

6 - *Trouble Playoff & Walking Music*

(Townspeople)

TOWNSPEOPLE

OH, WE GOT TROUBLE, TROUBLE, TROUBLE,
RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!
WITH A CAPITAL "T",
AND THAT RHYMES WITH "P",
AND THAT STANDS FOR POOL!
STANDS FOR POOL!

WE'VE SURELY GOT TROUBLE, TROUBLE!
RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY!
RIGHT HERE!
GOTTA FIGGER OUT A WAY TO KEEP
THE YOUNG ONES MORAL AFTER SCHOOL.

(The VOICES collapse, the TOWNSPEOPLE freeze in a "dim," the Walking Music segues immediately as MARIAN, an attractive young lady picked up in FOLLOW SPOT, hurries through in tempo. HAROLD follows her off. The TRAVELLER CLOSES behind him)

END OF SCENE TWO

SCENE THREE

(PLACE: A Street.

TIME: Immediately following)

HAROLD

(Offering his own handkerchief)

Did you drop your -

MARIAN

No!

HAROLD

Didn't I meet you in -

MARIAN

No!

HAROLD

I will only be in town a short while -

MARIAN

Good!

(The porch now appears LEFT. MARIAN ENTERS house, slamming door in HAROLD'S face. LIGHTS FADE FORESTAGE and come up behind SCRIM where we see:)

END OF SCENE THREE**SCENE FOUR**

(TIME: Immediately following)

SCRIM RISES: The interior of a small house. AMARYLLIS, a small-fry freckle-faced eight-year old girl, is playing the piano. MRS. PAROO, a cheerful-looking forty, continues her household chores, as AMARYLLIS plays, in halting tempo where she isn't sure and too fast where she is)

7 – Piano Lesson

*& If You Don't My Saying So**(Mrs. Paroo & Marian)*

MRS. PAROO

(Calling. Speaks in Irish brogue)

That you, Daughter?

MARIAN

(OFFSTAGE)

Yes, Mama. Keep on, Amaryllis. I'll be there in a minute.

(On the down-beat of the fourth bar, AMARYLLIS plays the melody note a half tone too high, and turns around to appeal wordlessly to MRS. PAROO who, in the manner of one well accustomed to this occurrence, plays the correct note as automatically as she does her other tasks. AMARYLLIS happily starts over, apparently the usual step in this well-worn routine. Again the wrong note – again the correction. As AMARYLLIS settles herself for the third go-round, MARIAN ENTERS in a hurry)

MARIAN

Hello, Mama.

(MARIAN starts to piano in time to correct AMARYLLIS' clinker)

Fine, dear. Now your exercises.

Hill, I'll talk to you Monday morning about this band thing. Over't City Hall.
Ten o'clock sharp.

(Aside as HE EXITS)

Men, I want that spellbinder's credentials.

HAROLD

(As CONSTABLE starts off with TOMMY)

Constable. I'll be responsible for the boy.

CONSTABLE

You don't know this kid — he's tough, and he's got his gang waitin' outside.

HAROLD

Oh, I'll be careful. Tommy, like to talk to you about the band.

TOMMY

Aw gee, Professor, that's for the little kids.

HAROLD

I'm not talking about you playing in the band. You're mechanically minded, aren't you? Ever do anything with perpetual motion?

TOMMY

(Sullenly)

Nearly had it a couple times.

HAROLD

You did? You're my man! Do you realize nobody has ever invented a music-holder for a marching piccolo player?

(Holds arms in Piccolo playing position)

No place to hang the music.

TOMMY

(Impressed)

Jeely Kly! Wonder where I could get some wire from.

HAROLD

Look in your cellar, that's where people keep wire.

(TOMMY starts tearing out. The CONSTABLE makes a move, HAROLD restrains him)

Oh, Tommy!

TOMMY

(Stopping in midflight)

Yessir?

(CONSTABLE LOCKE reacts in astonishment at the "sir")

HAROLD

(Aside to CONSTABLE)

Now, Constable, I'll show you how to break up a gang.

(Looks around)

Oh, young lady. Oh miss —

(HE beckons to a very pretty WA TAN YE GIRL, pink and sixteen)

What's your name?

YOUNG GIRL

(Approaching)

Zaneeta. I didn't have any idea you was beckoning to me. Ye Gods.

HAROLD

Do you know Tommy Djilas?

ZANEETA

Well, I —

HAROLD

Tommy, this is Zaneeta. Escort the young lady home.

ZANEETA

Only excepting I'm not going home. I have to go't the Liberry. Ye Gods.

HAROLD

Then escort the young lady home by way of the library —

(Takes out coins)

by way of the candy kitchen.

TOMMY

(Grinning)

Yes sir. Do I hafta?

HAROLD

You hafta.

TOMMY

Yes sir.

ZANEETA

(As SHE and TOMMY EXIT)

Ye Gods.

CONSTABLE

Professor, you're a pretty bright young fellow. You made a couple mistakes, though.

HAROLD

Oh?

CONSTABLE

The Mayor happens to own the Billiard Parlor and that new pool table.

HAROLD

Oh. What was my other mistake?

CONSTABLE

That Zaneeta. She's the Mayor's oldest girl.

(As HAROLD starts to cross to the LADIES who have ENTERED RIGHT, the SCHOOL BOARD approaches him from LEFT)

EWART DUNLOP

(The second tenor)

Just a minute — Professor Hill. We'd like to have your credentials.
We're the School Board.

OLIN BRITT

(The bass — contradicting)

Academic certificates.

OLIVER

(The baritone, to OLIN, with irritation)

Nothing of the kind!

EWART

(To OLIVER, irascibly)

We need letters and papers!

JACEY

(The high tenor, to the OTHERS, nastily)

Make him put up a bond!

HAROLD

What am I hearing?

14 — *Ice Cream/Sincere*

(Harold, Quartet)

(Whirling back to OLIN, blows pitch pipe)

Say —

(SINGS on low note)

ICE CREEEEM.

OLIN

Ice Cream, but I don't sing young man, if that's what you're —

HAROLD

All right, talk then.

(Low)

Down here!

OLIN

Ice Cream.

HAROLD

Talk slow!

OLIN

(In a rich rolling bass)

ICE CREEEEM.

HAROLD

See? Singing is only sustained talking.

(Pointing to OLIVER — on a baritone note)

NOW YOUUUU.

OLIVER

(In a full baritone)

ICE CREEEEM.

HAROLD

(To EWART)

NOW YOUUUU. RIGHT HEEER.

EWART

ICE CREEEEM.

HAROLD

(Points skyward to JACEY)

Now, you, sir!

JACEY

(On the high note)

ICE CREEEEEEEMMMM.

HAROLD

(Crossing to the LADIES)

Ladies, from now on you'll never see one of those men without the other three.

EULALIE

Oh, Professor, you're wrong! Why they've hated each other for fifteen years.

JACEY, EWART, OLIN, OLIVER

(Behind HAROLD'S back THEY hit a gorgeous chord)

ICE CREAM.

ICE CREAM.

ICE CREAM.

(HAROLD takes, joins the MEN as THEY are shaking hands all around and congratulating each other)

HAROLD

(Pointing at QUARTET)

HOW CAN THERE BE -

OLIVER

- ANY -

QUARTET

- SIN IN "SINCERE"?

WHERE IS THE GOOD IN "GOODBYE"?

EWART, OLIVER, OLIN

IN "GOODBYE"?

QUARTET

YOUR APPREHENSIONS CONFUSE ME, DEAR,
PUZZLE AND MYSTIFY.
MYSTIFY...

*(MARIAN EXITS with HAROLD in pursuit, the LADIES move
UPSTAGE as the LIGHTS dim and the QUARTET moves down into
1 in a FOLLOW SPOT)*

TELL ME,
WHAT CAN BE FAIR IN "FAREWELL", DEAR,
WHILE ONE SINGLE STAR SHINES ABOVE?
HOW CAN THERE BE ANY SIN IN "SINCERE"?
AREN'T WE SINCERELY IN LOVE?

EWART, OLIVER, OLIN

OH, WE'RE IN LOVE.

*(As QUARTET holds its last gorgeous note we BLACKOUT.
The MUSIC segues to Walking Music)*

END OF SCENE FIVE

SCENE SIX

15 - *Walking Music (Reprise)*

(Orchestra)

(TIME: Immediately following.)

*AT RISE: Lights come up on the street in front of the Library.
Walking Music accompanies MARIAN'S entrance. HAROLD is following)*

HAROLD

I don't suppose you live alone, or anything?

MARIAN

No!

HAROLD

I've got some wonderful caramels over't the hotel if you'd -

(MARIAN and MUSIC stop abruptly)

MARIAN

Mister Hill.

HAROLD

Professor Hill.

MARIAN

Professor of what? At what college do they give a degree for annoying women on the street like a Saturday night rowdy at a public dance hall?

HAROLD

Oh I wouldn't know about that. I'm a Conservatory man myself. Gary, Indiana Gold Medal Class of '05.

MARIAN

Even should that happen to be true does that give you the right to follow me around wherever I go? Another thing, Mister Hill, I'm not as easily mesmerized or hood-winked as some people in this town and I think it only fair to warn you that I have a shelf full of reference books in there which may very well give me some interesting information about you.

(MARIAN EXITS into the Library. As HAROLD starts after her, MARCELLUS ENTERS)

MARCELLUS

Hey, Gregory!

HAROLD

Oh hi, Marcellus. And don't call me Greg.

MARCELLUS

How'd you make out with the music teacher?

HAROLD

Scrumptious. Ate out of my hand the minute I tipped my hat.

MARCELLUS

She did! Boy, did you cut a swath tonight. For a minute even I thought you knew somethin' about leadin' a band. Just like when you used to imitate that band-concert fellow back in Joplin.

HAROLD

Yeah!

(Pantomimes conducting)

HAROLD

Uncle Maddy?

MARIAN

Mr. Madison – my father's best friend. No matter what they say he left me an assured job so Mother and Winthrop and I would have some security. Surely you don't believe...

HAROLD

Of course not! That's exactly what I'm saying. But why do you think people start those rumours.

MARIAN

Narrow-mindedness, jealousy – jealousy, mostly, I guess.

HAROLD

Exactly. And jealously mostly starts rumours about travelling salesmen.

(Catching her off-guard. Quietly)

What have you heard?

MARIAN

Oh – oh nothing about you personally – just generally –

HAROLD

What have you heard generally?

MARIAN

Just that –

(HAROLD is very close to her)

but of course, it stands to reason that – that disappointment and jealousy can lead to – I mean – take you for instance – your attentions to – to – customers and – and well, teachers might easily be misinterpreted mightn't they...

(Frantically hoping for reassurance)

I mean, now honestly – mightn't they?

HAROLD

Why?

MARIAN

(Racing on)

And, so you say – if another salesman – or somebody were jealous – I mean – well, they could be downright lies – couldn't they?

HAROLD

(Confused)

What could?

MARIAN

Rumours and things.

HAROLD

Why, of course.

MARIAN

It just proves you should never believe everything you hear, doesn't it? I mean if you discuss things...

HAROLD

Miss Marian, I would be delighted to discuss anything in the world with you. But couldn't we do it sitting down?

(Trying to lighten her mood)

You do sit?... Your knees bend and all.

MARIAN

(Still nose to nose with HAROLD)

We could sit on the porch steps.

HAROLD

We could also sit on a large hollow log over't the footbridge.

MARIAN

(Still not moving)

I couldn't think of it. I've never been to the footbridge with a man in my life.

HAROLD

Just to talk.

MARIAN

I've got to dress for the Sociable.

HAROLD

Then meet me there in fifteen minutes.

MARIAN

I just can't — please — some other time — maybe tomorrow.

HAROLD

My dear little librarian — Pile up enough tomorrows and you'll find you've collected nothing but a lot of empty yesterdays. I don't know about you but I'd like to make today worth remembering.

MARIAN

(Breathlessly)

Oh — so would I.

HAROLD

The footbridge — fifteen minutes.

MARIAN

Fifteen minutes.

(HAROLD EXITS quickly. MARIAN'S voice is suddenly loud and desperate)

Mama!

MRS. PAROO

(Coming onto porch)

What?

MARIAN

I just told Professor Hill I'd meet him at the footbridge in fifteen minutes.

MRS. PAROO

Glory be and the saints be praised — it works!

MARIAN

What does?

MRS. PAROO

I been usin' the Think System on you from the Parlor!

(BLACKOUT)