

(HAROLD is starting towards the Library as the WOMEN come chattering in. EULALIE hanging back, MARCELLUS escapes. HAROLD is surrounded)

start →

ALMA

Oh, Professor Hill, we're all agog -- simply agog!

MAUD

Oh 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 charimanship 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.

(The LADIES, instantly huddling)

ALMA
Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle
Cheepcheepcheep talkalot pickalittlemore

ALMA AND ETHEL
Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle
Cheepcheepcheep talkalot pickalittlemore

THE LADIES
Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle
Cheepcheepcheep talkalot pickalittlemore
Pickalittletalkalittlepickalittletalkalittle
Cheepcheepcheepcheepcheepcheepcheep

SECOND CHORUS
(Continues as background to 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

Raballaise!

EULALIE

Bal-zac!

MAUD

And the worst thing of course I shouldn't tell you this but ...

THIRD CHORUS

ALMA

I'll tell.

ETHEL

The man lived on my street. Let me tell.

EULALIE

(Grabs the ball determinedly)

Stop! I'll tell.

(Everything stops)

She made brazen overtures to a man who never has 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.

(LADIES continue with "Pickalittle-talkalittle")

end