

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!

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

H.C. What happened, Lizzie?

**START** 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!



H.C. You mean it was mine, Noah?

NOAH. You bet it was yours!

LIZZIE. Noah—Pop—

H.C. No! He's got to explain that!

*STARBUCK appears, silent, listening.*

NOAH. I'll explain it all right! You been buildin' up a rosy dream for her—  
and she's got no right to hope for it!

H.C. She's got a right to hope for anything!

NOAH. No! She's gotta fact the facts—and you gotta help her face them!  
Stop tellin' her lies!

H.C. I never told her a lie in my life!

NOAH. You told her nothin' but lies! She's the smartest girl in the world!  
She's beautiful! And that's the worst lie of all!  
Because you know she's not beautiful! She's plain!!

JIM. Noah, you quit that!

NOAH. And you go right along with him! (*Whirling around to LIZZIE.*)  
But you better listen to me! I'm the only one around here that  
loves you enough to tell you the truth! You're plain!

JIM. Dammit, Noah—you quit it!

NOAH. Go look at yourself in a mirror—you're plain!

JIM. Noah!

*JIM hurls himself at NOAH.*

H.C. Noah—Jim—Stop it! Stop it, both of you—stop it!

*STARBUCK breaks the men apart. JIM is weeping, raging.  
STARBUCK holds him off.*

JIM. Let me go, Starbuck—let me go!

STARBUCK. Quit it, you damn fool—quit it!

JIM. Let go!

STARBUCK. Get away from here! No go on—move!!

JIM. Sure—I'll love! I'll love so far—I'll never come back!

*In tears, JIM rushes off.*

NOAH. The next time that kids goes at me, I'll—I'll—

STARBUCK. The next time he goes at you, I'll see he has fightin' lessons!



NOAH. Look, you—clear out of here!

STARBUCK. No, I won't clear out! And while I'm here, you're gonna quit callin' that kid a dumbbell!—because he's not! He can take a lousy little hickory stick—and he can see magic in it! But you wouldn't understand that—it's not in your books. And while I'm here, don't you ever call her plain! Because you don't know what's plain and what's beautiful!

NOAH. Starbuck, this is family—it's not your fight!

STARBUCK. Yes it is! I been fightin' fellas like you all my life! And I always loose! But this time—by God, this time--! Jimmy! Jimmy!

*STARBUCK hurries off.*

NOAH. I'm sorry I went at Jim—and I'll tell him so. But I ain't sorry for a single word I said to her.

H.C. Noah, that's enough!

NOAH. No, it ain't enough! Lizzie, you better think about what I said. Nobody's gonna come ridin' up here on a white horse. Nobody's gonna snatch you up in his arms and marry you. You're gonna be an old maid! And the sooner you face it, the sooner you'll stop breakin' your heart!

**END**

*NOAH departs. Silence. LIZZIE speaks dully.*

LIZZIE. Old maid.

H.C. Lizzie, forget it. Forget everything he said.

LIZZIE. No—he's right.

H.C. Lizzie—

LIZZIE. He's right, Pop. I've know it a long time. But it wasn't so bad until he put a name to it. Old maid. Why is it so much worse when you put a name to it?

H.C. Lizzie, you gotta believe me... I—

LIZZIE. *(Interrupting.)* No! I don't believe you, Pop! You've been lying to me—and I've been lying to myself! I've got to see things as they are!

H.C. Lizzie, honey—please—no matter what happens, you'll be taken care of. You'll always have a home. When I'm gone, the house'll be yours.

LIZZIE. House—! House—! House—!

*Music begins as LIZZIE runs away. We hear H.C.'s voice calling her name in the distance as we lose the picnic area.*

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

*Sw*  
*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 -