

(MARIAN)

AND I'LL BRAVELY TELL YOU,
BUT ONLY WHEN
WE DREAM AGAIN.
SWEET AND LOW,

SWEET AND LOW,
HOW SWEET THAT MEM'RY;

HOW LONG AGO.
FOREVER,
OH YES, FOREVER.

WILL I EVER TELL YOU?

AH, NO.

(QUARTET)

DING, DONG, DING,
AT THE LEAST SUGGESTION,
I'LL POP THE QUESTION.
LIDA ROSE,
I'M HOME AGAIN, ROSE,
WITHOUT A SWEETHEART TO MY NAME.
LIDA ROSE,
NOW EV'RYONE KNOWS
THAT I AM HOPING YOU'RE THE SAME.

SO HERE IS MY LOVE SONG;
NOT FANCY OR FINE.

LIDA ROSE,
OH, WON'T YOU BE MINE?

JACEY, EWART, OLIVER

LIDA ROSE,
OH, LIDA ROSE,
OH, LIDA ROSE.

(LIGHTS FADE OUT on QUARTET)

END OF SCENE TWO

SCENE THREE

(TIME: Immediately following.)

The PAROO'S Porch. MARIAN is sitting on the steps in the moonlight.
MRS. PAROO rocks and sews)

MRS. PAROO

(Testily)

Will you ever stop arguin' with yourself? Will you ever tell him — won't you ever tell him — ah yes — ah no — ah fiddlesticks. Just open your mouth and let it come out.

MARIAN

Now Mama —

MRS. PAROO

Now nuthin'. If he ever comes to call again, you see him alone, and if you haven't the gumption to tell him how you feel --

MARIAN

Tell him?

MRS. PAROO

Well, there's nothing wrong with a ladylike hint.

WINTHROP

(Bursting in with a jar of worms)

Mama!

MRS. PAROO

Winthrop, where've you been?

WINTHROP

Fithin'.

MRS. PAROO

Fishing!

WINTHROP

With Harold.

MARIAN

You mean Professor Hill?

WINTHROP

Mm hm. And look I thtill have thum wormth left.

MARIAN

Did you have a good time?

WINTHROP

Thcrumpthyuth. He told me all about hith home town, Gary, Indiana. And he thaid he'd take me there thum day. And he taught me a thong that hardly hath any etheth in it.

36 - Gary, Indiana

(Winthrop, Mrs. Paroo, Marian)

(Hands MARIAN the worms)

GARY, INDIANA,
 GARY, INDIANA,
 GARY, INDIANA,
 LET ME THAY IT WUNTH AGAIN.
 GARY, INDIANA,
 GARY, INDIANA,
 GARY, INDIANA,
 THAT' TH THE TOWN THAT KNEW ME WHEN.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOGICAL EKTHPLANATHYUN,
 HOW I HAPPENED ON THITH ELEGANT THINKOPATHYUN,
 I WILL THAY, WITHOUT A MOMENT OF HETHITATHYUN,
 THERE ITH JUTHT ONE PLATHE
 THAT CAN LIGHT MY FATHE -

GARY, INDIANA,
 GARY, INDIANA,
 NOT LOUEETHEEANA,
 PARITH, FRANTH, NEW YORK OR ROME, BUT -
 GARY, INDIANA,
 GARY, INDIANA,
 GARY, INDIANA,
 MY HOME THWEET HOME.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOGICAL EKTHPLANATHYUN,
 HOW I HAPPENED ON THITH ELEGANT THINKOPATHYUN,
 I WILL THAY WITHOUT A MOMENT OF HETHITATHYUN,
 THERE ITH JUTHT ONE PLATHE
 THAT CAN LIGHT MY FATHE

MRS. PAROO

GARY, INDIANA -

MARIAN

GARY, INDIANA -

WINTHROP

NOT LOUEETHEEANA,
 PARITH, FRANTH, NEW YORK OR ROME, BUT -

MRS. PAROO

GARY, INDIANA -

MARIAN

GARY, INDIANA -

ALL THREE

GARY, INDIANA,
MY HOME SWEET HOME.

(WINTHROP does a quick dance step on the tag)

WINTHROP

(Grabs his worms and runs off into house, reappears)

I'll be back in a minute. I have to show Amaryllith my live frog.

(SINGS loudly as he EXITS)

La de da de da de da de da. La de da. La de da.

(MRS. PAROO starts into the house)

MARIAN

Leave the dishes - I'll do them, Mama.

MRS. PAROO

Don't you have to change for the Sociable?

MARIAN

There's time later.

(CHARLIE COWELL ENTERS LEFT, passes porch, turns back)

CHARLIE COWELL

Shinns live around here somewhere?

MARIAN

The Shinn home is on East Elm. This is West Elm.

CHARLIE COWELL

Aw Criminee!

(Sees "PIANO GIVEN" sign on porch)

I see you're the piano teacher in town? You must know about this fellow Hill formin' a Boys' Band here.

MARIAN

Yes...

CHARLIE COWELL

Well, don't let it worry you no more, I got the goods on him in spades.
Swindlin' two-bit thimble rigger. That's why I got to see Shinn.

(Pulls out watch)

I'm just passin' through. Number eight only makes a fifteen-minute water stop.
Wish it was 20. Would sure like to concentrate five minutes on you, girly-girl.

MARIAN

Who are you?

(Rises)

CHARLIE COWELL

Name's Charlie Cowell -- anvil salesman. But just now I'm out to protect the good
name of the travellin' fraternity from this swindler.

MARIAN

Mr. Cowell, you're making a big mistake.

CHARLIE COWELL

Mistake my old lady's corset-cover! That fella's been the raspberry seed in my
wisdom tooth just long enough. He spoiled Illinois for me and he's not gonna spoil
Iowa! Say, what kind of music teacher are you, you didn't see through him? He's no
more Professor --

MARIAN

I know all about that. Band leaders are always called Professor. It's a harmless decep-
tion. He's a fine director and his scholastic --

CHARLIE COWELL

Now wait a minute. Fine director? Have you heard one note a' music from any band?

MARIAN

No, but --

CHARLIE COWELL

But nothin', girly-girl! He never formed a band in his life! And he never will!

(Waves papers)

MARIAN

If you'll just listen to me for a minute --

CHARLIE COWELL

I'd like to — I'd like to do more than that, if I had the time. I sure got the inclination.
But I got to get back on that train and I got to leave this dynamite...

(Brandishing papers)

...with somebody on the way't the deppo.
'Bye, girly-girl. See you next time through.

(TRAIN WHISTLE is heard)

MARIAN

You'll never make that train at the depot. You'll have to catch it at the crossing.

(Gestures LEFT)

CHARLIE COWELL

No sir. I've got to leave word. And I can see you ain't the one to leave it with.

MARIAN

Just a minute — Mr. Cowell — you — don't know me yet.

CHARLIE COWELL

(Turning back)

Is that an invitation?

MARIAN

(Losing her nerve)

No — I meant I don't know you, and —

CHARLIE COWELL

(Turning away again)

Yes — I'd need more time any way —

MARIAN

I mean as well as I'd like to —

CHARLIE COWELL

(Turning back)

No trouble there, girly-girl.

(HE moves in)

MARIAN

(Drawing back)

I never met a man who sell anvils. That's something — well — quite different.

CHARLIE COWELL

(Pawing a little)

Takes a real salesman, I can tell you that. Anvils have a limited appeal you know.

(TRAIN WHISTLE)

What am I doin'? I miss that train I'll get fired! And I got to leave word about that fellow Hill!

MARIAN

Leave word with me.

CHARLIE COWELL

Not on your tintype. How do I know you'd deliver these letters.

MARIAN

Try me.

37 - *Lida Rose (Reprise)*

(Quartet)

(Grabbing his lapels SHE plants her lips on his. It is a long kiss. The TRAIN WHISTLE and BELL grow louder... We hear the QUARTET OFFSTAGE.

MARIAN struggles free, wipes her mouth in disgust, points LEFT)

QUARTET

LIDA ROSE, I'M HOME AGAIN, ROSE,
TO GET THE SUN BACK IN THE SKY.
LIDA ROSE, I'M HOME AGAIN, ROSE,
ABOUT A THOUSAND KISSES SHY.
DING, DONG, DING,
I CAN HEAR THE CHAPEL BELL CHIME.
DING, DONG, DING,
AT THE LEAST SUGGESTION,
I'LL POP THE QUESTION.

LIDA ROSE, I'M HOME AGAIN, ROSE,
WITHOUT A SWEETHEART TO MY NAME

MARIAN

(Simultaneous with above)

There's your train! Now run for it!

CHARLIE COWELL

(Furious)

Why you double-dealing little — Who do you think you're protecting? That guy's got a girl in every county in Illinois, and he's taken it away from every one of 'em! And that's 102 counties! Not counting the piano teachers like you he cozies up to, to keep their mouths shut!

(As he runs off)

Neither one of you's heard the last of me, girly-girl!

(MARIAN stands stunned. QUARTET ENTERS SINGING and stops long enough for)

QUARTET

GOOD EVENING, MISS MARIAN.

MM — !

(MARIAN still stands dazed, not even acknowledging their presence. THEY EXIT SINGING. MRS. PAROO is heard OFFSTAGE)

(QUARTET)

LIDA ROSE, NOW EV'RYONE KNOWS
THAT I AM HOPING YOU'RE THE SAME,
SO HERE IS MY LOVE SONG;
NOT FANCY OR FINE.
LIDA ROSE, OH, WON'T YOU BE MINE?

JACEY, EWART, OLIVER

LIDA ROSE,
OH, LIDA ROSE,
OH, LIDA ROSE.

MRS. PAROO

(Simultaneous with above, OFFSTAGE)

Marian... Marian!

(Comes out on the porch)

Marian dear! Who was you talkin' to just —

(HAROLD ENTERS)

Why Professor Hill!

HAROLD

Mrs. Paroo! The top a' the evening! Miss Marian.

MRS. PAROO

You and Marian come up and set. I — I've — I've got some jelly on the stove.

MARIAN

There's no jelly on the stove, Mama.

MRS. PAROO

(Tartly — EXITING)

Well, I'll put some on.

(MARIAN stands mute)

HAROLD

(After a pause)

Shall we "set" as your mother said?

MARIAN

Well, I...

HAROLD

You did ask me to call... ?

MARIAN

Did I?... I didn't mean anything...

HAROLD

Now Miss Marian, I'm not suggesting your invitation inferred anything but Academic enlightenment.

(MARIAN looks at him quizzically)

The Think System? I've been by your house to try to explain it to you a time or two this week but there always seemed to be people around — mostly ladies I thought.

MARIAN

Yes, Mrs. Squires and several of the ladies.

HAROLD

I'm glad — wouldn't want anybody beating my time.

(Laughs)

You wouldn't? No ma'am... Well, it's evidently not the convenient night. See you at the Sociable later.

(Starts to leave)

MARIAN

Professor Hill...

(HAROLD stops. MARIAN, blurting)

Is it true that you've -

(Starts to lose her nerve)

had a hundred... what I'm trying to say is...

HAROLD

(Advancing to her)

Yes?

MARIAN

(Completely losing her nerve)

Is it really true that you've developed a... a Think System?

HAROLD

A what? A Think System? Oh - Think System - yes. It's really very simple. As simple as whistling. Nobody has to show you how to use your lips in whistling. You only have to think a tune to have it come out clearly here.

(Pointing to her lips)

Now just try this yourself, before you ask any questions.

(Puckers up)

MARIAN

(Pulling back)

I take your word.

HAROLD

Could we sit down?

MARIAN

Are all music teachers as dense as I am?

HAROLD

All music teachers?

MARIAN

I daresay you meet dozens - even a hundred -

HAROLD

Well I —

MARIAN

(Cutting in)

Have they all been fascinated as I have with... the Think System?

HAROLD

Some more, some less. One young lady had thought up the same system before I got to her town. She showed me a few refinements...

MARIAN

(Turning away)

I see...

HAROLD

Have I said something wrong?

MARIAN

(Turned away from him)

Please don't let me keep you, Professor Hill. You must have many more important things to do than to explain the Think System to me.

HAROLD

Can't think of one.

MARIAN

And I must be very dull company for a man of your experience.

HAROLD

Now saaaay... where'd you get an idea like that?

MARIAN

One hears rumours of travelling salesmen.

HAROLD

Now, Miss Marian — you mustn't believe everything you hear. After all, one even hears rumours about librarians.

MARIAN

(Turning on him)

I suppose you're referring to Uncle Maddy.

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)

38 — *It's You — Ballet*

(Orchestra)

END OF SCENE THREE