

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)

Aw — kid stuff. I'm in rare form these days, son. Just you keep your eyes on me for the next four weeks.

MARCELLUS

Four weeks! It only used to take ten days for the instruments to arrive.

HAROLD

It still does. But it takes four weeks for the uniforms.

MARCELLUS

Oh, no, Greg! You haven't added uniforms!???

HAROLD

Uniforms and instruction books.

MARCELLUS

Instruction books! But you can't pass yourself off as a music professor — I mean not for any four weeks.

HAROLD

*(Ruefully)*

Marce —

MARCELLUS

But you don't know one note from another.

HAROLD

I have a revolutionary new method called the Think System where you don't bother with notes.

MARCELLUS

But in four weeks the people will want to hear the music! You'll have to lead a band.

HAROLD

But when the uniforms arrive they forget everything else — at least long enough for me to collect and leave. Oh this is a refined operation, son, and I've got it timed right down to the last wave of the brakeman's hand on the last train out'a town. And now, Mr. Washburn, if you'll excuse me —

MARCELLUS

Gonna line yourself up a little canoodlin' huh?

HAROLD

Well —

MARCELLUS

Say, I could fix you up with Ethel's sister – lovely girl –  
teaches Sunday School –

HAROLD

No wide-eyed, eager wholesome innocent Sunday School teacher for me.  
That kinda girl spins webs no...

# 16 – *The Sadder But Wiser Girl*

*(Harold, Marcellus)*

...SPIDER EVER – LISTEN, BOY –  
A GIRL WHO TRADES ON ALL THAT PURITY  
MERELY WANTS TO TRADE MY INDEPENDENCE  
FOR HER SECURITY.

THE ONLY AFFIRMATIVE SHE WILL FILE  
REFERS TO MARCHING DOWN THE AISLE.

NO GOLDEN, GLORIOUS, GLEAMING PRISTINE GODDESS,  
NO, SIR!  
FOR NO DIANA DO I PLAY FAUN.  
I CAN TELL YOU THAT RIGHT NOW.

I SNARL, I HISS.  
HOW CAN IGNORANCE BE COMPARED TO BLISS?  
I SPARK, I FIZZ,  
FOR THE LADY WHO KNOWS WHAT TIME IT IS.  
I CHEER, I RAVE,  
FOR THE VIRTUE I'M TOO LATE TO SAVE.  
THE SADDER BUT WISER GIRL FOR ME.

NO BRIGHT-EYED, BLUSHING,  
BREATHLESS BABY-DOLL BABY,  
NO, SIR!  
THAT KINDA CHILD TIES KNOTS  
NO SAILOR EVER KNEW.

I PREFER TO TAKE A CHANCE  
ON A MORE ADULT ROMANCE.  
NO DEWY YOUNG MISS WHO KEEPS RESISTING,  
ALL THE TIME SHE KEEPS INSISTING.

(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)*



(ALMA)

HERE!

*(Thump)*

WHERE A WOMAN'S HEART SHOULD BE.

EULALIE, ALMA, MAUD, ETHEL, MRS. SQUIRES

HE LEFT RIVER CITY  
THE LIBRARY BUILDING,  
BUT HE LEFT ALL THE BOOKS TO HER!

ALMA

CHAUCER!

ETHEL

RABELAIS!

EULALIE

BAL-ZAC!

THE LADIES

...PICK-A-LITTLE, TALK-A-LITTLE,  
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP,  
CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!

*(LADIES continue "Pick-A-Little" etc. f under dialogue as HAROLD tries to escape. The QUARTET ENTERS)*

JACEY

Just a minute here! We need your credentials.

HAROLD

Yes, of course. I have just what you want over at the Hotel. Come with me.

*(As the QUARTET starts to follow him, HAROLD turns back to the LADIES who are still singing softly)*

Goodnight ladies.

*(THEY "Cheep cheep cheep" at him. HE turns to QUARTET)*  
*(Sings)*

GOODNIGHT, LADIES.

QUARTET

GOODNIGHT, LADIES,  
GOODNIGHT, LADIES.  
WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU NOW.

FAREWELL, LADIES,  
FAREWELL, LADIES,  
FAREWELL LADIES,  
WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE YOU NOW.

LADIES

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

*(The LADIES and the QUARTET finish together. HAROLD has escaped into the Library.)*

BLACKOUT)

END OF SCENE SIX

SCENE SEVEN

# 18 - *Marian the Librarian*

*(Harold)*

*(TIME: Immediately following.)*

*HAROLD goes through the door to Library. The SCRIM becomes transparent. We see the interior of the Library. The SCRIM flies. MARIAN is seen at desk stamping books. HAROLD sneaks in and places his hat under her stamper. SHE is startled)*

HAROLD

It's all right - I know everything and it doesn't make any difference.

MARIAN

What are you talking about?

HAROLD

You were probably very young - any one can make a mistake -

MARIAN

What -

HAROLD

No apologies - no explanations, please. I'll only be in town a short time and -

*(Chuckles)*

- the sadder, but wiser girl for me.