

## MUSIC #A: OVERTURE **TRACK 1**

### Prologue:

Lights come up on a dusty town square in a tiny, Midwestern town at the tail-end of the Depression. It is Brantley, Kansas; population so low they're too ashamed to admit it. Surrounding the square are Brantley's primary businesses. Stage right is an ornate facade which a grandly carved sign identifies as 'Klemperer's Mercantile Emporium. Chester Klemperer, proprietor.' Upstage of Klemperer's, a row of three or four small shops huddle together, their weather-worn signs identifying them as 'Ollie the Barber. Bay Rum. Hot Towels. Lady's Hairbob 30¢,' 'Doctor T.D. Wallygag, Optometrist. Cross Eyes Fixed Without an Operation' and 'Butcher. Miss Polly, Owner. Try my Potted Veal Chop.' (Note: for productions where the live musicians are onstage, feel free to substitute a music store for the optometrist.) Downstage left, a humble storefront bearing the name 'Mutz Tailoring' squats in marked contrast to its highfaluting neighbor just across the square. Downstage center is an old water pump, a stone trough and a cluster of hitching rings that have fallen into disuse. Enter **MILLARD**, a dapper looking fellow carrying a sample case. He saunters across the square, giving the town of Brantley a sly "once over." Then, **MILLARD** spots the audience. He sets down his case, slaps on a hundred-watt grin and launches into his spiel...

## MUSIC #B: THAT'S MY STORY **TRACK 1 CONTINUED**

### MILLARD

How do?! Calhoot's the name! Millard E...! As in "eee-lucidate." That there's a word that means "to explain" or "to tell." And that's what I'm here to do: to tell you a story. Heck., to sell you a story. See, I'm a travelin' salesman. But, nuthin' I've ever sold beats that rarest of rare commodities: a good story!

Enter **WILLARD MUTZ** from the tailor shop, broom in hand. He tidies up the entrance to his store as **MILLARD** continues...

MILLARD

Fer instance..:

ONCE THERE WAS A TAILOR WHO  
WAS SO DANG HONEST, THROUGH AND THROUGH.  
I'VE NEVER KNOWN AS GENUINE A JOE!

**TOWNSFOLK** drift in and circle MILLARD.

NO, YOU'D HAVE TO HUNT FROM LOW TO HIGH  
TO SNARE YOURSELF A SQUARER GUY.  
AND, IF YOU'RE THINKIN', "THAT'S A LIE..!"

WILLARD

...I SWEAR IT'S SO!

MILLARD

AND THAT'S MY STORY.

WOMAN  
(Skeptical.)

That's his story?

MILLARD

THAT'S MY STORY!

MAN (confirming.)

That's his story.

MILLARD

IS IT TRUE OR A LIE..?  
WELL, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR PICK!

The TOWNSFOLK break into a brief  
dance during the following:

BUT, THAT'S MY STORY!

TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S HIS STORY...

MILLARD

IN ALL IT'S GLORY!!

ALL

THAT'S MY / HIS STORY...

MILLARD

AND I'M MAKIN' IT STICK!

Now, that's a regular "Sunday-go-to-the-meetin'" sorta saga, idn't it? Kinda yarn your granny could knit without so much as droppin' a stitch. But, that's not the whoooooole story. No, sir! Ya see...

Enter **EDNA KLEMPERER**, trailed by her husband **CHESTER** and his sister, **HESTER**. They parade across the square to the

mercantile store. WILLARD returns from inside his tailorshop, broom in hand. He tidies up the entrance to his store as he eyes EDNA and her brood.

MILLARD

ONCE THERE WAS A LADY WHOM --  
OF ALL ONE WOULD OR COULD ASSUME --  
A PRECIOUS FEW WOULD DARE DECLARE A FOOL.  
AND YET, BEFORE HER CASE WAS CLOSED,  
SHE PROVED, DESPITE WHAT MOST SUPPOSED,  
A FOOL WHO FOUND HERSELF EXPOSED...

The TOWNSFOLK **gasp!** EDNA adds...

EDNA  
(Clarifies.)

TO RIDICULE.

MILLARD

On account of what amounted to some mighty dirty pool!

EDNA, CHESTER and HESTER exit into the mercantile. WILLARD exits into the tailor shop.

AND THAT'S MY STORY!

The TOWNSFOLK resume dancing.

TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S HIS STORY!

MILLARD

THAT'S MY STORY!

TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S HIS STORY!

MILLARD

IS IT FICTION OR A FACT?  
SOME OTHER FANCY TRICK?

TOWNSFOLK

A trick?!

MILLARD

THAT'S MY STORY!

TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S HIS STORY...

ALL

IN ALL IT'S GLORY!!

MILLARD & TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S MY/HIS STORY

# The Klemperers' New Clothes

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TOWNSFOLK

AND HE'S MAKIN' IT...

MILLARD interrupts, motioning the OTHERS to gather around. **JINNY MUTZ** appears.

MILLARD

YOU GOTTA TELL A TALE THAT'S TALL  
OR YOU AIN'T GOT A TALE... NO TALE AT ALL!  
THAT'S MY TRIED-AND-TRUE PHILOSOPHY...  
YESSIRREE!  
A LOTTA FOLKS AIN'T NEVER SEEN  
THE TRUTH LIES HALFWAY IN BETWEEN  
A BIG OLE HEAP'A HOOEY...

JINNY  
(Scoffs!)

PHOOEY!

MILLARD

AND FLAT-OUT HONESTY.  
AND, FRIENDS, YOU HEARD IT FIRST FROM MILLARD E.

JINNY gives him an "aaaw, go on!" gesture and exits into the mercantile.

AND THAT'S MY STORY!

TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S HIS STORY!

MILLARD

THAT'S MY STORY!

TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S HIS STORY!

MILLARD

IN BETWEEN THE UP-'N-UP  
AND SPREADIN' IT ON REAL THICK...

TOWNSFOLK

How thick?

MILLARD

THAT'S MY STORY!

TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S HIS STORY...

MILLARD

IN ALL IT'S...

+ TOWNSFOLK

...GLORY!!

THAT'S MY STORY AND I'M MAKIN' IT STICK!	MILLARD
AND HE'S MAKIN' IT STICK!	TOWNSFOLK
Believe it or not.	MILLARD
AND HE'S MAKIN' IT STICK!	TOWNSFOLK
Would I lie?	MILLARD
AND HE'S MAKIN' IT...	TOWNSFOLK
THAT'S MY STORY!	MILLARD
THAT'S HIS STORY!	TOWNSFOLK
AND I'M / HE'S MAKIN' IT STICK!	ALL

The TOWNSFOLK scatter, becoming the characters in the story.

The scene shifts to...

**Scene 1:** Outside Klemperer's Mercantile Emporium.

**Music #C:** STITCHING **TRACK 1 CONTINUED**

MILLARD

Now, this particular tale took place in a little town just this side of "nowhere" and about a stone's throw from "nuthin' much." Aaaw, but, there was this one little gal who lived there who was nuthin' short of somethin' special.

A sudden **wail** splits the air! CHESTER, who turns out to own the mercantile, enters carrying a very squirmy JINNY.

JINNY

Put....me.....down!

MILLARD

That's her, now. (music out)

EDNA enters in a rage, trailed by HESTER.

EDNA

Out! Out, damned tot! Chester Klemperer, I insist that you remove this ill-bred ragamuffin from our store! This instant!

CHESTER

I'm tryin', Edna honey..!

JINNY kicks CHESTER! He drops her!

Oooow!

JINNY

But, Miz Klemperer, you just gotta listen!

EDNA

Nonsense! Klemperer's Mercantile Emporium is a respectable establishment. Not home for wayward urchins. I trust, Chester dear, that, come the time of my return from the Greater Brantley Area's League for Cultural Betterment luncheon, this...this...this insolent tyke will be but an unpleasant memory. Understand?

CHESTER  
(Dimly.)

'Bout as near as I can.

EDNA

Hester?!? Come!

EDNA exits in a huff, accompanied by Hester.  
JINNY plops to the street.

JINNY

I ain't leavin'!

MILLARD

This is where I come in. (To CHESTER.) 'Scuse me, Mister Klemperer..? Mister Chester Klemperer..? Proprietor of this fine Emporium?

CHESTER

That'd be me.

MILLARD

How do?! (Vigorously shaking his hand.) Calhoot's the name; Millard E. I represent Doctor Van Evans' Essence of Camphor -- the salve that soothes them ever'day aches n' pains! Got me an appointment to demonstrate my fine line of ointments and emollients.

CHESTER

Oh. Right. Uh.., I kinda got my hands full at the moment.

MILLARD

So I see. 'Scuse me. (To JINNY.) Small fry, would it be askin' too much for you to skat?

JINNY

I ain't gonna "skat" 'til that man promises to put my pa's frocks in his store.

MILLARD

Frocks, ya say? 'Scuse me. (To CHESTER.) Mister Klemperer, I see your predicament. And I raise you one solution.

CHESTER

How's that?

MILLARD

What if I was to dispose of your little problem?

CHESTER

Mister, you get ridda that brat and I'll stock your whole dang line.., salves unseen!

**TRACK 2**

MILLARD

You got a deal!

CHESTER exits, muttering to himself.

**MUSIC #1: THAT'S MY STORY Reprise**

## The Klemperers' New Clothes

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MILLARD

AND, FRIENDS, YOU GOT A GILT-EDGED GUARANTEE...  
FIDDLE-DEE-DEE..!  
...THAT THAT'S MY STORY!

TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S HIS STORY!

MILLARD

THAT'S MY STORY!

TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S HIS STORY!

MILLARD

IN BETWEEN THE UP-'N-UP  
AND SPREADIN' IT ON REAL THICK..,

TOWNSFOLK

Real thick!

MILLARD

THAT'S MY STORY!

TOWNSFOLK

THAT'S HIS STORY...

MILLARD

IN ALL IT'S...

+ TOWNSFOLK

...GLORY!!  
THAT'S MY/HIS STORY...

MILLARD cuts the song off abruptly! Then, he settles down next to JINNY.

Hey there, short stack.

JINNY

Can I help you, stranger?

MILLARD

Could be...could be. Calhoot's the name. Millar...

JINNY  
(Interrupting.)

"E." I heard. What's the "E" stand for?



MILLARD  
Just now..? "Eeeelated!"

JINNY  
Y'are?

MILLARD  
On account'a meetin' you, Miss...?

JINNY  
Jinny.

MILLARD  
"Jinny..!" And may I say, as one persistent "pig head" to another, I admire your tenacity.

JINNY  
That anything like "temerity?"

MILLARD  
What you talkin' about?

JINNY  
Miz Edna. She called me a...a..., "presumptuous scamp" 'cause she said I had "the temerity to besmirch" her "ensemble."

MILLARD  
What she meant was you badmouthed her duds.

JINNY  
Guess 'cause I said the frocks my pa makes don't leave a lady lookin' so much like a pinata.

**TRACK 3** MILLARD  
Your pa's a tailor, is he..?

**MUSIC #1A: PEOPLE DON'T APPRECIATE MY PA\*** \*(Pronounced "PAW")

JINNY  
The best there is..! Only, nobody hereabouts seems to know it...

EARLY, ALMOST EV'RY DAY,  
WE OPEN UP THE STORE.  
THEN, PA AN' ME, WE SET TO WORK  
THE WAY WE DID THE DAY BEFORE.  
IT BAFFLES ME HOW HAPPILY  
HE TACKLES EV'RY CHORE  
WHEN FACTS ARE GETTIN' HARDER TO IGNORE...

JINNY

THERE AIN'T A FINER TAILOR  
SHOP FROM HERE TO ARKANSAS --  
THO' MY PA MAY SHY AWAY FROM SAYIN' SO.  
BUT, WHAT IRKS ME SUMP'N AWFUL --  
REALLY RUBS ME KINDA RAW --  
IS THAT FOLKS AROUND HERE JUST DON'T SEEM TO KNOW..!

NOW, PRAIRIE FOLK AIN'T LAVISH  
WITH THE FLATTERY AND ALL..,  
BUT WHAT OTHER DANG CONCLUSION CAN I DRAW?  
HE PROB'LY WON'T AGREE,  
BUT, IT'S MIGHTY PLAIN TO ME  
THAT PEOPLE DON'T APPRECIATE MY PA.

The **WIDOW DOLLY LOLLYGAG** -- a sturdy, if elderly, Midwestern gal, enters. **OLLIE**, the barber, and **MISS POLLY**, the butcher, emerge from their stores. LOLLYGAG spots a frock in the tailor shop window.

LOLLYGAG

Ooooo, purdy!

Interior of the tailor shop slides onstage from off left. WILLARD MUTZ, JINNY's father sits on a countertop, sewing. LOLLYGAG goes in.

Shopkeep? That there frock..; I'd like to try it on.

WILLARD

Awww, now, you don't mean that frock, do ya..? (Helpfully.) See.., that's a size four and I figger you for more of a size...

LOLLYGAG  
(Slightly threatening.)

Whut..?

WILLARD

Fourteen?

LOLLYGAG  
(Shocked and appalled.)

I am most certainly not!

WILLARD  
(Embarrassed by his mistake.)

Eighteen?

LOLLYGAG storms out of the shop in a huff!

WILLARD  
(Calls after her...)

Twenty-two..?!

JINNY  
(Shakes her head in disbelief.)

NOW, THERE: YA SEE WHAT HAPPENED  
WHEN HE HELPED THAT LADY OUT?

OLLIE

When he whut..?!

MISS POLLY

Helped her. (Sung.) RIGHT ON OUT THE DOOR!

JINNY

WHY HE SET HER STRAIGHT ABOUT HER WEIGHT  
AND ALL SHE DID WAS POUT!

MILLARD

GUESS HER AGE AN' SHE'LL BE POUTIN' ALL THE MORE!

MISS POLLY  
& OLLIE

HER DADDY IS A WONDER  
WITH AN UNTOWARD REMARK..!

LOLLYGAG

AND HE'S PURDY GOOD AT STICKIN' IN YOUR CRAW..!

JINNY

HE AIN'T'A ONE TO SHRINK  
FROM SINCERITY...

MILLARD, MISS POLLY,  
OLLIE & LOLLYGAG  
("Duh!")

...YA THINK?

JINNY, MILLARD,  
MISS POLLY, OLLIE &  
LOLLYGAG

YET, PEOPLE DON'T APPRECIATE MY / HER PA!

MISS POLLY

OLLIE

LOLLYGAG

(With simultaneous sarcasm.)

Can't imagine why that is.  
Haven't got an inklin'.  
No, sirree...

There's a puzzle for the  
ages. Don't got so much  
as a clue how come...

Why, you don't say?!  
That is a conundrum,  
isn't it..?

MILLARD

Got another "fer-instance?"

OLLIE

(Pipes up.)

I got one! 'Bout a month ago I stopped by for a pair of socks. And her pa starts in to tellin' me my old ones'd last longer if I kept them snaggly toe nails of mine all filed down..! Like some Pony Dancer in a picture show..!

MILLARD

That right..?

JINNY

(Nodding "yes.")

Ya ever seen his feet?

MILLARD

(To OLLIE.)

Ya buy the socks?

OLLIE

I did. Over at the mercantile. Got keen eyes for feet, them Klemperers. Said mine had... what was the word?

MILLARD

"Character?"

OLLIE

That's it! (Displaying a pair of garish socks.) Sold me five pair of argyles.

MILLARD

I think I'm beginnin' to see a pattern...

BLURTIN' OUT A THING LIKE THAT  
WASN'T VERY WISE!

JINNY

It was the truth.

LOLLYGAG

AND YOU ONLY CAUSE A FUSS  
WHEN YOU DISCUSS A LADY'S SIZE!

Hard to miss.

OLLIE & MISS POLLY

GETTIN' BACK IN THE BLACK'LL  
TAKE A PACK 'A' WHITE LIES.

(Shakes her head.)

Oh, pa..!

QUARTET

OR YOU'RE HEADIN' INTO DEBT  
THAT'S EVEN REDDER THAN YOUR EYES.

JINNY

MY PA DON'T SEEM TO NOTICE,  
BUT IT'S OBVIOUS TO ME  
THAT, NO MATTER WHO IT IS THAT HAPPENS BY...  
PA'S AS EAGER AS THEY COME AND  
JUST AS HONEST AS CAN BE,  
BUT, NONE'A THAT'S ENOUGH TO SATISFY..!

QUARTET

THERE'S HONESTY THAT'S HE'PFUL  
AND THERE'S HONESTY THAT AIN'T.

JINNY

HEAVEN KNOWS IT AIN'T AGAINST A SINGLE LAW..!  
STILL, THERE'S MIGHTY LITTLE DOUBT  
E'VRYTIME THE TRUTH COMES OUT  
WHY PEOPLE DON'T APPRECIATE MY PA!

QUARTET (in canon)  
IT'S TIME SHE FIN'LLY...  
TIME SHE FIN'LLY...  
TIME SHE FIN'LLY...  
TIME SHE FIN'LLY SAW...

JINNY

WHY PEOPLE WON'T AND...

JINNY &  
QUARTET

PEOPLE DON'T APPRECIATE MY / HER PA!

JINNY goes into the tailor shop. MILLARD  
ambles in behind her. The scene shifts to...

**MUSIC #1B: BASTING NOT RECORDED**

**Scene 2:** Inside Mutz Tailoring.

WILLARD

Jinny..? That you..?

MILLARD

Willard..?!

WILLARD

(In shock!)

Millard..! Why, you ole skunkhound! Lord....., is it really you?!

The two MEN embrace.

MILLARD

Land sakes, Willard.., I didn't recognize you!

WILLARD

Time takes its toll.

MILLARD

Aaaw, now, I wouldn't say that.

WILLARD

(With a knowing chuckle.)

No, you wouldn't, would ya!

JINNY

Pa?! You know this fella?!

WILLARD

Know him? He's my brother..!

JINNY

Brother!

MILLARD

Willard an' me are "the Brothers Mutz."

WILLARD

How's it you're passin' through Brantley?

MILLARD

I'm a travelin' salesman. Hawkin' ointment: Dr. Van Evans' Essence of Camphor.

JINNY

'Least you come by that lyin' nature of yours honest.

WILLARD  
(Scolding her.)

Jinny..!

JINNY

Pa, he told me his last name was Calhoot.

WILLARD

Cal...“whoozit?!”

MILLARD

“Calhoot.” Ya see., ‘cause it is. I switched it when I took to the road.

WILLARD

Switched your name?!

MILLARD

Now, now, Willard...

WILLARD

The name our daddy gave ya?!!

MILLARD

Hear me out: I’ve been sellin’ for a livin’ since the day I left Kansas. But, early on I learned what I was really sellin’ was me. And “Millard E. Calhoot” has a load more zing than plain ole “Millard Mutz.”

WILLARD

Brother, you may’ve got yourself a new name, but you ain’t changed a lick! ‘Cept you’re lookin’ a mite more prosperous. (Examines his outfit with a “professional” eye.) Trilby hat. Double-breasted gabardine. Them two-tone leather brogues must’a set you back...; gotta fit ‘em special.

MILLARD

I do all right. How ‘bout yourself? How’d you wind up in Brantley?

WILLARD

Met a gal from hereabouts and decided to settle down.

MILLARD

Am I gonna get to meet her?

WILLARD

(Indicating a photograph on the wall.)

‘Fraid you’re about twelve years too late.

JINNY

Wasn’t she pretty?

WILLARD

But, Jinny and me.., we get by.

MILLARD

Not surprised. (To JINNY.) Your pa's the one who did for me when I was small as you. I remember once, he sewed the buttons on the fly of a pair of denims for me. (To WILLARD.) 'Member?

WILLARD

I try not to.

MILLARD

Danged if them buttons didn't all start poppin' off at the most inopportune moment, causin' the introduction of my backside to the minister's wife. And here he is today: a tailor!

WILLARD

So to speak.

**TRACK 4**

MILLARD

Seems like a respectable operation.

**MUSIC #2: SELLIN' HOMESPUN**

WILLARD

Respectable indeed!

MILLARD

And profitable?

WILLARD  
(Hedging.)

That's another story...

I OWN A LITTLE SHOP -- NUTHIN' VERY MUCH,  
MOSTLY FER THE FOLKS AROUN' THE TOWN 'N SUCH --  
SELLIN' HOMESPUN.

MILLARD

That right?

SELLIN' CLOTHIN' MADE 'A HOMESPUN.

JINNY

Outta the best fabric ever! Right, Pa?

Well.., I WEAVE A CALICO...

TIGHTER THAN A TACK!

...GUARANTEED TO LAST YA 'TIL THE COWS ARE BACK  
WHEN YA BUY ONE --

MILLARD

Son-of-a-gun..!



WILLARD

TRY MY DANDY BRAND 'A HOMESPUN.

JINNY throws MILLARD a pair of coveralls.

YOU CAN YANK IT AT THE SEAMS.

MILLARD

(Tugs at it!)

JINNY

Uh!

GO AND THROW IT ALL ABOUT.

Catch it, Jinny!

WILLARD

YOU CAN STOMP IT TO THE GROUND.

JINNY

Right in the ground!

JINNY &

WILLARD

BUT, YOU'LL NEVER WEAR IT OUT!

MILLARD

Yeah, but does it sell?

WILLARD

Don't sell enough to meet the mortgage. Shame of it is, my duds'll last ya near to forever.

THE ONLY TROUBLE IS

NOW, I'VE GOTTA JOB.

KINDA LIKE A JOKE..!

GUESS I NEVER FIGGERED YOU COULD GO DEAD BROKE

SELLIN' HOMESPUN.

Land sakes..., BELLY UP AT SELLIN' HOMESPUN..!

WILLARD &

MILLARD

AFTER ALL IS SAID AND DONE..:

WILLARD

IF THEY ONLY BUY THE ONE,

MILLARD

'STEAD 'A BUYIN' UP A TON..,

JINNY

BETTER THAN NONE!

TRIO

BUT, IT AIN'T A LOTTA FUN

SELLIN' HOOOOOMESPUN!

MISS POLLY enters, brandishing a cleaver!

MISS POLLY

Lord-a-mercy, the racket from out this shop!

WILLARD

Sorry, Miss Polly.

MISS POLLY

A gal can barely hear herself choppin' chuck..!

MILLARD

Well, well.., (All charm.) who do we have here?

JINNY

Miss Polly owns the butcher shop next door.

MISS POLLY

I handle meat.

MILLARD

Do you now? (Really pouring it on.) Calhoot's the name -- Millard E. -- as in eeeeager to meet'cha, ma'am. I am an ardent admirer of the Carnivassary Arts. And the practitioners, thereof.

MISS POLLY wipes her hands on the apron and holds one out for MILLARD to shake.

MISS POLLY

Glad to know ya.

Rather than shake her hand, MILLARD kisses it. Pauses. Then, tastes her fingers.

MILLARD

Is that London Broil I taste?

MISS POLLY

(Impressed!)

Why, yes! U.S.D.A.Prime!

MILLARD

May I say, I've met many a flesh finesser in my time, but nary a one with so robust a complexion. Why, madam, you are ruddier than a filet migg-non!

\*mignon

MISS POLLY

(Swooning.)

Oh, my..!

MILLARD

'Course, a dish like you deserves a proper "presentation." And I'm afraid this get up of your's just ain't "cuttin' it" -- pardon the pun..!

MISS POLLY and MILLARD share a giggle.

Brother Willard.., you think you can fix up our Miss Polly here with somethin' a tad more stylish?

WILLARD

You betcha!

MISS POLLY

Aaaaw, it don't matter how I dress. (Mumbles.) Just get meat on it.

MILLARD

Oh, but it does matter! Why it's like serving up lamb chops without them little paper panties.

MISS POLLY

(Aghast!)

That ain't right..! (To WILLARD.) Okay, tailor, you make me what he said..: somethin' nice.

WILLARD

I'm gonna need your particulars -- sizes and all.

MILLARD

C'mon, small fry. We'd best make ourselves scarce.

WILLARD

Jinny, take your uncle out and show 'im the town.

MILLARD

Oh, and, Willard, you be sure and give Miss Polly a discount, y'hear?

WILLARD

(Grins.)

The "family" discount?

MILLARD

That's right! (Grins back and repeats.) "Family!"

WILLARD shows MISS POLLY to the fitting room as JINNY and MILLARD head outside...

**MUSIC #2A: BASTING NOT RECORDED**

**Scene 3:** The town square.

JINNY wheels around to confront MILLARD.

JINNY

How'd you do that?!

MILLARD

Ain't you s'posed to show me the town?

JINNY

(Points right.)

That's one end. (Points left.) There's the other. (Back on the subject.) Now, how'd you do it? Tell me!

MILLARD

Do what?

JINNY

Talk Miss Polly into buyin' somethin'. She ain't spent so much as time in our store 'til now..!

MILLARD

Aaaaw.., I slathered her with a little banana oil is all -- got her all nice an' tender.

JINNY

We gotta tell pa..! He's gotta know about this..!

MILLARD

Whoa..! Get ahold'a them horses..! You don't out an' tell a feller he's been doin' things wrong his whole entire life.

JINNY

You don't?

MILLARD

Kinda runs counter to my whole philosophy of kissin' up.

JINNY

Okay, then teach me how to do it.

MILLARD

It ain't as simple as all that..!

JINNY

(Really laying it on thick.)

But, gee, Uncle Millard, you make it look so dang easy. I figger there ain't a better teacher in this wide, wide world.

MILLARD

Sounds like you learned a thing or two already.

JINNY

You can start by helpin' me get them Klemperers to carry my pa's frocks. 'Less you think you can't.

MILLARD

By the time I'm through with ole Chester, he'll put them frocks right in the window!

JINNY

That depends on his missus. Miz Edna ain't gonna be swayed by a couple'a them lies of yours.

**MUSIC #3: THE KANSAS CON TRACK 5**

OLLIE saunters out of his barbershop.

MILLARD

Side Dish, there's a fine line between a flat-out lie and what'cha call salesmanship.

SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH...:  
TRY A LITTLE "MY, DON'T YOU LOOK NICE..!"  
GLOP A LITTLE SOFT SOAP...

JINNY  
Right on 'em?

EVEN IF YA THINK THEY STINK ON ICE..!  
SPREAD A LITTLE HOOHAW..,  
THICK AS TICKS ON A PICNIC LAWN..!  
TRY MASTERMINDIN' THE KINDA CAPER THEY CALL THE KANSAS CON..!

MISS POLLY emerges from the tailor shop.

JINNY

SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH?

OLLIE &  
MISS POLLY

SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH!

MILLARD

WANNA GET A LEG UP..?  
STICK 'EM WITH A SYCOPHANTIC PITCH..!  
WANNA RUN A ROADBLOCK..?

JINNY  
"Sycophantic?"

PULL A BIT 'A BACKWOODS BAIT 'N SWITCH..!

MILLARD

WORK A LITTLE FLIMFLAM --  
A TRICK AS SLICK AS A PICKLED PRAWN --  
WHY, YOU'RE PURSUIN' THE NEW MANEUVER THEY CALL THE KANSAS...

OLLIE &  
MISS POLLY

CALL THE KANSAS...

OLLIE, MISS POLLY  
& MILLARD

CALL THE KANSAS CON!

MILLARD

NOW, I KNOW THE STRAIGHT 'N NARROW PATH  
IS THE RIGHT 'N PROPER WAY.  
GONNA GET 'CHA 'ROUND THE ALMIGHTY'S WRATH --  
GONNA GET 'CHA INTO HEAVEN SOME DAY..!  
BUT, GIRLY-GIRL, ON EARTH THE TRUTH IS  
ONLY GONNA LEAVE YA FLAT;  
'CUZ YOU CAN CATCH MORE FLIES WITH A LITTLE BIT'A HONEY  
THAN A BIG OLE VINEGAR VAT!

JINNY  
Amen!  
OLLIE & MISS POLLY  
That's right!

SO, GO WRANGLE UP A PATSY..!  
GIVE ANOTHER SITTIN' DUCK A THRILL...!  
LADLE UP A LULU..!  
PACK IT WITH A LOTTA BACK 'N FILL..!  
TAKE 'EM ON A CAKEWALK  
BEFORE YOUR CHANCE AT THE DANCE IS GONE!

The OTHER TOWNSFOLK gather.

BY HONIN' IN ON THE PHONEY FAWNIN'  
THEY CALL THE KANSAS...  
CALL THE KANSAS...  
CALL THE KANSAS CON!

MILLARD whispers something in Ollie's ear  
and shoves the barber towards Miss Polly.

TOWNSFOLK  
(Shout, overlapping!)

Hogwash!

SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH!

OLLIE

"MISS POLLY, YOU LOOK NICE!"

TOWNSFOLK

Hogwash!

SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH!

MISS POLLY

THEN, OLLIE, SAY IT TWICE!

Hogwash!  
SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH!

TOWNSFOLK

“YOU’RE PURDY AS A BIRDIE OF PARADISE!”

OLLIE

Aaaaaaw! Hogwash!

MISS POLLY

Hogwash!

OLLIE &  
MISS POLLY

Hogwash!

OLLIE, MISS POLLY  
& THE WOMEN

Hogwash!

TOWNSFOLK

Hogwash!  
NOW, THAT’S THE KANSAS CON!

THOUGH YOU SAY THE STRAIGHT ‘N NARROW PATH  
IS THE RIGHT ‘N PROPER WAY...

JINNY

MILLARD

I do!

IT’S ABOUT AS LIKE AS YOUR NEXT BATH  
THAT YOU’RE HEADIN’ UP TO HEAVEN SOME DAY!

BUT, GIRLY-GIRL, ON EARTH THE TRUTH IS  
ONLY GONNA LEAVE YA FLAT.

TOWNSFOLK

‘CUZ YOU CAN CATCH MORE FLIES WITH A LITTLE BIT’A HONEY.

MILLARD

THAN A BIG OLE VINEGAR VAT!

TOWNSFOLK

YOU GOTTA TELL A TALE THAT’S TALL  
OR YOU AIN’T GOT A TALE... NO TALE AT ALL!  
THAT’S MY TRIED-AND-TRUE PHILOSPHY...  
YESSIRREE!  
A LOTTA FOLKS AIN’T NEVER SEEN  
THE TRUTH LIES HALFWAY IN BETWEEN  
A BIG OLE HEAP’A HOOEY –  
PHOOEY –  
AND FLAT-OUT HONESTY.  
AND, FRIENDS, YOU HEARD IT FIRST FROM MILLARD E.

MILLARD

MILLARD, JINNY and the TOWNSFOLK storm into the mercantile. The interior slides onstage. Inside, it's so crammed with "extra fancy" items, there's a moment of awe-struck appreciation.

When ya git to figgerin' that...  
TOWNSFOLK

YOU'LL GO WRANGLE UP A PATSY..!  
MILLARD

WRANGLE UP A PATSY..!  
TOWNSFOLK

GIVE ANOTHER SITTIN' DUCK A THRILL..!"  
LADLE UP A LULU..!  
MILLARD

LADLE UP A LULU..!  
TOWNSFOLK  
(In canon.)

PACK IT WITH A LOTTA BACK 'N FILL..!  
TAKE 'EM ON A CAKEWALK.  
MILLARD

Take 'em for a walk!  
JINNY

BEFORE YOUR CHANCE AT THE DANCE IS GONE!  
ALL

KIDDO, IF YA WANNA LAND 'EM, HAND 'EM THE GRAND MALARKEY  
THEY CALL THE KANSAS...  
MILLARD

CALL THE KANSAS...  
JINNY

CALL THE KANSAS CON!  
SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH!  
ALL

JINNY and MILLARD exit into the mercantile as the TOWNSFOLK go on about their business.

**MUSIC #3A: BASTING NOT RECORDED**



Scene 4:

Inside Klemperer's Mercantile Emporium.

CHESTER enters with an armload of boxes that block his vision, so he doesn't see JINNY and MILLARD. MILLARD directs her to hide behind a display and then he accosts CHESTER.

MILLARD

Mr. Klemperer..?

CHESTER

(Peering around the boxes.)

What?! Oh..! Mister "Calhoun," ain't it?

MILLARD

Actually, that's uh..: "hoot."

CHESTER

A "hoot?"

MILLARD

Yeah. (Grinning.) Just like spendin' time with you.

CHESTER

You take care of that... (In a stage whisper.) ...little problem for me?

MILLARD

You can stamp that problem "solved." Or my name ain't Millard E. -- as in "eee-nunciate;" a word meanin' "to speak clearly and distinctly." Cuz that's what I intend to do., so's you don't miss a syllable of what I have to say about the fine line of garments that I represent.

CHESTER

Hold up..! I thought you was shillin' salves.

MILLARD

Dr. Van Evans' Essence of Camphor? Why, that line of mine is "day old fish" -- smelled like it, too. Nah, I slid outta that business and into ladies wear., so to speak.

CHESTER

Frocks?

MILLARD

Only the best! What say I bring 'em by for a looksee.., say this afternoon?

CHESTER

I dunno.; that ain't the deal we agreed on.

MILLARD

Then, maybe I oughta go and get that little gal back...

EDNA

(Bellows from offstage, interrupting!)

That's it! The last straw!! Cheeeeester?!!!

CHESTER

No, no, no, no, don't do that! You can stop by later..!

EDNA staggers in melodramatically, supported by HESTER. WILLARD uses the distraction to get JINNY and slip out.

EDNA

Chester Klemperer, if I have to spend so much as another minute in this godforsaken backwater, I shall go mad.., I tell you..! Mad! You're my husband..: do something!

CHESTER

Edna-sweetie-potater, what's wrong?!

EDNA

"Wrong," you ask? "What's wrong?!"

HESTER

Edna keeled over at the League For Cultural Betterment luncheon.

CHESTER

She did?!

EDNA

A catastrophe hosted by "one" Vesta Saltspritzer of East Cudlipp Street.

HESTER

Candidate for membership.

EDNA

Ex-candidate. For, at "said" luncheon, the woman had the gall to serve a chicken-fried iguana.., preceded by a tureen of tepid rutabaga soup.., which, I might add, we were expected to consume with... (She shudders!) ...a frrrrruit spoon!

CHESTER

No!

HESTER

Yup!

EDNA

A spoon for fruit..!!! Lord, what an ordeal.

CHESTER

I betcha Miz Saltspritzer didn't know she wuz usin' the wrong utensil.

EDNA

Then, she's a fool.

HESTER

Had'a call it quits when Edna took a header into the compote.

EDNA

Chester, I tell you, at times, I feel as if I'm surrounded by fools -- virtually drowning in them -- an island of refinement in a frothing sea of folly!

HESTER

(Giving EDNA a comforting pat.)

Be that as it may, you're home now. And I got stamps to cancel.

HESTER exits.

CHESTER

Aaaw, now, Edna.., there ain't no way folks from these here parts is ever gonna measure up to a blue-blood like you. You're the tippy-top banana 'round Brantley.

EDNA

(Snorts derisively!)

**MUSIC #4: EDNA'S BLUES TRACK 6**

Hah!

IT DOES ME LITTLE GOOD TO BE  
THE TIPPY-TOP BUH-NAH-NAH\*,  
IN SUCH A ROTTEN,  
MISBEGOTTEN BUNCH..!

\*BANANA

TO LEAVE A LADY LUNCHING  
ON A CHICKEN-FRIED IGUANA  
AND CHOKING ON A SOB WITH  
EACH AND EV'RY LOATHSOME CRUNCH..!

OOOOOO!  
WHAT'S A BLUE-BLOOD TO DO..?!  
(TO DOO-DLE-EE-DO!)

EDNA

OOOOOO!  
BUT, TO BLUBBER, "BOO-HOO?"  
FOR ALL TRACE OF TASTE HAS GONE "TOODLE-OO..!"  
AND THAT'S WHAT'S LEAVING THIS BLUE BLOOD...TRULY BLUE...

CHESTER

Wait a minute! I've got one of them magazines you like..! Full'a them fancy, big city fashions. Fella traded it fer a chaw of tobacco...

CHESTER drops behind the counter and reemerges with an oversized magazine.

Here it is! (Reading the cover.) 'The Gotham Gay-zette!' (About the word "gazette.") I expect that's "big city" fer magazine. And look..!

CHESTER blows a huge cloud of dust from the cover of it into EDNA's face!

It's only five months old!

EDNA gags, then snatches the magazine and begins leafing though it

EDNA

IN ANY EASTERN CITY, PICK  
THE SHABBIEST MUSEUM  
YOU'LL SHAME THE FEW ON  
VIEW IN "THESE HERE PARTS..!"  
OUR GALLERIES ARE PITIFUL..!  
AND NO ONE GOES TO SEE 'EM!  
BUT, GET A NEW TATTOO AND YOU'RE  
A PATRON OF THE ARTS..!

OOOOOO!  
WHAT'S A BLUE-BLOOD TO DO..?!  
(TO DOO-DLE-EE-DO!)

OOOOOO!  
WHEN HER HEYDAY IS THROUGH?  
THERE'S NADA IN TOWN YOU'D CALL "LAH-DI-DAH --"  
AND THAT'S WHAT'S LEAVING THIS BLUE BLOOD FEELING BLAAAAAAH..!

IF ONLY I COULD SHOW THEM HOW MULISH THEY'VE BECOME  
BY STUBBORNLY RESISTING SOMETHING MORE..!  
BUT, HOW TO DO IT? HOW TO PROVE HOW FOOLISH THEY'VE BECOME..?  
THE ANSWER ISN'T LIKELY TO COME BUM'BLING THROUGH MY DOOR! **Music halts.**

CHESTER

Now, Edna-cactus-pie, ain't you forgettin'..? We got us 'The Anna-hool Founder's Day Promenaid' comin' up! Ain't that high class enough fer ya?

EDNA

The word is pronounced “promenaaahde.” Music resumes. And yes, I confess the event has potential.

CHESTER

Yeah! And the world's longest tractor pull!

EDNA

(After reacting to CHESTER's inanity)

THE FOUNDER'S CELEBRATION, THOUGH  
IT'S AWF'LY SMALL “POE-TAY-TURS\*,”  
COULD BE THE OPPORTUNITY I SEEK...:  
TO TURN THE TOWN RENOWNED THROUGHOUT  
THE WEST AS “SECOND-RATERS”  
FROM CLOD TO CLOD TO CLOD TO, GOD  
FORBID, A PROPER CLIQUE!

\*POTATOES

CHESTER

Cleek..?

EDNA

Forget it.

OOOOOO!  
WHAT'S A BLUE-BLOOD TO DO..?!  
(TO DOO-DLE-EE-DO!)

OOOOOO!  
WHEN SHE LANDS IN A STEW?  
YOU'D THINK I'D BE RIPE TO SIGH, “LACK-A-DAY..!”  
BUT, THAT'S WHAT'S MAKING THIS BLUE BLOOD...WANNA SAY-YAY-YAY-YAY:

THAT, WHEN IT'S BEEN DONE AND SAID,  
I KNOW THAT I'M BETTER OFF “SEEING RED”  
THAN BEING A BLUE-BLUE-BLUE-BLUE-BLUE BLOOD...ANY DAAAAAY!  
STAY A BUMMED-OUT BLUE BLOOD..?

CHESTER

Edna!

EDNA

Uh-uh! NO WAY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**Blackout!!!**

**MUSIC #4A: BASTING NOT RECORDED**

**Scene 5:** Inside Mutz Tailoring.

WILLARD is working on MISS POLLY's apron as JINNY and MILLARD look on.

WILLARD

Millard, I don't know about this...

MILLARD

It's all arranged. Them Klemperers want to see your frocks. Thinkin' about puttin' 'em in their store.

JINNY

Right in the window!

WILLARD

But, the folk they cater to won't care for my homespun.

MILLARD

They couldn't care any less than the folk you already know.

JINNY

Specially 'bout you an' me.

MILLARD

Rest assured, Short Stack, your kindly, ole Uncle Millard cares.

WILLARD

You didn't even know you were an uncle 'til this mornin'..!

JINNY

I didn't know I had an uncle.

MILLARD

She's got ya there -- dead to rights. So, what do you say?

WILLARD

Well... (Mulling it over.) You always were a good judge of character. Even when you didn't have much of your own.

JINNY

Pa!

MILLARD

He's right! The man is right. I's a pretty wild child. But, twelve years of fendin' for yourself will sober a man right up.

WILLARD

I s'pose. (Pause,) Jinny, run this apron over to Miss Polly. See how she likes it.

JINNY

Sure, pa.

JINNY exits with the apron.

**TRACK 7**

You never met Jinny's ma.

WILLARD

**MUSIC #5: FOR HER**

MILLARD

(Shakes his head "no.")

Sorry to say.

WILLARD

You'd'a taken to her. Everybody did...

MY MOLLY WAS THE FINEST GAL  
THAT BRANTLEY HAD TO OFFER –  
BLESSED WITH A SMILE AS WARM AS LANTERN LIGHT...  
AND, ON THE DAY SHE PASSED AWAY  
DELIVERIN' OUR DAUGHTER,  
KNEELIN' BY HER BEDSIDE, I SWORE THAT I'D DO RIGHT...

FOR HER...: FOR MOLLY...  
IN MEM'RY OF MY WIFE...  
WE'VE KEPT A QUIET LIFE;  
CONTENT TO STAY –  
'TIL TODAY –  
JUST THE WAY SHE'D PREFER...

SEEIN' THAT JINNY  
GREW DECENT AND STRONG,  
GROWIN' UP KNOWIN'  
WHAT'S RIGHT FROM WHAT'S WRONG.

MILLARD

GROWIN' UP KNOWIN'  
SHE DOESN'T BELONG.

WILLARD

SOMEHOW STAYIN' TRUE...

MILLARD

SOMETHIN' MORE IN VIEW...

BOTH

SOMEONE SOMEWHERE OUGHTA HAVE THE HEART TO THINK IT THROUGH...

MILLARD

FOR HER...: FOR JINNY...  
THEM QUIET WAYS AND SUCH  
AIN'T ADDIN' UP TO MUCH.

MILLARD  
IF I'M GUESSIN' RIGHT –  
AND I THINK I MIGHT –  
HER SWEET MAMA'D SUGGEST  
YA DO WHAT'S BEST...

WILLARD  
FOR HER..?

MILLARD  
FOR HER...

WILLARD  
FOR JINNY..?

MILLARD  
FOR JINNY...

BOTH  
FOR JINNY...  
FOR HER.

JINNY returns.

JINNY  
Fits her perfect, pa. Never seen Miss Polly so spruced up!

WILLARD  
Then, we'd best be over to see them Klemperers.

MILLARD  
You mean it?!

WILLARD  
I do. But, Jinny, I want you to wait here.

JINNY  
Pa! I wanna help! I gotta!

MILLARD  
Are you prepared to follow my lead? No matter where? No matter what?

JINNY  
No matter where! No matter what!

MILLARD and JINNY give WILLARD an imploring look.

WILLARD  
Then, git to it!

MILLARD, WILLARD and JINNY exit the store.

**MUSIC #5A: BASTING NOT RECORDED**



**Scene 6:** Klemperer's Mercantile Emporium.

HESTER stands behind the counter, gavel in hand. CHESTER sits nearby, tuning an autoharp. EDNA is ushering in some of the TOWNSFOLK, each of whom arrives carrying their own chair. As the TOWNSFOLK seat themselves, HESTER bangs on the counter to call for silence.

HESTER

The Greater Brantley Area League For Cultural Betterment will come to order!  
The subject of today's meetin': the Founder's Day Promenaide.

EDNA

(Whispers, correcting her .)

Promenahde.

HESTER

(Didn't quite catch  
what EDNA said.)

Hmm?

EDNA

(Louder whisper.)

"Nahde."

Confused, HESTER "nods" her head and continues speaking. EDNA rolls her eyes.

**TRACK 8**

HESTER

We begin with our officially sanctioned town song.

HESTER "nods" to CHESTER and he begins to strum an accompaniment on the autoharp.

**MUSIC #6: A HYMN TO BRANTLEY**

EDNA

THOU BLESSED TOWN OF BRANTLEY..,

TOWNSFOLK

(Joining in.)

...THY VIRTUES DOTH ABOUND.  
THY THOROUGHFARES ART STATELY.  
THY PORTICOS? PROFOUND.  
THY RIVULETS FLOW GENTLY.

EDNA

THY BOWERS DAMP MINE EYE.

Moved, EDNA begins to sniffle, then sob.

TOWNSFOLK

MY REV 'RENCE FOR THY INGLENOOKS  
I TRY AND SIGNIFY  
BY THE FAR TOO FREQUENT USAGE  
OF THE MODIFIER "THY."

EDNA

THOU BLESSED TOWN OF BRANTLEY...

TOWNSFOLK

AMEN.

HESTER

(Bangs her gavel –  
cutting off applause.)

And now, Chairwoman Klemperer would like to say a few words. Edna..?

EDNA

Thank you, Hester. (Takes a moment to "compose" herself, then...) Whene'er my ear is tickled by that -- our officially sanctioned town song -- I am reminded of when and why I was inspired to write it. It was shortly after I arrived from the East -- a simple, modest, mail-order bride...

HESTER

(As an aside to the TOWNSFOLK.)

Delivered her myself.

EDNA

...and discovered the potential for greatness that is Brantley.

MILLARD, WILLARD and JINNY enter.  
WILLARD and JINNY duck behind a counter.

Which brings us to the Founder's Day Promenade. Now..., we've a great many plans to discuss, so I suggest you all listen attentively while I discuss them...

MILLARD taps CHESTER on the shoulder.

MILLARD

How do, Mr. Klemperer.

CHESTER

Oh! Here he is, Edna! Just like I told ya. And right on time.

EDNA

(To the COMMITTEE.)

We'll need to call a brief recess.

HESTER bangs her gavel to call the recess.  
She and the OTHERS begin to mill about as  
EDNA addresses MILLARD.

EDNA

My husband informs me that you wish to demonstrate a line of apparel for my approval. I will tell you that I am a very difficult woman to please.

MILLARD

(Comically aghast!)

Can that be possible?! Why I'd'a figgered you to be the exemplar of congeniality, bar none!

EDNA

(Not buying it.)

Ten dollar words, Mister Calhoot.

MILLARD

(With a big grin.)

For a twenty dollar lady.

EDNA stands there speechless for a moment,  
uncertain if she's just been insulted or  
complimented. Then, finally, she says...

EDNA

Proceed.

**TRACK 9**

MILLARD

Behold.....: The unique creations of The House...of Mutz!

**MUSIC #6A: SELLIN' HOMESPUN Reprise**

Right, 'Mister' Willard?

WILLARD

Huh? Oh! Right...

YOU'LL FIND THE KINDA DUDS  
IN THE... (Glances at MILLARD.) ..."HOUSE OF MUTZ..?"  
SHARPER THAN THEM OTHER  
HIGH FALUTIN' CUTS.  
TAKE A TRIAL RUN...  
IN MY STURDY STYLE 'A HOMESPUN!

WILLARD grabs a frock and begins to pull and  
tug at it to demonstrate how strong it is!  
MILLARD joins him!

YOU CAN YANK IT AT THE SEAMS!  
GO AND THROW IT ALL ABOUT!  
YOU CAN STOMP IT TO THE GROUND!  
BUT, YOU'LL NEVER WEAR IT OUT!

WILLARD

EDNA  
(Appalled!)  
Merciful heavens!  
Such hooliganism!  
Stop! Stop that at once!

**DANCE BREAK**

The TOWNSFOLK go nuts, yanking, throwing and stomping on WILLARD's clothing!

Yank it!  
Woo-hoo!  
Throw it!  
I got it!  
Stomp it!  
Yeah!

WILLARD  
HESTER  
WILLARD  
LOLLYGAG  
WILLARD  
OLLIE

Atta boy, Willard!

MILLARD &  
TOWNSFOLK  
NO, YOU'LL NEVER  
WEAR IT OUT!

JINNY &  
TOWNSFOLK  
NO, YOU'LL NEVER  
WEAR IT OUT!

CHESTER,  
WILLARD &  
TOWNSFOLK  
NO, YOU'LL NEVER  
WEAR IT OUT!

EDNA  
Unlike your welcome! But, to wear these as clothes? I think not. Why, look at them! Where are the do-dads? Where are the frou-frous? I've seen more stylish sacks on a peck of potatoes. (She laughs at her own joke.) "Peck of potatoes..."

WILLARD

Look better on a peck of potatoes than you.

EDNA

(Overhearing.)

How's that?

MILLARD

(Covering.)

Uh.., he said..: you're a "heck of a tomato..," (Pause.) M'am.

EDNA eyes MILLARD suspiciously and then turns her glare to one of WILLARD's frocks.

EDNA

These rags will never do. If this is your notion of cheering me up, Chester dear, you've another think coming.

EDNA tosses the dress over WILLARD's head. He struggles his way out from under it.

CHESTER

But, but, but, Edna, I had no idea..!

EDNA

No. You never do. (Proclaiming!) Fools! Fools at every turn! Oh, how I pray for the day that I can identify a fool on sight. Then, I'll never waste another precious moment on the likes of any of you. (Dismissing them) Good day!

MILLARD

But...

EDNA

(Firmly!)

Good...day.

WILLARD

Be a mighty good day if we never saw you again, either. C'mon, Jinny!

WILLARD storms out. The TOWNSFOLK begin to file out with their chairs, exiting the store.

JINNY

But, pa..!

JINNY and MILLARD start after WILLARD, but he exits before they can reach him.

Uncle Millard, this is even worse than before! That Miz Edna's in for a piece of

my mind..!

MILLARD

Now, hold on there..! If I'm not mistaken.., she just gave us a piece of "hers."

JINNY

Huh?

MILLARD

I got an idea. C'mon..!

JINNY trails MILLARD back inside. CHESTER and HESTER have gone, but EDNA remains, dejectedly thumbing through her magazine.

Oh.., Miz Edna..?

EDNA

You again?

MILLARD

Just came back to apologize. See, my partners and I didn't realize how highbrow a lady you are or we would'a hauled out the quality goods. (Starts to exit.) Bye-bye.

EDNA

Wait..! (Slightly interested.) The what..?

MILLARD

& JINNY

(Exchange a glance. Then...)

"Quality goods."

**MUSIC #6B: A NEW FANGLED FROCK TRACK 10**

MILLARD

I'm talkin' 'bout the specialty of the house: a frock them fashionable types back East can't get.

EDNA

Really..?

MILLARD

IT'S A NEW-FANGLED  
DING-DANGLED  
STAR-SPANGLED FROCK  
SET AFLOAT  
ON A TANGLE OF TULLE!  
BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST  
WONDERFUL FEATURE IT'S GOT..?  
IT CANNOT

BE SEEN BY A FOOL!

EDNA

INVISIBLE TO FOOLS?!  
THE DEVIL YOU SAY!

MILLARD

AS INVISIBLE TO FOOLS,  
AS SNOWFLAKES IN MAY!

JINNY  
(In disbelief.)

It's invisible to fools?!

MILLARD

AS NIGHTTIME TO DAY!  
SO "IX-NAY" THE "ESTIONS-QUAY"  
"ONTO-PRAY!" 'KAY?

JINNY

IT'S A NEW-FANGLED...

JINNY &  
MILLARD

DING-DANGLED,  
STAR-SPANGLED FROCK...

MILLARD

PETTICOATED  
WITH CRINOLINED CREW'L!\*  
BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST  
WONDERFUL FEATURE IT'S GOT..?

\*Crewel

JINNY

IT CANNOT  
BE SEEN BY A FOOL!

EDNA

INVISIBLE TO FOOLS!  
NOW, HOW CAN THAT BE?!

MILLARD

IT'S INVISIBLE TO FOOLS?  
'CUZ.., (Caught off-guard.) GOLLY GEE...

JINNY  
(Saves the day!)

IT'S INVISIBLE TO FOOLS,  
BETWEEN YOU AND ME,  
'CUZ THEY AIN'T ACCUSTOMED  
TO QUALITY..!

EDNA

"QUALITY?"

MILLARD  
(Confirming.)

QUALITY.

EDNA &  
MILLARD  
(Amazed.)

WELL, I'LL BE..!

JINNY &  
MILLARD

SUCH A NEW-FANGLED  
DING-DANGLED  
STAR-SPANGLED FROCK..,

EDNA

ALL THE HAUTEST\*  
COUTURIERS\* DROOL!  
BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST  
WONDERFUL FEATURE IT'S GOT..?

\*She pronounces the "h."  
\*She pronounces the "r."

JINNY &  
MILLARD

IT CANNOT  
BE SEEN BY A FOOL!

EDNA

CAN IT BE TRUE?  
OH, MIRACULOUS FROCK --  
TO DO SO FANTASTIC A TRICK!  
WHY, MY CIRCLE OF FRIENDS  
IS DUE FOR A SHOCK  
WHEN THIS FROCK HELPS ME SEPARATE THE "QUICK" FROM THE "THICK!"

"...Thick" in the head, that it is...

WITH...MY... NEW-FANGLED

EDNA &  
JINNY

DING-DANGLED

EDNA, JINNY  
& MILLARD

STAR-SPANGLED FROCK  
FROM A TOTALLY  
UP-TO-DATE SCHOOL!

EDNA

BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST  
WONDERFUL,  
WONDERFUL,  
WONDERFUL  
FEATURE IT'S GOT..?

JINNY

BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST  
WONDERFUL,  
WONDERFUL,  
FEATURE IT'S GOT?

MILLARD

BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST  
WONDERFUL,  
FEATURE IT'S GOT?



IT CANNOT  
BE SEEN BY A FOOL.

EDNA  
& JINNY

YES, A NEW-FANGLED  
DING-DANGLED  
STAR-SPANGLED FROCK  
QUOTE UNQUOTE..:

MILLARD

"IT'S THE COOLEST OF COOL!"

JINNY

BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST  
WONDERFUL FEATURE IT'S GOT..?

EDNA

MILLARD  
Sssshhh!

IT CANNOT  
BE SEEN BY A FOOL!  
A BEAD-BANGLED..,  
FRESH-ANGLED..,  
GEM-JANGLED..,  
DING-DANGLED..,  
STAR-SPANGLED..,  
NEW-FANGLED FROCK!!!

EDNA, JINNY  
& MILLARD

I'll take it!

EDNA  
(Handing MILLARD  
a wad of cash!)

**Blackout!**

**Scene 7:** Inside Mutz Tailoring.

JINNY and MILLARD are in the midst of relating what has just happened – and they seem pretty tickled with their scheme...

**MUSIC #7: A NEW FANGLED FROCK SNIPPET TRACK 11**

JINNY &  
MILLARD

IT CANNOT  
BE SEEN BY A FOOL!  
A BEAD-BANGLED...,  
FRESH-ANGLED...,  
GEM-JANGLED...,  
DING-DANGLED...,  
STAR-SPANGLED...,  
NEW-FANGLED...

**MUSIC #7A: HOW COULD YOU? TRACK 11 CONTINUED**

WILLARD  
(Explodes!)

Whut!?! You told her whut!?!)

YOU SET YOURSELF IN THIS HERE CHAIR  
EXPLAIN HOW YOU COULD WALTZ IN THERE  
AND SAY THAT I CAN SEW A FROCK  
THAT'S WHUT..?!

MILLARD

Invisible.

WILLARD  
(Turning to Jinny for confirmation.)

“Invisible?”

JINNY  
(Nods “yes.”)

Invisible.

WILLARD

AND YOU, YOUNG LADY; I'M AMAZED!  
IS THAT THE WAY THAT YOU WERE RAISED?  
TO LET HIM CARRY ON WITHOUT  
AN “IF” OR “AND” OR “BUT?”

JINNY  
(Has no explanation.)

Well...

WILLARD

YOU WANNA HELP ME UNDERSTAND  
HOW YOU COULD GO AND GERRYMANDER  
SUCH A PIE-EYED NOTION ON THE SPOT..?!

WILLARD  
HOW COULD YOU..?!  
HOW COULD YOU..?!  
HOW COULD YOU..?!

MILLARD  
HOW COULD WE NOT?

MILLARD smacks the big wad of money that EDNA gave him down on the counter in front of WILLARD ! **Music halts!**

WILLARD  
What's that?

**Music resumes.**

MILLARD  
Money. In advance. For makin' Miz Edna a Founder's Day frock.

JINNY  
That's invisible.

WILLARD  
You mind explainin' how I'm gonna do that?

MILLARD  
Well, to start, it's not toootally invisible. Only to fools.

WILLARD  
(Sarcastic.)  
Oh, well, now, that's a darn sight simpler, isn't it?

MILLARD  
Brother Willard, don't you see? You can make her any dress you want! There ain't nobody in the world who thinks that they're a fool....

JINNY  
...Especially the ones who really are fools...!

MILLARD  
So, they'll say they see a frock even if it isn't.....!

**Music suddenly halts!** MILLARD appears to have been thunderstruck with an idea.

WILLARD  
Isn't what?

...There. MILLARD

Uncle Millard..? You okay? JINNY

Jinny, I've never been better..! MILLARD

**Music resumes on MILLARD'S "better".**  
MILLARD pushes WILLARD into the chair.

IT'S WILLARD'S TURN TO TAKE A SEAT!  
SO, HE CAN HEAR HOW WE CAN CHEAT  
MIZ EDNA WITH A FROCK WE SAID  
WAS WHUT..?! MILLARD

Invisible. JINNY  
(Embarrassed.)

Invisible! WILLARD  
(Throws his hands up in disgust!)

Invisible. MILLARD  
(Nods "yes.")

INSTEAD OF PLAYIN' FAIR 'N SQUARE,  
HOW 'BOUT WE PULL A FAST ONE, WHERE  
YOU WON'T BE STITCHIN' ANYTHING  
OR MAKE A SINGLE CUT! WILLARD

Huh..?

WHERE WE PRETEND THAT WE CAN SEE  
A FROCK, WHEN IN REALITY,  
A GREAT BIG BUNCH OF NUTHIN'S ALL WE'VE GOT..! MILLARD

HOW COULD WE..?! WILLARD

HOW COULD WE..?! JINNY

HOW COULD WE..?  
HOW COULD WE... MILLARD

WILLARD  
(Interrupting!)

...NOT ANOTHER WORD!  
NO! THIS ISN'T RIGHT!  
GO! YOU GIVE HER MONEY BACK  
AND TELL HER YOU WERE WRONG!  
MILLARD, YOU'RE ABSURD..!  
THAT.., OR NONE TOO BRIGHT..!  
THINKIN' I'D BELIEVE YOUR PACK'A  
LIES AND PLAY ALONG..! **Music halts.**

MILLARD  
C'mon, Willard! It's tooooo easy! **Music resumes.** We just pretend to sew a frock for Miz Edna. Reeally do it up! Ain't nobody gonna let on that it ain't there..! 'Cause nobody wants to be called a fool!

**Music halts.** WILLARD pulls MILLARD aside to try and keep JINNY from hearing.

WILLARD  
Why would I wanna pull such a dirty trick?

JINNY  
(Hears anyway.)  
Pa, folks like Miz Edna have no respect for your talent..!

WILLARD  
I s'pose.

MILLARD  
You didn't like it when she knocked your homespun, now, did you?

WILLARD  
(Quietly.)  
No.

**Music resumes.**

MILLARD  
So, how you gonna feel when she gets the whole town against you? If Miz Edna's fool enough to overlook quality goods when they're right in front of her eyes, I say she deserves to be hoodwinked...for all the world to see..!"

WILLARD  
(Trying not to weaken.)  
Millard.., maybe we should just forget it..; and you should go...

MILLARD

BIG BROTHER, YOU SHOULD THINK AGAIN.  
WHY SEND A FELLER PACKING, WHEN  
HE'S HANDING YOU SO CRACKERJACK A PLOT?  
WHY WOULD YOU.....?

WILLARD

(After music halts. Pauses. Then...)

What do we do first?

(After a beat or two, music resumes)

MILLARD smiles broadly and gathers a  
huddle for a secret planning session as the  
music swells somewhat ominously!

MILLARD

SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH!

**Blackout.**

**MUSIC #7A: BASTING NOT RECORDED**

**Scene 8:** Inside Klemperer's Mercantile Emporium.

CHESTER is stocking goods. HESTER enters.

CHESTER

How do, Hester. Mail come in?

HESTER

I'm headed to the depot to pick it up. (In a stage whisper.) How's Edna?

CHESTER

Restless as a hornet on a hound's hind end. Can't seem to calm her down.

HESTER

You take her to the lodge hall for the oyster bake?

CHESTER

I took 'er.

HESTER

How 'bout strummin' on your autoharp? She goes all soft for the 'Shimmee Shawobble.'

CHESTER

Strummed it.

HESTER

Union Pacific's due through 'round four. You could squish pennies on the track.

CHESTER

Squished a whole roll yesterday.

HESTER

(At an utter loss!)

What does that woman want?

EDNA

(Offstage.)

Cheeester?!

EDNA enters.

Chester! Oh..., hello, Hester.

HESTER

(Nods "hello.")

Edna.

EDNA

Chester, I want you to march yourself to where my clothiers are ensconced and request.., nay, demand to be shown my Founder's Day frock. I simply can't wait a moment longer to test it out... (EDNA catches herself.) ...I..I mean.., to attest to its loveliness. (Purring seductively.) You'll do that for me, won't you, "Chesty-cakes?"

CHESTER

Aaaaw, now, Edna, I can't just barge in on 'em like that.

EDNA

(Dropping the sweetness.)

When I say "barge," Chester Klemperer, you barge. (Loudly!) Now, baaaarge!

CHESTER

I'm a'bargin'...

CHESTER exits. EDNA eyes HESTER with fresh interest -- an idea forming in her head.

HESTER

(Nervous at the attention.)

Whut..?

The lights shift to...

Inside Mutz Tailoring.

MILLARD, WILLARD and JINNY enter.

MILLARD

(In mid-description.)

...This shouldn't be too hard to pull off: all we need is an empty loom, an empty cuttin' table and a whole lotta pretendin'.

JINNY

Tell it again, Uncle Millard..: how we flim-flammed Miz Edna into plunkin' down good money for a frock she ain't ever got a hope of seein'..!

WILLARD

Jinny, he's been over it near to a hundred times!

JINNY

I know, Pa, but.., (Innocently.) I've never been in the presence of such a yarn-spinnin', bunkum-totin', falsifier as Uncle Millard. I figure it's educational.

WILLARD

(Not buying it.)

Uh-huh.



CHESTER enters and approaches them with elaborate casualness. MILLARD spots him.

MILLARD

Small fry, that ain't the half of it. Look an' learn. (Calling to CHESTER.) Mister Klemperer! Oh, Mr. Klemperer.., I am so glad to see you..!

CHESTER

You are?

MILLARD

Yes, indeed. Got us a good start on your wife's frock, but we're already runnin' a bit shy of supplies. Could you trot some over from the mercantile? Willard, what was it got busted the other day?

WILLARD

(Caught off-guard.)

Huh..?

MILLARD

Them gizmos on the sewin' machine..?

WILLARD

The feed dogs?

MILLARD

Yeah! (To CHESTER.) The feed dogs -- we need a couple'a them puppies..!

CHESTER

I might have to order that special...

MILLARD

(Interrupting.)

Oh, and a few'a them cakes of beeswax. See, we use that to...

JINNY

(Jumping in!)

Keep the zippers from stickin'! And a mess of hooks, eyes and bars! We need them, too! A whooole mess of 'em!

CHESTER

Lemme see what I got in stock.

MILLARD

Good man..! But, before you go, you have just got to take a gander at your wife's frock. It's out back in the storeroom.

WILLARD and JINNY exchange looks of amazement as MILLARD leads CHESTER into the back of the shop, offstage.

JINNY  
(Excited!)

I swear..., if Uncle Millard ain't the coolest customer south of Saskatoon, I don't know who is! And, you see how I played along with him? (Quoting herself.) "We need a whooole mess of them hooks, eyes and bars!" (Laughing.) And that Mr. Klemperer..., he swallowed it! You see that, Pa?

WILLARD  
(Soberly.)

Yeah. I saw.

MILLARD and CHESTER return. CHESTER's eyes are as large as saucers and he is slack-jawed and speechless.

MILLARD

I just knew you were gonna love it! Hurry on home and tell the missus all about it.

CHESTER walks from the shop in a daze. MILLARD flashes WILLARD and JINNY a huge grin and motions them into a huddle.

**MUSIC #8: STITCHING TRACK 12**

The lights shift to...

**Scene 9:** Inside Klemperer's Mercantile Emporium.

CHESTER backs Into the store with an expression of utter panic on his face!

**TRACK 12 CONTINUED**

CHESTER

There weren't nuthin' there..! Not so much as a stitch..! Leastwise.., not that I could see. Does that mean I'm a fool? Oh, Lord.., what am I gonna tell Edna?!

**MUSIC #9: I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!**

EDNA

(Spies CHESTER.)

Ah, Chester.., good-good-good! Give out...: how is it coming? What did you see?

CHESTER

(Swallows hard.)

Well.., it's kinda hard to say.

EDNA

How so?

CHESTER

On account'a...

(He gets an idea!)

I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!  
NO, I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!  
AIN'T NEVER  
BEEN AS CLEVER  
AN ENDEAVOR  
CLOTHIN'-WISE  
THEY'LL REMEMBER YOU FOREVER  
ONCE YOU TRY IT ON FOR SIZE!  
NO, I COULDN'T  
NO, I COULDN'T  
NO, I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

EDNA

But, you did see something. Right?

CHESTER

Oh, yeah, yeah, it was...somethin'.

EDNA

(To herself.) At least I'm not married to a fool... (Then, looking Chester over with a baleful eye.) Well.., not a complete fool. Luckily, I sent a backup. (Bellows!) Hester! Hester?!

HESTER, the local Postmistress, enters.

EDNA

Hester, have you been to the tailor? Did they let you see the frock?

HESTER

They had no choice. After all, I represent the Federal government.

EDNA

(Impatiently.)

Yes, yes, yes...: get on with it!

CHESTER

Yeah, Hester. (Grinning.) Tell us all about it.

HESTER

I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!  
NO, I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!  
I'M GUESSIN'  
MY CONFESSIN'  
IS A BLESSIN'  
IN DISGUISE!

CHESTER

(Agreeing with HESTER.)

What she said!

HESTER

FOR, I TELL YA, THAT THERE DRESS IN  
THAT THERE SHOP IS SUCH A PRIZE  
THAT I COULDN'T  
NO, I COULDN'T  
NO, I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

EDNA

Oh, for pity's sake! (Turning to her husband.) Chester! Describe it.

CHESTER

Whut..?

EDNA

(Slowly, deliberately, but not particularly patiently.)

Tell...me...what...it...looks...like.

CHESTER

(Thinking as fast as CHESTER can!)

Uuuuuhhh..,

IT'S KIND OF A REDDISH-GREENISH-BLUIISH-PINKISH-SORTA GRAY...  
WITH KINDA THIS YELLOW-BROWNISH-WHITE...

Yes? EDNA

HESTER

...YOU KNOW.. THERE'S A KINDA SQUARISH...

ROUNDISH..! CHESTER

SORT 'A' PATTERN THIS'A WAY..., HESTER

CHESTER (Simultaneously.) HESTER (Simultaneously.)

THAT KINDA GOES UPPISH DOWN AROUND AND... THAT KINDA GETS THICKISH THIN A BIT AND...

They pause, out of ideas.

EDNA (Huffs!)

...OH!  
I'm just going to have to go see it for myself!

CHESTER & HESTER (In panicked unison!)

No!

EDNA

"No?"

CHESTER

No reason not to.

HESTER

Yes. In fact, you must see it.

EDNA

Well, then...: to the tailor shop!

EDNA exits. CHESTER and HESTER exchange worried glances and exit after her. The lights shifts to...

Inside Mutz Tailoring.

JINNY spots them and calls out:

JINNY

She's comin'! Miz Edna's comin'!

MILLARD and WILLARD rush in!

MILLARD

Places, folks! Just like we practiced! And remember what I taught ya: when in doubt...

SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH!

JINNY

TRY A LITTLE "MY, DON'T YOU LOOK NICE..!"

WILLARD

GLOP A LITTLE SOFT SOAP..?

JINNY

...And what?

WILLARD

SELL ANOTHER FROCK...

MILLARD

...AT TWICE THE PRICE..!

MILLARD  
& JINNY

SPREAD A LITTLE HOOHAW..!  
A REAL HUMDINGER AND...

WILLARD

...BRING 'ER ON....!

Suddenly, EDNA enters!

EDNA

Mister Calhoot, I'm here to request -- nay -- demand that I be shown my Founder's Day frock immediately! I've been hearing some very confusing reports.

WILLARD

What'd ya hear?

CHESTER and HESTER enter.

EDNA

They said...

EDNA

THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES!  
NO, THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES!  
APPARENTLY  
THEY DAREN'T  
JUDGE THIS ERRANT  
ENTERPRISE..!  
THEY'RE A PAIR SO INCOHERENT,  
I'VE BEEN FORCED...ugh...TO IMPROVISE..!

(Spoken.)

So, I wonder if you wouldn't mind my seeing it... (Pause.) ...myself?

At MILLARD's signal, JINNY rolls in a dressmaker's dummy with absolutely nothing on!

JINNY, MILLARD  
& WILLARD

...SURPRISE!

MILLARD

What do you think?

EDNA **gasps! Music halts.**

Wait! Aaaw, Willard, gimme a pair of them shears. We got us a thread hanging out here, and anyone with a discernin' eye like Miz Edna is gonna see it.

WILLARD numbly hands MILLARD a large pair of tailoring shears. MILLARD grandly snips at the air, hands them back to WILLARD and smooths the imaginary frock with a final, fussy flourish!

There! (Stepping aside to allow EDNA to view the frock.) Now.

HESTER

Isn't it everything we said?

CHESTER

And thensome? **Music resumes.**

EDNA

(Stammers.)

I...I...I... Well, I can only say...that I've never seen anything like it. **Music halts.**

MILLARD

(Laying it on thick.)

Willard was a mite concerned that cuttin' them pleats for the bodice on the bias like that was too risqué for a town like Brantley. But, I said to him, I said, "Brother, that is how they are showin' them in Patee, New York and Vlah-dee-vostok!"  
(Looking to EDNA for agreement.) Hmm? **Music resumes.**

EDNA

I must announce my findings to the entire town. **Music halts.**

WILLARD

What are you gonna say?

EDNA

(Takes time to think, then...)

...TO ANYBODY HEEDING  
ME, I'LL PRAISE YOU TO THE SKIES!  
I'LL SAY "THE GAL WHO SHOWS HER BREEDING  
IS THE GAL WHO GOES AND BUYS!"  
WHY, THEY'LL ALL BEGIN STAMPEDING...;  
YOU'LL BE NEEDING FRESH SUPPLIES.....!

EDNA, CHESTER  
& HESTER

BECAUSE  
I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!  
NO, I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!  
THERE'S NEVER  
BEEN AS CLEVER  
AN ENDEAVOR  
CLOTHIN'-WISE...

JINNY, MILLARD  
& WILLARD

SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH..!  
HIT 'EM WITH A SCAM..!  
GIT 'EM IN A JAM..!

EDNA, CHESTER  
& HESTER

SO, FROM NOW UNTIL FOREVER,  
SHOULD THEY ASK ME, MY REPLY'S  
THAT I COULDN'T...

MILLARD

WHAT FOOL WOULD'N'T...

EDNA, CHESTER  
& HESTER

NO, I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

JINNY, MILLARD  
& WILLARD

WE'LL PULL  
THE WOOL  
RIGHT OVER THEIR EYES!

**Blackout!**

**End Act I**



**Scene 10:** The town square.

**MUSIC #10:** ENTR'ACTE TRACK 13

The TOWNSFOLK are on the street, going about their business, when HESTER bursts excitedly from Mutz Tailoring, followed by CHESTER, EDNA and MILLARD.

**MUSIC #10A:** A NEW FANGLED FROCK Reprise / MIZ EDNA SEZ TRACK 13 CONTINUED

HESTER

Gather 'round, everybody! Gather 'round...

BUST OUT YER SAVIN'S  
'CUZ WHUT YER'A CRAVIN'S  
THE GARMENTS  
THEM VARMINTS  
ARE HERE TO PREPARE...

WEAR A NEW-FANGLED  
DING-DANGLED  
STAR-SPANGLED FROCK..?  
YOU'RE AS SLICK  
AS A LICK FROM A MULE!

TOWNSFOLK

BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST  
WONDERFUL  
FEATURE IT'S GOT..?

The TOWNSFOLK crowd around EDNA to learn about this wonderful new garment. MILLARD and WILLARD stand to one side of the group. MILLARD grins and mutters aside to WILLARD...

MILLARD

IT CANNOT  
BE SEEN BY A FOOL.

And with that, MILLARD chuckles and exits into the tailor shop. WILLARD is about to follow him when, one-by-one, the TOWNSFOLK stop to speak to him.

LOLLYGAG

Oh, Mr. Willard, Mr. Willard...

MIZ EDNA SEZ THAT YOU'VE WHIPPED UP  
A WHOLE NEW MESS'A CLOTHES!

MISS POLLY

SHE SEZ THAT EACH AND EV'RY DRESS IS PRECIOUS!

WILLARD

I suppose.

HOLLY

THEY'RE JUST THE THING FOR SIPPIN' TEA  
AND LOUNGIN' ON A CHAISE!\* (\*Pronounced Shezz)

CHESTER

A whut?

LOLLYGAG, HOLLY  
& MISS POLLY

AND YOU'RE THE ONE RESPONSIBLE –  
OR SO MIZ EDNA SEZ!

EDNA

He is! He is! His clothes are masterpieces of understatement!

CHESTER

That's sayin' a mouthful..!

OLLIE

MIZ EDNA SEZ THEM GOWNS'A YOURS  
ARE FITTIN' FER A QUEEN!

RALEIGH

SHE SEZ THAT WE SHOULD BUY 'EM BY  
THE DOZEN!

EDNA

Sight unseen!

LOLLY

THEY'RE DARLIN' AS A DAFFODIL  
AND DARIN' AS A FEZ!

CHESTER

How's that?

WILLARD

AND I'M THE GUY BEHIND IT ALL?

RALEIGH, OLLIE  
& LOLLY

OR SO MIZ EDNA SEZ!

EDNA

WHY CAN'T I SEE YOU, YOU DEVIOUS FROCK?!  
TRANSPARENT FROM COLLAR TO HEM!  
WHY SO TAFFETA-FREE, YOU SCURRILOUS SMOCK?!  
CAN IT BE THAT I'M TRULY AS CLUELESS AS THEM..?!

RALEIGH

THE BAILFF,

SOLLY

JUDGE

WALLY

AND JURY

RALEIGH, SOLLY  
& WALLY

WILL SHOUT "OH, YEZ! OH, YEZ!"

CHESTER

Oh, yez!

WOMEN TOWNSFOLK

THE BOYS'LL CHEER WHEN WE APPEAR

TOWNSFOLK

OR SO MIZ EDNA SEZ!

WOMEN TOWNSFOLK

DANG IF MIZ EDNA  
AIN'T COME OUT AND SAID  
"NUHTHIN' FAIRER...

MEN TOWNSFOLK

...OR RARER...

TOWNSFOLK

CAN EVER COMPARE...

...TO A NEW-FANGLED  
DING-DANGLED  
STAR-SPANGLED FROCK..!

LOLLYGAG

IT'S A DREAM!

HOLLY

IT'S "TO DIE!"

MISS POLLY

IT'S THE RULE!

TOWNIES #1

BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST...

TOWNIES #2

WONDERFUL,

BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST

TOWNIES #3

WONDERFUL,  
WONDERFUL  
FEATURE IT'S GOT..?

WONDERFUL,  
WONDERFUL,  
FEATURE IT'S GOT?

BUT, WHAT'S THE MOST  
WONDERFUL,  
FEATURE IT'S GOT?

EDNA

(To herself.)

IT CANNOT  
BE SEEN BY A FOOL.

TOWNSFOLK

A BEAD-BANGLED..,  
FRESH-ANGLED..,  
GEM-JANGLED..,  
DING-DANGLED..,  
STAR-SPANGLED..,  
NEW-FANGLED FROCK!!!

The lights shift to...

**Scene 11:** Inside Mutz Tailoring.

MILLARD is counting a wad of cash. Nearby, JINNY is double-checking a pad full of figures. WILLARD enters.

JINNY

(Handing her pad to WILLARD.)

Here ya go, Pa: all the measurements from the ladies who came by the shop today.

WILLARD

Millard, we've got... (Leafing through them.) ...eight, nine, ten orders for new frocks!

MILLARD

(Grinning.)

Ain't it grand?

WILLARD

(Flustered.)

But, I can't possibly finish all this work by Founder's Day..!

MILLARD

What'cha talkin' about?!

MILLARD takes the pad from WILLARD...

You ain't gotta do nuthin'...

...and drops it into the trash.

How 'bout we back my Packard outta the tack barn and take 'er for a spin?

JINNY

(Excited!)

Really, Uncle Millard?!

WILLARD

Now, hold up..! What do we say if someone sees us out joyridin' when we oughta be here working?

**TRACK 14**

MILLARD

Aaaaw, you just gotta learn to roll with it, brother.

**MUSIC #11: TRAVELIN' FREE**

Specially after these Brantley folk figger out they been had.

Hadn't thought of that.

WILLARD

WHAT'S THE POINT OF DROWNIN'  
IN THIS TWO-BIT LITTLE TOWN  
WHEN YOU COULD BE  
TRAVELIN' FREE..?

MILLARD

"Travelin' free?"

WILLARD

Yeah! With me!

MILLARD

And leave Brantley?!

JINNY

Sure..,

MILLARD

WHAT'S THE SENSE IN SLIGHTIN'  
EV'RY FASCINATIN' SIGHT  
THERE IS TO SEE  
TRAVELIN' FREE..?

SOME SUCKER HANDIN' YOU  
A HEAVY LOAD..?  
DUMB LUCK ABANDON YOU..?  
THEN, HIT THE ROAD!  
NUTHIN'S AS APPEALIN'  
AS WHAT'S AROUND THE BEND --  
EV'RY ROUTE REVEALIN'  
AN UNEXPECTED END --  
STILL, I GET TO FEELIN'  
THAT, ANY WAY I WEND,  
IF I'VE A HALF A MIND --  
I'M GONNA UP AND FIND  
THE KIND'A LIFE I'VE BEEN ANTICIPATIN' WAITIN' THERE FOR ME!

Fact is, this is just too good a scam to waste on a one-time score. There's towns all over where we could pull the self-same thing...

JINNY  
NOW OUR LUCK IS BREAKIN' AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE YOU'RE TAKIN' PA AND ME  
TRAVELIN' FREE..

MILLARD  
IF IT'S EITHER GUTS IT OUT OR GO FOR BROKE, THEN, WHUT'S IT GOTTA BE?

JINNY  
TRAVELIN' FREE..!

HOP IN MY RUMBLE SEAT..?  
MILLARD

AWAY WE GO --  
JINNY

A ROUGH 'N TUMBLE SEAT,  
MILLARD

BUT, EVEN SO.,  
JINNY

ONCE YOU START TO TRAVEL,  
YOU NEVER WANNA STOP  
HEARIN' CRUNCHIN' GRAVEL  
OR ROLLIN' BACK THE TOP.  
SEEIN' ROADS UNRAVEL  
UNTIL YOU'RE LANDED..?  
MILLARD

He gestures to JINNY to finish his thought.

...PLOP! WHERE FOLKS'RE 'PRECIATIVE  
OF ALL WE'VE GOT TO GIVE!  
JINNY

THE LIVIN'S VARIED AS A DINER MENU WHEN YOU TRAVEL FREE!  
JINNY &  
MILLARD

COME WITH ME AND WE CAN TRAVEL FREE...  
GUARANTEE YA WE CAN TRAVEL FREE...  
WE CAN TRAVEL FREE...  
MILLARD  
JINNY  
SOUNDS INVITIN' WE CAN TRAVEL FREE...  
SO EXCITIN' WE CAN TRAVEL FREE...  
WE CAN TRAVEL FREE...

TRAVELIN' FREE..!  
JINNY &  
MILLARD

MISS POLLY enters with her hands hidden behind her back, looking very pretty in her new apron and a shy grin.

How do..!  
MISS POLLY

How do, Miss Polly! Didn't see ya sneakin' in..!  
MILLARD

MISS POLLY

Small wonder..! Been so many folk through here today.

MILLARD

Once Miz Edna put the word out, Willard's frocks took to flyin' outta the door.

MISS POLLY

Oh, well.., I don't wanna take up your time, then. It's just.., I ain't had occasion to thank you proper for my beautiful new apron.

WILLARD

No thanks required.

MISS POLLY reveals a ham that she has wrapped like a bouquet.

MISS POLLY

I hope you'll accept this token all the same. (Pause.) It's a ham.

MILLARD

Why, Miss Polly..! You are most kindly welcome..!

MILLARD makes a grab for the ham. MISS POLLY evades him and gives it to WILLARD.

WILLARD

Much obliged.

MILLARD

Say, Willard.., how 'bout you sew Miss Polly here a little somethin' special to go with that new apron of hers? To wear to the Promenaide..!

WILLARD

(Glaring at MILLARD.)

It's awful short notice, Millard.

MISS POLLY

I wouldn't hear of it!

MILLARD

And we wouldn't hear'a you traipsin' 'round in anything less.

MISS POLLY

Oh. (Weakening.) Well.., if it wouldn't be too much trouble...



WILLARD

(Blurts out!)

Know what I'd rather do..?! (Improvising.) Take this here ham on a picnic! And, Miss Polly, I'd be honored if you'd come along, too.

MILLARD

Don't you have a heap of sewing to do?

WILLARD

Just some finish work I can save for later. (To MISS POLLY.) What do you say?

MISS POLLY

Yes! Of course! I'd be delighted! I'll go pack us some more eats. (An idea!) Just made a fresh batch of head cheese!

MISS POLLY gives WILLARD a peck on the cheek and exits.

MILLARD

Well done, brother Willard.

JINNY

What'd pa do?

MILLARD

If he can keep Miss Polly occupied, he won't have to make her a frock.

WILLARD

And I can spare her the embarrassment of the others.

MILLARD

Guess we can let one of 'em get away. Meantime, Jinny, first thing tomorrow you deliver them other orders and collect the rest of the loot.

WILLARD

I don't want her doing that.

JINNY

Yeah, Uncle Millard. I can get started today.

MILLARD

Naw, it's better to wait 'til the last possible minute – give 'em less time to get suspicious.

WILLARD

(Clarifying, angrily!)

I mean I don't want her involved in this at all! It's rascality, Millard! Plain an' simple! An' I don't like it.

MILLARD  
(Turning to JINNY.)

Short Stack, would you mind steppin'...

WILLARD  
(Interrupting.)

No. Stay. I want Jinny to hear this.

MILLARD

All right. (A slow burn.) "Rascality," ya say..? To try and teach the girl what she needs to know to get along in the world..? To try and make amends?

WILLARD

That ain't what this is about! Not when nice folk like Miss Polly get caught up in it!

MILLARD

Yes, it is! And it always has been! Heck, everything I have ever done has been to make amends for one thing or another! (Pauses. Then...) Even runnin' out on you.

WILLARD

Stop talking nonsense!

MILLARD

I left 'cause I couldn't figger out how the two of us were gonna fit under that halo of yours! Face it, Willard, it's done -- a done deal. And there ain't nuthin' that you can do to stop it.

MILLARD exits. WILLARD looks stunned.

JINNY

You okay, pa?

WILLARD

Don't know about any of this, Jinny. It was one thing to try an' teach Miz Edna a lesson. But, all these other folks... I can't help thinkin', if they gave my real clothes a chance, they'd like 'em even more than them fancy duds they think they're gettin'.. ! (Pauses. Then...) Gotta be somethin' I can do.

WILLARD exits.

**MUSIC #11A: A LIE AIN'T THE TRUTH TRACK 15**

JINNY  
(Repeats to herself.)

There's gotta be somethin'...

JINNY

I USED TO THINK THAT TELLIN'  
THE TRUTH FROM A LIE  
WAS EASIER THAN SELLIN'...  
ICE CREAM IN JULY..!  
BUT THEN, A FELLA CAME ALONG THAT MUDDLED ME.., BUT GOOD!  
AND SORTIN' WHAT'S RIGHT FROM WHAT'S WRONG  
TOOK A LOT MORE THINKIN' THAN I EVER THOUGHT IT WOULD.

THE TRUTH CAN BE TRICKY.  
IT ISN'T ALWAYS CLEAR.  
A MIGHTY FINE LIE'LL  
MAKE THE DIFF'RENCE DISAPPEAR.  
BUT, THERE'S ONE THING FOR CERTAIN --  
AND THAT'S A GUARANTEE  
A LIE AIN'T THE TRUTH.  
EVEN WHEN YA WANT IT TO BE.

DON'T'CHA WORRY, PA.  
I CAN SET IT RIGHT.  
DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL DO IT.  
BUT, I'LL DO IT BY TONIGHT.  
COME TOMORROW MORNIN',  
TABLES WILL HAVE TURNED.  
WE'LL BE BACK TO GETTIN' BY  
ON ONLY WHAT WE'VE EARNED.  
AND ALL BECAUSE I'VE LEARNED...

THE TRUTH CAN BE TRICKY.  
IT ISN'T ALWAYS CLEAR.  
A MIGHTY FINE LIE'LL  
MAKE THE DIFF'RENCE DISAPPEAR.  
BUT, THERE'S ONE THING FOR CERTAIN --  
AND THAT'S A GUARANTEE  
A LIE AIN'T THE TRUTH.  
EVEN WHEN YA WANT IT TO BE.  
NO.., A LIE AIN'T THE TRUTH.  
EVEN WHEN YA WANT IT TO BE.

**MUSIC #11B: STITCHING TRACK 15 CONTINUED**

JINNY opens her father's trunk and pulls out one of his homespun dresses. She considers it for a long moment, then quickly folds it up and exits with it under her arm.

**Blackout.**

**Scene 12:** Inside Klemperer's Mercantile Emporium.

EDNA enters, dressed in a kimono. She is followed shortly thereafter by CHESTER, HESTER and JINNY, who lugs a garment on a covered clothing hanger.

EDNA  
(To JINNY.)

Bring it right out here, dear... (To CHESTER & HESTER.) Hurry along, you two. This is not the day to dilly dally... (To JINNY.) Hang it up for me, would you, child..?

JINNY

Yes, ma'am.

EDNA  
(To CHESTER & HESTER.)

Now.., while I dress, we shall review today's events one...final...time.

HESTER groans. JINNY hangs the garment.

CHESTER

Durn it, Edna, Brantley's been holdin' these 'Anna-hool Founder's Day Promenaid's since nineteen-aught-three..!

HESTER

I think we know how it goes.

EDNA

Oh, do "we?" To begin with, the word is pronounced "promenaaaah....."

The word dies on her lips as JINNY removes the covering to reveal one of WILLARD's homespun creations. EDNA regards it with an expression of utter disdain.

What is that?

JINNY

The dress you ordered, ma'am.

EDNA

That...that...that horrible feed bag!?! It most certainly is not!

JINNY  
(Giving up.)

Maybe I mixed up the orders.

JINNY turns away from EDNA, removes the dress and turns back to her displaying the **empty clothing hanger**.

This your frock?

EDNA  
(Crowing!)

Oh, yes! Yes!! (To CHESTER & HESTER.) Isn't it magnificent?!

CHESTER  
& HESTER  
(**Ad libbing** variously.)

Oh, yeah..! It's a sight..! Surely is somethin'..! Lookee that..!

EDNA  
(Teasing JINNY.)

I'd better not see any of the other ladies in town wearing the same thing.

JINNY

You won't, ma'am. You won't.

JINNY gathers up the dress and exits.

EDNA  
(Turning to CHESTER and HESTER.)

**TRACK 16**

Now, where was I..?

**MUSIC #12: A PROPER PROMENADE**

Ah, yes..,

WHEN YOU'RE OUT TO TAKE A PROMENAHDE,  
ONCE YOU'RE PROMENAHDING,  
DON'T SUCCUMB TO PLODDING..!  
KNOW THE PROPER ATTITUDE..,  
SHOW THE PROPER GRATITUDE..,  
THROW THE PROPER PLATITUDES ABOUT..!  
THROUGH THE HOI POLLOI YOU'LL WEAVE,  
HANKY DANGLING FROM YOUR SLEEVE,  
IF YOU'RE EVER HOPING TO ACHIEVE  
A PROPER PROMENAHDE.

EDNA disappears behind a folding screen to dress. CHESTER and HESTER huddle.

ARE WE GONNA SEE  
A PROPER PROMENAAIDE..?

CHESTER  
& HESTER

Promenaahde!

EDNA  
(Poking her head out to correct them.)

IS IT GONNA BE  
A PROPER PROMENAAIDE..?

CHESTER  
& HESTER

Promenaahde! It can be if you follow my instructions to the letter..:

EDNA

SQUEEZE YOUR KNEES  
AS CLOSE AS PEAS  
THAT SHARE A TEENSY POD..!  
HEADS ERECT  
AND YOU'LL EFFECT  
A PROPER PROMENAADE..!

CHESTER and HESTER try to do as ordered.

CHESTER  
& HESTER

SQUEEZE OUR KNEES  
LIKE THEY WERE PEAS  
ALL SQUISHED INSIDE A POD..?  
HEADS ERECT  
AND WE SUSPECT  
WE'RE LOOKIN' AWFUL ODD..!

EDNA

Nonsense! You look wonderful!

EDNA appears from behind the screen, clad in a camisole, bloomers and a big picture hat!

But, nowhere near as wonderful as I..!

EDNA parades about the room as if she is decked out in the most spectacular outfit that she has ever owned. After a moment of stunned silence, CHESTER and HESTER burst into appreciative **applause**.

To the streets!

The scene shifts to...

The town square.

EDNA, CHESTER and HESTER emerge from the store to find the streets busy with TOWNSFOLK. Brantley's most fashionable LADIES (with the exception of HESTER and MISS POLLY) are dressed similarly to EDNA: in their underthings, yet accessorized to the hilt. They sport elaborate hats, twirl parasols, teeter in fancy footwear and clutch gaudy purses. MILLARD, WILLARD and JINNY appear among them.

### Dance Break

CHESTER

IF YOU WANNA TAKE A PROMENAAIDE,  
MOST'A PROMENAIDIN'  
IS PRIMPIN' AN' PARADIN'.

HESTER

STARCH YER DUDS AND STRUT YOUR STUFF!

MILLARD

MARCH YER BUTT OFF (Aside to JINNY.) IN THE BUFF!

CHESTER  
& HESTER  
(Demonstrating.)

ARCH AN EYEBROW..!

EDNA

...THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW!

ALL EXCEPT THE MUTZES

MINGLE WITH THE WELL-TO-DO  
UP AND DOWN THE AVENUE  
WHEN IT'S YOUR INTENTION TO PURSUE...

EDNA  
(Trying to shout them all down!)

A PROPER PROMENAAHDE!!!

CHESTER  
& HESTER

NEVER GONNA BE  
A FINER PROMENAAIDE..!

TOWNSFOLK  
A FINER PROMENAAIDE  
THERE'LL NEVER BE..!

Promenaahde!

EDNA

NEVER GONNA SEE  
A FINER PROMENAAIDE..!

CHESTER  
& HESTER

TOWNFOLK  
A FINER PROMENAAIDE  
YOU'LL NEVER SEE..!

Promenaaaaahde!!!

EDNA

MILLARD motions WILLARD and JINNY over  
to a corner.

MILLARD  
Our work here is done. Time for the three of us to vamoose. Meet'cha at the  
shop.

MILLARD works his way "casually" across the  
square and exits.

WILLARD  
Jinny, some lies get to be so big there's no stoppin' 'em.

WILLARD exits.

There's gotta be a way..!

JINNY

ALL OUR KNEES  
AS CLOSE AS PEAS  
THAT SHARE A SINGLE POD..!  
HEADS ERECT --  
AND WE'LL PERFECT  
A PROPER PROMENAHDE..?  
WHO'D'VE GUESSED  
HOW WE'D BE DRESSED?  
AND, BEST OF ALL, BE SHOD..?  
WHO'D'VE DREAMT  
THAT WE'D ATTEMPT  
A PROPER PROMENAHDE..?

ALL EXCEPT JINNY

A PRAH...PER...PRAH...MEH...

EDNA



EDNA  
NAAAAAHDE!

CHESTER  
& HESTER

NEVER GONNA BE  
A FINER PROMENAHDE!

NEVER GONNA SEE  
A FINER PROMENAHDE!

NEVER GONNA BE  
A FINER PROMENAHDE!

NEVER GONNA SEE  
A FINER PROMENAHDE...

A PROPER PROMENAHDE!

A PROPER PROMENAHDE!

A PROPER PROMENAHDE...

TOWNSFOLK

ALL OUR KNEES  
AS CLOSE AS PEAS  
A FINER PROMENAHDE  
THERE'LL NEVER BE!  
HEADS ERECT --  
AND WE'LL PERFECT  
A FINER PROMENAHDE  
WE'LL NEVER SEE!  
WHO'D'VE GUESSED  
HOW WE'D BE DRESSED  
A FINER PROMENAHDE  
THEY'LL NEVER BE!  
WHO'D'VE DREAMT  
THAT WE'D ATTEMPT  
A FINER PROMENAHDE  
WE'LL...

JINNY

(Yells, interrupting!)

Miz Edna's got no clothes on!

The music and the action come to a **halt!**

CHESTER, HESTER,  
and ALL TOWNSFOLK  
(**Ad libbing** variously.)

What..?! How's that..?! No clothes, ya say..?!

JINNY

I said.., she ain't got no clothes!

EDNA

People, people, people! (Trying to restore calm.) Pay no attention to that child! I have a confession to make. It's actually very amusing..; droll, even. You see, this is a very... shall we say... (Choosing her words.) "peculiar" frock. Quite "unusual," in fact.

The TOWNSFOLK begin to advance on EDNA.

MISS POLLY

You told us it was the greatest thing since churned butter.

EDNA  
(Backing nervously away.)

Indeed, it is!

OLLIE

Better than a barnyard dance..!

EDNA  
So I did..!

HESTER  
Near as slick as a lick from a mule!

EDNA  
Yes!! Yes!! It's all of that! And one thing more! If you can't see it.., well.., (Pointing at JINNY.) that proves that you're a fool!

OLLIE  
(Scoffs!)  
Sez you. (Nodding toward JINNY.) But, she's just a kid.

MISS POLLY  
How can you be a fool if you're a kid?

HESTER  
And why would you want her peepin' at you in your drawers?

EDNA  
(Sputtering..!)  
Well.., I... don't... exactly...

EDNA grabs CHESTER and uses him as a human shield!

Buffer me, Chester! Buffer me!

CHESTER  
(Fed up!)  
Aaaaw, go "buffer" yourself! Truth is, I don't see no frock either!  
(To the OTHER LADIES) Not on a single one'a ya!

EDNA lets out a **wail** of panic as she realizes that they can all see her underwear!

**MUSIC #12A: CHAOS! TRACK 16 CONTINUED**

Chaos ensues, as ALL bust into howls of laughter and EDNA runs in circles searching for a place to hide! CHESTER – torn between wanting to help her and wanting to join in the merriment – just sort of looks befuddled.

**Blackout!**

**MUSIC #13: STITCHING TRACK 17 (to end of recording (includes all dialogue)**

**Scene 13:** Inside Mutz Tailoring.

MILLARD is quickly gathering his belongings.  
WILLARD does likewise, if less urgently.

MILLARD

Shake a leg, big brother. We gotta get outta here. (Calls!) Jinny..?!

WILLARD

I guess I'm packed. All I really wanna take is this here trunk.

MILLARD

You can forget about that. Gotta travel light. (Calls!) Jinny?! Where is that girl?

WILLARD

(Quietly.)

Then, Millard....., I'm stayin'.

MILLARD

How's that!?!

WILLARD

Jinny and I are stayin' put. These clothes mean a lot to me... even if nobody wants to wear 'em. Too much to leave 'em behind. Besides, these folks have had their comeuppance. I just wanna clear the air and see if they'll forgive me.

MILLARD

And if they don't?

WILLARD

That's the chance you take when you tell the truth.

MILLARD

Suit yourself.

He digs a handful of cash from his bag.

Lookit.., here's your share of the loot. Spread a little'a that around and they might go easy on ya. But, Millard E. ain't havin' any part of it. 'Cause, right about now, the "E." stands for "eeevacuate!"

JINNY enters, running.

JINNY

Uncle Millard.., Pa.., I've got a confession to make!

MILLARD

Lord help me! It's an epidemic.

JINNY

I told Miz Edna and the others they weren't wearin' no clothes. And if she's half as sore at us as they are at her...

MILLARD  
(Cutting her off!)

I don't wanna think about it!

JINNY

I'm sorry, Uncle Millard. I just couldn't stand Pa lookin' all unhappy. Figgered maybe that'd fix it.

MILLARD

Awww, you fixed it..! (Panicked.) Fixed it good!

WILLARD

Jinny, you did right. Did us both proud.

MILLARD

Lookit, small fry..., it ain't in my nature to stay and face the music..., but if I was to, say..., leave my share of the loot behind..., accidental-like..?

He "accidentally" drops his sack of cash.

Ya think you'd remember your ole uncle a mite more kindly? The name's Mutz..: Millard E.

JINNY

As in?

MILLARD  
(Sheepishly.)

Earl.

JINNY

But, if you give back the money, you can stay here with us, free and clear!

MILLARD

In the clear, maybe...

**MUSIC #13A: TRAVELIN' FREE Snippet TRACK 17 CONTINUED**

but, not as free as I like.

WHAT'S THE POINT OF DROWNIN' IN THIS TWO-BIT LITTLE TOWN

WHEN YOU COULD BE TRAVELIN' FREE..?

WHAT'S THE SENSE OF SLIGHTIN' EV'RY FASCINATIN' SIGHT

THERE IS TO SEE TRAVELIN' FREE...?

He exits one way, as EDNA bursts in another!

WILLARD

Miz Klemperer!

EDNA

Mister Mutz! Just the man I need to see..!

WILLARD

Miz Edna, now, I know there ain't much I can do to make up for the embarrassment I've caused you, but I've got your money back... (Holds it out.)  
...every blessed cent.

EDNA

Keep it! I'll happily forget the whole thing if you can just find me something to wear!

JINNY sees her opening, dives into the trunk  
and comes up with one of her dad's frocks.

JINNY

How 'bout this?

EDNA

Anything!!!

**MUSIC #13B: THE KANSAS CON SNIPPET TRACK 17 CONTINUED**

EDNA slips it on. MILLARD peeks in through a window.

MILLARD

SLOP A LITTLE HOGWASH...  
SPREAD A LITTLE HOOHA...  
TAKE 'EM FOR A CAKEWALK...

By now EDNA has finished dressing and gives  
herself the "once over" in a mirror.

TRY A LITTLE...

JINNY

...MY DON'T YOU LOOK NICE.

EDNA gives her a dubious look.

Honest, Miz Edna, you really do look awful pretty.

EDNA

Thank you, child.

**MUSIC #13C: STITCHING TRACK 17 CONTINUED**

It's perfection.

EDNA spins about joyously!

EDNA

WHY IT'S REMARKABLE!  
LOOK AT HOW IT FLOWS!  
NEVER HAVE I DRESSED IN ANY FINER CLOTHES  
YOU'RE AN ARTIST..,

...Mister Mutz! A genius!

WILLARD

Well.., (Blushing.) I don't know about that...

JINNY

He sure is!

**MUSIC #13D: STITCHING TRACK 17 CONTINUED**

WILLARD

It ain't too plain for ya..?

EDNA

My dear man, only a fool would mistake simple, understated elegance for plainness. (She takes WILLARD by the hand.) Only a fool. I do hope you'll forgive me. And allow me to right the wrongs I've done you.

WILLARD

Aaaw, I think we're about even. Don't you?

CHESTER, HESTER and TOWNSFOLK enter.

HESTER

There she is!

**MUSIC #13E: I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES Reprise TRACK 17 CONTINUED**

(Spots EDNA's outfit.) Why, Edna Klemperer! I don't believe my eyes!

EDNA

Well.., YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE YOUR EYES!  
YES, YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE YOUR EYES!  
THERE'S NEVER  
BEEN AS CLEVER  
AN ENDEAVOR  
CLOTHING-WISE  
YOU'LL HAVE NO DOUBT WHATSOEVER  
ONCE I VOCALLY "RE-PRIZE..."

CHESTER

Ain't that word pronounced "repreeeeeze..?"

EDNA

THAT YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE YOUR EYES!

MILLARD

I s'pose you could say that was the day Miz Edna learned that you can't judge a frock by its frou-frous. I know it's when Willard's homespun found its way into every closet in the county. Course, nuthin' says you have to believe me. But...

CHESTER, HESTER  
& TOWNSFOLK

WE'D BETTER BELIEVE OUR EYES!

YES, WE'D BETTER BELIEVE OUR EYES!

THERE'S NEVER  
BEEN AS CLEVER  
AN ENDEAVOR CLOTHIN' WISE...

JINNY &

WILLARD

TRY A LITTLE HOMESPUN..

EDNA

COULDN'T HURT A BIT...

JINNY, WILLARD  
& EDNA

SEE IF IT'LL FIT  
AND REMEMBER THAT, WHEREVER  
LIFE MAY LEAD YOU, WE'D ADVISE  
THAT YOU'D BETTER

MILLARD

Girl, go get 'er!

ALL EXCEPT MILLARD

YES, YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE YOUR...

**MUSIC #13F: THAT'S MY STORY Reprise TRACK 17 CONTINUED**

MILLARD

Now, I can't say if it's hogwash.  
Depends. It just might be.

BUT, FRIENDS, YOU HEARD IT FIRST FROM THEM AN' ME:  
MILLARD E.!

AND THAT'S MY STORY!

EDNA

THAT'S MY STORY!

WILLARD

THAT'S MY STORY!

JINNY

THAT'S MY STORY!

WHO CAN SAY WHO YOU'LL BELIEVE OR IF YOU CARE ONE LICK!	CHESTER & HESTER
Take your pick!	TOWNSFOLK
THAT'S MY STORY!	JINNY, EDNA, WILLARD & MILLARD
THAT'S MY STORY!	CHESTER, HESTER &TOWNSFOLK
IN ALL IT'S...	JINNY, EDNA, WILLARD & MILLARD
...GLORY!!	ALL
THAT'S MY STORY AND WE'RE MAKIN' IT STICK!	EDNA
Believe it or not.	CHESTER, HESTER & TOWNSFOLK
AND WE'RE MAKIN' IT STICK!	WILLARD
You be the judge.	CHESTER, HESTER & TOWNSFOLK
AND WE'RE MAKIN' IT STICK!	JINNY
Would we lie?	CHESTER, HESTER & TOWNSFOLK
AND WE'RE MAKIN' IT...	MILLARD
THAT'S MY STORY!	ALL EXCEPT MILLARD
THAT'S MY STORY...	ALL
AND WE'RE MAKIN' IT STICK!	

**CURTAIN.**

**MUSIC #14 : BOWS NOT RECORDED**