, I guess.  
Will be ever find success?  
Handle us with care.

CHORUS: Handle us with care.

DEMS - 2

JUNE: All right, all right, back to intensive care for all of you. As far as I can see, you're lucky to be alive. Dr. Rex Morgan got to you just in time.

REX: Nurse Gale, this latest rash of patients is testing even my considerable skills. There are so many characters in the Democratic Party that it's no wonder the voters are confused. Talk about your weirdo's!

JUNE: I guess all we can do is take these patients one by one and hope for a little comic relief.

(To the sound of sirens, enter WRIGHT on the run, looking nervously over his shoulder.)

WRIGHT: They're after me, they're after me!

JUNE: Settle down, sir. Now, who exactly are you?

WRIGHT: I'm Jim Wright, Speaker of the House, and they're after me!

REX: (After a brief examination) This man is suffering from acute paranoia. Who do you think is after you, Newt Gingrich?

BAILEY: No, he can handle Gingrich. It's the other Democrats the Speaker has to worry about. They're still angry about the pay raise.

(WRIGHT sings 'My Money')

MY MONEY

Jim Wright

(Tune - My Buddy)

Nights are long since you got away,  
I think about you all through the day,  
My money, my money,  
That modest raise in pay.

We're so poor, it hardly seems fair  
'cause honoraria can't compare  
To money, real money,  
The raise that got away.

That ethics crowd is taking a look  
At dough I made from one little book.  
My buddies, some buddies,  
Those guys would see me wrecked.

Won't my Democrats ever learn  
To treat me like another Rayburn?  
My buddies, some buddies,  
I'm getting no respect.

Chorus repeat 4 lines.

BOYD: That;s pathetic. Send him to the charity ward.

(Enter NUNN in Confederate uniform.)

REX: Well, kiss my grits, what do we have here? Some throw-back to the past?

JUNE: Why, Rex, that's Sam Nunn, one of the party's bright hopes from the South. Who would ever have thought there'd be something wrong with him?

REX: (Examing NUNN) Why, sir, you're suffering from delusions of grandeur. And on top of that, you've got a serious credibility problem. After what you did to John Tower, folks are wondering if you're really pro-defense after all.

SAIKOWSKI: He is! Oh, he is! And he's going to spend oodles of money on his favorite plane to prove it.

(NUNN sings ``Stealth, the Magic Bomber'')

## STEALTH THE MAGIC BOMBER

Senator Nunn

(Tune - Puff the Magic Dragon)

Stealth the magic bomber, built on the sly.  
The Congress blindly voted ''Aye'' and the Stealth flew neatly  
by.

Who needs health and welfare, jobs or homes or wealth  
When we can buy security by fabricating Stealth?

Buy that magic bomber! Take it from me,  
For only 60 billion bucks we can sneak through World War 3.  
CHORUS: Buy that magic bomber., take it from me.  
For only 60 billions bucks we can sneak through World War 3..

'Cause folks didn't trust us, we rolled Stealth out,  
And let you see that weirdo wing and that gigantic snout.  
If only we could tell you the fancy stuff inside,  
But we can only show Stealth's front - it's backside's  
classified.

Buy that magic bomber, take it from me,  
For only 60 billions bucks, we can sneak through World War 3.  
CHORUS: Buy that magic bomber, take it from me,  
For only 60 million bucks, we can sneak through World War 3.

COLE: Ship him out to reality training!

(Enter two orderlies, wheeling a hospital guernsey, on which is NRAGENT under a green sheet.)

ORDERLY ONE: Emergency! Emergency!

ORDERLY TWO: This influence peddler has been wounded.

JUNE: (Lifting sheet and examining NRAGENT) Rex. Rex, quick! It's an NRA lobbyist! But they never get shot down in Congress.

REX: (Helping NRAGENT to his feet) Don't worry, June, it was the White House that fired that shot, but it's only a flesh wound. President Bush won't let this happen again . . . I think.

(NRAGENT sings ``Home on the Range``)

DEMOCRATIC ACT - 4

Gun Control

N.R.A. Lobbyist

(Tune - Home on the Range)

Here's the new golden rule: Bring a rifle to school.  
Aut-o-mat-i-cal-ly that's an A.  
If it's Chinese that's fine, make it top of the line,  
And we'll cheer at the old N.R.A.

Home, home on the range  
Where defenders of liberty play.  
Where nothing is heard 'cause we've shot ev'ry bird  
It's the code of the old N.R.A.

Each Saturday night is a special delight  
To the sportsmen who keep and bear aqrms.  
Congress sure aims to please, while they're down on their  
knees  
It's not pressure, it's NRA charms.

CHORUS: Home, home on the range  
Where defenders of liberty play.  
Where nothing is heard 'cause we've shot ev'ry bird,  
It's the code of the old N.R.A.

CHORUS: Repeat last 4 lines

(Enter BENTSEN in sombrero, doing flamenco dance)

LEWIS: Oh, no, he's back.

REX: Who's back?

JUNE: That old guy who thinks he's some sort of cult hero.

REX: (Examining BENTSEN) Why, June, it's Lloyd Bentsen. And he's suffering from malnutrition - he says he hasn't eaten breakfast in nearly two years.

JUNE: I'm glad you're handling this one. I can't understand what he's saying.

(BENTSEN sings ''La Bamba'')

Senor Bentsen

Lloyd Bentsen

(Tune - La Bamba)

Bentsen: Para que ser Lloyd Bentsen

Chorus: Folks love Lloyd Bentsen

Bentsen: Se necesita una poca de gracia

Chorus: He's got great heart

Bentsen: Para mí, para tí  
Ya arriba, arriba,

Chorus: And lots of smart

Bentsen: Por tí seré, por tí seré,

Chorus: A work of art

Bentsen: Yo no soy vice presidente

Chorus: He can vote for John Tower

Bentsen: Soy capitán, soy capitán

Chorus: But he's still got power

All: La Lloyd Bentsen  
La Lloyd Bentsen  
La Lloyd Bentsen

Bentsen: Puedo decir in dos lenguas

Chorus: He'll cut you down in two languages

Bentsen: Señor, no es Juan Kennedy

Chorus: You're not Jack Kennedy

All: La Lloyd Bentsen  
La Lloyd Bentsen  
La Lloyd Bentsen

Ole!

LEWIS: It's the padded cell for him.

(Enter PICKENS as CHORUS sings ``T. Boone, T. Boone,  
yadadadada)

CROMLEY: Look, it's that merger-maniac, T. Boone Pickens.

REX: I suppose you want to buy this hospital and merge it with  
a Pizza Hut?

JUNE: (who has been consulting PICKENS) No, Rex, he has a  
serious problem. He's a shop-a-holic, and he wants us to stop him  
before he shops more.

(PICKENS sings ``I'll Merge Anything'')

## I'LL MERGE ANYTHING

T. Boone Pickens

(Tune - I've Been Everywhere')

There's a whole new world, made of companies just ripe for pluckin  
 From savings and loans, to railroads and firms for truckin  
 You can get 'em for a song with an L B O  
 And a few junk bonds, with hardly any dough  
 Kohlberg, Kravits, Roberts are the masters of the trade  
 There just ain't no limit to the deals <sup>we</sup> have made

-----  
 I'll merge anything , man  
 I'll merge anything, man  
 At mergers I'm the king, man  
 I make the lawyers sing, man  
 I make the cashbox ring, man  
 I'll merge anything

Crisco, Nabisco, OYsterettes and Oreos  
 Dip-a-chip, Cool Whip, Reddi-Whip and Marlboros  
 Cream of Wheat, Nutra-Sweet, Geritol and Mallomars  
 Sunkist, Tuna Twist, My-T-Fine and Snickers Bars  
 Shake and Bake, Brim, Awake, Corn Flakes and Tasty Kakes  
 Wheat Chex, Sominex, Termin-X and Desenex

(Varoom)

Brooks Brothers, May Brothers, Bonwit's and Neiman-Marcus  
 Wanamakers, Bloomingdales, Safe-way supermarkets  
 Filene's, Dairy Queens, Burdines and Plymouth Shops  
 Gemco, MEMO, Garfinkels, Quik-Stops  
 Dayton, Hudson, (slowly) and in a hostile sneak attack  
 I'll get Laura Ashley to merge with Manny, MOe and Jack

(up tempo)

I'll merge anything, man  
 Yes, I'll merge anything, man  
 At mergers I'm the king man  
 I'll make the lawyers sing man  
 I make the cashbox ring man  
 I'll merge anything

(Varoom)

I'll merge anything man  
 YES, I'll merge anything man  
 My pyramid could crash man  
 I'm buying with no cash man  
 But I'll buy it while I can man  
 Then I'll sell it all to Japan  
 (slowly) I'll sell it all to Japan

REX: (Throwing arm around PICKENS) Son, I'm afraid you're a hopeless case

(Enter BARRY as an angel, amid oohs and ahs)

JUNE: That can't be a Democrat. He looks so .. so .. angelic.

REX: Why that's Marion Barry, the mayor of Washington, D.C. What in heaven's name are you doing here?

MCCARTNEY: He got lost looking for the pharmacy -- or maybe the coke machine?

(BARRY sings ''Granada'')

MARION BARRY

Mayor Barry

(Tune - Granada)

Why must I make news with the room that I choose  
At Ramada?  
I can't make a stop without finding some cop  
At Ramada.  
Forget all those topics involving the tropics,  
And pour me a subpoena colada.  
Why, I'm so beguillin' that all the folks  
On each Virgin I-islan'  
Are smilin' my way.

They sure have their gall to attempt to recall  
Marion Barry.  
My power to bounce back from a media attack's  
Legendary.  
The news from St. Thomas, it only shows promise  
Of making my job temporary.  
One thing that has really excited me  
Is no one's indicted me,  
At least for today.

(Enter DUKAKIS dressed as Elvis.)

JUNE: Ooooooh! Elllll-vissss!

(Women in CHORUS scream eeeeeee and near-swoon.)

REX: Get control of yhourself, June. That's not Elvis, it's Michael Dukakis. People thought he died last fall, but he's alive. And he's here for a personality transplant.

(DANCERS throw off bathrobes to reveal prison stripes and police uniforms. They line up behind DUKAKIS as he-she sings "Furlough Rock.")

## FURLOUGH ROCK

Mike Dukakis

(Tune - Jailhouse Rock)

Here's a story 'bout a party in the county jail,  
The prison band was tuned up and began to wail.  
I said: "Hey, Willie, I will set you free.  
Come on and do the Furlough Rock with me."

CHORUS: And let's walk,  
Everybody, let's walk.  
Everybody in the whole cell block  
Will be joinin' in the Furlough Rock.

Atwater said to Teeter: "Bob, I've got a plan  
To knock Mike Dukakis on his lib'ral can.  
We'll film these pris'ners in revolving doors,  
And leave the networks crying out for more.

CHORUS: Repeat

DUKE: Here and now I'm confessin' that I rue the day  
That I turned him loose so he could go astray.  
He was just a fella dressed in black and white,  
But the voters saw him walkin' on TV each night.

CHORUS: Repeat

THOMAS: If it's not Elvis, send him to the morgue.

(Enter SUPREME COURT, carrying picket signs and chanting "No  
mo Roe.")

JUNE: Good grief, it's the Supreme Court, come to picket our  
abortion clinic.

REX: You can't trespass in this hospital!

COURT: Just Watch Us!

(COURTS sings "Roe, Roe, Roe")

## ROE V. WADE

Justice O'Connor &amp; Court

(Tune - He Would Row, Row, Row)

We'll throw out Roe v. Wade,  
No more pretending,  
Without Roe v. Wade  
Our trouble's ending.  
No more pickets at our door,  
We'll be just like before.  
Let's send our trouble on the double  
To the State House floor.  
When there's no Roe v. Wade  
Upon our docket,  
And we lock it out of sight.  
We will stop and sequester each early trimester,  
No more Roe v. Wa-ay-ade.

(Repeats of close)

CHORUS: We're exceedingly wary, to grant certiorari.  
No more Roe v. Wa-ay-ade.

We've become catatonic on things embryonic  
No more Roe v. Wa-ay-ade.

Spare us legal perception on birth and conception  
No more Roe v. Wa-ay-ade.

REX: This hospital reminds me of the Titanic. We've got to call in a specialist, someone to take command and try to steer us toward smoother waters.

NOVAK: I hear that Ron Brown is available, (Enter BROWN), but he might be subject to outside influence.

(BROWN sings ''Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat'')

Curtain



REPUBLICAN CAST

Atwater.....Bandy  
Chuck Soundbite.....Bailey  
Connie Cable.....  
Scowcroft.....Ritter  
Throwweight.....Emory  
Tower.....Duvall  
Cheney.....Sult  
Sununu Aide.....Thomas  
Bennett.....Phillips  
Kemp.....Wiese  
Sununu.....Bigbee  
Liddy Dole.....Ribble  
Bob Dole.....Stranahan  
Darman.....Raspberry  
Doo-Wap Girls.....McFeatters, Means, Page  
Arafat.....Cohen  
Barbara Bush.....Arvidson  
Nixon.....Hall  
Quayle.....Cooper  
Speechwriter.....M. Ryan

1989 GRIDIRON SHOW

Republican Act

(President O'Rourke introduced Lars-Erik Nelson, chairman of the Republican Act.)

NELSON:

(Curtain rises on ATWATER and CHORUS dressed as cowboys, Ivy Leaguers and both. They sing "Look Out, Here We Come.")

## REPUBLICAN OPENER

Atwater and Chorus

(Tune - Look Out, Here We Come)

When Reagan up and left us, I felt my life was done.  
The Reagan revolution seemed over and dead.  
Then far off in the distance, I thought I heard some  
stumbling,  
So I raised up my eyes and I lifted my head.

They were rich and white and handsome like heroes in a movie.  
They were pledging allegiance and talking capital gains.  
They ride horses, they play tennis, they make cautious  
investments,  
They've got Ivy League diplomas and blue blood in their veins.

CHUCK: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is Chuck Soundbite speaking to you from the Skull and Bones Dude Ranch just outside Witchita Falls, Texas, where the Bush Administration is holding its annual retreat. Actually they donm't call it a retreat, they call it a temporary setback.

My broadcasting partner, Connie Cable, and I will be bringing you the highlights of all the the Republican events - the croquet match, the polo tournament and so on - live from the scene.

CONNIE: So right, Chuck, and let's introduce a few of the top personalities we'll be sending into your living room during the next half-hour. You've already heard the best of Lee Atwater, Poppy Bush's new national chairman; you can spot him by his Howard University beanie. (ATWATER bows.)

CHUCK: Right, Connie, and the big buckaroo with Lee is John Sununu. Now that he's mastered the White House, he's proposing that he run for the Senate from New Hampshire. (SUNUNU waves.)

CONNIE: And over there, Chuck, is Big Jim Baker teaching Dick Darman how to deal three-card Monte and similar tricks of sleight-of-hand. (They respond) He'll need them all.

CHUCK: For our first live on-the-scene exclusive interview, let's bring on Brent Scowcroft, the national security director, and his Russian counterpart, Serge Throw-weight. I think they're going to kick around the missile thing.

(SCOWCROFT and SERGE sing ``Please Don't Put Your Missiles``)

## NO SILO MISSILES

Scowcroft &amp; Russian

(Tune - I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier)

SCOW: Oh, please don't put our missiles into siloes,  
For siloes are so vuln'erable, you see,  
That if we put our missiles into siloes,  
They'll think we seek first-strike capacity. (Capacity)

And if they think that we seek first to strike them,  
They may attack us first, pre-emptively.  
It costs a little more, but there's less chance of war  
If we don't put our missiles into siloes.

No, do not put our missiles into siloes.  
Instead I have a far superior plan:  
We'll just put tiny missiles on our highways  
And name these little missiles Midgetman. (Midgetman)

These little missiles make a smaller target.  
Which they can't hit and thus they won't attack.  
Though there's a higher price, the Midget's my advice.  
So please don't put our missiles into siloes.

RUSSKY: No, we won't put new missiles in old siloes,  
Old silo missiles really make us weak.  
Instead, we let them roll around Siberia.  
Is new atomic game of hide-and-seek. (Hide-and-seek)

BOTH: So let us both resort to mobile missiles,  
Those little bitsy friends of all mankind.

CHORUS: It costs a little more, but there's less chance of war  
If we do not put our missiles into siloes.

CONNIE: Now we present two real Republican celebrities: a Texan who just proved you can go home again - John Tower - and the new Pentagon chief, his successor so-to-speak - Dick Cheney. They're asking each other questions.

(TOWER and CHENEY sing "What Did I Have?")

## THEY PASSED IN THE PENTAGON

Tower &amp; Cheney

(Tune - What Did I Have?)

TOWER: What did Dick have that I don't have?  
How could the Senate find him wiser?  
Why did my charms set off alarms  
With all those former pals?  
What did they see that ruled out me?  
How could they knock a womanizer?  
Nothing disgracing in skirt-chasing  
Long as you stick to gals.

I'm just a victim of time,  
Mustered out in my prime.  
While the Senators stalled,  
I got mauled.

What can Dick do that I can't do?  
Me, the high-priced defense advisor?  
How could those drinks and pers'nal kinks produce dismay?  
Oh, what has Dick got I threw away?

CHENEY: Why did I win what Tower lost?  
Rockets and bombers, I've no knack of.  
My resume's proper and gray,  
No military there.

Fun? Raw recruit number one  
Set to fight with San Nunn.  
Sam'll try to put me  
On K.P.

What did John skip that's now my trip?  
He may know more than I've lost track of.  
I would off-fob this lousy job if I knew how.  
Oh, why did John want what I've got now?

TOWER: Why did I want what Dick's got now?

CHORUS: Why did we have this tasteless row?

CHUCK: Connie, let's spice the show up now with a little explainer about the White House staff. We should know more about thge Chief of Staff, the man who masterminded the Tower confirmation, the man who's filled all those top administration jobs, the man with the power.

CONNIE: What power?

CHUCK: The power of hoodoo

CONNIE: Who do?

CHUCK: Sunu do.

CONNIE: Sunu-who?

CHUCK: His chief aide will explain.

(SUNUNU AIDE comes forward and sings 'If You Knew Sunu')

OH, WHAT A NAME

Sununu Aide

(Tune - If You Knew Susie)

If you knew Sunu

Like I know Nunu,

Oh, oh, oh what a name.

There'll be no voodoo

With John Sununu

Oh, oh, No Sununu means deep doodoo.

When your boo-boos, you want to flush,

John Sununu's better than a Fuller brush.

If you knew Sunu

Like I know Nunu,

Oh, oh, what a name.

CHORUS repeat 3 lines.

CONNIE: Chuck, isn't John Sununu one of the conservatives George Bush has appointed?

CHUCK: Yes, Connie, but there aren't very many of them. There's Sununu (he waves) and Bill Bennett, the drug czar, (he waves) and Jack Kemp, the HUD secretary (likewise), and that's about the size of it.

CONNIE: They must feel a little lonesome.

(BENNETT, KEMP and SUNUNU sing "The Music of the Right")

## CONSERVATIVE LAMENT

Bennett, Kemp &amp; Sununu

(Tune - The Music of the Night)

BENNETT: Softly, subtly, in Bill Bennett fashion,  
Drug kings, peddlers, they'll feel my compassion.  
Use ROTC, Campfire Girls and infantry,  
Call up National Guards to seal our borders tight.  
I'll make them hear the message of the right.

KEMP: Reaganomics, how I praised its logic,  
Fought for tax cuts, deep and demagogic.  
Now I'm out to spend, as the cities' special friend,  
Lots of extra dough to scrub the slums up bright.  
Somehow that's now the message of the right.

SUNUNU: Now that I've left New Hampshire to be White House  
chief,

I'm pragmatic as problem-solvers are.  
Mod'rate plans I once refused to push  
I embrace as wisdom from George Bush

THREE: Sweetly, calmly, all cooperation  
Rightwing zealots build a gentler nation.  
No more mutineers, we've discovered new careers,  
Now that Reagan's out, we're peaceful and contrite.  
We've cooled it now, the message of the right.

CHUCK: Connie, have you spotted that odd couple? The wife seems to be the life of the party, but her husband isn't enjoying it at all.

CONNIE: That's Liddy Dole, but I'm not sure Bob Dole even got a Bush invitation.

(The DOLES come forward and sing "'Dole to Dole'')

DOLE TO DOLE

Liddy & Bob Dole

(Tune - Baby, It's Cold Outside)

Liddy: I like my new job

Bob: But, Liddy, it's cold outside.

I'm one of the mob.

But, Liddy, it's cold outside.

And George Bush has been

He's trying to take you in

So very nice

You need political advice.

Sununu thinks I'm a comer

You're lucky to last 'til summer.

And you know he's a Lebanese dear

John has really hooked her, that's

clear.

Bob, you could not be dumber

Liddy, they've got your number

Well, one of us should have a career!

That leaves me to cry in my beer.

Stop grumbling, Bob

But, Liddy, it's bad out here.

You've got a nice job.

No spoils to be had out here.

And all that you need's

I'm peddling words, not deeds

An inside fix

What? Try again in '96?

Hey, Dan Quayle can't live forever

Each day he gets more clever

A gal might even push him aside

You can then deny that you tried.

I like where I am

But I need some new clout

Oh, Bob, it's warm inside Liddy, it's cold outside

CHUCK: Now for a sporting item. It looks like Dick Darman has mastered three-card budget Monte.

CONNIE: But the committee from the Doo-Wap Taxpayers Guild is still questioning his word.

(DARMAN and the DOO-WAP GIRLS Sing ``Just Read My Lips``)

## JUST READ MY LIPS

Darman and the Doo-Waps

(Tune - It's in My Lips)

DWs: You told the voters there'd be no new tax,  
Now what's all this talk about a duck that quacks  
Is it a user fee?

DARMAN: No, no, it's not a fee.

DWs: Is it a VAT?

DARMAN: No, no, there'll be no new tax  
Unless you hear some quacks  
Just read my lips.

DWs: Quack, quack, quack, quack

A hike on real estate?

DARMAN: No, no, 'cause that's a tax

DWs: A new withholding rate?

DARMAN: No, no, what the boss subtracts  
I'd have to call a tax'  
Just read my lips.

DWs: Quack, quack, quack, quack.

DWs: We'll grill you and grill you  
And nail your feet to the floor.  
We'll make your promises watertight  
And then we'll slam the door.

How 'bout a tax on booze?

DARMAN: No, no, we won't tax gin.

DWs: To raise your revenues?

DARMAN: No, no, ther'll be no new tax  
Unless you hear some quacks.  
Just read my lips.

DWs: Quack, quack., quack, quack

DARMAN: Just read my lips

DWs: (Uncoordinated quacking)

DARMAN: (mouthing silently) Just read my lips.

CONNIE: Chuck, you know these Republicans have always worried a lot about the Middle East. And, look, they've invited to their party that cute handkerchief-head, Yassir Arafat.

(Enter ARAFAT who sings "Yassir, I'm Your Baby")

YASSIR, I'M YOUR BABY

Arafat

(Tune - Yessir, She's My Baby)

Yassir, I'm your baby,  
Say ``Yes'' but mean ``Maybe,``  
Yasssir, I'm your baby now.

I just want a visa,  
My aim is to please ya.  
I won't Edwin Meece ya now.

Abu Abbas, was is das?  
Abu Nidal, he's not my pal.

Famous for my hat-style,  
A-rabs go for that style,  
I dress in fat-cat style now.

P.L.O., how to go!  
No more beast of the Mid-East.

I'm red, white and bluish,  
Talk tough, but not shrewish.  
Don't I look a little Jewish now?i

I'm red, white and bluish,  
Talk tough but not shrewish,  
Don't I look a little Jewish now?

CHUCK: Now there's a special interest news item, a female Republican jogger.

CONNIE: Chuck, that's Barbara Bush. You'd think she'd get enough exercise bringing George back in line on some of those issues.

(BARBARA BUSH jogs to a halt in front of the microphone and sings ``I'm the Talk of the Town'')

(Enter BARBARA BUSH)

WALTER: Unless these old eyes deceive me, that's the First Lady, Barbara Bush.

CONNIE: She agrees with the President on almost everything, but there WAS that question of semi-automatic rifles. I hear their argument almost came to violence.

(She sings.)

LAY THAT UZI DOWN

Barbara Bush

(Tune - Pistol Packin' Mama)

Drinkin' milk with George one night,  
I gave him some advice.  
I know you're kind and quite refined,  
But one thing's not so nice.

CHORUS: Lay that Uzi down, George,  
Lay that Uzi down,  
Pistol-packin' Poppy,  
Lay that Uzi down!

My husband is a good man,  
The nicest you can find,  
But when it comes to burp-burp guns,  
He can't make up his mind. (I told him . . .)

CHORUS repeat

Thinkin' how he'd bag a bird,  
George said: "The sport comes first.  
If sport require, a man must fire  
An automatic burst." (I shot back . . .)

CHORUS repeat

I know you like your game, George,  
So tell the N.R.A.  
Unless those guys get civilized,  
Your wife won't let you play. (I'm shoutin' . . .)

CHORUS: Lay that Uzi down, George,  
Lay that Uzi down.  
Hear your new First Momma,  
Lay that Uzi down.

CHUCK: And now, for another sports exclusive, we bring you one of the veteran Republican political coaches, Dick Nixon. He's full of advice these days.

CONNIE: But who's his young protege?

CHUCK: Why, that's the promising young lightweight, Dangerous Danny Quayle.

(NIXON and QUAYLE sing ''I Believe in You'')

## I BELIEVE IN YOU

Nixon &amp; Quayle

Tune - Same

You've got the cool clear eyes of a seeker of wisdom and truth,

You're not the intell-ect-u-al midget you seemed in your youth.

Oh, I believe in you, I believe in you.

You're not the dim bulb I had been led to believe I would see. Are you an air-head dilettante lightweight? You sure could fool me.

'Cause I believe in you, I believe in you.

I think you're perfectly qualified,

As the Veep, you're swell.

All my concerns have been mollified

If Bush stays well

CHORUS: George, stay well.

I know John Kennedy, and, thank goodness you're nothing like he.

Although you're rich and handsome, you could be a lot more like me.

Oh, I believe in you.

CHORUS: We believe in you.

QUAYLE: Look at this face, I could use a wrinkle, a gray hair or two.

Perhaps a South American trip would improve me, like you.

NIXON: I agree with you, I agree with you.

BOTH: I think you're perfectly qualified,

As the Veep, you're swell.

Everyone's cares will be molified

If Bush stays well.

CHORUS: Please stay well.

You have been heaven sent for the menial duties ahead. If Bush will bundle up, all four winters we'll face without dread.

NIXON: I believe in you.

QUAYLE: I believe in you.

(Enter SPEECHWRITER with text.)

CONNIE: Is this our Texas host himself?

CHUCK: No, Connie, this is a White House speechwriter. He's going to deliver the Bush message just as though he were president.

(SPEECHWRITER sings ``Bush Battle Hymn``)

Curtain

BUSCH BATTLE HYMN

White House Speechwriter

(Tune - Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of a kinder gentler land,  
With a cop on ev'ry corner and a gun in ev'ry hand.  
Tiny tots in public schools will pledge allegiance on command,  
George Bush is in command.  
Swift and certain prosecution, merciful electrocution,  
All within the Constitution, Bob Bork will understand.

As soon as he is ready, we'll find steady work for Quayle,  
We'll send him off to Boston with a shovel and a pail.  
When he's cleaned up Boston Harbor so the summer folks can  
sail,

We'll send Dan Quayle to Yale.  
Better broader education, that's our highest obligation,  
But we owe it to the nation to start with Danny Quayle.

You will see me in the watchfires of a thousand points of  
light,

Peggy Noonan said "Just say it and the folks will think  
you're bright."

Perhaps she meant the message send on TV ev'rynight:  
A thousand sounds of bite.

CHORUS: Sis-boom-bah and hallelujah, Eli Yale will boola-boo  
ya,

Read my lips so I can rule ya. You gotta read them right.

I've proclaimed a kindly gospel to protect me from defeat.  
I picked Tower 'cause I always have admired an ath-e-lete.  
But look at all the wholesome folks the Senate didn't beat:  
Th' establishment elite.

CHORUS: Boola, boola, hallelujah, don't let Congress try to  
fool ya.  
Gentle George is gonna rule ya SOLO: Being president is neat.

CHORUS: (Amen) Boo-la

## CLOSER

Solo &amp; Chorus

(Tune - I'll See You Again)

SOLO: We'll see you again  
When politics breaks through again.  
Though fate and fortune go wrong,  
Laughter and song  
Can live forever.  
Each fond memory  
From year to year will guarantee  
Fellowship still warm and bright,  
Leaders searching for the light,  
Writers wond'ring what to write . . .  
Good night.

CHORUS: We'll review again  
The news we then call new again  
SOLO: Candidates foolish and wise  
Are sure to rise  
By 1990.  
Bush may then admit  
He cannot beat that deficit.  
But though all else go awry,  
CHORUS: Hope next year that you'll drop by  
For another Gridiron try . . .  
Goodby.

12<sup>m</sup>  
1.6  
295 ←

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

MEMORANDUM FOR: GRIDIRON CREDENZA  
FROM: NO KNOWN RANKING  
DATE: MARCH 14, 1990

Attached is some background and brainstorming material for tonight's exclusive engagement.

Take a few minutes to go over it and work up ideas.

See you in Dave's office at 6:00 p.m. tonight!

THE 1990 GRIDIRON CLUB DINNER

The Capitol Hilton  
625 Guests  
5:30 p.m.: The drinks start rolling  
6:45ish: POTUS arrives  
7:00: Dinner

THE PROGRAM FOR THE EVENING

- o 7:00 The festivities begin with the traditional Speech  
In The Dark by the Club's new president, David  
Broder of the Washington Post
- o USMC band enters, plays, exits
- o Opening musical number
- o Recognitions  
Install the new president  
Introduce new members  
Acknowledge some members of the audience
- o Democratic skit (20-30 minutes of song and dance)
- o Democratic response by Tom Foley
- o Republican skit (also 20-30 minutes of song and dance)
- o Republican response by Dick Cheney
- o Closing musical number
- o Toast to the President
- o Presidential response
- o Auld Lang Syne  
(the fat lady sings.....)

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CONTACT: Penny Dixon 783-7787

NOTE: The headtable members and seating arrangements are not yet finalized. I'm told they should be done by March 23rd.

BRAINSTORM MATERIAL:

Panama  
Noriega

voo doo  
red underwear

Dave Barry calling Media Relations to determine the color  
of POTUS' underwear

the real name of the Panama invasion:

"Operation Just **BE**cause"

Noriega's prison ID number/Florida lottery numbers (12,000 people  
played it)

Rock music played loudly...

"Al Portador" must quite the wealthy fellow these days. It turns  
out that General Noriega was making out checks for millions and  
millions of dollars to this guy.....But, "Al Portador" means  
"To The Bearer" in Spanish!

HUD work

Mayor Barry  
the Vista Hotel

Colombia  
the extreme security measures  
sleeping on the plane

When Marlin said last month that I can sleep right through  
takeoff, he was **NOT** referring to my first 100 days!

the San Francisco earthquake  
Hurricane Hugo  
the Huntington Beach oil spill

Savings and Loans  
Keating

global climate change  
IPCC speech  
Sununu  
trees  
clean air

Mike Tyson  
Buster Douglas  
the Superbowl/ the 49'ers/ the Broncos

China  
secret missions  
Scowcroft/Eagleburger

drug caterpillars

the baseball strike

the Berlin Wall

So much for the Wall, here at home, White House staffers are said to have been stealing sandstone chunks of the White House as it undergoes construction.

the East German put-put freedom cars  
Soviets trying to make a convertible Ruble...

the new McDonalds in Moscow

Lithuania is revolting...

What scares me about a unified Germany?...they'll beat the PANTS off us in the Olympics!

Yes/No coffee cups at New York area 7-11 stores

They have been used to "poll" customers on such issues as Congressional pay raises (they ran out of NO cups) and "Trump for President"

the Malta summit

stormy seas

seasick patches behind the ears

the "hotdogging" President

Deborah Norville/ Jane Pauley

Will the Bushes rename Camp David...

"Camp Marvin"???

the Trump divorce

Marla Maples

Donna Rice

Jessica Hahn

Marla Maples

Tom Clancy  
The Hunt for Red October

Rap music

Art Buchwald beats Eddie Murphy in "Coming to America" suit  
West Point M.A./Kristin Baker (first female cadet commander)  
women in combat

Latest pet craze -- Vietnamese potbellied pigs...

African Superfrogs banned from Angels Camp Frog Jumping Contest  
New NCAA regs...

AMA study -- liquor is quicker for women

Barbara Bush gave Inaugural gown to Smithsonian...

Jesse Helms/art

Drexel Burnham Lambert/Michael/junk bonds

the Rafsanjani phone call

Pete Rose

the first Miss USSR pageant  
Soviet women in Playboy

Malcolm Forbes passed away

Dan Quayle's South American doll

Municipal employees in Yorba Linda, CA get a holiday on Richard  
Nixon's birthday

I sure pity the guy who was planning his American summer  
vacation. He wanted to tour the country by Greyhound  
and catch baseball games across the nation.

## POP CULTURE

- o cordless phones
- o answering machines
- o car phones
- o fax machines
- o TV remote controls
- o compact discs
- o cable TV
- o Automatic Teller Machines
- o Batman paraphenelia
- o the Mazda Miata
- o Post-It Notes
- o personal computers
- o Video -- Reagan's, Totally Hidden, America's Funniest,
  
- o cholesterol
- o oat bran
- o sugar substitutes, fat substitutes
- o bottled water
  - the Perrier scare
- o Ben & Jerry's ice cream
- o liquid diets
  - Marlin: -55 lbs; Gorbachev commented on it at Malta
  - Foley: trying to lose 45 and is well on his way;  
too bad his bike was stolen at the Y
  - Rostenkowski: grape fruit diet
  - Atwater: Slimfast shakes and honey chicken wings



## MOVIES

- o The Hunt for Red October
- Henry V
- Look Who's Talking
- She Devil
- Parenthood
- Dead Poets Society
- Glory
- War of the Roses
- Do The Right Thing
- Lethal Weapon I and II
- Dirty Rotten Scoundrels
- The 3 Fugitives
- The Naked Gun
- The Fabulous Baker Boys  
(Jim Baker and Co?)
- My Stepmother Is An Alien
- Steel Magnolias
- Back to the Future
- When Harry Met Sally
- Driving Miss Daisy
- Crimes and Misdemeanors
- Sea of Love
- Batman
- Three Men and a Baby
- Sex, Lies, and Videotape
- Nuns on the Run

--You know, traveling on Air Force One with \_\_\_\_\_ really proves the postulate that he who snores the loudest will fall asleep first!

--On a golf outing, the President replaced General Scowcroft's golf ball with an exploding chalk ball.

--the House gym, it has been written, is so often used for dates that members refer to it as "Sauna and Gomorrah"

--Nude Beaches and Recreation listed the Senate pool as the only place in Washington where nude swimming is allowed.

--(( In reference to recent CA trip: ))  
"LA is my favorite museum."  
(David Bowie)

--At a second hand garage sale:  
Jim and Betty Wright's dinette set, going for \$300. It is a Spanish style ensemble and the wood is painted "fiesta orange". The shop claims it is not "any piece of junk, but a piece of history!"

--A mock ad in March's Washingtonian magazine touts the first "CONGRESSIONAL FANTASY CAMP" ... the political version of baseball "fantasy camps" for overaged athletes.

These campers, says the spoof, get to work with Senators Kennedy, Dole, Mikulski, and "all the other greats you have followed in the papers and watched on the evening news!"

Also promised:

limited franking privileges

token honoraria

live C-Span coverage

a 500-word "extension of remarks in Congressional Rec.

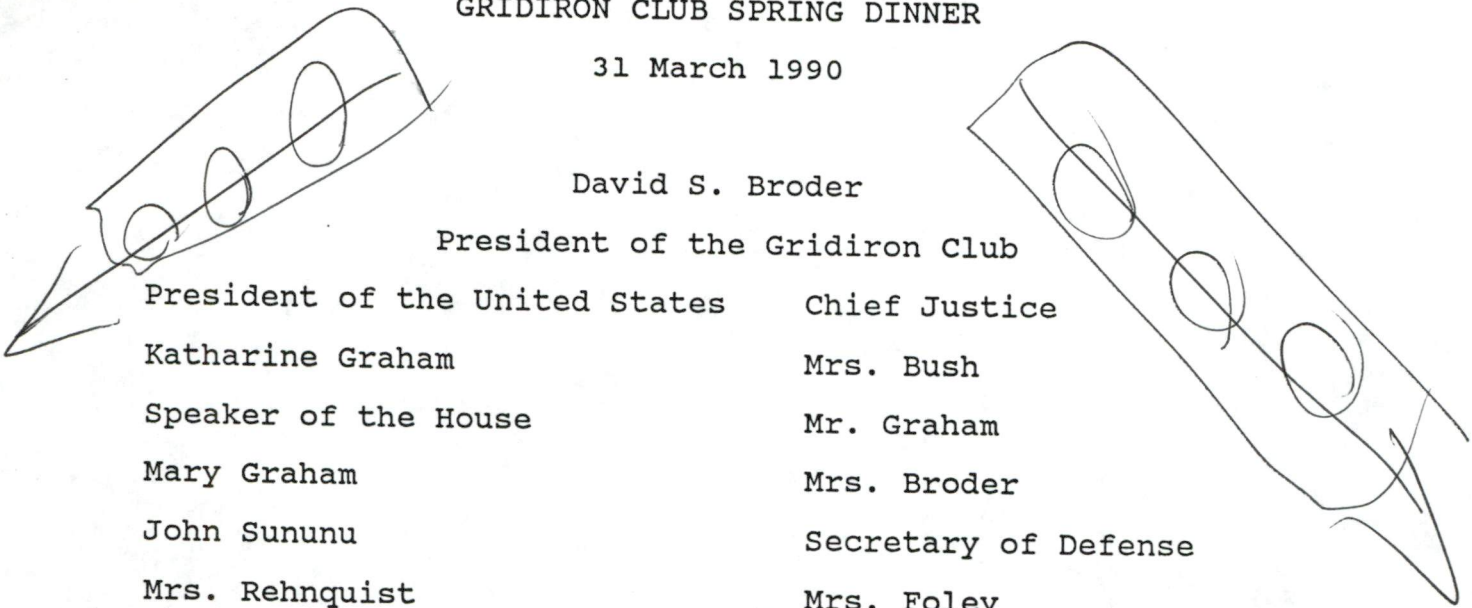
HEAD TABLE

GRIDIRON CLUB SPRING DINNER

31 March 1990

David S. Broder

President of the Gridiron Club



President of the United States	Chief Justice
Katharine Graham	Mrs. Bush
Speaker of the House	Mr. Graham
Mary Graham	Mrs. Broder
John Sununu	Secretary of Defense
Mrs. Rehnquist	Mrs. Foley
Gov. Wilder	Secretary of the Treasury
Mrs. Cheney	Mayor Dinkins
Amb. Cape Verde (?)	Attorney General
Secretary of the Interior	Dick Darman
Rep. Michel	Sen. Cranston
Secretary of Agriculture	Gen. Scowcroft
Alan Greenspan	Nancy Ellis - POTUS sis
Ch. Joint Chiefs	Gov. Thompson
Sec. Health & Human Services	Secretary of the Air Force
Secretary of the Army	Ron Brown
Marlin Fitzwater	Sec. of Transportation
Ch., Federal Trade Comm.	Gen. Gray
Lee Atwater	Director of the F.B.I.
Mr. Milliken ←	Mr. Kearns - Xerox Chair
<i>Baldridge Award</i>	<i>Baldridge</i>
	Mr. Cowles <sup>Wm</sup> III
	Chr. Newsp. Pub. Assn.

# DOUG GAMBLE

Lange

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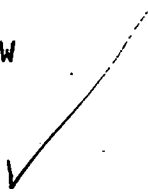
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GRIDIRON MATERIAL -- FIRST ROUND

I remember an inspired moment Barbara and I had, after leaving this dinner last year. Standing on a windy street corner... She in a trenchcoat with the collar turned up... Her long red hair blowing in the wind... and both of us too proud to run after it.

Phone rang the other day. Brent ran it through intelligence. Everything checked out. Happy to take the call. Certainly worth it. Never thought I'd hear from Elvis again.

Phone rang again later. They told me it might be a crank call. I said, "What the hell. Put Gephardt on."

In my inaugural address, I said "the day of the dictator is over." True, there's still one tyrant throwing his weight around, but it takes time to reform some dictators. And I like John Sununu.

I just wish we could convince him to stop running around in that Batman shirt.

Sure, John's a tough guy. Down in Cartagena, during a lunchtime photo op, they had to keep saying, "Remember John, bite the taco, shake the hand..."

But I am an environmentalist. And I'm concerned about the loss of exotic species. You know: Snail Darters... Lemmings... Communists...

I guess it just proves democracy works. We have the best technology. The best products. And the best ads to sell them. There's even an ad for those Epilady leg shavers titled, "When Sally Went Hairy."

\* \* \*

I can't comment on Panama tonight. But I do want to apologize if any of you own a drawer-full of red underwear.

Jim Baker was a little angry about the invasion. You know, financial markets are pretty sensitive these days. One little invasion can devastate your holdings in Fruit of the Loom...

These are changing times. We used to say Better Dead than Red. Now it's, "Don't be caught Dead in Red."

We used to wonder how to get the toothpaste back in the tube. Now we're trying to get the pineapple back in the can.

Daniel Ortega -- true story -- was asked to sum up the areas of agreement he had with Mrs. Thatcher after a meeting they held last year. With great diplomatic skill, he answered, "We have both dressed in green."

\* \* \*

Science has taught us a lot lately. Alcohol affects women 25 percent more than men. And coffee makes men more effective with women. I asked Barbara about it. She said, "Why don't we talk about that over an Irish Coffee..."

Americans are concerned about education, and they ought to be. It's time to get back to basics. Reading. Writing. Remote-control.

\* \* \*

I know there's a lot of concern -- even fear -- about reunification. I've watched that situation carefully, and let me reassure you. I've decided that even if they want to, we can't let the Trumps won't do it.

You've got to hand it to a guy like Donald Trump. Otherwise he'll just buy it...

He did have a redeeming social grace once, but he sold that. There but for the grace of God \\ goes God.

They're thinking about making Marla Maples into a dramatic mini-series. You know. "Flirty-something."

\* \* \*

Now, I know what the critics are saying. They say I'm too thin skinned. Well, I resent that.

They say I don't have vision. I don't see it that way.

They say I care too much about public opinion. I don't know. What do you think?

They say I'm obsessed with polls. That's true. But I'm even more obsessed with how to pronounce "Lech Walesa." / also concerned about the Hungarians, the Czechs...

They say I'm too cautious. That I take too much time to respond. I'll get back to you on that one.

But kinder and gentler? Yes. I hear the voices others don't. Haunted by them. The downtrodden. The destitute. Those piteous souls who dared greatly, struggled bravely, and still lost their house. Like Drexel Burnham.

\* \* \*

Got a call from the Motor Vehicle Bureau yesterday. They wanted to revoke my driver's license. Turns out somebody heard me giving a speech. Said I was having more accidents with my deliveries than Domino's.

Competition in the evening news slot has gotten really tough. So I want to pass on an idea to boost the ratings. Let's have Leslie Stahl read the news in a chair over a dunk tank. \\  
\\

Viewers could call a 900 number, and try to guess how tall her hair is.

And then when somebody guesses right, in she goes -- and we could finally see what it looks like when it's wet.

Hey, she couldn't be as embarrassed as Millie was, after the nation learned that she took showers with me.

You know, Dan Rather and I haven't always seen eye to eye. But I've come to understand him better since I heard a story from his childhood. When he was 10, his family very nearly lost him. His father later said, "We should have taken him further into the hills."

I know what everybody's saying about my poll ratings. Unbelievable, right? Well, my route to good ratings was easier than your average talk show host's. I didn't have to lose weight, have my nose broken, or go in drag...

Another true story. I was in Memphis last November, when they were filming the TV re-creation of Elvis' early days. We asked the crew if they'd move for our motorcade. City of Memphis decided to re-route me. Elvis lives.

You've all heard about Dick Cheney and Bill Webster fighting over how peaceful the world is. Well, the two of them were out fishing last summer. Storm came up. Sank their boat. They're floundering around, and Bill says, "Dick, don't tell my guys at the CIA about this, but I can't swim!" And Dick says, "Bill, your secret's safe with me. I'd hate to have my men find out I can't walk on water."

Sure, the Stealth Bomber's expensive. High tech, big bucks. First of all we've got to sew parachutes for all those caterpillars...

We're trying to keep the White House scandal-free. But everybody slips now and then. Dick Darman's seeing some questionable woman named Rosie Scenario.

When you're bald in the front, it means you're a thinker. And when you're bald in the back it means you're sexy. When you're bald in the front and back, it means you just **think** you're sexy. But really, Marlin, before press conferences, it must be nice only having to straighten your tie...

[ Foley/ Rosty, liquid diets... ] Last year \_\_\_\_\_ went into a clothing store and said "I'd like to see a bathing suit in my size." The clerk said, "So would I." I won't pick on his wardrobe, but the bathing suit he wore in Palm Springs has a big hole in the knee.

Some say that 1989 was the triumph of conservative philosophy. It was also the year when Susan Sarandon -- true story -- heard she made George Will's list of what he'd like to take to another planet. She said, "I'm flattered, and glad to learn that the rest of Mr. Will's body is not as conservative as his brain."

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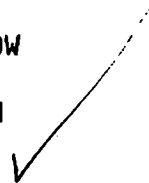
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WE GOT BACK AT IRAN. RICH LITTLE PHONED RAFSANJANI PRETENDING TO BE ME.

I'LL TAKE A PHONE CALL FROM ANY ADVERSARY I'M HAVING PROBLEMS WITH, IF THERE'S A CHANCE TO IRON OUT OUR DIFFERENCES. BUT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE MY MESSAGE TO MY STAFF IS: DAMMIT, IF IT SOUNDS LIKE GREENSPAN, MAKE SURE IT IS GREENSPAN."

I DON'T MIND MY FOREIGN POLICY BEING CRITICIZED, AS LONG AS THE CRITICS ARE KNOWLEDGABLE ABOUT WORLD AFFAIRS. I ASKED (A DEMOCRAT) WHAT HE THOUGHT ABOUT REUNIFICATION, AND HE SAID "MAYBE THE TRUMPS WILL GET BACK TOGETHER."

EVENTS MOVE SO QUICKLY THESE DAYS, IT'S MIND-BOGGLING. IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO SEE FREE SPEECH RESTORED TO THE SOVIET UNION, TO EASTERN EUROPE, TO ANDY ROONEY.

MORE...

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DOUG GAMBLE

TO: KRISTEN GEAR - GRIDIRON (CONT'D)

ON THE WAY IN I PASSED BY A GUY WHO'S ON A HUNGER STRIKE UNTIL THE GOVERNMENT DOES MORE ABOUT AID TO THE IMPOVERISHED. I STOPPED AND SAID "LOOK, I HATE TO SEE YOU SUFFER LIKE THIS CONGRESSMAN GEPHARDT, BUT WE'RE NOT SENDING AID TO THE SOVIETS."

I TOLD JOHN SUNUNU I WAS NEVER SO INSPIRED AS I WAS A FEW WEEKS AGO WHEN A BRAVE, FORMERLY PERSECUTED LEADER VISITED CAPITOL HILL, MADE A SPEECH AND HAD CONGRESSMEN EATING OUT OF HIS HAND. JOHN SAID "YES, VACLAV HAVEL WAS REMARKABLE." I SAID "I KNOW, BUT I MEAN RICHARD NIXON."

I THOUGHT PRESIDENT CARTER DID A GREAT JOB OBSERVING THE ELECTION IN NICARAGUA. I UNDERSTAND HE ASKED FOR BODYGUARDS TO BE WITH HIM AT ALL TIMES, AND WAS TOLD HE HAD NOTHING TO FEAR FROM EITHER THE CONTRAS OR SANDINISTAS. HE SAID "I KNOW, BUT WHAT ABOUT KILLER RABBITS?"

I ASKED DICK CHENEY NOT TO BE TOO FUNNY TONIGHT SO I WOULDN'T HAVE A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW. DICK SAID "WHY ASK ME, TOM FOLEY WILL PROBABLY BE FUNNY TOO." I SAID "I KNOW, BUT I CAN'T FIRE TOM FOLEY."

IT'S ONLY DUE TO FLUKE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT DICK CHENEY IS WHERE HE IS TODAY. WHEN THE TOWER NOMINATION FELL THROUGH, I TOLD JOHN SUNUNU TO GET ME MY FAVORITE POLITICIAN FROM WYOMING, AND JOHN DIDN'T REALIZE I MEANT AL SIMPSON.

DICK LEARNED A LITTLE ABOUT DEFENSE IN THE FORD ADMINISTRATION. HE USED TO PUT ON COMBAT GEAR TO PLAY GOLF WITH JERRY.

MORE...

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DOUG GAMBLE

TO: KRISTEN GEAR - GRIDIRON (CONT'D)

DICK HAS TO WRESTLE WITH A VITAL ISSUE NEXT WEEK: WHETHER FEMALE CATERPILLARS SHOULD BE ALLOWED IN COMBAT.

DICK DARMIN POINTED OUT A POSSIBLE FLAW IN MY PLAN TO DROP A MILLION CATERPILLARS ON COLOMBIA. AFTER THEY'VE EATEN THE COCOA LEAVES, IS THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER WILLING TO SEND THEM ALL TO THE BETTY FORD CENTER?

IF ANYONE THINKS WOMAN AREN'T VERY GOOD AT COMBAT, JUST PUT BARBARA BUSH ALONE IN A ROOM WITH GEORGE WILL.

I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT REPORTS OF A FEUD BETWEEN JOHN SUNUNU AND BILL REILLY ARE OVERBLOWN. NOT ONLY DO THEY GET ALONG FINE NOW, BUT JUST TO SHOW THERE ARE NO HARD FEELINGS, JOHN GAVE BILL A GIFT OF A TICKET FOR A RIDE ON A GREYHOUND BUS.