



(EULALIE and MAYOR SHINN enter.)

MAYOR SHINN

Take your hands off my daughter!

ZANEETA

Papa!

TOMMY

Mr. Shinn, your honor. Your daughter and I are goin' steady behind your back. We'd rather do it in front a'your back but—

MAYOR SHINN

I'm going to warn you once more!

EULALIE

Now, George!

MAYOR SHINN

Not one poop out'a you madam!

(Everyone reacts with shock.)

EULALIE

I think he means peep.

MAYOR SHINN

You know what I see written all over you? Reform school! Now get out! Get out, you wild kid.

(TOMMY rushes off.)

ZANEETA

Papa, please. It's Capulets like you make blood in the marketplace. Ye Gads.

MAYOR SHINN

You watch your frazology, young woman. Go home.

Do I hafta?

WINTHROP

MARIAN

You won't have to talk to anyone. I've written it all down.

(MARIAN gives him a note. WINTHROP exits.)

MRS. PAROO

Now what are you up to? Why do you need books at this hour of the night?

MARIAN

I have a feeling the Indiana Journal may help me poke some large holes in the Professor's claims.

(MARIAN exits, MRS. PAROO follows. The clothesline is taken off the stage as TOMMY and ZANEETA enter from opposite sides of the stage.)

SCENE EIGHT

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: Center of town, exterior.

TOMMY

Zaneeta... Hey, Zaneeta! Meet me after supper.

ZANEETA

Meet you where?

TOMMY

The footbridge.

ZANEETA

Last time the lumberyard and now the footbridge? And where will you meet after that? In the Black Hole of Calcutta? Ye Gads. Tommy! It's Papa!

(TOMMY leaves in a hurry as MAYOR SHINN and EULALIE enter.)

MAYOR SHINN

Didn't I say, "Get that spellbinder Harold Hill's credentials?" I said it morning of Ju-ly Fourth, Nineteen and Twelve—