

# 20 - *First Seventy-Six Trombones Crossover*

(Orchestra)

**END OF SCENE SEVEN****SCENE EIGHT**

*(TIME: The following Saturday noon.*

*AT RISE: TOMMY and HAROLD are seen in front of the TRAVELLER,  
STAGE LEFT)*

HAROLD

Well Tommy we've had a pretty good morning. Eleven sales out of twelve tries. Tell you what - It's almost noon. You better go home and get some dinner. I'll try a couple by myself.

TOMMY

G'bye, Professor.

HAROLD

Thanks, Tommy.

# 21 - *Second Seventy-Six Trombones Crossover*

(Orchestra)

*("Seventy-Six Trombones" is heard as HAROLD approaches door,  
STAGE RIGHT)*

**END OF SCENE EIGHT****SCENE NINE**

*("76 Trombones" is heard. An impressive doorway. HAROLD rings  
DOORBELL at RISE. SHINN comes hurrying down the street, goes to door,  
starts to unlock it - realizes HAROLD'S presence)*

SHINN

Just a minute here. Are you soliciting? You haven't got a license.

HAROLD

Why no, Mayor Shinn, I collect doorbells. This particular specimen has an unusual tone quality that -

SHINN

Flattery will not avail you. Soliciting is statutory in this county - malfeasance without a permit. Why haven't you been down't City Hall with your references?

HAROLD

*(Stepping down to SHINN)*

Just missed you I — Mr. Mayor! Your hand — oh no!

SHINN

What, what —

HAROLD

*(Spreads SHINN'S fingers)*

That spread of the little finger! It's hereditary!

SHINN

Oh it is — what does that mean?

HAROLD

It means that your son's little finger is perfectly situated to operate the spitvalve on a B-flat Flugel Horn!

SHINN

*(Wide-eyed)*

Is that good?

HAROLD

Good! It means that America has at last produced an artist who can Flugel the Minute Waltz in 50 seconds.

SHINN

How could I get one of those horns?

HAROLD

*(Quick with order blank)*

Sign here, Mr. Mayor. That'll be seventeen dollars import fee.

SHINN

*(Signing)*

Yes sir. Just think I could'a missed this whole —

*(Stops suddenly)*

I haven't got any son! You unscrypulous flew-by-night, you unflypulous — you be down't city Hall with your By God papers at three o'clock.

HAROLD

You mean this afternoon?

SHINN

I couldn't make myself any plainer if I see a Quaker on his day off.

# 22 - *Third Seventy-Six Trombones Crossover*

(Orchestra)

(BLACKOUT)

**END OF SCENE NINE**

**SCENE TEN**

(TIME: *That evening.*)

AT RISE: *The PAROO'S porch. MRS. PAROO is sitting on the porch rocking. WINTHROP is hiding behind her chair. HAROLD has ENTERED at RISE)*

HAROLD

Mrs. Paroo do you realize you have the facial characteristics of a Cornet virtuoso?

MRS. PAROO

I don't know if I understand you entirely, Professor.

HAROLD

If your boy has that same firm chin, and those splendid cheek muscles -- By George! Not that he could ever be really great, you understand, but --

MRS. PAROO

Oh, is that so. And in the name of St. Bridget, why not?

HAROLD

Well -- you see all the really great Cornet players were Irish -- O'Clark, O'Mendez, O'Klein --

MRS. PAROO

But Professor, we are Irish!

HAROLD

No! No! Really! That clinches it! Sign here, Mrs. Paroo. Your boy was born to play the Cornet!

(SHE signs in a daze. WINTHROP has followed her and is still hiding behind her)