

**(HAROLD)**

NO WIDE-EYED, WHOLESOME,  
INNOCENT FEMALE.

NO, SIR!

WHY, SHE'S THE FISHERMAN,  
I'M THE FISH, YOU SEE?

PLOP!

I FLINCH, I SHY,  
WHEN THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR GOES BY.

I SMILE, I GRIN,

WHEN THE GAL WITH A TOUCH OF SIN WALKS IN.

I HOPE, I PRAY,

FOR HESTER TO WIN JUST ONE MORE "A".

THE SADDER BUT WISER GIRL'S THE GIRL FOR ME.

THE SADDER BUT WISER GIRL FOR ME.

*(HAROLD is starting towards the Library as the WOMEN come chattering in. EULALIE hanging back, MARCELLUS escapes. HAROLD is surrounded)*

**ALMA**

Oh, Professor Hill, we're all agog – simply agog!

**MAUD**

On the que veev!

**MRS. SQUIRES**

Everyone's so excited about the band.

**ETHEL**

*(Loud voice)*

I'm Ethel Toffelmier. The pianola girl?

**MAUD**

And this is Mrs. Squires, and Mrs. Hix. And of course you met Eulalie MacKecknie Shinn? Our Mayor's wife? Isn't it exciting, Eulalie?

**EULALIE**

Oh, I couldn't say. I could not say. Oh no. I could not say, at this time. My husband will wish to investigate, I'm sure. And naturally I'm reticent. Oh yes, I'm reticent.

## HAROLD

Of course, Mrs. Shinn, I understand. But you see, part of my music plans include a committee on the dance and — no wait — wait! Do that again, Mrs. Shinn!

*(SHE looks behind her, mystified)*

Your foot! The way you raised it, just now!

## EULALIE

*(Lifting foot slightly)*

Oh. Well I have a bunion there that bothers —

## HAROLD

Ohhh what grace! What natural flow of rhythm!  
What expression of line and movement!

## EULALIE

Mr. Hill.

## HAROLD

You must accept the chairmanship of the Ladies Auxiliary for the Classic dance, mustn't she, ladies?

## THE WOMEN

Oh yes! Please! You must, Eulalie.

## HAROLD

Every move you make, Mrs. Shinn, bespeaks Del Sarte. Will you — will you?  
Say yes, Mrs. Shinn!

## EULALIE

*(Moving forward amid flutters, SHE murmurs)*

Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn — ah — well! I — ah — that is — Dancing! Well!

## HAROLD

Then you accept?

## EULALIE

Yes indeed! And I would like to say —

## HAROLD

Thank you. Now the young lady who plays the piano — Marian Paroo, I believe?

*(The LADIES all gasp)*

After all she is the librarian.

# 17 - *Pick-a-Little, Talk-a-Little & Goodnight, Ladies*

(Alma, Ethel, Eulalie, The Ladies, Harold, Quartet)

(The LADIES, instantly huddling)

ALMA

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,  
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.

ALMA, ETHEL

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,  
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.

ALL LADIES

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,  
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, TALK A LOT, PICK A LITTLE MORE.

PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE, PICK A LITTLE, TALK A LITTLE,  
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!

(Continues as background under following dialogue)

MAUD

Professor, her kind of woman doesn't belong on any committee. Of course I shouldn't tell you this but she advocates dirty books.

HAROLD

Dirty books!

ALMA

CHAUCER!

ETHEL

RABELAIS!

EULALIE

BAL-ZAC!

MAUD

And the *worst* thing - of course I shouldn't tell you this but...

ALMA

I'll tell.

ETHEL

The man lived on my street. Let me tell.

**EULALIE***(Grabs the ball determinedly)*

Stop!

*(Everything stops)*

I'll tell. She made brazen overtures to a man who never had a friend in this town till she came here — old Miser Madison.

**HAROLD***(Puzzled)*

Miser Madison. Madison Gymnasium, Madison Picnic Park, Madison Hospital — that Miser Madison?

**MAUD**

Exactly. Who'd he think he was anyway?

**HAROLD**

Well I should say. Showoff. Gave the town the library too, didn't he?

**ETHEL**

That's just it. When he died he left the liberry building to the city...

**MAUD**

But he left all the books to her!

**EULALIE**

She was seen going and coming from his place.

**ALMA**

Oh yes. Oh yes. That woman made...

**(ALMA)**

BRAZEN OVERTURES

*(Slam)*

WITH A GILT-EDGE GUARANTEE!

SHE HAD A GOLDEN GLINT IN HER EYE,

AND A SILVER VOICE

WITH A COUNTERFEIT RING!

*(Slam)*

JUST MELT HER DOWN

AND YOU'LL REVEAL

A LUMP OF LEAD

AS COLD AS STEEL!

**LADIES**

PICK-A-LITTLE,

TALK-A-LITTLE...

*(Continues)*