

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.

JIM. He sleeps on his wagon—on them hard boards—
and I don't see no reason he shouldn't have somethin' soft under him.

NOAH. Somethin' soft under him!—now, ain't that nice and sweet
and full of ever-lovin' kindness! That's provin' how smart you are!

JIM. Damn you, Noah!

Hurt, JIM throws the blanket down and hurries away.

LIZZIE. You shouldn't do that to him, Noah.

NOAH. I'm tryin' to knock some sense into him!
For Pete sake, somebody take this family off my hands! I don't want to run it!

H.C. You don't have to run the family, Noah—only the ranch.

NOAH. They're both tied up together! And if you don't like the way I do things—

H.C. That ain't so, Noah! There's some things you do real good!
But you can't run the family the way you run the ranch!

NOAH. There's no other way!

H.C. You're wrong, Noah! You let 'em roam free, and people pay off better'n cattle!

NOAH. Roam free, huh? Just look at her—
and don't be so damn proud of the way you let us roam free!

NOAH stalks off; H.C. calls after him.

H.C. What do you mean by that, Noah?! (*But NOAH is out of earshot.*
H.C. turns a worried look to LIZZIE.) What does he mean, Lizzie?

LIZZIE. (*Evasively.*) I don't know—don't pay any attention to him, Pop.

START t know whether I'm hungry or thirsty. You like something to eat, Pop?

H.C. ~~I don't think so.~~ Noah was hintin' I made some mistake with you, Lizzie. Did I?

LIZZIE. Of course not! I'm perfect!—everybody knows I'm perfect! A very nice girl—
bright mind—very honest! So damn honest it kills me! How about a sandwich?

H.C. No, thanks.

LIZZIE. Pop, do you know what that Starbuck man said to me?

H.C. What, Lizzie?

LIZZIE. (*Sitting on H.C.'s lap.*) No! Why repeat it? A man like that—
if you go repeating what people like that have to say. (*Abruptly serious.*)
Pop, can a woman take lessons in being a woman?

H.C. You don't have to take lessons. You are one!

LIZZIE. Starbuck says I'm not!



H.C. If Starbuck don't see the woman in you, he's blind.

LIZZIE. (*Moves away restlessly.*) Is File blind? Are they all blind?
 (*With deepening pain.*) Oh, Pop, I'm sick and tired of me!
 I want to get out of me for a while—be somebody else!

H.C. Well, go down to the Social Club and be Lily Ann Beasley—
 is that what you want to be?

LIZZIE. Lily Ann Beasley knows how to get along!

H.C. Well then—first thing Monday morning—
 call her and tell her you want to join up!

LIZZIE. I will!—you see if I don't! Or—I know!
 I'll go down to the Dixie Pig Roadhouse—
 and I'll get a bottle of beer—and I'll go jukin' every night!

END

Raunchy

(Lizzie & H.C.)

see p. 99

Excited by her fantasy, LIZZIE sings.

LIZZIE. (*sp.*) I'll buy myself a brand new dress
 That's cut way down to here.

H.C. Oh, Lizzie.

LIZZIE. (*sung*) I'll buy some dime-store diamonds
 And pierce 'em through my ear.

H.C. I'd like to see that.

LIZZIE. I'll paint my mouth a rosy red.
 I'll pour peroxide on my head.
 I'll knock those pore ol'cowboys dead.

H.C. Elizabeth!

LIZZIE. (*sp.*) You don't believe me? Well, just watch.

(*sung*) I'll be so raunchy,
 Dancin' in my pink and green sateen,
 Feelin' like a queen,
 Wearin' Maybelline.

I'll be so raunchy,
 Gonna make them other gals turn green,
 Honky tonkin' every night
 I'm a raunchy kind of gal!

I'll be so raunchy,

No. 5

Poker Polka

Cue: H.C: Yeah.. poker!
JIM: Yeah.. poker!

START

Moderately - In 2

H.C., NOAH & JIM:

3

Piano

Well, come on out and

play a lit-tle pok-er, Play a lit-tle black-jack, Spit-in-the-o-cean.

Come on out and play a lit-tle Hi-low. Why don't you come and

11
FILE:

have some fun? Must ad-mit I'm pur-ty good at pok-er; Seems I've got a

pok-er face. Must ad-mit I'm pur-ty good at bluff-in' When I get that

ALL: **19**

extra ace. Oh, sure is nice to play a lit-tle pok-er, Take a lit-tle chance and

Schw
Sn. Dr.

END

FILE:

Shoot the Moon. But once I start, I just can't stop Un -

p

til I'm broke and so --- I gave up pok-er long a -