

(There is a choreographic interpolation in which all the KIDS (DANCERS) carried along by the spirit of the song, pantomime instruments. The number winds up with the entire ensemble parading. As THEY disperse, SHINN corners the SCHOOL BOARD)

SHINN

Men, this calls for emergency action. That man is a spell binder. I haven't seen Iowa people get so excited since the night Frank Gotch and Strangular Lewis lay on the mat for three and a half hours without moving a muscle! Never mind! I want his credentials.

(TOMMY DJILAS, being escorted out by CONSTABLE LOCKE, suddenly cuts and runs. Reversing his field HE runs into HAROLD who holds him)

Grab that hoodlum! He almost blew up Mrs. Shinn!

CONSTABLE

Thank you, Professor. Have to make an example of him. Ringleader, you know. What he does the gang does.

TOMMY

Jeely Kly, lemme go.

SHINN

Ya wild kid ya. Hanging around my oldest girl. His father is one a'them day laborers south a'town. Ya wild kid, ya.

(To HAROLD)

Taggin' down Main Street after my oldest girl last Sunday.

TOMMY

I wasn't either taggin'.

SHINN

Don't you counterdict me --

TOMMY

We'uz just walkin' together, Jeely Kly --

SHINN

You watch your frazology! I know what you'uz doin', my little Gracie seen ya. Now you stay away from my oldest girl or you'll hear from me till who laid the rails! Hill, I'll talk to you Monday morning about this band thing. Over't City Hall. Ten o'clock sharp.

(Aside as HE exits)

Men, I want that spell binder's credentials.

HAROLD

(As CONSTABLE starts off with
TOMMY)

Constable. I'll be responsible for the boy.

CONSTABLE

You don't know this kid -- he's tough, and he's got his
gang waitin' outside.

HAROLD

Oh, I'll be careful. Tommy, like to talk to you about the
band.

TOMMY

Aw gee, Professor, that's for the little kids.

HAROLD

I'm not talking about you playing in the band. You're
mechanically minded, aren't you? Ever do anything with
perpetual motion?

TOMMY

(Sullenly)

Nearly had it a couple times.

HAROLD

You did? You're my man! Do you realize nobody has ever
invented a music-holder for a marching piccolo player?

(HE holds arms in piccolo playing
position)

No place to hang the music.

TOMMY

(Impressed)

Jeely Kly! Wonder where I could get some wire from.

HAROLD

Look in your cellar, that's where people keep wire.

(TOMMY starts tearing out. The
CONSTABLE makes a move, HAROLD
restrains him)

Oh, Tommy!

TOMMY

(Stopping in midflight)

Yessir?

(CONSTABLE LOCKE reacts in astonish-
ment at the 'sir')

HAROLD

(Aside to CONSTABLE)

Now Constable, I'll show you how to break up a gang.

(Looks around)

Oh, young lady. Oh miss --

(He beckons to a very pretty Wa
Tan Ye girl, pink and sixteen)

What's your name?

YOUNG GIRL

(Approaching)

Zaneeta. I didn't have any idea you was beckoning to me.
Ye Gods.

HAROLD

Do you know Tommy Djilas?

ZANEETA

Well, I --

HAROLD

Tommy, this is Zaneeta. Escort the young lady home.

ZANEETA

Only excepting I'm not going home. I have to go't the
Liberry, Ye Gods.

HAROLD

Then escort the young lady home by way of the library --

(Takes out coins)

by way of the candy kitchen.

TOMMY

(Grinning)

Yes sir. Do I hafta?

HAROLD

You hafta.

TOMMY

Yes sir.

ZANEETA

(As SHE and TOMMY exit)

Ye Gods.

CONSTABLE

Professor, you're a pretty bright young fellow. You made
a couple mistakes, though.

HAROLD

Oh?

CONSTABLE

The Mayor happens to own the Billiard Parlor and that new pool table.

HAROLD

Oh. What was my other mistake?

CONSTABLE

That Zaneeta. She's the Mayor's oldest girl.

(As HAROLD starts to cross to the LADIES who have entered Right, the SCHOOL BOARD approaches him from Left)

EWART DUNLOP

(The second tenor)

Just a minute -- Professor Hill. We'd like to have your credentials. We're the School Board.

OLIN BRITT

(The bass -- contradicting)

Academic certificates.

OLIVER

(The baritone, to OLIN, with irritation)

Nothing of the kind!

EWART

(The 2nd tenor, to OLIVER, irascibly)

We need letters and papers!

JACEY

(The high tenor, to the OTHERS, nastily)

Make him put up a bond!

HAROLD

What am I hearing?

(Whirling back to OLIN, blows pitch pipe)

Say --

(Sings on low note)

Ice Creeeem.

OLIN

Ice Cream, but I don't sing young man, if that's what you're --

HAROLD

All right, talk then.

(Low)

Down here!