

JIM. Then take something else!

*JIM hits FILE. FILE hits JIM. JIM goes down.*

H.C. Hey, quit it, stop that!

NOAH. (To FILE.) If I didn't think he had it comin', I'd wipe you up good and clean!

FILE. He had it comin'!

NOAH. I guess we all did. (To JIM.) Come on, turtlehead. On your feet.

**START**

*NOAH goes, pushing JIM ahead of him. H.C. and FILE are left alone.*

H.C. You know, you lost that fight.

FILE. What?

H.C. Yeah. It wouldn't have done you no harm to come to that picnic.  
It mighta done you some good.

FILE. We weren't talkin' about a picnic!

H.C. That's right. We were talkin' about Lizzie.  
And she mighta done you some good, too.

FILE. I can mend my own shirts.

H.C. Seems to me you need a lot more mendin' than shirts. We come around here  
and say we like you enough to have you in our family. Is that an insult?

FILE. I just don't like people interferin'!

H.C. Interferin' with what?!?

FILE. I'm doin' all right—by myself!

H.C. Oh no, you ain't doin' all right! A fellow who won't make friends  
with a whole town that likes him and looks up to him—  
he ain't doin' all right. And if he says he is he's a liar!

FILE. Take it easy, H.C.

H.C. I said a liar and I mean it! You go around talkin' about bein' a widower!  
But you ain't no widower—and everybody knows it!

FILE. I am a widower! My wife died six years ago—back in Pedleyville!

H.C. Your wife didn't die, File. She ran out on you! You're a divorced man!  
But we'll go on calling you a widower as long as you want us to!  
Hell, it don't hurt us none! But you—! A fella who shuts himself up  
with that lie—he needs mendin'! Want to throw any more punches?

**END**

*H.C. exits.*

H.C. (*Bent on leaving them together, with studied casualness.*) That's all right, Lizzie—I was gonna look for him anyway.

LIZZIE. Jimmy! Jimmy!

*H.C. has gone. LIZZIE and FILE are aware of H.C.'s maneuver. They are embarrassed.*

LIZZIE. Uh—would you like a sandwich?

FILE. No, thank you. I already had my lunch.

LIZZIE. Yes-yes, of course.

FILE. I didn't mean to mention lunch—sorry I said it.

LIZZIE. How about some nice cold lemonade?

FILE. No, thank you.

*An impasse. Nothing more to talk about.*

LIZZIE. I made lemonade with limes.

I guess if you make it with limes you can't really call it lemonade, can you?

FILE. You can if you want to. No law against it.

*JIM appears. He is all grins that FILE is visiting.*

JIM. You call me, Lizzie?—hey, File!

FILE. Hello, Jim—my, that's some eye! I came around to say I'm sorry.

JIM. (*Delighted to see FILE; all forgiveness.*) Oh, don't think nothin' of it, File! Bygones is bygones!

FILE. Glad to hear you talk that way.

JIM. Sure—sure! (*Awkward silence. JIM's grin fills the world*) Well, well—File's here, huh?

**START** —he certainly is! (*JIM takes a happy whack at the drum and departs.*)

FILE. Was that Jim's drum I been hearin'?

LIZZIE. Yes.

FILE. I didn't know he was—uh—musical.

LIZZIE. (*Smiles cautiously, not sure FILE meant it as a joke.*)

Uh...wouldn't you like to sit down, or something?

FILE. No, thank you... I guess they both know I was lyin'.

LIZZIE. Lying? About what?

FILE. I didn't come to apologize to Jim.

LIZZIE. What did you come for, File?



FILE. To get something off my chest. (FILE's *difficulties are increasing.*)  
There's a wrong impression goin' on in this town—  
that I'm a widower. Well, I'm not.

LIZZIE. I know that, File.

FILE. I know you know it—but I gotta say it! I'm a divorced man!

LIZZIE. You don't have to talk about it if you don't—

FILE. Yes, I do! I've been denying that I'm a divorced man—  
well, now I admit it. And that squares me with everybody!

LIZZIE. Does it?

FILE. Yes it does. If I want to live alone—all by myself—  
it's nobody's business but my own!

LIZZIE. No! You're dead wrong! It's everybody's business!

FILE. How do you figure that, Lizzie?

LIZZIE. Because you own something to people!

FILE. I don't owe anything to anybody.

LIZZIE. Yes, you do! Friendship! If somebody holds out  
his hand towards you, you've got to reach out and take it!

FILE. What do you mean, "got to"?

LIZZIE. Got to! If you're lucky enough for somebody to want you—  
as a friend—it's an obligation!

*FILE is caught by what LIZZIE has said, and by her fervency. Silence. Then:*

FILE. This isn't something the two of us can settle by just talkin' for a minute.

LIZZIE. No—it isn't.

FILE. It'll take some time.

LIZZIE. Yes ... your wife, File—what was she like? Was she very beautiful?

FILE. Yes, she was.

LIZZIE. That's what I was afr—that's what I thought.  
Then—between you—how did it happen?

FILE. I don't know. That's the worst part of it—  
I just don't know ... and I wonder if I ever will.



FILE. You may be right—that it can last. But it didn't. She walked out on me.

LIZZIE. Was it—was it someone else?

FILE. Yes, it was. He was a schoolteacher. Dammit, a schoolteacher!

LIZZIE. What was he like?

FILE. He had weak hands and nearsighted eyes!—and he always looked like he was about ready to faint!—and she ran off with him! And there I was—

LIZZIE. Maybe the teacher needed her and you didn't.

FILE. Sure I needed her!

LIZZIE. Did you tell her so?

FILE. No, I didn't. If it's gettin' so bad that you have to say things like that—

LIZZIE. You have to say things like that all the time!  
Why, if you had asked her, she might have stayed!

FILE. I know damn well she mighta stayed!  
The night she left, she said to me: "Tell me—don't go!"

LIZZIE. And you didn't!?

FILE. I tried—I couldn't!



LIZZIE. Oh, pride.

FILE. If a woman wants to go, let her go! If you have to hold her back—

LIZZIE. Just two words—"don't go"—and you couldn't say them?

FILE. It's not the words! It's beggin'—and I won't beg!

LIZZIE. You're a fool!!

*LIZZIE realizes abruptly that she has put her foot in it with her impulsive honesty and is stricken. What to do? In extremis, she resorts to becoming Lily Ann Beasley.*

Oh me, oh my, what am I getting' so serious about! I'm really not a serious-talkin' girl at all!—not at all! Oh! What a lovely black bow tie! I just adore a man with a black bow tie! Did you make it yourself?

FILE. No, it comes ready-made.

*LIZZIE has snatched up FILE's hat, so he won't leave. FILE reaches for it. LIZZIE pretends not to notice.*

LIZZIE. And oh!—Those lovely buttons! How many buttons have you got? May I count your buttons? One—two—three—four—

FILE. Quite that! Stop sashayin' around, makin' a fool of yourself!

LIZZIE. I was tryin' to—tryin' to—to

FILE. Don't be so damn ridiculous! Be yourself!

*FILE snatches his hat off her head and runs off.*

LIZZIE. *(In an anguish of humiliation.)* File! File!

**END**

*The CURRY MEN rush in, each from a different direction.*

H.C. What happened, Lizzie?

JIM. What did he do?—run of on you? What happened?

NOAH. I never seen a man run so fast! Where'd he go?

LIZZIE. My God! Were you watching a show?

JIM. What did he say?

NOAH. What did you say?

LIZZIE. I don't know! Nothing! Everything! I made a fool of myself! Oh, my—why can't I ever talk to anybody!?!

H.C. Lizzie, don't blame yourself! It wasn't your fault!

NOAH. No! It wasn't her fault—and it wasn't File's fault! *(Squaring off at H.C.)* And you know damn well whose fault it was!

No.11

A Man And A Woman

Cue: FILE: That's the worst part of it... I just don't know... and I wonder if I ever will.

Moderately-In 4

And I wonder if I ever will. **FILE: 1**

A man and a wom-an can be

so close to-geth-er That they al-most be-come like one. They

prom-ise to love till life is done.

**START 9**

A man and a wom-an Can be part of each oth-er, But some-

how, it is ver - y strange -- The things that you love the

most can change.

**17** Poco più mosso  
Hard times come, And when they do, You don't mean what you

Slightly broader  
say. But when you have hurt each oth - er, You

25

start to drift a - way. Then the man and the wom - an, Who were

*rit.* *a tempo*

so close to - geth - er, can be sud - den - ly so a - lone.. For -

get - ting the love - ly mo - ments they've known.

And the man and the wom - an must go back to just liv - ing all a -

*mp* *rall.*

**END**

LIZZIE:

36

lone. It does - n't have to be like that. It does - n't

*p*

need to end that way. I know it's hard and yet I

feel That you can make it last for - ev - er. For a

*rit.*

44

In tempo

man and a wom - an Can be so close to - geth - er That they al - most be - come like

L.H.

L.H.

L.H.

JIM, NOAH &amp; H.C.:

Come on out and eat a lit-tle chil-i. Why don't you come and

**START**

77

FILE:

have some lunch? Noth-in' I like an-y more than eat-in'. Now you're reach-in'

me all right. I can use a twen-ty pound beef-steak Just to whet my

ALL:

85

ap-pe-tite. Oh! Sure is nice to eat a lit-tle chil-i, Eat a lit-tle mess of

FILE:

tur-nip greens. But when I eat It makes me sleep And then I start to

*p*

93

snore, So I don't go to man-y pic-nies-- I don't do much

99

fan-cy danc-in'-- I don't play much pok-er an-y - more.

*col 8va*

*f*

**END**