

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.

AMARYLLIS

*(Replacing her piece in music roll)*

Yes, Mom.

MRS. PAROO

I don't remember the liberry bein' open last Fourth a' July.

MARIAN

It was, Mama, all evening. Mama, a man with a suitcase has been following me all over town.

MRS. PAROO

Oh - who?

MARIAN

I never saw him before.

MRS. PAROO

Did he say anything?

MARIAN

He tried.

MRS. PAROO

Did you say anything?

MARIAN

Mama, of course not.

*(AMARYLLIS begins her exercises)*

Now don't dawdle, Amaryllis.

SOL, DO, LA, RE, TI, MI, A LITTLE SLOWER,  
AND PLEASE KEEP THE FINGERS CURVED  
AS NICE AND HIGH AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN.

Don't get faster, dear.

*(MARIAN winds metronome)*

MRS. PAROO

If you don't mind my saying so, it wouldn't have hurt you to find out what the gentleman wanted.

MARIAN

I know what the gentleman wanted.

MRS. PAROO

What, dear?

MARIAN

You'll find it in Balzac.

PAROO

Excuse me fer livin' but I've never read it.

*(AMARYLLIS repeats in new key, as MARIAN beats out strict time along with metronome)*

MARIAN

NEITHER HAS ANYONE ELSE IN THIS TOWN.

MRS. PAROO

THERE YOU GO AGAIN  
WITH THAT SAME OLD COMMENT  
ABOUT THE LOW MENTALITY  
OF RIVER CITY PEOPLE  
AND TAKIN' IT ALL TOO MUCH TO HEART.

MARIAN

Now, Mama, as long as the...

MADISON PUBLIC LIBRARY  
WAS ENTRUSTED TO ME  
FOR THE PURPOSE OF IMPROVING  
RIVER CITY'S CULTURAL LEVEL,  
I CAN'T HELP MY CONCERN  
THAT THE LADIES OF RIVER CITY  
KEEP IGNORING ALL MY COUNCIL AND ADVICE.

MRS. PAROO

BUT DARLING,  
WHEN A WOMAN'S GOT A HUSBAND  
AND YOU'VE GOT NONE,  
WHY SHOULD SHE TAKE ADVICE FROM YOU?  
EVEN IF YOU CAN QUOTE BALZAC AND SHAKESPEARE  
AND ALL THEM OTHER HIGH FALUTIN' GREEKS.

MARIAN

MAMA, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO,

(MARIAN)

YOU HAVE A BAD HABIT  
OF CHANGING EV'RY SUBJECT -

MRS. PAROO

NOW I HAVEN'T CHANGED THE SUBJECT.  
I WAS TALKIN' ABOUT THAT STRANGER -

MARIAN

WHAT STRANGER?

MRS. PAROO

WITH THE SUITCASE,  
WHO MAY BE YOUR VERY LAST CHANCE!

MARIAN

MAMA!  
DO YOU THINK THAT I'D ALLOW A COMMON MASHER?  
NOW REALLY, MAMA!  
I HAVE MY STANDARDS WHERE MEN ARE CONCERNED,  
AND I HAVE NO INTENTION -

MRS. PAROO

I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR STANDARDS,  
AND IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYIN' SO,  
THERE'S NOT A MAN ALIVE  
WHO COULD HOPE TO MEASURE UP  
TO THAT BLEND A' PAUL BUNYAN,  
SAINT PAT AND NOAH WEBSTER  
YOU'VE CONCOCTED FOR YOURSELF  
OUT A' YOUR IRISH IMAGINATION,  
YOUR IOWA STUBBORNNESS,  
AND YOUR LIBERRY FULL A' BOOKS!

*(Fine chord from AMARYLLIS)*

MARIAN

*(Hands on hips, gets slightly Irish in her exasperation)*

Well, if that isn't the best I've ever heard!

AMARYLLIS

Thank you. Can I have a drink, please?

MARIAN

May I have a --

AMARYLLIS

May I have a drink, please?

MARIAN

Yes, dear.

*(As AMARYLLIS starts to the sink, a nine-year old BOY with a set, sullen face ENTERS without a word, heading for bedroom door UPSTAGE)*

MRS. PAROO

Winthrop. It's after dark.

*(WINTHROP halts in his tracks)*

Is that a way to walk into the house?

WINTHROP

Hello.

*(Tries to EXIT)*

MRS. PAROO

That won't do at all. I'll have a kiss from my boy.

*(WINTHROP walks to his mother, stands stubbornly in her embrace for a moment, then starts out again)*

The lady over there is your sister, young man.

*(WINTHROP repeats the uncooperative performance with MARIAN)*

AMARYLLIS

Hello, Winthrop.

*(WINTHROP stares at the floor)*

MRS. PAROO

Winthrop, where's your manners.

AMARYLLIS

I'm having a party on Saturday. Will you please come?

*(Silence)*

I would especially like it very much if you'd come... Winthrop?

*(Silence)*

MRS. PAROO

Well, Winthrop, Amaryllis asked you to her party. Are you goin' or aren't you?

WINTHROP

No.

MRS. PAROO

No what?

WINTHROP

No, thank you.

MRS. PAROO

You know the little girl's name.

AMARYLLIS

He won't say Amaryllis because of the "s" because of his lisp. He's ashamed.

MRS. PAROO

We know all about his lisp, Amaryllis. Well, Winthrop.

AMARYLLIS

I'll bet he won't say it.

*(Tiptoeing closer to WINTHROP, SHE tries to peer into his face)*

WINTHROP

No thank you, Amaryllith.

*(AMARYLLIS hops up and down giggling gleefully)*

AMARYLLIS

Amaryllith — Amaryllith.

*(SHE moves closer to WINTHROP, stoops and looks up into his face as HE continues to stare at his feet. She turns to MRS. PAROO with surprise)*

He's crying.

*(WINTHROP bolts out of the room. MRS. PAROO follows him)*

Why does he get so mad at people — just because he lisps?

MARIAN

It's not only because he lisps. That's just part of it, Amaryllis.

AMARYLLIS

What's the other part?

MARIAN

Never mind, dear. It's just that he never talks very much.

AMARYLLIS

Not even to you and your mother?

MARIAN

No, dear. We all have to be a little patient.

AMARYLLIS

I'm patient. Even though he doesn't ever talk to me — but I do him — every night — I say goodnight to him on the evening star. You have to do it the very second you see it, too, or it doesn't count. "Goodnight, my Winthrop, goodnight. Sleep tight."

*(Starts to cry)*

MARIAN

There, darling, don't cry, you have lots of time.  
If not Winthrop, there'll be someone else.

AMARYLLIS

Never! I'll end up an old maid like you.

*(Catches herself)*

I'm sorry, Miss Marian. Can I play my cross-hand piece?

MARIAN

May I play my —

AMARYLLIS

May I play my cross-hand piece?

MARIAN

You may.

AMARYLLIS

See, without a sweetheart you have no one to say goodnight to on the evening star.

MARIAN

I know, Amaryllis. For the time being just say goodnight my — someone. You can put the name in when the right someone comes along.

AMARYLLIS

All right. It's better than nothing.

MARIAN

Yes it is... now you can play your cross-hand piece.

AMARYLLIS

*(Settling herself)*

Now I *may* play my cross-hand piece.

# 8 - *Goodnight, My Someone*

*(Marian, Amaryllis)*

*(As AMARYLLIS plays, MARIAN goes to window. The TRAVELLER closes in leaving her in the window, looking at evening star)*

MARIAN

GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE,  
GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE.  
SLEEP TIGHT, MY SOMEONE,  
SLEEP TIGHT, MY LOVE.  
OUR STAR IS SHINING  
ITS BRIGHTEST LIGHT  
FOR GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE,  
FOR GOODNIGHT.

SWEET DREAMS BE YOURS, DEAR,  
IF DREAMS THERE BE;  
SWEET DREAMS TO CARRY YOU  
CLOSE TO ME.  
I WISH THEY MAY,  
AND I WISH THEY MIGHT.  
NOW GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE,  
GOODNIGHT.  
TRUE LOVE CAN BE WHISPERED  
FROM HEART TO HEART,  
WHEN LOVERS ARE PARTED, THEY SAY.  
BUT I MUST DEPEND ON A WISH AND A STAR,  
AS LONG AS MY HEART  
DOESN'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

SWEET DREAMS BE YOURS, DEAR,  
IF DREAMS THERE BE.  
SWEET DREAMS TO CARRY YOU  
CLOSE TO ME.



(AMARYLLIS has come to the window)

MARIAN, AMARYLLIS

I WISH THEY MAY,  
AND I WISH THEY MIGHT.  
NOW GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE,  
GOODNIGHT.  
GOODNIGHT.  
GOODNIGHT.  
(BLACKOUT)

**END OF SCENE FOUR**

**SCENE FIVE**

(TIME: Thirty minutes later.)

*Interior of the Madison Gymnasium in River City High School which appears to be well-filled. It is sparingly decorated with red, white and blue bunting. EULALIE, fifty and gushy, costumed as Columbia with a torch in her hand, leads the singing as ETHEL TOFFELMIER, a curvaceous 35, sways at the player piano, as she pumps an "expressive" accompaniment to "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."*

(All TOWNSPEOPLE, led by EULALIE MACKECKNIE SHINN, SING in BLACKOUT, and as LIGHTS come up)

# 9 - *Columbia, Gem of the Ocean*

(*Eulalie, Townspeople*)

EULALIE, TOWNSPEOPLE

THY BANNERS MAKE TYRANNY TREMBLE,  
WHEN BORNE BY THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.  
WHEN BORNE BY THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.  
WHEN BORNE BY THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.  
THY BANNERS MAKE TYRANNY TREMBLE,  
WHEN BORNE BY THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

(At the conclusion of the number EULALIE steps down from the rostrum to polite applause and MAYOR GEORGE SHINN steps forward. HE is self-important)

SHINN

I'm sure we're all grateful to my wife, Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn for leading the singing and to Jacey Squires for his fine stereoptican slides -

(JACEY wheels the stereoptican machine off)