

# SHINE!

THE HORATIO ALGER MUSICAL

book by  
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music by  
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"Shine!" is an original musical comedy based on characters and situations found in the works of Horatio Alger, particularly *Ragged Dick* and *Silas Snobden's Office Boy*, respectively Alger's first best-seller and the one first printed in book form eighty years after it was first serialized in *Argosy*. We've borrowed characters from both novels, youthened some, aged others, re-invented a few, created a few of our own. And of course we gave them songs to sing and comic devices Horatio did not provide. But we stuck with Alger's pervasive theme: that in America one could begin with nothing, and with the right attitude, hard work, application, and a little bit of luck, dream a dream and chart a course on which to achieve it. The road was rutted, it twisted and turned, it was loaded with chance encounters and bothersome detours, but if one got on with it, didn't complain about the rough days and the tragic losses, well—it could lead all who traveled it right smack into a musical comedy.

Welcome to the world of "Shine!". It probably will not make you rich. It may not even get you started up the road to success. On the other hand, it may --"

— *Richard Seff, September 2001*

## ACT I

SCENE 1

**SETTING:** A SHOW CURTAIN, painted in the style of productions of the Old Bowery, featuring an unfinished Brooklyn Bridge and the skyline of New York City, circa 1876. Prominently displayed are the words "1876. WALL STREET IS KING AND VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD."

**TIME:** Seven o'clock, a morning in late April, 1876.

**AT RISE:** City sounds. The light builds slowly as the first rays of sunshine cast shadows on the buildings and street. The tolling of Trinity's bell seven times, a cry of "charcoal!," etc. A MINISTER crosses, A PROSTITUTE crosses (exchange), A FRUIT VENDOR enters. OFFICER FITZ enters, nods, takes an apple, tips his hat. THREE BUSINESSMEN, on their way to work, gather to discuss the morning headlines.

"WALL STREET LAMENT"

## BUSINESSMEN

RISING CRIME RATES  
HIGHER PRICES --  
WHAT HAS BECOME OF  
THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

NOW, NEW YORK IS  
DIRT AND VICES --  
CAN'T WE HAVE SOME OF  
THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

WE REMEMBER  
HOW IT BECKONED,  
LITTLE NEW YORK IN  
THE GOOD OLD DAYS!

MEN (contd)

NOW IT'S NORTH OF  
FORTY-SECOND,  
POPPING ITS CORK SINCE  
THE GOOD OLD DAYS!

MAN #1

OVER TO BROOKLYN  
THEY'RE WORKING ON THAT GREAT BIG BRIDGE --

MAN #3

WATCH IT ALL FALL DOWN!

MAN #1

IF GOD WANTED BRIDGES  
WOULD HE PROVIDE US  
ALL THOSE FERRIES!?

MAN #2

OUT IN THE HARBOR  
THEY PLAN TO BUILD THIS DAMN FOOL THING --

MAN #3

WHAT A WASTE OF CASH!

MAN #2

NOW CAN YOU IMAGINE  
A STATUE JUST TO WELCOME RIFF RAFF?

ALL THREE

EVEN SO, WE  
LOVE THIS CITY --  
THEY WERE ASLEEP IN  
THE GOOD OLD DAYS!

'CROSS THE HUDSON  
LIFE'S A PITY --  
THERE THEY CAN KEEP ALL THEIR  
GOOD OLD DAYS!

(The MEN exit. OFFICER FITZ, making his rounds, hears a noise from a large box, partially hidden. HE approaches the box, pokes it. A YOUNG MAN, RICHARD HUNTER, in ragged clothes, covered in straw, suddenly pokes his head up from the box.)

FITZ

Well now, Dick. This isn't the Astor House. We don't sleep til noon in this hotel.

DICK

(half-asleep)

What time is it?

FITZ

Seven o'clock.

(Through the following DICK runs his fingers through his hair, picking the straw from it. HE puts on his jacket which has been his pillow and uncovers a shoeshine box hidden in the straw.)

DICK

Seven o'clock! I oughter been up an hour ago. Kind of you to wake me, Officer Fitz.

FITZ

A little service from the city.

DICK

The Mayor'll get a note from me personal.

FITZ

And delighted he'll be I'm sure.

DICK

Treated myself to a fine theatrical at the Old Bowery and didn't turn in till past midnight.

FITZ

You went to the Old Bowery?

DICK

It was so grand. Heroes, villains, lots of daring-do and no lack of pretty girls.

FITZ

And how did you get the money for such an extravaganza?

DICK

Boot blackin' and shoeshines, of course. You won't catch me stealing, if that's what you mean. Some boys do. I wouldn't.

FITZ

Glad to hear it.

(DICK has finished dressing. DICK begins to shine his own shoes.)

Intendin' no disrespect, but with your clothes in the condition they are, why are you botherin' with your shoes?

DICK

Officer Fitz, I'm surprised at you.

(Packing away his brush and rags, DICK holds up the shine box. MUSIC.)

"SHINE"

DICK

HERE'S A BOX  
WHERE YOU WOULD NEVER GUESS  
THERE IS MAGIC LURKING --  
IT UNLOCKS  
THE SECRET OF SUCCESS --  
AND I GUARANTEE IT WON'T STOP WORKING --

TO GET YOUR MORNIN' STARTED  
AND HELP TO MAKE IT GLOW --  
TO KEEP YOU LION-HEARTED  
AND RARIN' TO GO --

WITH JUST A BIT O'POLISH  
I'LL BRIGHTEN UP YOUR DAY --  
AND 'PRESTO' WE'LL ABOLISH  
A SKY FULL OF GRAY!

(FITZ tosses DICK the uneaten apple. DICK catches it, gives it a quick shine. We follow DICK to nearby WALL STREET. Along the way DICK charms the FRUIT VENDOR and gets another apple, a FLOWER GIRL and receives a carnation.)

A SHINE!  
IS REALLY ALL THAT YOU NEED  
AND YOU WILL SEE  
THERE'LL BE  
A CHANGE IN YOUR LUCK!

A SHINE!  
AND YOU ARE BOUND TO SUCCEED  
AND BY TONIGHT  
YOU MIGHT  
BE J.P. MORGAN!

(To A DRUNK)

YOUR COAT IS THIN AND THREADBARE  
YOUR PANTS ARE WORST THAN THAT --  
YOU HAVE TO KEEP YOUR HEAD BARE  
'CAUSE YOU'VE GOT NO HAT --

BUT IF YOU'VE GOT ENDURANCE  
YOU'RE GONNA DO JUST FINE --  
WITH FAITH AND SELF-ASSURANCE  
AND THE PRICE OF A (SHINE)

(DICK gives his flower and the extra apple  
to the drunk as HE arrives on WALL STREET.  
It is rush hour and the street is bustling  
with the morning energy of a parade of  
BUSINESSMEN. HE approaches two.)

DICK

Shine your shoes, gentlemen?

CUSTOMER #1

No time, son. We have important business at City Hall.

DICK

Be sure and give my regards to the Mayor.

CUSTOMER #2

Friend of yours, is he?

DICK

I black his boots by special appointment. That's how I pay my  
city taxes. His Honor wouldn't consider going to City Hall  
without a shine from yours truly.

CUSTOMER #1

Very well then, I'm sold.

(As DICK proceeds to give them both a most  
flamboyant shine, nearby a young bootblack  
(FOSWELL) is clumsily shining the boots of a  
CUSTOMER.)

FOSWELL'S CUSTOMER

Not much of a shine for a nickel.

FOSWELL

They didn't teach this in school. Is three cents too much?

CUSTOMER #3

Take the nickel. You'll need it.

(The CUSTOMER exits. Out of the crowd, another boot-black, MICKEY MAGUIRE, approaches, smoking a cigar.)

MAGUIRE

(to FOSWELL)

He's right, you will. You do it all wrong, kid. Don't use so much polish. Use your spit. It costs less.

FOSWELL

Thanks. Who are you?

MAGUIRE

I'm the one you're gonna give the nickel to.

FOSWELL

What?!

MAGUIRE

You're new. You're on the wrong street, kid. You gotta learn the rules.

(DICK has finished with his two customers and overhears.)

DICK

That's right, Maguire. Now, out!

(MUSIC OUT. FOSWELL starts to leave.)

Not you. Him.

MAGUIRE

Ah, there he is, his Majesty, "Ragged Dick," King of the Bootblacks.

DICK

I don't mind that monicker. People remember it. I can't transact no loans, Mickey.



MAGUIRE

Just two bits to buy your less fortunate friend some breakfast?

(DICK takes MAGUIRE's cigar, puffs on it)

DICK

I started late today. Missed my regulars. This rag of mine is gonna shine a lot of boots. You should try working for your money sometime, Mickey.

MAGUIRE

Oh, Dick, you are so good! I bet you don't know why you ain't in heaven right now instead of bein' down here with us lowlifes.

(takes back the cigar)

DICK

Tell you what I'll do. If you're up to it, I'll get us each a customer.

FOSWELL

Can you do that?

DICK

Watch.

(DICK spies THREE BUSINESSMEN)

MAN #1

I'm telling you, Ambrose, you'd better pick up some Erie Railroad Common. It's a bargain and it's going through the roof.

DICK

(sliding up to them)

Excuse me, gentlemen, but my associates and I were hoping you might help settle a business dispute we are having.

MAN #3

And what might that be?

DICK

My friend here, Mister...

(realizes HE doesn't know FOSWELL's name)

FOSWELL

Foswell.

DICK

My friend, Mister Foswell, here insists that your boots haven't seen a shine for at least two days. But I say it's more like a week.

MAN #1

Well, son, you're both wrong. We had a shine not an hour ago before we made the crossing from Brooklyn.

DICK

Ah, well. That explains it.  
(the BOYS nod in agreement)

MAN #2

Explains what?

DICK

The bootblacks in Brooklyn ain't up to our professional standards here in Manhattan.

MAN #3

Nonsense. A shine is a shine.

DICK

No, Mister, with all due respect --

(DICK begins his pitch)

SOME THINK THERE'S NOTHING TO IT,  
JUST GIVE A RAG A TWIST --  
BUT AMATEURS CAN'T DO IT,  
THEY DON'T HAVE THE WRIST.

YOUR SHOES WON'T MIND THE WEATHER,  
OUR SECRET KEEPS 'EM FIT --  
YOU FURNISH US THE LEATHER,

MICKEY

WE FURNISH THE SPIT!

DICK

LET'S SAY  
YOU'VE FOUND THE GIRL YOU WOULD CHOOSE  
TO BE YOUR WIFE  
FOR LIFE  
SO YOU SET THE DATE!

(FOSWELL is catching on and feeling more confident.)

FOSWELL

BUT HEY!  
SHE TAKES ONE LOOK AT YOUR SHOES  
AND LEAVES YOU FLAT,  
LIKE THAT,  
RIGHT AT THE ALTAR!

BOTH

SO IF YOU WOULD DISCOVER  
THE SECRET OF YOUR GROWTH  
TO MILLIONAIRE  
OR LOVER,  
OR PREFR'ABLY BOTH!

THE RULE COULD NOT BE STRICTER --  
IT'S THAT WAY BY DESIGN:  
THE FIGHT THAT ENDS IN VICTORY  
BEGINS WITH A  
SHINE!

MAN #2

All right, boys. Let's see what you can do.

(DICK, FOSWELL and, reluctantly, MICKEY set up their shine boxes and proceed to shine the MEN's boots. The street life reaches a climax as the "WALL STREET LAMENT" and "SHINE" merge in a contrapuntal chorus. Shines are given, newspapers read and swapped, the morning street life reaches a climax with...)

BOOTBLACKS  
RECALL THAT DECLARATION  
THE PROMISE TO OUR NATION  
OF LIBERTY AND LIFE  
AND THE PURSUIT OF A  
SHINE!

BUSINESSMEN  
WHO  
NEEDS THE  
GOOD OLD DAYS  
TO  
SHINE!

(When the number ends, DICK, FOSWELL and MICKEY have finished their shines.)

DICK'S CUSTOMER

(admiring his shoes and paying)

Excellent work. Five cents--that's what I call a bargain!

FOSWELL'S CUSTOMER

(inspecting the job and giving him a nickel)

Not bad. Here's your nickel.

FOSWELL

(repeating those wonderful words)

"Not bad!" Did you hear? I'm encouraged!

(FOSWELL exits with a wave to DICK)

MICKEY'S CUSTOMER

(displeased)

They looked better before. Here's three cents. You won't see me again.

MICKEY

(following the MAN offstage)

Oh yeah! Well, I'll just have to struggle along without'cha!

(DICK spots another potential customer hurriedly crossing the stage.)

DICK

Shine your shoes, sir?

MAN (later known as CHAPIN)

(rudely)

Not now! I'm late.

DICK

(trying his usual)

Always time for a shine. Don't mind my saying, looks like you could use one.

MAN

How dare you hand out advice on grooming! Look at you! You're nothing but a guttersnipe!

(HE exits in a rush)

DICK

(angry)

This coat once belonged to General George Washington! Oh yes! And these pants was a gift from Lewis Napoleon. He's bigger'n me, and that's why they don't fit right!

(ALLEN CARLISLE, an impressive looking gent, who has entered shortly after the MAN, has witnessed the above.)

CARLISLE

(to DICK)

It seems you have distinguished friends. (seriously) You mustn't let him upset you.

DICK

These clothes? I only wear 'em cause they help folks to notice me.

CARLISLE

(noticing the 5¢ on the shine box)

When I was a boot-black I got just three cents a shine. You're getting five. You're already ahead of me.

DICK

You were a boot-black???

CARLISLE

Yes, at the start. Now, let me tell you something.

(HE picks up DICK's polishing rag)

This cloth isn't bad. But if I wanted to make some extra money, I'd get a heavier one. It'll do a better job and in less time. Add some finesse.

DICK

Finesse. And that's good?

CARLISLE

"Finesse." French word I've borrowed. "Extreme delicacy or subtlety in action." I just heard it this morning and I wanted to try it out.

DICK

I do that! But I'm still workin' on English.

CARLISLE

Right. I was being a bit grand.

DICK

No, no! I'd give you a shine for the advice, but I don't think I could match the one you've got.

CARLISLE

Thank you. I do them myself.

DICK

You're better'n me. And I'm good.

CARLISLE

Maybe I missed a couple of spots. Why don't you take a crack at them?

DICK

Yessir!

(HE starts the shine)

"LOOK AT HIM"

DICK

(glancing up at CARLISLE)

HEY WILL YOU LOOK AT HIM --  
I WONDER WHO HE IS --  
THIS FELLA, PROUD AND TALL,  
YOU'D THINK THAT ALL  
THE WORLD IS HIS --

JUST TAKE A LOOK AT HIM --  
IT'S CLEAR TO SEE  
HE'S ALL THE THINGS I'M NOT  
BUT KNOW I'VE GOT  
THE CHANCE TO BE --

SOMEHOW HE MADE HIS WAY  
FROM BLACKIN' BOOTS  
TO WEARIN' SILK CRAVATS  
AND DERBY (TALL TOP) HATS  
AND LINEN SUITS --

NO MATTER WHAT HE DOES --  
NO MATTER WHO HE WAS --  
WHEN PEOPLE LOOK HIS WAY  
THEY SIMPLY SAY  
"RESPECTABLE."

CARLISLE

(quietly)

Do you live with your folks?

DICK

No folks. I'm on my own at The Box Hotel. (beat) But you  
wouldn't know about that.

CARLISLE

I might.

(HE raises the paper and reads. DICK  
continues the shine.)

DICK (contd)

THOUGH SHINING SHOES REMAIN  
A WORTHY CHORE --  
AS EVERY DAY GOES BY  
I'VE GOT TO TRY  
AND REACH FOR MORE!

I'M NOT A LIKELY LAD,  
I CAN'T COMPARE --  
AND IF I WASN'T MEANT  
FOR PRESIDENT  
OR MILLIONAIRE

I'D BE CONTENT TO KNOW  
THAT EVERYWHERE I GO  
WHEN PEOPLE LOOK MY WAY  
THEY SIMPLY SAY  
"RESPECTABLE."

(Coming out of his reverie, DICK  
finishes the shine with his usual flair.)

CARLISLE

I was right. You do have talent. I might just retire from  
shining my own shoes.

DICK

Thank you, sir.

(HE pays DICK and exits. DICK palms the  
coin and begins to neatly pack up his rag  
and polish. When HE finally looks at the  
coin, DICK's eyes grow in wonder. Holding  
up the coin...)

DICK

A dime. A dime. What a beautiful thing!

(His eye is caught by an elegant suit in a  
store window. DICK paces in front of the  
window, staring at the suit covetously.)

DICK

AT FIRST YOUR EARN A NICKEL --  
WHICH SOON BECOMES A DIME --  
WHICH SOON BECOMES A FORTUNE --  
IT ONLY TAKES TIME.

(MUSIC CHANGE. The set revolves and we are  
in the store, "SILAS SNOBDEN, INC.")

SCENE 2

**SETTING:** The main salon of SILAS SNOBDEN's haberdashery. Bolts of cloth, suits, cravats, gloves and shirt are in evidence as are a cash register and a brand new typewriter. There's an entrance door, one to the stockroom and another to SNOBDEN's office. A large stack of boxes is piled high in one corner.

The window display has now rotated stage left or right. DICK can still be seen on the outside examining the suit.

**TIME:** Immediately following.

**AT RISE:** BENSON (CHAPIN's nephew) is in the midst of an argument with GIDEON CHAPLIN, the chief (and only) clerk.

**BENSON**

Uncle Gideon, I want this position, and I want it now! Of course, for while, I would prefer to remain in school.

**CHAPIN**

You would prefer to remain in school for the rest of your natural life. Because then you would never have to work for a living.

**BENSON**

Mother is growing restless. We both know what she's like when she's restless. So you'd better get me an interview with Mr. Snobden for the opening in this establishment.

**CHAPIN**

I told you Mr. Snobden would not see you until this morning.

**BENSON**

But I have nothing to do now and nowhere to go.

**CHAPIN**

You could spend the day seeking employment elsewhere.



BENSON

Why? There's an opening here.

CHAPIN

Which means you think you'd get favoritism here. Well, you wouldn't.

BENSON

Need I remind you that your mother, recently gone to her reward, left her beautiful home to my mother, your sister. And therefore, dear Uncle, you are a guest in my house.

CHAPIN

Who pays the taxes? Who pays for the vast amounts that you both consume? Who paid for the glass door in the parlor, which you walked through and smashed to smithereens?

BENSON

Uncle, I was cut to ribbons!

CHAPIN

You recovered! The door did not! Now, out -- till the end of the day!

BENSON

(as HE leaves)

It had better be settled tonight. Mother had a headache this morning and you know what that can lead to!

(HE goes)

CHAPIN

Higgins!

HIGGINS

(offstage)

What!? Oh! Yes!

(HE runs in from the stockroom.)

I wasn't asleep, Mr. Chapin. I was just resting my eyes.

CHAPIN

What about your ears?

HIGGINS

I heard nothing! Not one word. (a beat) You do have a cross to bear, don't you?

CHAPIN

Never mind that! Finish Mr. Snobden's letter that you've been typewriting for two days.

HIGGINS

(goes to typewriter, sits)

I caught my typewriting finger in the machine.

CHAPIN

You must be more careful, Higgins. Those machines are expensive.

(HIGGINS hunts and pecks through the following. DICK enters, recognizes CHAPIN from previous SCENE.)

DICK

Oh, hello.

CHAPIN

You again! We have no need of a bootblack.

DICK

I ain't here as a bootblack. I was interested in that suit you have in the window.

CHAPIN

You couldn't afford even the sleeve.

(SNOBDEN enters from his office.)

SNOBDEN

Mr. Chapin!

CHAPIN

Good Morning, Mr. Snobden.

SNOBDEN

(indicating the pile of boxes)

None of these orders has been delivered yet?

CHAPIN

I'll send Higgins as soon as he completes your letter. It's very difficult being without an office boy.

SNOBDEN

Don't mention office boys!

CHAPIN

That's all behind us, sir. You'll be seeing my nephew, Benson, this evening about the position.

SNOBEN

Oh yes, Benson. Highfalutin, lazy, young man.

CHAPIN

(a beat)

That's him. He wouldn't gamble or run off to seek employment elsewhere as the others did, sir.

SNOBDEN

True. I suppose I'd be stuck with him forever. Dismal thought.

(HE checks HIGGINS at the typewriter)

Still practicing, Higgins? That's good.

HIGGINS

The letters on the keyboard are all scrambled, sir. "Q-W-E-R--QWER." It makes no sense.

SNOBDEN

They're arranged that way for a reason. Figure it out.

HIGGINS

But my typewriting finger is bruised.

SNOBDEN

You have nine other digits, Higgins. Improvise.

DICK

Excuse me, sir. About the suit -- I could start with the handkerchief in the pocket. I can afford that.

CHAPIN

Really! I have no time for this nonsense.

SNOBDEN

Mr. Chapin!

CHAPIN

Very well. I'll get you a handkerchief.

DICK

I'd like the one in the window.

CHAPIN

It is not our policy to disturb the window.

SNOBDEN

Why isn't it? If that's the one the boys wants.

CHAPIN

Of course. Higgins! You can give your finger a rest.

HIGGINS

Yes, Mr. Chapin.

(HE gets the colorful handkerchief from the window.)

CHAPIN

That will be eight cents.

(DICK hands CHAPIN a coin. CHAPIN quickly makes change at the register, gives DICK the change.)

DICK

I'll be back to buy another piece as soon as I can.

(At the door, DICK stops to adjust the handkerchief in his pocket.)

SNOBDEN

(taking a package from the pile)

Higgins, deliver this package to Jacob Garrett and Company.

HIGGINS

I can't Mr. Snobden.

SNOBDEN

"Can't!" There's no such word.

HIGGINS

I can't because they're closed.

CHAPIN

Garrett and Company will reopen on Wednesday. They're painting the premises.

DICK

Excuse me, sir -- but they are open today.

CHAPIN

No, they are not.

DICK

Mr. Garrett's one of my regulars. I shined his shoes yesterday. He told me they're working around the painters.

SNOBEN

Do you know his address?

DICK

Oh yes. 21 Maiden Lane.

SNOBDEN

(bringing two other packages to DICK)

Do you know where these are?

DICK

Let's see. This one'd be two blocks down Nassau past Beekman and Ann, right on Fulton, thirty-four's on the south side. Then down Nassau two more blocks, past Maiden Lane and John Street, left on Liberty, and number forty-five's on the north.

SNOBDEN

Remarkable. What's your name?

DICK

Richard Hunter.

SNOBDEN

Tell me, Hunter, have you ever worked in haberdashery?

DICK

Not that I know of, sir. Where is it?

SNOBDEN

No, no. A men's clothing establishment.

DICK

Oh, no. My line's been matches, newspapers and shoes.

SNOBDEN

Estimable variety. Excellent. I need an office boy who must be honest, reliable, enterprising and does not gamble. My instincts tell me you have all these qualities.

CHAPIN

Mr. Snobden! What about Benson?

SNOBDEN

My instincts tells me he has none of them. Well, Hunter? Will you accept the post?

DICK

I'm considerin', sir. But I do have a lot of clients on Wall Street who look to me for their appearance.

SNOBDEN

You will receive a new set of clothes and four dollars every Saturday.

DICK

Regular?

SNOBDEN

Rain or shine, every week.

DICK

I'll take it!

SNOBDEN

Good. Chapin, the position is filled. Tell Benson there's a dandy spot on Wall Street for a bootblack. Higgins, fetch the coat. Hunter cannot represent this firm in that outfit.

(HIGGINS exits to the stockroom.)

DICK

I'll clean up real good, sir. You'll see.

SNOBDEN

We have some odd-sized suits in the stockroom that haven't sold. You can pick one out this evening when you've finished your work.

(HIGGINS enters with the SILAS SNOBDEN jacket and lays in on the counter.)

DICK

(to CHAPIN)

I've never had a salary before!

CHAPIN

Really? How sweet.

"SILAS SNOBDEN, INC."

SNOBDEN

NOW THAT YOU HAVE JOINED THIS FINE ESTABLISHMENT,  
NOW THAT YOU'RE A LUCKY EMPLOYEE --  
I SAY WITH IMPUNITY  
SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY  
OUGHT TO MAKE YOU GRATEFUL AS CAN BE --

CHAPIN & HIGGINS

NOW THAT YOU'RE A MEMBER OF OUR BROTHERHOOD  
YOU WILL LEARN THE SILAS SNOBDEN WAYS --  
DO YOUR BEST AND YOU WILL SEE  
VERY SOON YOU'RE BOUND TO BE  
BASKING IN THE SILAS SNOBDEN RAYS!

CHAPIN

STARTING OUT AT EIGHT  
YOU WILL SWEEP THE FLOOR  
AND TIDY UP THE COUNTERTOP --  
YOU'LL POLISH ALL THE BRASS  
AND YOU'LL POLISH ALL THE GLASS  
GLADLY DO IT ALL AGAIN, THEN MOP!

HIGGINS

AND IF YOU ARE THE KIND WHO DOES NOT SHIRK  
YOU'LL FINISH JUST IN TIME TO START YOUR WORK!

SNOBDEN

OH, HERE AT SILAS SNOBDEN  
OUR PHILOSOPHY IS THIS:  
YOUR DAYS AT SILAS SNOBDEN  
SHALL BE GENTLE AS A KISS --  
AND YOU'RE A MEMBER OF A VERY HAPPY CLAN  
AS LONG AS YOU'RE A SILAS SNOBDEN MAN!

Carry on.

(HE turns away)

CHAPIN & HIGGINS

(mock whisper, sliding up to DICK)  
YOU'RE OUR SLAVE AND WE VOW  
NOTHING YOU CAN DO IS GONNA HELP YOU NOW --

YOUR LIFE WILL BE MISERY,  
YOU'LL WAKE UP EV'RY MORN  
WHEN YOU'LL REALLY WISH WITH ALL YOUR HEART  
THAT YOU HAD NOT BEEN BORN!

(SNOBDEN turns back)

ALL THREE

AT SNOBDEN, INC.  
AT SNOBDEN, INC.  
WE'RE ONE BIG FAM-I-LY --

AT SNOBDEN, INC.  
WE NEVER SINK  
TO ME-DI-OC-RI-TY --

ALL THREE  
AND YOU CAN BRAVELY FACE THE WORLD  
WITHOUT A SINGLE BLINK  
AS LONG AS YOU'RE EMPLOYED  
BY SNOBDEN, INC.

HIGGINS  
WORKING ALL DAY LONG  
TILL THE CLOCK STRIKES SIX --  
HARD AS ANY LITTLE ELF --  
DELIVERIES TO MAKE,  
LOTS OF PACKAGES TO TAKE,  
THEN YOU'RE BACK  
TO CLEAN EACH DRAWER AND SHELF --

CHAPIN  
YOU'LL EVEN BE ALLOWED,  
BUT NOT TOO SOON,  
TO CLEAN OUT MISTER SNOBDEN'S  
OWN SPITTOON!

SNOBDEN  
AND WHEN THE WORD GET ALL AROUND  
THAT YOU ARE WORKING HERE  
THE BOYS YOU LEFT BEHIND WIL SURELY  
SHED A SILENT TEAR --  
A JOB AT SNOBDEN'S IS THEIR FONDEST DREAM --  
FOR LIFE AT SNOBDEN'S IS A LIFE SUPREME!

Carry on, again.  
(HE turns away)

CHAPIN & HIGGINS  
HEAR US GOOD! HEAR US WELL!  
WE WILL TURN YOUR LIFE INTO A LIVING HELL!

YOU'LL LABOR TEN TIMES HARDER  
THAN YOU EVER HAVE BEFORE --  
AND WE'LL NOT BE SATISFIED TILL YOU  
ARE ON THE STREET ONCE MORE!  
(SNOBDEN turns back)

ALL THREE  
AT SNOBDEN, INC.  
AT SNOBDEN, INC.  
WE STRIVE WITH ALL OUR MIGHT --  
AT SNOBDEN INC.  
WE'RE IN THE PINK  
THOUGH ALL OUR SHIRTS ARE WHITE!



ALL THREE (contd)

TEETOTALERS, THOUGH WE MAY BE,  
WE'D ALMOST LIKE TO DRINK  
TO LIFE AS IT IS LIVED  
AT SNOBDEN, INC.

DICK

(caught up in the moment)  
OH, SNOBDEN, INC.

ALL

OH, SNOBDEN, INC.  
WHEREVER WE MAY BE  
FOND MEMORIES WILL LINK US TO  
THIS HABERDASHERY --

WHATEVER LIFE MAY HOLD FOR US,  
AND IF WE SWIM OR SINK,  
WE'LL PUT NO STORE ABOVE YOU, SNOBDEN --  
THINK SO FONDLY OF YOU, SNOBDEN --  
FOR WE'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, SNOBDEN --  
SNOBDEN, INC.!

(HIGGINS hands DICK two boxes, plus several  
other packages. As DICK heads for the door,  
the set turns and we are in the street in  
front of the store.)

SCENE 3

SETTING: The street in front of SNOBDEN's store.

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: DICK hurriedly leaves the shop and bangs smack into LUKE GERRISH, who is crossing. As GERRISH brushes himself off, HE suddenly recognizes DICK.

GERRISH

Well, well. This is my lucky day.

DICK

Gerrish? Luke Gerrish?!

GERRISH

That's right, son.

DICK

You -- look different.

GERRISH

Yeah? Well three years as a guest of the state can do that.

DICK

So you're free? All paid up?

GERRISH

That's how it works. You do your time, you come home.

DICK

I'll have to move to Brooklyn. New York ain't safe no more.

GERRISH

Nah, I've been what they call "re-ha-bil-i-ta-ted." You're lookin' good.

DICK

I'm off the street. I got a job.

GERRISH

I see that. "SNOBDEN's." Nice coat they give you.

DICK

I've been there about ten minutes. I'm just office boy -- don't go gettin' any fancy ideas.

GERRISH

Look at you. You're all grown up now.

DICK

That's what happens.

GERRISH

C'mon, Dick. Give your old dad a smile.

DICK

My dad is dead.

GERRISH

I know that. I know I ain't him, but I'll have to do, son. Oh, I'm so sorry we lost her. It must have been rough on you. You were close to your Ma. It was rough on me, too. My own wife, and I couldn't show up at her funeral. But of course I was -- how they say -- otherwise detained.

DICK

When you lived with us, you were always goin' off. Then you'd come home. The week after that, you'd be gone again. And you know what? She was better off without you.

GERRISH

She didn't think so. She wrote and told me that. Many times.

DICK

Well, she's not around so we'll never know, will we?

GERRISH

C'mon, Dick. Give me a chance to make things up to you. For your Ma's sake.

DICK

You ain't Irish, Luke, but you sure got the gift.

GERRISH

I know life ain't been easy. Now I'm back, I can show you the ropes. I've found me a lady I like. Why don't you come with me now? You can meet her.

DICK

I can't.

GERRISH

I have big plans for us. I been lookin' for you.

DICK

Don't make plans, Luke. I got my own plans. Your ways didn't quite work out, did they? I kinda like it here -- on the outside. Good luck, Luke.

(HE gathers up the packages and leaves)

GERRISH

You're just a kid. What do you know?

"COCK AND BULL"

GERRISH

IF A MAN IS BOTH LAZY AND POOR,  
THEN THERE ISN'T A BIT OF A DOUBT  
WHAT THEY'RE CALLING HIM, YOU CAN BE SURE,  
IS A SHIFTLESS AND INDOLENT LOU --

BUT IF LUCKILY HE WAS BORN RICH,  
NO ONE BOTHERS TO NAG OR TO PROD  
"SHOE A HORSE! CARRY BRICKS! DIG A DITCH!"  
HE'S HIS LORDSHIP OF LEISURE, BY GOD!

SO THE DIFFERENCE IS SIMPLE AND SWEET,  
AND AN IDLER YOU ARE OR ARE NOT  
IF YOU IDLE ALL DAY ON A STREET,  
OR YOU IDLE ALL DAY ON A YACHT!

OH, THE COCK AND BULL GOES ON AND ON  
AND THEY TAKE US ALL FOR FOOLS!  
AND WHAT YOU'RE CALLED FOR WHAT YOU DO  
DEPENDS ON WHO'S MAKING THE RULES, THE RULES --  
DEPENDS ON WHO'S MAKING THE RULES!

(Two of GERRISH's OLD CRONIES enter.)

FIRST CRONY

Well, look who they sent back to Society.

SECOND CRONY

Gerrish! What'd they get you for? I forget. Petty larceny, wasn't it?

GERRISH

Not even close. Armed robbery. Then they threw the book at me.

FIRST CRONY

What a cruel world.

## SECOND CRONY

Three years for armed robbery. You're doin' somethin' wrong.

## GERRISH

You're right about that. I didn't reach high enough.

IF THEY'RE MISSING A DOLLAR OR TWO,  
OH, I KNOW WHO'LL GET ALL OF THE BLAME --  
IF I'M CAUGHT, I KNOW JUST WHAT THEY'LL DO  
'CAUSE I'M ON TO THE RULES OF THE GAME --

BUT IF I CAN BE CRAFTY WITH GUILF  
AS I JUGGLE THE BOOKS OF A BANK  
OR I SKIN YOU ALIVE AS YOU SMILE,  
I'M A CROOK OF A MUCH HIGHER RANK --

SO IT'S ALL IN THE WAY THAT YOU ROB  
THAT WILL MAKE YOU RISE UP OR GO DOWN --  
STEAL A HUNDRED, YOU BUNGLE THE JOB,  
STEAL A MILLION, YOU'RE RUNNING THE TOWN!

WHILE THE COCK AND BULL GOES ON AND ON  
AND THERE'S NEVER ANY PAUSE --  
AND WHAT YOU'RE CALLED FOR WHAT YOU DO  
DEPENDS ON WHO'S WRITING THE LAWS, THE LAWS --  
DEPENDS ON WHO'S WRITING THE LAWS --

TELL ME, WILL I LIVE A LIFE OF EASE  
OR A LIFE BEHIND A LOCK?  
THAT, MY FRIEND, WILL ALWAYS DEPEND  
ON WHO IS DEFINING THE COCK AND BULL --  
OH, WHO IS DEFINING --  
WHO IS DEFINING --  
DEFINING THE  
COCK AND BULL!

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 4

SETTING: A street near STACIA's boarding house.

TIME: Late afternoon of the same day.

AT RISE: A VENDOR of knickknacks and gewgaws sees STACIA, who is carrying a bag of groceries.

VENDOR

Stacia! I found one! Where've you been? Come see!

STACIA

Molly, the lantern?!

VENDOR

I found it on Mott Street. Just like you described it too, with a candle.

(SHE holds up a Chinese lantern)

STACIA

Oh, it's beautiful. It reminds me of some far away mysterious place. Like Arabia or Samarkand.

VENDOR

Honey, it was made in Buffalo.

STACIA

Samarkand. Is it expensive?

VENDOR

It's got a little nick on it, which you can hardly see. Two bits too much?

STACIA

No! And thanks for remembering.

VENDOR

(making change)

You shouldn't be buying this. Don't you have someone to buy things for you?

STACIA

Oh, I have someone. He's just not the lantern-buying sort.

VENDOR

A girl like you deserves better.

(STACIA leaves and continues her walk home,  
lantern in hand.)

"MAYBE TODAY"

STACIA

ONE OF THESE DAYS  
HE'LL TELL ME HE LOVES ME --  
MAYBE TODAY --

ONE OF THESE DAYS  
HE'S CERTAIN TO SAY IT --  
MAYBE TOMORROW --

WHY IS IT SO IMPORTANT TO HEAR  
THOSE WORDS STILL UNSAID  
WHEN EVERYDAY I CLEARLY CAN HEAR THEM  
INSIDE MY HEAD?

DREAMS CAN COME TRUE  
AND WISHES GET GRANTED --  
MAYBE TODAY --

MIRACLES TOO  
ARE WAITING TO HAPPEN --  
MAYBE TOMORROW --

MAYBE TOMORROW  
TURNS INTO NEVER --  
I COULD WAIT A LIFETIME --  
I COULD WAIT FOREVER --  
BUT MAYBE HE'LL SAY  
HE LOVES ME TODAY.

(SHE runs into MRS. MCHUGH, her landlady.)

MCHUGH

Stacia! Oh you gave me start! Where were you?! You were out  
all afternoon.

STACIA

It's Thursday. I sew for Mrs. Hartley on Thursday.

MCHUGH

Well, your "cousin" or whatever he is, didn't like it. He  
stopped by three times to ask if I'd seen you. And he wanted a  
key to your room.

STACIA

He's just restless, being out of work. He's got prospects. Any day now.

MCHUGH

I rented the room to you, not him. And he was askin' for you in a most un-cousinly way. You must be very close.

STACIA

I had to tell you he was family or you wouldn't have let him stay. He's got nowhere else to go. Mrs. McHugh, you know that --

MCHUGH

I don't know anything! And what I don't know can't hurt me, now can it? If you're wise, you'll get a little less close. He's trouble, and you -- well, forearmed is forewarned. Hopin' is one thing, Stacia, dreamin' is another.

(MCHUGH exits)

STACIA

WHY IS IT SO IMPORTANT TO HEAR  
THOSE WORDS STILL UNSAID  
WHEN EVERYDAY I CLEARLY CAN HEAR THEM  
INSIDE MY HEAD?

DREAMS CAN COME TRUE  
AND WISHES GET GRANTED --  
MAYBE TODAY --

MIRACLES TOO  
ARE WAITING TO HAPPEN --  
MAYBE TOMORROW --

MAYBE TOMORROW  
TURNS INTO NEVER --  
I COULD WAIT A LIFETIME --  
I COULD WAIT FOREVER --  
BUT MAYBE HE'LL SAY HE  
LOVES ME TODAY.

(SHE exits.)



SCENE 5

SETTING: In front of the Wall Street Saloon.

TIME: Around 6:30pm that evening.

AT RISE: FOSWELL is peddling shines. DICK enters, now dressed in an ill-fitting, but new, coat and trousers from SNOBDEN'S.

FOSWELL

(to DICK)

Shine'em up, sir? Only two cents.

DICK

Foswell?! Next thing you'll be payin' them.

FOSWELL

Do I know you, sir?

DICK

It's me, Hunter. From this morning.

FOSWELL

This morning you were in rags!

DICK

(displaying the clothes)

Well, life is full of surprises.

FOSWELL

Yours is.

DICK

I have a position now. I'm in haber -- you know.

FOSWELL

No, I don't.

DICK

In this position, I deliver things. And when I do, I get a tip. Today? Two bits And when I have dough, I spread it around. Dinner's on me.

FOSWELL

Thanks a lot. Where will we go?

DICK

Well --

(TWO YOUNG BUCKS enter the saloon in front of them. DICK overhears them.)

FIRST BUCK

Do you think I should convert my Preferred to the Common on the Erie Railroad?

SECOND BUCK

They say the Common is heading north. Of course, you never know.

FIRST BUCK

Thanks. That helps a lot.

DICK

If you keep your ears open, the answer comes. We're eating here!

(And we are now inside THE WALL STREET SALOON.)

SCENE 6

SETTING: The Wall Street Saloon.

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: A bar and coffee house catering to the young men of the business world. Signs on the wall: "Oyster Pie - 15¢," "Beefsteak - 20¢," "Coffee - 3¢." FOSWELL and DICK enter, taking it all in.

FOSWELL

We don't belong here.

DICK

You belong wherever you are. Let's sit down.

FOWELL

(looks around)

They're staring at us.

DICK

That's because we're unusual -- we're interestin'.

WAITER

(approaching)

Wouldn't you lads be more comfortable at our lunch counter?

FOSWELL

I told you --

DICK

No, we would not! So without further fuss, two oyster pies and two coffees.

WAITER

Suit yourself.

(HE crosses to counter)

DICK

He's kinda high and mighty, ain't he?

FOSWELL

Well, a little presumptuous.

DICK

(take out a pencil and card)  
Write that down.

FOSWELL

Write what down?

DICK

"Pre-sumpt ... whatever." Wonderful word. I must find a home for it.

FOSWELL

It's no good to you until you can use it in a sentence.

(HE hands card back as the WAITER approaches.)

WAITER

Two oyster pies, two coffees.

DICK

Thank you. Your service was excellent. Almost presumptuous.

(The WAITER reacts and exits.)

Wrong?

FOSWELL

(hungrily eating his food)

Wrong.

DICK

(as he eats)

See what I mean? That sorta thing is holdin' me back. You see those gents all around? They know things I need to know.

FOSWELL

They're not going to talk to us.

DICK

Watch!

(HE looks around, sees FIRST BUCK eyeing him)

Excuse me, sir. As I came in I could not help overhearing. Were you considering converting to the Erie Railroad Common?

FIRST BUCK

Uh -- yes, I was.

DICK

Good! you should. The common's goin' through the roof. I heard that on the street.

FIRST BUCK

Thank you!

FOSWELL

What did that mean?

DICK

I have no idea.

(FIRST BUCK crosses to DICK.)

FIRST BUCK

Excuse me, sir. I'm with Milbanks and Murphy.

DICK

Are you now? I'm with Foswell.

FIRST BUCK

I'm sorry. I don't know him.

FOSWELL

I know that.

DICK

Of Hunter and Foswell.

FIRST BUCK

Oh, yes! An excellent firm.

DICK

Thank you. I'm Hunter. President. Foswell is our D.I.P.

FIRST BUCK

D.I. - What?

DICK

Director of Investment Planning.

FIRST BUCK

Oh! How do you do. Would you like one of our prospectuses.

DICK

Well, I don't know. What do you think, Foswell?

FOSWELL

We're not here on business, Hunter. I don't think so.

FIRST BUCK

Of course. Forgive me. Here's my card. If I can ever be of service --

DICK

Thank you. We'll keep you in mind.

(FIRST BUCK returns to his table, then, to FOSWELL...)

Good. Now we have their attention.

FOSWELL

How do we lose it?

DICK

(directed to the room)

Big future, the Erie. We made a wise move when we converted to the Common. So one day I'll sell some of my shares and maybe open a place like this one.

FIRST BUCK

This kids' loaded!

SECOND BUCK

And he knows more than you do!

THIRD BUCK

(fumbling in his pocket)

I've got a prospectus for him.

FOURTH BUCK

Watch me!

"PUT YOUR MONEY IN"

FOURTH BUCK

(offering a prospectus)

PUT YOUR MONEY IN STOCK  
AND YOU CAN UNLOCK  
THE DOOR TO RICHES  
INDULING EACH WHIM --

THIRD BUCK

(with another prospectus)

BUY A CORPORATE BOND  
UNLESS YOU ARE FOND  
OF DIGGING DITCHES!  
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM --

## FIRST BUCK

(still another)

I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'VE HEARD  
 NOW HERE'S SOME LOVELY PREFERRED  
 IT'S PAID A DIVIDEND THROUGH THICK AND THROUGH THIN --

AND IF THE MARKET GOES "CRASH"  
 YOU'LL STILL HAVE PLENTY OF CASH  
 SO YOU CAN  
 LIVE LIKE A LORD,  
 NICELY AFFORD  
 ANY EXPENSIVE SIN!

## SECOND BUCK

BUT I SAY  
 PUT YOUR MONEY IN WINE  
 THE VALUE IS FINE  
 AND EVERY BUBBLE  
 WILL ADD TO YOUR STAKE --

## FIRST BUCK

CALIFORNIA'S GRAND!  
 EACH DOLLAR IN LAND  
 OUT THERE WILL DOUBLE

## OTHERS

UNTIL IT GOES QUAKE!

## ALL FOUR

IF YOU WILL  
 MAKE A LITTLE INVESTMENT  
 TAKE A FLYER OR TWO --  
 YOU'LL DISCOVER  
 YOU'LL FEEL BRAND NEW --

JUST DON'T GO  
 FEELIN' FUNNY IN  
 PUTTIN' MONEY IN --  
 NEVER CATCH A BEAR UNLESS YOU  
 PUT A LITTLE HONEY IN --  
 ALL FOR YOU!

## DICK

(considering, to FOSWELL)

Yes?

## FOSWELL

No!

## FOURTH BUCK

I KNEW A PROSPECTIN' MAN  
WHO WENT OUT WEST WITH A PAN  
AND NOW THAT MINER IS AS RICH AS CAN BE!

I'LL SELL YOU ALL OF HIS SHARES --  
THEY'LL ANSWER ALL OF YOUR PRAYERS --

## THIRD BUCK

OR YOU CAN  
TEAR 'EM SMALL,  
HAND ON THE WALL  
OUT IN THE OLD PRIV-EE!

## FIRST BUCK

HEY, LISTEN --  
I KNOW SEVERAL MEN  
WHO HAVE AN INVENTION TO UNRAVEL  
ALL HISTORY'S COURSE --

## SECOND BUCK

DON'T YOU COVER THAT BET!  
THEY THINK THEY CAN GET  
A CART TO TRAVEL  
WITHOUT ANY HORSE!

## ALL FOUR

IF YOU WILL  
TRY A LITTLE ADVENTURE,  
TAKE A GAMBLE OR TWO --  
YOU'LL DISCOVER  
YOU'LL FEEL BRAND NEW!

JUST DON'T GO  
FEELIN' FUNNY IN  
PUTTIN' MONEY IN --  
MONEY'S LIKE A KINDA DAY YOU'RE  
FEELIN' NICE'N SUNNY IN  
ALL FOR YOU!

WE'VE A SECRET TO TELL:  
SOME PEOPLE WILL SELL  
MOST ANY OLD STOCK  
TO ANY YOUNG PUP!

BUT WE'RE HAPPY TO SAY  
WE AREN'T THAT WAY  
WE'VE ALWAYS SOLD STOCK  
THAT ONLY GOES UP!



ALL FOUR (contd)

IF YOU WILL  
TRY A LITTLE ADVENTURE,  
TAKE A GAMBLE OR TWO,  
YOU'LL DISCOVER  
BEFORE YOU'RE THROUGH

DICK & FOSWELL

(can't resist)  
THAT IF YOU  
PUT YOUR MONEY IN,  
LOTSA MONEY IN --

EVERYONE

PUT YOUR MONEY IN,  
LOTSA MONEY IN --  
SOON IT'S GONNA MULTIPLY  
LIKE BUNNIES WHO KEEP BUNNYIN'  
ALL FOR YOU!

BUCKS

For you!

(Enjoying the moment, DICK accepts all of their prospectuses. By the end of the number he has accumulated quite a stack of them.)

SCENE 7

SETTING: Street outside the Saloon.

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: DICK and FOSWELL come tumbling out of the Saloon.

DICK

Wasn't that a treat?

FOSWELL

I am your D.I.P.??

DICK

You couldn't be President. I'm President!  
(THEY laugh)

FOSWELL

Director of Investment Planning? What do I plan to invest?

DICK

That wasn't a lie! I have no doubt that one day we'll have plenty. I was just rushin' things a bit. Hunter and Foswell, tycoons. They're livin' inside us somewhere and all we gotta do is flush 'em out.

FOSWELL

"Tycoon Foswell." If oxymoron wasn't already a word, it would be.

DICK

You ain't no kind of moron!

FOSWELL

It doesn't mean that!

DICK

(HE takes out his watch)

See this? See my father's name there? "Thomas Llewelyn Hunter." It's not real gold or nothin', but it was his. "Don't wait for Lady Luck," he told me. "She hasn't got time to pay everyone a visit, Dick. Get out there and find her." And I know she was in there tonight!

(HE waves his stack of prospectuses)

FOSWELL

If she was, she sure got an earful.

DICK

Don't be rough on her. Luck's a lot more fun than facts.

FOSWELL

So how come I'm down to two cents a shine?

DICK

Well, I can help you there. First, we got to find you a personality. Something that fits how you look. You look kinda scrawny. We can use that, but you gotta get scrawnier. And you could help me. All I know about readin' you could put in a nutshell and there'd be room left for a small family. So what do you say?

FOSWELL

Have you got anything to read out of?

DICK

(the prospectuses)

These should do the trick.

FOSWELL

Foswell - and - Hunter?

DICK

Hunter - and - Foswell.

"PARTNERS"

DICK

PARTNERS,  
YOU AND I, BOY --  
PARTNERS,  
WORTH A TRY, BOY --  
PARTNERS,  
THAT'S WHAT WE TWO OUGHT TO BE!

FOSWELL

SPLITTING  
ALL THE WINNINGS --  
HITTING  
ALL THE INNINGS --  
FITTING  
JUST LIKE A LOCK AND A KEY!

DICK

I'VE GOT  
LOTS OF QUALITIES YOU COULD USE --

FOSWELL

LIFE'S NOT  
JUST FRIVOLITIES,  
TIME TO SETTLE AND  
TEST OUR METTLE AND

DICK

YOUR WAY'S  
MUCH TOO SLOW --  
THERE'S MORE WAYS  
THAN YOU KNOW --

FOSWELL

THERE'RE DOORWAYS LEADING  
TO LIFE A LA CARTE!

BOTH  
SO HOW ABOUT IT,  
PARTNER,  
WHEN DO WE START?

DICK  
PARTNER,  
NOTHING SHIFTY --  
PARTNER,  
FIFTY-FIFTY!

FOSWELL  
SIXTY-FORTY  
IS PLENTY FOR ME --

DICK  
SHARING  
LIKE A BROTHER --

FOSWELL  
CARING  
FOR EACH OTHER --

BOTH  
DARING  
JUST LIKE TWO PARTNERS SHOULD BE!

YOU'VE GOT  
LOTS OF LEARNING TO DO, MY LAD --  
AND WHAT  
I'M JUST BURNING TO DO  
IS TEACH IT TO,  
NOT JUST PREACH IT TO

YOU, FRIEND --  
CAUSE I SEE IN  
YOU, FRIEND --  
ONE LIKE ME IN

YOU FRIEND, PARTNER,  
I HERE BY DECLARE:  
THERE'S NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT  
WE ARE A PAIR!

(THEY end on a handshake. FOSWELL exits.  
DICK checks the pocket watch as the bells of  
Trinity Church toll seven times and the  
front stoop of MOONEY's boarding house  
appears.)

SCENE 8

SETTING: The stoop and street outside MRS. MOONEY's boarding house on Mott Street. A "Room To Let" sign is in the first floor window.

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: DICK stops to listen as MRS. MOONEY comes through her front door, pulling a YOUNG MAN by the ear.

MOONEY

No more excuses! I told you three times I do not allow whiskey on the premises. So get out! And don't come back!

(The YOUNG MAN staggers off.)

DICK

Top of the evenin', Madam. Is the lady of the house at home?

MOONEY

Who wants to know?

DICK

I might be interested in leasin' that room.

MOONEY

Oh, Sweet Jesus, another rotten apple.

DICK

What's the matter with me?

MOONEY

I was just hopin' to find me an older gentleman --

DICK

Well, I'm growin' older by the minute.

MOONEY

-- who's a teetotaler.

DICK

Never touch the stuff. The name's Richard Hunter, E.S.Q.

MOONEY

Finola May Mooney, M.R.S. Mr. Mooney's out west -- prospectin' for gold -- but he could back -- any minute.

DICK

Is there a room?

MOONEY

I don't think it will do you. It's a very small room.

DICK

I don't move much when I sleep. And I'd be out most of the time -- at business.

MOONEY

What is your business, if I might inquire?

DICK

Oh, I'm a professional.

MOONEY

Indeed! Professional what?

DICK

Haber -- gentlemen's furnishings.

MOONEY

And did you get those at your business?

DICK

I'm just givin' an airin' to some odd sizes that don't get out much.

(DICK opens his jacket to adjust it and show the fancy inner lining. HE takes the prospectuses from the pocket.)

MOONEY

What are those?

DICK

Just some Wall Street prospectuses. Always keep 'em here, next to my heart.

MOONEY

Wall Street prospectuses. Oh. Well!

"THE ROOM"

MOONEY

THE ROOM ISN'T LARGE  
 AND IT'S NOT OVER-SUNNY --  
 THE FLOOR KIND OF WAVES  
 AND THE CEILING SLANTS FUNNY --  
 BUT, BUCKO, ME BOY  
 IT'S THE BEST FOR THE MONEY  
 YOU'LL PAY --

IT ISN'T A CASTLE  
 IN CORK OR KILKENNY --  
 BUT BETTER THAN MOONEY'S  
 YOU'RE NOT FINDIN' ANY  
 FOR GETTIN' YOUR MONEY'S WORTH  
 DOWN TO THE PENNY  
 I SAY --

YOU CAN EAT HERE AS WELL, IF YOU CARE TO --  
 IF YOU'RE PARTIAL TO IRISH LAMB STEW --  
 WITH PLENTY OF CABBAGE AND LOTS OF POTATOES --  
 THERE'S EVEN SOME LAMB IN IT, TOO --

YOU'LL GET A FRESH TOWEL  
 ON THE DOT, EVERY SUNDAY --  
 TWO SPANKIN' CLEAN SHEETS  
 EVERY FOURTH OR FIFTH MONDAY --  
 THE WEEK STARTS ON SUNDAY  
 AND SUNDAY'S JUST ONE DAY  
 AWAY --

SO, DEAR MISTER HUNTER,  
 YOU BETTER MOVE IN BY  
 TODAY!

DICK

Sounds perfect, Mrs. Mooney. How much?

MOONEY

You mean you don't want to see it first? Well, actually, that's wise.

A SMART GENT LIKE YOU  
 CAN'T BE LIED TO OR LEAD ON --  
 I MEET ALL ME OTHER  
 COMPETITORS HEAD ON --



MOONEY (contd)

AND IF I AM LYING,  
MAY GOD STRIKE ME DEAD ON  
THE SPOT!

THE ROOM COMES COMPLETE  
WITH A WINDOW AND CURTAIN --  
I CLEAN IT MESELF  
WHEN ME BACK ISN'T HURTIN' --  
UNFORTUNATELY,  
ME POOR BACK HAS BEEN HURTIN'  
A LOT!

DICK

It has a real ceiling?

MOONEY

Well, most of me rooms do.

THERE'S A VERY NICE CHEST WITH A MIRROR,  
SOME HOOKS, AND A HANDY WIDE SHELF --  
A COMFORTABLE BED,  
BUT NO SMOKING IN BED!  
IN FACT, NOTHIN' IN BED BUT YOURSELF! --

THE ROOM'S NICE AND PRIVATE  
SO NO ONE CAN SEE IN --  
THERE'S NO FINER ROOM  
FOR A FELLA TO BE IN --  
A HOME ANY BETTER  
YOU'LL SOON BE AGREEIN'  
THERE'S NOT --

SO, DEAR MISTER HUNTER --  
I COULD NOT BE BLUNTER --  
ME DEAR MISTER HUNTER --  
YOU BETTER MOVE IN LIKE  
A SHOT!

DICK

What's the rent?

MOONEY

I ought to have a dollar a week.

DICK

Say seventy-five cents and I'll take it.

MOONEY

A dollar, and I change the sheets every week.

DICK

Seventy-five, and you can change 'em twice a month.

MOONEY

Ninety cents, and I'll make your bed.

DICK

Seventy-five, and I'll make my wn.

MOONEY

You'll pay every week -- in advance?

DICK

Here you are!

(HE takes out some coins)

MOONEY

Done! So, when will you come?

DICK

Now.

MOONEY

Good! Where your luggage?

DICK

There not much. I'll bring it down from The Box.

MOONEY

Where's that?

DICK

Wall Street.

(counting out coins)

Fifty...Seventy-five...

MOONEY

I'm certain you'll get used to the mattress. Just stick to the left.

(SHE starts to leave)

Oh. And the bath's down the hall, with hot water every single evening. From seven to seven-fifteen.

(SHE exits)

"LOOK AT ME"

DICK

HEY, WILL YOU LOOK AT ME!  
NOW I'VE GOT RENT TO PAY --  
AND I'VE A PROPER BED  
TO LAY MY HEAD  
AT CLOSE OF DAY --

(MOONEY returns)

MOONEY

Silly me. I forgot. Here's your key.  
(SHE exits)

DICK (contd)

A KEY TO CALL MY OWN,  
A DOOR THAT LOCKS --  
I MIGHT SLEEP EVEN BETTER  
IN A BED  
THAN IN A BOX --

THE LAP O'LUXURY  
AND ALL COMPLETE --  
A BATHROOM, BEST OF ALL,  
THAT'S DOWN THE HALL  
NOT DOWN THE STREET --

THIS LIFE IS NEW TO ME  
BUT I ALREADY SEE  
THIS ROOM AND I REFLECT  
COMPLETE RESPECTABILITY.

(LIGHTS FADE except on one of the upstairs  
windows. DICK looks up and enters the  
house.)

SCENE 9

SETTING: MOONEY's stoop has disappeared and we are back on Wall Street. Entrance to the bank is prominent.

TIME: Several weeks later. Lunchtime.

AT RISE: A CROWD is gathering center stage, all staring in wonder across the street (into the audience) at something.

Eventually, SILAS SNOBDEN enters and joins the crowd.

WOMAN #1

Astonishing!

WOMAN #2

Incredible!

MAN #1

Have you been inside yet?

MAN #2

I'm taking the family tomorrow.

WOMAN #1

We've been in. Just this morning. You won't believe your eyes.

MAN #2

What will they think of next?

SNOBDEN

They'll think of something. The only thing constant is change.

(DICK and FOSWELL enter in the midst of their daily English lesson.)

"KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES"

DICK

(reading from a prospectus)

"AD-MIN-IS-TRA-TORS"

"EX-EC-U-TORS"

"SUCCESSORS AND ASSIGNS..."

DICK

What's this? AL-MO-GOSH-EN ??

FOSWELL

NOT "ALMOGOSHEN," THAT'S "AMALGAMATION" --  
YOU HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL WHEN YOU READ --  
PROSPECTUSES CAN BE MOST EDUCATIONAL  
THEIR ENGLISH IS QUITE ACCURATE INDEED --

(THEY have reached the CROWD and of course  
can't resist joining in the group stare.  
DICK notices SNOBDEN.)

DICK

Afternoon, Mr. Snobden. What's everyone staring at?

SNOBDEN

Most alarming. Most disturbing.

DICK

What's going on? Has there been a fire?

SNOBDEN

I do believe that's the largest sign I've ever seen. All in red  
and gold. Outrageous. Nothing but a circus!

FOSWELL

It is impressive, isn't it?

(SNOBDEN eyes FOSWELL with annoyance)

DICK

(carefully reading the unseen sign)

F.- W - WOOL - WORTH...What is it? What does it do?

SNOBDEN

Gives me heartburn.

FOSWELL

I read about it in the Herald. A fellow named Frank Winfield  
Woolworth built it. It's called a Five and Ten Cent Store.  
Everything inside costs no more than a dime!

DICK

(pulls out his treasured handkerchief)

Other than my handkerchief, I don't think we have much of  
anything in our store that costs less than a dime. Do we Mr.  
Snobden?

(Silas is in a daze)

Mr. Snobden?

SNOBDEN

THIS PUTS US IN A DANGEROUS POSITION --  
 THAT STORE ACROSS THE STREET MAY DO US IN.  
 BUT SNOBDEN'S NOT AFRAID OF COMPETITION --  
 WE'LL TAKE ON ANY RIVAL, AND WE'LL WIN!

(growing confident)

THERE ISN'T ANY REASON TO BE NERVOUS  
 IT'S SOMETIMES AN ADVANTAGE TO BE SMALL --  
 WE'LL CONCENTRATE ON QUALITY AND SERVICE  
 WHILE DOING THE MOST VITAL THING OF ALL:

KEEPING UP THE TIMES,  
 THAT'S THE BUSINESSMAN'S AIM --  
 STAYING ONE STEP AHEAD  
 OF THE CROWD OR YOU'RE DEAD  
 AT THE MERCANTILE GAME --

QUICKLY SPOTTING A TREND  
 THAT'S THE SMART THING TO DO --  
 NEVER LOOKING BEHIND  
 OF YOU'RE LIABLE TO FIND  
 SOMEONE GAINING ON YOU --

AND AS FOR OTHER PRESUMPTUOUS STORES  
 IN THIS FAST-GROWING CITY,  
 I WILL SHOW THEM NO PITY,  
 BUT WITH HAND SURE AND DEFT

AS EVERY DAY WHEN I OPEN MY DOORS,  
 MAKE MY LIFE'S SACRED MISSION  
 TO KILL ALL COMPETITION  
 TIL JUST SNOBDEN'S IS LEFT!

LETTING RIVALS WIN OUT  
 IS THE WORST OF ALL CRIMES --  
 SO TO SETTLE THEIR HASH  
 THEN RETIRE WITH YOUR CASH  
 DOWN TO TROPICAL CLIMES  
 YOU MUST KEEP UP WITH TIMES!

SNOBDEN

Back to work Hunter. Your lunch hour is only fifteen minutes.

DICK

I was on my way to open a bank account. I'll go tomorrow.

SNOBDEN

No, no! In that case, take an extra fifteen minutes. Nothing more important than a bank account.

FOSWELL

Yes there is. An education.

SNOBDEN

And a strong investment strategy, of course.

FOSWELL

First an education.

SNOBDEN

A good job is a must.

FOSWELL

You need an education to get one.

SNOBDEN

Yes, you --

(annoyed to FOSWELL)

Who ARE you, young man!!!

DICK

This is Henry Foswell, Mr. Snobden. He's my personal tutor. He's been guiding me though the ins and outs of English grammar, the tax on sin --

FOSWELL

Syntax!

DICK

Correct. Plus world history, arithmetic and social skills.

FOSWELL

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER FAR THAN THE SWORD --  
WITH A GOOD DICTIONARY  
AND A VOCABULARY  
YOU'LL SUCCEED IN THE END.

WHILE HAUGHTY ENGLISH PROFESSORS WILL ALL  
SING YOUR PRAISES IN CHORUS  
WHEN YOU'VE ROGET'S THESAURUS  
AS YOUR VERY BEST FRIEND!

DICK

LETTING RIVALS WIN OUT  
IS THE WORST OF ALL CRIMES --

ALL THREE

SO TO SETTLE THEIR HASH  
AND RETIRE WITH YOUR CASH  
DOWN TO TROPICAL CLIMES --  
YOU MUST KEEP UP THE TIMES!

(ALLEN CARLISLE has entered. HE notices  
SNOBDEN.)

CARLISLE

Silas, old man. How are you? Have you been inside that new F. W. Woolworth. Every conceivable gadget and household item you can think of. Even ladies apparel, men's shirts, trousers, shoes...(stops) But I wouldn't worry if I were you. There's still no finer haberdashery than yours.

SNOBDEN

And no finer bank than yours, Allen, old man.

DICK

Holy mackerel, it's you!

CARLISLE

(sees DICK)

There you are! I've been looking for you! I went back the next day, but you weren't there. I haven't had a good shine since.

SNOBDEN

You know each other?

CARLISLE

I tried out a word on you.

DICK  
Finesse!

CARLISLE  
Finesse!

DICK

I'm still looking for a home for it.

SNOBDEN

Hunter works for me now. He's become a top notch office boy.

CARLISLE

But still shining your own shoes, I see.

DICK

Well, the price is right.



CARLISLE

You boys on your way to explore the new five and dime?

FOSWELL

Nope. We're opening him a bank account today.

SNOBDEN

His first.

DICK

And since Mr. Snobden says you're the best, I'm putting in my whole bankroll. Three dollars.

CARLISLE

Three dollars. That's a good start.

CARLISLE

TO KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES  
SAVE WHATEVER YOU CAN --  
BUILDING EACH LITTLE SUM  
IS THE WAY TO GO FROM  
RAGS TO RICHES, YOUNG MAN!

CHORUS

AS YOUR DOLLARS ALL GROW  
OUT OF NICKELS AND DIMES--  
YOU WILL KNOW WHAT TO THANK  
FOR THESE TRIPS TO BANK  
AS YOUR AFFLUENCE CLIMBS--  
JUST KEEPING UP THE TIMES!

CARLISLE (& CHORUS)

TO BE ALIVE IN THESE SPIRITED TIMES  
MEANS A BRAND-NEW BEGINNING  
IN A WORLD FOR WINNING  
AS YOU'LL VERY SOON SEE--

DICK

WHEN BRAVE YOUNG CAPTAIN COLUMBUS SET SAIL  
FULL OF GRIT AND DEVOTION  
ON THAT BIG, SCARY OCEAN  
HE HAD NOTHING ON ME!

(The large doors to the BANK ceremoniously  
open and CARLISLE escorts DICK into the  
bank.)

ALL

SO LET'S HAPPILY RING  
THOSE CENTENNIAL CHIMES --  
IF WE STAY IN THE LEAD,  
WE ARE BOUND TO SUCCEED  
FOR AMERICA RHYMES  
WITH KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES!

(EVERYONE returns to work. The street  
clears. Time passes.)

SCENE 10

SETTING: STACIA's room in Mrs. McHugh's boarding house.

TIME: An evening in late June.

AT RISE: GERRISH is pouring a drink. The lantern she'd bought earlier is hung. STACIA enters, carrying a few paper flowers.

GERRISH

Where you been?

STACIA

I've been working. A wedding. In Yonkers. You know that.

GERRISH

That was yesterday.

STACIA

I wasn't finished. They asked me to stay. It was a lot of money.

GERRISH

You were never out all night before.

STACIA

Were you worried? Glory be, did you miss me?

(SHE puts the flowers in an old vase.)

GERRISH

I was surprised is all. No, it gave me a night off. To hit the hot spots, which you don't like.

STACIA

I see.

(SHE knows it's a lie; better not go there.)

It was a grand wedding. And she looked -- Oh, Luke, she came down a staircase in the dress I made and I thought "One of these days I'll make one just like it -- for me!"

(SHE lights the candle in the lantern.)

GERRISH

What's that for?

STACIA

It's a lantern. It glows. It cost twenty-five cents. I bought us a present weeks ago. Is that bad?

GERRISH

Everything is romance with you.

STACIA

All right, yes.

GERRISH

What's wrong with what we've got?

STACIA

Nothing. I don't mind the sewing to pay the rent and keep us in food, and, yes, a cheap lantern and some paper flowers that cost a nickel. But what's wrong with what could be?

GERRISH

I got a few "could be's" of my own.

STACIA

Yes, you wrote me letters, Luke. While you were away. I have every one of them. They were full of plans -- for us.

GERRISH

Well, I'm back. It is "us." I went out today and I found myself by the river, by the place where you and I first met. Remember? I was with some pals, you were with a lady friend. You remember --

STACIA

I remember.

GERRISH

You dropped something.

STACIA

A small box with some thread in it.

GERRISH

And when I picked it up and handed it to you, our eyes met. And suddenly we were all alone. No more pals, no more lady friend. We knew.

STACIA

(unsure)  
DREAMS CAN COME TRUE  
AND WISHES GET GRANTED --  
MAYBE TODAY --

GERRISH

It's like in the beginning with us. When anything was possible.  
And we're there again.

STACIA

(giving in)  
MIRACLES TOO  
ARE WAITING TO HAPPEN --  
MAYBE TOMORROW --

(the MUSIC continues under)

GERRISH

I'll take care of everything. We'll be fine.

(SHE looks at him)

What do you say?

(THEY kiss. The lights fade till only the  
glow of the lantern is left.)

SCENE 11

SETTING: STACIA's room in Mrs. McHugh's boarding house.

TIME: An evening in late June.

AT RISE: GERRISH is pouring a drink. The lantern she'd bought earlier is hung. STACIA enters, carrying a few paper flowers.

GERRISH

Where you been?

STACIA

I've been working. A wedding. In Yonkers. You know that.

GERRISH

That was yesterday.

STACIA

I wasn't finished. They asked me to stay. It was a lot of money.

GERRISH

You were never out all night before.

STACIA

Were you worried? Glory be, did you miss me?

(SHE puts the flowers in an old vase.)

GERRISH

I was surprised is all. No, it gave me a night off. To hit the hot spots, which you don't like.

STACIA

I see.

(SHE knows it's a lie; better not go there.)

It was a grand wedding. And she looked -- Oh, Luke, she came down a staircase in the dress I made and I thought "One of these days I'll make one just like it -- for me!"

(SHE lights the candle in the lantern.)

GERRISH

What's that for?

SCENE 11

SETTING: Limbo. A street in Lower Manhattan.

TIME: Late May.

AT RISE: FOSWELL is sitting alone by his shoeshine box. It has a sign on it: "Final Sale During May Only - - Shine 1¢". MICKEY MAGUIRE enters, newspapers under his arm.

MICKEY

"Extra! President Grant Visits New Jersey." "Cuts Ribbon on New Rose Garden!" Read all about it!

FOSWELL

Is that you, Mickey?

MICKEY

Foswell.

FOSWELL

Where's your shoeshine box?

MICKEY

I gave that up. I couldn't pay the rent with cigar butts, so I took on the news. But as you can see, business ain't so good. President Grant in New Jersey don't stir the blood. Looks like you ain't doin' no better.

FOSWELL

I sit here but nobody sees me. What am I, invisible? Hunter said I should make people notice me, but I don't know how.

MICKEY

"Hunter said." Ha! He got lucky. He's off the slag pile, ain't he though? Gentlemen's furnishin's, imagine that. But he always knew how to get noticed, I gotta give him that. When he was a newsboy, before he took on shoes, he used to say, "If the news ain't interestin', make interestin' news!" His greatest success was: "Queen Victoria Assassinated!" Sold out quick on that one. Hey, wait a minute, that's it ...

(HE calls out)

Extra! Get it here first! "President Grant Declares War on Canada!" Read all about it! "Border Closed, USA-Canadian War!"

(PEOPLE onstage approach with coins, pushing him and themselves offstage. One MAN in the crowd drops his crutch and keeps moving. FOSWELL picks up the crutch and taps one of the MEN on the back.)

FOSWELL

Excuse me, sir.

MAN

Yes, what is it?

FOSWELL

I was wondering if this crutch --

MAN

(HE sees the crutch)

Crutch? Oh. You poor lad. I'm so sorry.

(HE drops some coins in FOSWELL's cup, and exits. FOSWELL, alone onstage, is stunned. MICKEY returns, all his papers gone, counting coins. A SECOND MAN enters, going in the opposite direction.)

FOSWELL

Excuse me, sir, but are you looking for this crutch?  
(The MAN turns)

MAN

Crutch? Oh. What a pity. Well, good luck, son.  
(HE drops more coins into FOSWELL's cup and exits.)

MICKEY

Hunter knew his onions. We both shoulda listened earlier.

FOSWELL

But Mickey, I can't keep --

MICKEY

Let's get outta here before that mob finds out we're not at war.

FOSWELL

Mickey, it's not right. I can walk without a crutch!

MICKEY

Praise the Lord! But keep it a secret. C'mon. And tomorrow, Foswell, add an eyepatch!

BLACKOUT.



STACIA

(unsure)  
DREAMS CAN COME TRUE  
AND WISHES GET GRANTED --  
MAYBE TODAY --

GERRISH

It's like in the beginning with us. When anything was possible.  
And we're there again.

STACIA

(giving in)  
MIRACLES TOO  
ARE WAITING TO HAPPEN --  
MAYBE TOMORROW --

(the MUSIC continues under)

GERRISH

I'll take care of everything. We'll be fine.  
(SHE looks at him)  
What do you say?

(THEY kiss. The lights fade till only the  
glow of the lantern is left.)

SCENE 12

SETTING: SNOBDEN's store.

TIME: Late afternoon.

AT RISE: HIGGINS is lazily placing boxes in a display case. CHAPIN is studying an inventory list. BENSON enters.

CHAPIN

Well?

BENSON

(prestigious)

I was interviewed for a position with Mason and Weller.

CHAPIN

That's good.

BENSON

He asked a lot of questions.

CHAPIN

Perhaps that's why they call it an interview.

BENSON

I might have been happy there. They give you a whole hour for lunch.

CHAPIN

Benson!

BENSON

I was doing well. But there was a tricky question at the end. "Where were you last employed," he asked.

CHAPIN

I can see the problem.

BENSON

I said, "I've had no employers, sir. I've chosen to begin my career with you."

CHAPIN

That must have given him joy.

BENSON

There's very little imagination out there. Pity. I really admired their decor.

CHAPIN

Good God!

(DICK enters the store. HE has pamphlets with him and lesson books, which HE puts on the counter.)

DICK

You're gonna love this, Mr. Chapin.

CHAPIN

Where have you been?!

(SNOBDEN enters from his office.)

DICK

I was passin', City Hall, and I went to see some old customers of mine in the Building Codes and Zoning Department.

CHAPIN

Building Codes and -- That's what I was planning to do!

SNOBDEN

(glancing over the pamphlets)

You thought of it, but he's done it. This is exactly the information I need for the planned expansion. Very enterprising, Hunter. I think it's time you had the key. Chapin, give it to him.

CHAPIN

Give him the key!? But he's the office boy.

SNOBDEN

I think he's proven he's a Snobden man. Give him the key.

CHAPIN

As you say, sir.

(HE gives DICK the key)

SNOBDEN

I have the other one, Dick. You open the shop each day and close it each evening. Now, you deserve a little something for the bank account of yours.

(HE discovers he has no cash in his pockets)

Come into my office.

(Crossing to his office door, SNOBDEN sees HIGGINS, who is dozing at the counter.)

SNOBDEN (contd)

Higgins!

HIGGINS

I wasn't asleep, Mr. Snobden. Just thinking.

(SNOBDEN and DICK exit)

He never gave me the key. We need a plan.

CHAPIN

We've got to get him out. I want that job -- for Benson!

(HE points at BENSON who has been studying himself in a full length mirror.)

BENSON

Yes, I'm forming a plan. It will be the end of Master Hunter.

CHAPIN

What a pity.

"A HARDWORKING BOY"

CHAPIN

A HARDWORKING BOY --  
A GENUINE JOY --  
DEVOTED AND LOYAL --  
I HATE HIM!

BENSON

NOT LAZY OR SLY --  
AND WON'T TELL A LIE --  
HE'S NOTHING LIKE I AM --  
I HATE HIM!

HIGGINS

A LAD OF SENSITIVITY  
WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU ARE FEELING --  
HE'S UTTERLY INCAPABLE OF  
SORDID DOUBLE-DEALING --

CHAPIN

WITH ONE DISTURBING  
FEATURE THAT I FIND IS MOST REVEALING --

CHAPIN & HIGGINS

NO STEALING!

ALL THREE  
WE HATE HIM!

CHAPIN  
THAT BOY IS A THREAT --

BENSON  
HE'S SNOBDEN'S NEW PET --

HIGGINS  
I NEVER CAN GET  
HIM IN DUTCH!

CHAPIN  
HE MEETS MY EYE  
WITH HEAD HELD HIGH  
AND WON'T TALK BACK NO MATTER HOW I  
BERATE HIM --  
I HATE HIM  
SO MUCH!

(DICK re-enters, humming happily. As the  
TRIO watch him closely, HE gathers his books  
from the counter, taking time to dust it.  
HE gathers a mop and pail from the corner  
and exits into the stockroom.)

BENSON  
I THINK WE AGREE  
THAT IF YOU COULD BE  
A BIT MORE LIKE WE ARE,  
WE'D LOVE HIM.

HIGGINS  
I SEE MORE AND MORE  
THERE'S TROUBLE IN STORE  
UNLESS OUT THE DOOR  
WE CAN SHOVE HIM.

CHAPIN  
THE DAY THAT HE WALKED IN THE PLACE  
WE'RE GONNA MAKE HIM RUE IT --

CHAPIN & BENSON  
A WICKED LITTLE PLOT IS WHAT WE NEED  
AND WE CAN BREW IT --  
WHEN THERE ARE BRAINS LIKE YOURS

HIGGINS

-- AND MINE --

ALL THREE

THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO IT --  
WE'LL DO IT!  
WE HATE HIM!

HIGGINS

THAT TRUSTWORTHY AIR --

CHAPIN

THAT DRESSING WITH CARE --

BENSON

AND WHAT'S MOST UNFAIR,  
HE CAN'T SPELL!

ALL THREE

WE'D BE SO GLAD  
TO TAKE THIS LAD  
AND JUST FOR FUN COMPLETELY  
ERADICATE HIM --  
WE HATE HIM  
LIKE HELL!

(HIGGINS exits to the stockroom as DICK re-enters. DICK sets down the mop and pail, crosses to a ladder on the opposite side of the store from CHAPIN, climbs up and begins cleaning a high shelf.)

BENSON

Uncle Gideon, I'm going home now. I am exhausted. I need a dime for the ferry.

CHAPIN

The ferry costs a nickel.

BENSON

I need time to work on "the plan." I think better with a cigar.

CHAPIN

No, no, no. Cigars are for announcing birth, the end of a meal, or the start of employment!

BENSON

That's what I'm working on. Trust me.

CHAPIN

Benson, you've heard of fratricide, patricide and matricide, I'm certain. Well, prepare yourself. I am working on bratricide.

(HE gives him a nickel. BENSON leaves in huff as ALLEN CARLISLE and his son, ROB, enter the store.)

CHAPIN

Mr. Carlisle! Welcome to Snobden's. May I help you?

CARLISLE

Thank you, Mr. Chapin. Would you make a new suit for my son? He needs one for the fall.

CHAPIN

Of course. What a pleasant little boy.

CARLISLE

Rob, this is Mr. Chapin.

ROB

Hello.

CHAPIN

Rob, is it? Come with me and we'll get you measured. Why don't you look around, Mr. Carlisle? We have some very good buys at the moment.

CARLISLE

I will. Thank you.

(CHAPIN and ROB exit into the stockroom.)

DICK

(from the ladder)

Hello, Mr. Carlisle.

CARLISLE

Ah, Dick. Nice to see you again. I've kept my eye on your account. I see it's growing.

DICK

(stepping down from the ladder)

Yeah, by leaps and crawls.

CARLISLE

You've started, that's the point. Some never do.

DICK  
I'm learning' to read.

CARLISLE  
Good! What's your favorite book?

DICK  
The one you gave me.

CARLISLE  
Your bank book?!

DICK  
I like it.  
(LUKE GERRISH enters the store. DICK reacts.)  
Just a moment, sir.

CARLISLE  
I'll just have a look around.  
(HE wanders off)

DICK  
(to GERRISH)  
You shouldn't come here.

GERRISH  
Where should I come then? You ain't mentioned where you live.

DICK  
What do you want?

GERRISH  
Just a few dollars to tide your old man over.

DICK  
I'm not givin' you nothin'.

GERRISH  
I'm your stepfather. Legal. I got lots of plans, same as you.  
We gotta talk this out.

DICK  
There is nothin' to talk about.

GERRISH  
I waited till you got settled here. You ain't givin' me the  
brush, kid.  
(HE grabs him)



CARLISLE

(in earshot, has overheard)

Dick, can you help me with this?

DICK

Yes, Mr. Carlisle.

CARLISLE

(approaching)

I don't mean to interrupt.

DICK

Oh.

(an awkward moment)

This is Luke Gerrish.

(to GERRISH)

Mr. Carlisle. One of our regular customers.

CARLISLE

How do you do?

GERRISH

Likewise.

DICK

Luke's my stepfather. I've seen him twice in three years. He's been otherwise detained.

CARLISLE

(to DICK)

Do you support yourself in this job?

DICK

Well, I ain't got no maiden aunt who left me her fortune -- So, yes, I do.

CARLISLE

(to GERRISH)

And you, sir. You're strong and able-bodied. You should be able to earn your own living.

GERRISH

I can't get work.

CARLISLE

Then I'll give you a job. A wagon of coal is being delivered to my house in an hour. Go up there and I'll give you the job of putting it in the cellar and pay you one dollar. Here's my card. What do you say?

GERRISH

I've had nothin' to eat today, sir. I wouldn't have the strength for that job. If you'll give me a quarter, I'll get a little supper and then go right to it.

CARLISLE

I will leave orders in the kitchen that you are to have supper. So -- done?

GERRISH

Yes. All right. Done. You may expect me. Thank you.  
(one last look at DICK and HE exits)

DICK

He won't come.

CARLISLE

No, I don't think he will.

(ROB and CHAPIN re-enter)

Ah, there you are, Rob. I'd like you to meet Richard Hunter.

ROB

How do you do?

DICK

Hello, Rob.

(DICK sees CHAPIN signaling him)

If you'll both excuse me, I have to finish my work.

(DICK begins moving boxes from one side of the store to the other. ROB watches him as CARLISLE watches both.)

CHAPIN

Will you be in soon to select a fabric for Rob's suit?

CARLISLE

What? Oh, yes. After the holiday. Chapin, did you know that Hunter and I were both bootblacks once?

CHAPIN

You're joking!

CARLISLE

I like the boy, don't you?

CHAPIN

Oh, yes. He's a treasure.

CARLISLE

Rob seems to like him too.

CHAPIN

Everyone likes everyone. Isn't that nice?

CARLISLE

Shhh.

(During the above CARLISLE and CHAPIN exchange, ROB has crossed the stage and has picked up a box directly behind DICK so that when DICK turns to cross for more boxes, ROB is standing there and hands the box to DICK. DICK smiles, takes it, crosses for two more. ROB follows and picks up the last of them, following DICK as before and presenting him with the box. DICK then moves to a display case and begins to polish the brass fixtures with a style that reminds us of his flair with a shoeshine rag. ROB follows, watching him work. DICK rips the cloth in two and gives ROB half. The two boys continue to shine and polish together. CARLISLE, who has seen it all, crosses to DICK.)

CARLISLE

Dick, would you consider coming up each evening to spend some time with Rob?

DICK

Well, I do my readin' and writin' lessons most every night.

CARLISLE

Just for company. My work keeps me out much of the time, and you seem to get along well together. I'll pay you what you earn here.

ROB

He said he's got lessons to do.

DICK

Now hold on, Rob. I could do mine while you're doin' yours. I mean eight dollars a week. That's a lot! Would it be OK with you?

ROB

I don't mind.

CARLISLE

Fine, fine! Why don't you join us on the fourth for the big goings-on in Union Square.

DICK

Well, I told --

(a beat)

Yeah, I'd love that!

CARLISLE

Good! Even better, start your new job right now.

DICK

I'm not quite finished here.

CARLISLE

It's almost six.

(to CHAPIN)

Surely, Mr. Chapin, you won't mind the boy leaving a few minutes early. This is a special weekend.

CHAPIN

If it will please you -- why not?

(DICK takes off the SNOBDEN jacket, and puts on his own.)

CARLISLE

Thank you. I do hope you'll have a memorable holiday. With your family, I suppose?

CHAPIN

That's correct, sir. My dear sister and I have bought some fireworks for my nephew, Benson, with which we will be tinkering in our own little garden.

CARLISLE

Do be careful. You wouldn't want a rocket carrying the boy off to Mars.

CHAPIN

Certainly not!

(HE opens the door for them)

Do they have rockets that do that?

(CARLISLE and ROB exit to street.)

DICK

(to CHAPIN, as HE leaves)

Eight dollars a week! A hundred percent raise in one day!

(DICK joins ROB and CARLISLE on the street outside the store. The set begins to change.)

ROB

Look, Dick -- a new cap. I'm all set for the centennial. Everybody's talking about it. But what exactly is it?

CARLISLE

It's a party for the country's hundredth birthday. Bands and flags, food and drink, a few speeches which we can duck and lots of talk about where we've been, where we came from.

ROB

We came from 29th Street.

CARLISLE

No, long before that. Our people. Dick's people. Before we were us.

"LOOK HOW FAR WE'VE COME"

CARLISLE

STARTING OUT AS NO ONE,  
AS SUBJECTS OF A KING --  
WE LOOKED AROUND  
AND SOON WE FOUND  
THAT KINGS DON'T MEAN A THING --

LIVING LIFE AS NO ONE  
WAS ONCE ALL RIGHT FOR SOME,  
BUT LOOK HOW FAR WE'VE COME!

(As the MUSIC BEGINS and CARLISLE continues, the stage is transformed and the lights come up to a brighter, sunnier level and we are in Union Square on the 4th of July, 1876.)

SCENE 13

**SETTING:** Union Square, Fourth of July.  
Flags, posters of President Grant and Uncle Sam, a telescope, a lung capacity tester, root beer stand, weight machine and various artifacts of 1876 and the Centennial.

**TIME:** Segue from previous scene.

**AT RISE:** CARLISLE, DICK and ROB are in the midst of the celebration in progress. Out of the crowd appear MRS. MOONEY and MRS. MCHUGH ...

"LOOK HOW FAR WE'VE COME" (contd)

MOONEY & MCHUGH

CROSSED A LOT OF OCEANS  
AND SHED A LOT OF TEARS --  
THROUGH TIME AND TIDE,  
WE LIVED AND DIED  
ACROSS A LOT OF YEARS --

MADE THIS LAND A PROMISE  
AND GAVE THIS LAND A NAME --  
HEY, LOOK HOW FAR WE CAME!

CARLISLE

EVERY DAY'S A NEW BEGINNING,  
EVERY DAY'S A RACE --  
EVERY DAY'S A DOOR THAT MIGHT GET  
SLAMMED RIGHT IN YOUR FACE --

LOTS OF GUTS IS WHAT IT TAKES  
TO GET FROM THERE TO HERE --

CARLISLE & CHORUS

ANYONE WHO DOES DESERVES  
A BANNER AND A CHEER! --

CARLISLE

IN THAT BOSTON HARBOR  
THEY THREW A LOT OF TEA --  
AND THROUGH US FLOWS  
THE BLOOD OF THOSE  
AMERICANS TO BE --

STARTING OUT IN BOSTON,  
THE ROAD IS MIGHTY LONG,  
BUT WE'RE STILL GOING STRONG!

CARLISLE, DICK & ROB  
STILL GOING GOOD AND STRONG!

(FOSWELL enters. HE has his crutch and is  
wearing an eye patch and a slightly bloody  
bandage. HE passes MOONEY and MCHUGH.)

MOONEY

Mr. Foswell! Were you hit by a trolley?!

FOSWELL

I'm working, Mrs. Mooney. This is my costume.

MCHUGH

Is it Halloween?

MOONEY

Mary, how many ti -- It's the fourth!

(to FOSWELL)

Where's Richard? He said he'd be with you.

FOSWELL

Did he? Well, he's not. He's in the park somewhere with his  
new family.

MOONEY

Oh, dear. Well, if you're own your own, join Mary McHugh and  
me.

MCHUGH

Yes, dear, whoever you are, do!

FOSWELL

I was going to work.

MOONEY

Not today.

FOSWELL

That's right. So thank you, ladies. And we'll have a us a fine time!

MCHUGH

Oh, we will.

MOONEY

Won't we though.

(THEY move into the crowd)

CHORUS

EVERYONE'S FROM SOMEWHERE,  
SOME CORNER OF THE EARTH --

CARLISLE

WE LEFT BEHIND  
THOSE TIES THAT BIND  
AND NOW WE KNOW OUR WORTH!

DICK

(to ROB)

EVERYONE'S FROM SOMEWHERE,  
SO PLAY THAT FIFE AND DRUM  
TO MARK HOW FAR WE'VE COME!

CARLISLE

WE ALL STARTED SOMEWHERE,  
BUT SOMEWHERE ISN'T HERE --  
WE LOOKED AROUND  
AT WHAT WE'VE FOUND  
AND WHAT WE'VE FOUND IS CLEAR:

EVERYONE

SOMEWHERE'S THE BEGINNING  
THAT WE ALL STARTED FROM,  
AND LOOK HOW FAR WE'VE COME!

ENSEMBLE SOLO #1

SOME WERE AFTER MONEY  
AND SOME OTHERS AFTER FAME --

ENSEMBLE SOLO #2

SOME DON'T EVEN KNOW THEMSELVES  
THE REASONS THAT THEY CAME --

ENSEMBLE SOLO #3

SOME WILL REACH THE PINNACLE  
AND SOME WON'T MAKE THE GRADE --



EVERYONE

BUT WE NEVER SHALL REGRET  
THIS JOURNEY WE'VE ALL MADE!

NOW AND THEN WE STUMBLE  
AND NOW AND THEN WE FALL --  
WE LOSE OUR WAY  
AND GO ASTRAY  
AND SEE NO PATH AT ALL --

THEN WE LOOK BEHIND US  
AND, LO, WE'RE NOT SO DUMB  
FOR LOOK HOW FAR WE'VE COME!  
HOW VERY FAR WE'VE COME!

(A grand finish. THE MUSIC continues as a string quartet begins playing a waltz somewhere in the distance.)

GERRISH and STACIA, part of the crowd, are seen Down Right.)

STACIA

Oh, Luke. A day off! You and me in the park!

GERRISH

Yeah, lovely.

(HE spots DICK, CARLISLE and ROB)

Well, that's a surprise. Hunter and that banker. And he's got a kid with him.

STACIA

Who? What?

GERRISH

It's business. This is interesting.

(MICKEY MAGUIRE approaches a MAN and a WOMAN, Center Stage. GERRISH sees this too.)

MICKEY

Ain't it one of the finest fourths you've ever seen?

(He "trips" into the WOMAN, bumping her)

Oh, excuse me, ma'am. My fault.

(HE has stolen a small purse which SHE had been carrying attached to her waist. HE moves past GERRISH, who stops him.)

GERRISH

I caught your act, kid. Not bad. I was light-fingered myself once.

STACIA

Stay out of it, Luke.

GERRISH

(to MICKEY)

But what did you get? A few pennies and a ladies' comb?

MICKEY

Pretty smart, ain't ya?

GERRISH

Very.

(HE looks back at DICK and his group)

And I got an idea. I want to talk to you.

STACIA

Not today! Today is for us.

GERRISH

Get some lemonade. I'll find you -- just stay in the park.

(back to MICKEY)

Yeah, I want to talk to you.

(THEY exit)

ROB

Can we have a rootbeer, father?

CARLISLE

You have one.

(HE reaches into his pocket)

DICK

(to CARLISLE)

You paid for the lunch. I'll stand treat for the rootbeer.

(DICK and ROB head for the rootbeer stand as  
MRS. HALLIWELL approaches CARLISLE.)

HALLIWELL

Allen, of course you're here. Isn't it fun to mix with the peasants?

CARLISLE

It's you who's mixing. I'm one of the peasants, remember? Gail, you are the Merry Young Widow, the most attractive snob I know.

HALLIWELL

They're playing a waltz, Allen. And you know how I adore waltzing with you. Would you?

CARLISLE

I'd love to, since you taught me how. But I'm here with Rob and his friend.

(ROB and DICK return with their rootbeers.)

HALLIWELL

Darling Rob, won't you lend me your handsome father for just one waltz?

ROB

All right. If it's short.

HALLIWELL

Bless you, darling. I won't keep him long.

CARLISLE

Keep an eye on him, will you, Dick.

DICK

Yes, sir.

(CARLISLE and MRS. HALLIWELL move into crowd and dance. ROB hands his rootbeer to DICK.)

ROB

I didn't spill a drop. Here's your change.  
(sips his)

DICK

I'm getting awful used to this high life. Your life and mine are so different.

ROB

(pause)

Is your mother dead?

DICK

What?! Yes, she is.

ROB

My father told me. So is mine.

DICK

I know.

ROB  
I'm not lonely, but I remember her. Will I always?

DICK  
Always.

ROB  
So you see? We do have something the same.

DICK  
I guess we do.

(THEY clink glasses in a toast to that.  
WALTZ ENDS. HALLIWELL and CARLISLE finish  
their dance, Down Right, by STACIA. A MAN  
approaches HER.)

MAN  
Are you on your own, sister? 'Cause I am. And I'd like not to  
be.

STACIA  
No. I'm waiting for someone.

MAN  
Aren't we all?

STACIA  
I said "no!"

CARLISLE  
(overhears)  
You heard the lady. On your way.

MAN  
Who are you? Her white knight?

CARLISLE  
I said "move!"

MAN  
And a happy fourth to you too.  
(HE goes)

STACIA  
(to CARLISLE)  
Thank you.

CARLISLE

The holiday brings out some beauts, doesn't it?

STACIA

It does.

HALLIWELL

(who has been nearby)

What a lovely dress, dear. Interesting design.

STACIA

Thank you. I made it myself.

HALLIWELL

I can use a good seamstress. You must mend something for me some time.

CARLISLE

I don't think the young lady is in the park looking for work.

HALLIWELL

Isn't she?

CARLISLE

Gail!

STACIA

Thank you for your help. That was awkward. I should be going.

CARLISLE

No, I think Mrs. Halliwell should be going. She just stopped by for a dance, and now she's had it.

HALLIWELL

I spy Jason Pomeroy over there. He's usually good for six tickets to my charity supper and I mustn't let him slip away. Thank you for the waltz, Allen. Miss. Ta ta.

(SHE goes)

(MUSIC begins again. A bright Gallop,  
somewhere in the distance.)

CARLISLE

(to STACIA)

Well, we both seem to have been abandoned.

STACIA

It seems so.

CARLISLE

My apologies for the widow Halliwell. She just can't get that silver spoon out of her mouth.

STACIA

No, it was fun. I don't meet her sort ever day.

CARLISLE

Unfortunately, I do. Would you allow me to escort you to the center stand? It's above the crowd and you'll be better able to watch for your friend.

STACIA

Would you? I'd like that.

(GERRISH enters the area with MICKEY. HE sees CARLISLE and STACIA leaving.)

CARLISLE

(to STACIA)

You see? Things have a way of working out.

(HE offers her his arm, and SHE takes it. THEY merge with the crowd.)

Calliope MUSIC is heard. It plays in counterpoint to the Gallop already in progress.)

GERRISH

(to MICKEY)

You sure you can do this?

MICKEY

Mister, for a hundred bucks I'll do anything. And this I'd do for free. That's just an expression, of course. Not sure what's in it for you, but --

GERRISH

Never mind that.

(HE looks after CARLISLE and STACIA)

You just do what I told you. Understand?

MICKEY

Sure, Mister. Whatever you say.

GERRISH

All right then.

(HE turns to DICK and ROB, Stage Left)

Now!

(MICKEY and GERRISH merge with the crowd.  
DICK lifts his rootbeer. ROB lifts his too  
and spills a little.)

DICK

Watch it! Root beer and linen suits don't like each other much.

(HE takes out his handkerchief, the fancy  
one from the store, and starts to clean  
ROB's jacket. ROB takes the handkerchief,  
does it himself and puts the handkerchief in  
his pocket. DICK takes out his change purse  
to put some change away. MICKEY appears.)

MICKEY

Now if I only had a nickel, I could have some rootbeer.

DICK

I still can't transact no loans, Mick.

MICKEY

It's a measly nickel.

DICK

I don't like loans, Mick. A gift. Even for "the world owes me  
a livin'" you. I'm willin' to share.

(HE opens the change purse, MICKEY grabs it)

MICKEY

Well, well -- look at all that money. A little nickel ain't  
sharin'. It's charity. And what's this? A bankbook? Well,  
la-de-dah!

(HE dances around DICK, poking in the purse.)

DICK

That's none of your business. Hand it over!

MICKEY

But you have so much. Must be two dollars. Plus -- excuse me -  
- a savings account!

DICK

Now, Mickey. Now!

(makes a grab for it)

MICKEY

You want it back? You'll have to catch me then, won't you?  
(HE wheels and runs)

DICK

Mickey!  
(and DICK follows him off, Right)

ROB

Dick! Dick!  
  
(ROB doesn't know what to do. HE decides to follow DICK and starts off. But GERRISH moves in.)

GERRISH

What is it, little fella? What happened?

DICK

A man just stole my friend's money!

GERRISH

Well then, I'll help you. Let's you and me find a copper.

ROB

Yes. Thank you very much.

(GERRISH takes ROB's hand and starts to lead him off.)

GERRISH

I saw one standing right over there.

ROB

Wait! I'm not supposed to go anywhere with strangers. So I'll stay here. You get the -- copper.

GERRISH

Well, ain't you clever? But we won't be strangers long, son. You and me are gonna be spendin' some time together!  
(HE lunges for ROB and picks him up)

ROB

No! Help! Dick! Anybody!

(As GERRISH runs off with the struggling boy, ROB's cap falls to the ground as the celebration continues.)



"LOOK HOW FAR WE'VE COME" (contd)

ALL

EVERYONE FROM EAST TO WEST  
FROM SUNNY SOUTH TO NORTH --  
HERE ON OUR CENTENNIAL,  
THIS GRAND JULY THE FOURTH --

HERE ON OUR CENTENNIAL  
WE'RE GONNA MAKE THINGS HUM --  
YOU WON'T RECOGNIZE US  
IN THE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME!

NOW AND THEN WE STUMBLE  
AND NOW AND THEN WE FALL --  
WE LOSE OUR WAY  
AND GO ASTRAY  
AND SEE NO PATH AT ALL --

THEN WE LOOK BEHIND US  
AND, LO, WE'RE NOT SO DUMB  
FOR LOOK HOW FAR WE'VE COME!  
HOW VERY FAR WE'VE COME!

(As the number builds to its climax, DICK re-enters, out of breath, with his coin purse. HE looks about for ROB and becomes increasingly disturbed as HE sees no sign of him anywhere. Then DICK see ROB's cap on the ground. HE picks it up, looks at it, looks off Right, then Left. As the CROWD waves its banners, flags and posters, DICK stands silently looking at the cap as -- )

THE CURTAIN FALLSEND OF ACT ONE.

ACT II

SCENE 1

SETTING: Limbo

TIME: Later that day.

AT RISE: The stage is filled with people of the neighborhood. DICK and CARLISLE are in front, each with a separate group.

"FIND THAT BOY"

DICK

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!  
I KNOW WE CAN FIND HIM --  
WE'RE NOT FAR BEHIND HIM --  
IF WE'RE SMART!

CARLISLE

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!  
KEEP A CAREFUL LOOKOUT --  
SEARCH EACH LITTLE NOOK OUT --  
MAKE A START!

ENSEMBLE

UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN,  
BATTERY TO WALL STREET --  
THROUGH EACH BIG AND SMALL STREET --  
WE'LL PURSUE!

WE'LL UNEARTH HIM,  
THOUGH HE MAY BE WAY OFF --  
WE WON'T TAKE A DAY OFF  
TILL WE DO!

CARLISLE

FIND HIM!

ENSEMBLE SOLO #1

WE'LL HAVE HIM BACK WITH MISTER CARLISLE QUICK!

DICK

FIND HIM!

ENSEMBLE SOLO #2

IT'S KNOWING WHERE TO LOOK THAT DOES THE TRICK!

ENSEMBLE

FIND HIM!

CARLISLE

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM THERE LIKE THAT!

ENSEMBLE

FIND HIM!

DICK

TO SEE HIS CAP JUST LYING THERE LIKE THAT!

ENSEMBLE

WHEN WE'VE DONE IT,  
WHAT A FUSS AND BOTHER --  
SEE THE HAPPY FATHER  
WEEP FOR JOY!

DICK, CARLISLE & ALL

FIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!  
EVERYBODY FAN OUT --  
AND TO MAKE IT PAN OUT  
FIND THAT BOY!

DICK

(sees CARLISLE with some MEN)

Mr. Carlisle! I've got everyone I know out working on it.

CARLISLE

Never mind that. I left him in your care. What was in that purse that made you leave him there? Two dollars? I'd have given you that. Two dollars -- and I've lost my son!

DICK

We'll get him back.

CARLISLE

You don't know that! I don't want to talk to you. I don't want to see you now.

(HE turns away)

MICKEY

(with GERRISH, in another part of the street)

Hey, Gerrish, where's my hundred bucks?

GERRISH

First off, it's Mister Gerrish. Got that? And you'll get your money when the deal is complete.

MICKEY

You said I've have it today.

GERRISH

I lied. Now scram. We shouldn't be seen together. And if anyone asks if you know me -- you don't. Clear?

MICKEY

Yeah, it's clear -- Mister Gerrish.  
(THEY part, and both exit)

CARLISLE

FIND HIM!

ENSEMBLE SOLO #3

HIS FATHER'S VERY RICH -- HE'LL PAY FOR SURE!

DICK

FIND HIM!

ENSEMBLE SOLO #4

NO KIDS ARE EVER KIDNAPPED WHEN THEY'RE POOR!

CARLISLE & DICK

FIND HIM!

ENSEMBLE SOLO #5

WE'LL KEEP ON LOOKING MORNING, NIGHT AND NOON!

CARLISLE & DICK

FIND HIM!

ENSEMBLE SOLO #6

WE'LL START BY SEARCHING EVERY LAST SALOON!

ENSEMBLE

WHEN WE FREE HIM,  
WHAT A CELEBRATION!  
BIG AS ALL CREATION,  
WE'LL ENJOY --

DICK & CARLISLE

EVERYBODY!  
GLAD WE ALL AGREE NOW --  
SAY IT AFTER ME NOW --

ALL

FIND THAT BOY!  
(THEY scatter...BLACKOUT.)

SCENE 2

SETTING: SNOBDEN's Store.

TIME: Two days later. Very early morning.

AT RISE: HIGGINS is pacing, mumbling to himself. CHAPIN arrives, with BENSON, bangs on the door. HIGGINS jumps.

HIGGINS

(muttering, scratching)

Who is it? Oh my God, I am in such terrible trouble.

CHAPIN

(enters)

We're late. We have only minutes until they get here.

BENSON

What were you doing when we woke you?

HIGGINS

You didn't wake me because I wasn't asleep. All night! There were dogs howling and cats screaming at each other. They say Wall Street is quiet at night. It's not! I was terrified.

CHAPIN

Well, it's morning now. Calm yourself.

HIGGINS

I can't calm myself just because you tell me to! Have you ever been locked in a shop all night long?!

CHAPIN

That was the plan. You had to be locked in and you know it. Hunter has the only key now -- other than Snobden's.

HIGGINS

But to hide me in an overcoat in the stockroom in summer! I nearly suffocated before you all left last night.

BENSON

Nearly doesn't count.

HIGGINS

How would you like to be dead?

CHAPIN

Be quiet, Benson.

(to HIGGINS)

All this friction will disappear once Hunter is gone.

(HE has started to open drawers and  
throw papers in the air.)

Now hop to it, both of you!

HIGGINS

No, I can't be part of it.

CHAPIN

Can't?? That's become your favorite word. I won't have it!

HIGGINS

I can't take anymore!

BENSON

You haven't taken anything yet.

HIGGINS

I had no air all night. I haven't washed. I have a rash on my  
back all the way down to my --

CHAPIN

That will do!

HIGGINS

You should see me with my clothes off!

CHAPIN

That won't do!

HIGGINS

I don't want to move ahead at Hunter's expense.

CHAPIN

Don't try to sound moral, Higgins. You have no morals at all.

HIGGINS

I had morals when I came to work here. I had religion. I still  
have a conscience.

BENSON

No you don't.

HIGGINS

Big, big mouth.

CHAPIN

He's right for once. You've been careless, Higgins -- you've lost them all.

HIGGINS

Snobden will feel sorry for Hunter and accuse us. Like he always does. Really, I am very close to the edge.

CHAPIN

I think you've gone OVER the edge. Accuse us? When it looks like Hunter was so clearly negligent? Not to mention where he went last night after he left here -- which I happen to know because he confided in me. I'm no fool, Higgins. On occasion, I've pretended to take him into my confidence on some trivial matter just so that, on occasion, he would take me into his. I know plenty about him.

HIGGINS

But what if we're caught?

CHAPIN

How can you be caught? I told Hunter you'd left last night. He thinks he was the last one out.

HIGGINS

If Snobden questions me, I'll have to lie. I'll be a perjurer, a criminal. Those are not good credentials!

CHAPIN

Get hold of yourself, boy. We have work to do.  
(HE opens another drawer, flings things about)

HIGGINS

(referring to BENSON)

It's him that'll benefit, not me.

CHAPIN

Hunter's just the office boy now. Whose job do you think he'll be after next?

HIGGINS

I'm not afraid of him. I know my own worth.

CHAPIN

And you're not afraid? He's been in the gutter. Do you imagine he wants return? Of course I could suggest to Snobden that Benson replace YOU.

HIGGINS

That -- run my stock room!!

CHAPIN

It could be arranged.

BENSON

I don't want his job!

HIGGINS

You see? Even he -- doesn't want it. My life's work, and to him, it's garbage.

CHAPIN

Higgins, collect yourself.

HIGGINS

No! I was a good person once. My mother loved me. And I had friends. I used to smile all the time, and even laugh sometimes. People called me Herbert -- and they'd say "How are you, Herbert?" or "That was funny, Herb!" or "Herbie, would you like to have lunch?" But then I came here and became Higgins and everyone moved away or got married or DIED. And what did I do? I just stayed here. Oh God, I made a wrong turn somewhere -- the day I saw the sign that read "Stock Boy Wanted," turned left, and came through that door.

CHAPIN

But you'll join us?

HIGGINS

Oh, yes.

CHAPIN

Good.

HIGGINS

Poor Hunter. He's tried so hard.

CHAPIN

Forget Hunter.

HIGGINS

I can't.



"A HARDWORKING BOY" (REPRISE)

HIGGINS (contd)

THE LORD ONLY KNOWS  
 THAT BOY HAS HIS WOES --  
 HE'S SUFFERED SUCH BLOWS --  
 I -- STILL HATE HIM!

(During the course of the song, THEY shred paper, overturn furniture, do battle with and defeat a mannequin, etc.)

BENSON

I'VE THOUGHT OF A PLAN  
 AND SOON AS WE CAN  
 WE'LL TOTALLY ANN-  
 I-I-LATE HIM!

HIGGINS

ATTENTIVE AND EFFICIENT  
 EVERY CUSTOMER AGREES HE -

CHAPIN

IS EAGER AND INTELLIGENT  
 WITH MANNER BRIGHT AND BREEZY --

HIGGINS & CHAPIN

SO HOW CAN WE DESTROY THIS CHARMING LAD  
 AND NOT FEEL QUEASY?  
 IT'S EASY --  
 WE HATE HIM!

BENSON

HE'S BACK TO THE MOB  
 WHEN I GET HIS JOB --

CHAPIN

IT'S SIMPLE AS ROBBING A NEST!

ALL THREE

WE'RE OUT TO WIN  
 SO LET'S BEGIN --  
 BUT THERE IS NOTHING PERSONAL IN IT --  
 HATING IS WHAT WE  
 DO BEST!

IT'S REALLY NO TRICK  
TO GET RID OF DICK --  
FOR SOON WE WILL THICKEN  
THE PLOT!

AND HAPPILY  
WE ALL AGREE  
IT'S GONNA BE A PLEASURE WHEN WE  
DEFLATE HIM --  
WE HATE HIM (to a whisper)  
A LOT!

(THEY carefully sneak out of the shop and  
close the door behind them. Immediately  
SNOBDEN appears on the street, as does DICK,  
coming from another direction.)

SNOBDEN

Ah, good morning. Any news?

DICK

No. I've got half the town out looking for him. It's two days  
and not even a ransom note.

SNOBDEN

I know how you feel. But the best cure for melancholy is hard  
work.

(THEY are at the door. DICK, trying his  
key, finds the door unlocked.)

DICK

Oh, Jeez!

SNOBDEN

What's this? What's this? The door wasn't smashed!

DICK

It was open.

SNOBDEN

Open? Open! I don't understand. Was it broken?

(HE walks into the shop)

We've been robbed!

(CHAPIN and HIGGINS appear, heads first, at  
the open door)

DICK

(anxiously looking around)

I don't think anything's been taken. They just wanted to mess up the place.

SNOBDEN

"Just!" What do you mean, "just?"

(SNOBDEN opens cash register, takes out a few bills to indicate contents are still there.)

CHAPIN

(peering around the store in pretend shock)

Mr. Snobden. I don't know what to say.

SNOBDEN

There's nothing to say. What's at the bottom of this?

HIGGINS

(suddenly remembering his part)

I must check the stock room! Oh, I pray it's all right.

(HE runs into the stock room)

SNOBDEN

(to DICK)

Were you the last one out last night?

DICK

Yes, of course I was.

SNOBDEN

Didn't you look the door?

DICK

I always lock the door.

SNOBDEN

Did you lock it last night!?

DICK

Yes!

CHAPIN

Now, now, Mr. Snobden. Dick's only had the key a few days. Perhaps it hasn't become ritual to him yet, as long as it had been to me. After all, sir, I'd been doing it for so long -- and he's been under a terrible strain.

(BENSON enters)

BENSON

Good morning, all. I was --  
(Now acting, and not well)  
Oh dear! This is terrible!

SNOBDEN

Thank you for telling me.  
(to CHAPIN)  
What's he doing here?

CHAPIN

He has an appointment in the neighborhood about a position. He came into town with me.

DICK

I remember locking the door!

CHAPIN

You cannot remember something that clearly did not happen. But do you remember why you might have forgotten?

DICK

What?!

CHAPIN

I have tried to teach you not to rush about so. Do you remember, last night, why you were in such a hurry to leave the shop?

DICK

That had nothing to do with it!

CHAPIN

I know you find relaxation and escape in it. And I know the guilt with which you've been living since your negligence with that poor little Carlisle boy. But to neglect your duties in order to be punctual at -- a poker game!

SNOBDEN

What's this? What's this?

DICK

That was a confidence! But I told you I was only going there because if I could get information anywhere about Rob, I could get it there.

CHAPIN

After all, with a father just free of prison, and you associated with a front-page crime, I hardly think you --

SNOBDEN

Do you play poker?

DICK

(ignoring SNOBDEN, addressing CHAPIN)

What do you mean "associated with?" I'm not a suspect!

BENSON

(under his breath)

The New York Herald thinks you are.

DICK

(whirling)

What's that?!

SNOBDEN

Answer me! Did you play poker?

DICK

Yes. But I told you --

SNOBDEN

I warned you about gambling when I engaged you.

DICK

Mr. Snobden, about the door, I'm sure I locked it.

CHAPIN

I'm sure you meant to lock it. With all you have on your mind, you were just distracted. I don't say you lie -- we do trust you.

SNOBDEN

I'm not certain. One earns trust.

DICK

I thought I had earned it.

SNOBDEN

So did I. That's why this disappoints me so.  
(HIGGINS re-appears from the stock room.)

HIGGINS

It's a miracle. The stock room is untouched!

CHAPIN

A ray of light in the darkness. Thank you, Higgins.

DICK

(thinking it through as he changes into  
the SNOBDEN jacket from the coat rack)  
Someone unlocked that door after I left!

HIGGINS

You'd better be careful with your insinuations. This morning's  
Herald is full of you.

CHAPIN

It even mentions where you're employed.

BENSON

(newspaper in hand)  
It's got the address and everything. And they spelled Mr.  
Snobden's name right...in very large print.

SNOBDEN

Yes. I had confidence in you, you know that. But I cannot have  
this kind of notoriety. These circumstances cause me to doubt  
my own judgement. I don't like it. You'll be paid through the  
week.

DICK

You're -- firing me?!

SNOBDEN

I have no choice. Believe me, I wish I did. I've grown fond of  
you, which makes this difficult, but I cannot allow that to  
influence me. My name is on this establishment. I made a  
mistake. I didn't know you. Chapin, I will see your nephew  
now.

(starts to exit)

DICK

All right. But I'll clear my name. If you don't believe that,  
then you really don't know me!

(SNOBDEN exits into his office)

CHAPIN

Mmmmm. Those are rather lofty words from someone who's proven to  
be a bounder, a gambler and a blackguard.

DIC

Nothing's been proven!

CHAPIN

Be certain to leave your key.

(CHAPIN snaps his fingers at BENSON)

Benson, I am counting on you.

BENSON

Oh well, for Mother's sake --

(HE goes into SNOBDEN's office. DICK angrily crosses to the coat rack and removes the SNOBDEN jacket and puts on his own. HE puts the key on the counter as CHAPIN crosses to the cash register and takes out some bills.)

CHAPIN

Mr. Snobden said you were to be paid through the week.

(HE gives four dollars to DICK)

DICK

That's right,

(HE starts to leave)

CHAPIN

(brings up the bootblack box from behind counter)

And don't forget this. I imagine you'll be needing it.

(HE gives it to him)

HIGGINS

Wait!

(Pause...CHAPIN stares at HIGGINS)

You forgot your lesson books.

(HE gives them to DICK from a nearby shelf)

I'm sorry -- I would -- I didn't --

CHAPIN

Higgins!

HIGGINS

I'm sorry for you, Hunter.

(DICK exits as the music of "Shine" sadly underscores his entry into the street outside SNOBDEN's.)

"SHINE" (REPRISE)

DICK

(sadly, with irony)

A SHINE --  
 IS REALLY ALL THAT YOU NEED  
 AND YOU WILL SEE  
 THERE'LL BE  
 A CHANGE IN YOUR LUCK --

A SHINE --  
 AND YOU ARE BOUND TO SUCCEED  
 AND BY TONIGHT  
 YOU MIGHT  
 BE J.P. MORGAN.

DICK (contd)

(more agitated, to imaginary customer)

HEY, MISTER!  
 WANNA SHOESHINE?  
 I'LL MAKE' EM LOOK LIKE NEW --  
 A GRAND, DICK HUNTER, SHOESHINE!  
 SEE, THAT'S WHAT I DO --

(quietly)

I USED TO WAKE UP WISHIN'  
 THAT ALL THE WORLD WAS MINE --  
 BUT NOW MY LIFE'S AMBITION  
 STARTS AND ENDS WITH  
 A SHINE.

(Lights fade as HE exits.)



SCENE 3

SETTING: STACIA's room.

TIME: Later, the same day.

AT RISE: GERRISH is staring out the window. ROB's finished dinner is on a tray. STACIA enters. GERRISH turns to her.

GERRISH

Where's the kid?

STACIA

He needed the bathroom. I locked him in.

GERRISH

Luke, he's half-dressed, and the window is three inches wide. He's not going anywhere. And I wanted to talk to you -- alone.

GERRISH

About what? What you'll spend on shoes and hats? This is our day! I finished the letter. I'll take it to Carlisle and by tomorrow we'll be rich.

STACIA

You're going too fast. You called it "business." This is the "business?" You never mentioned a stepson. Or a wife.

GERRISH

Opportunities, Stacia, my dear ...

"FROM NOW ON"

LUKE

WAIT AND SEE  
HOW LOVELY LIFE IS GOING TO BE --  
WE'LL BE TAKING IT EASY  
FROM NOW ON!

IF YOU LIKE,  
I'LL TAKE YOU SAILING OFF ON A SHIP--  
DRINK CHAMPAGNE FROM YOUR SLIPPER  
FROM NOW ON!

AND ALL MY SHIRTS WILL BE OF SILK --  
I'LL ONLY SMOKE HAVANA CIGARS --

## LUKE (contd)

THINGS OF GOLD  
AND WEALTH UNTOLD  
FROM JUST ONE BOLD  
DISPLAY OF DARING!

EVERYONE  
WILL POINT US OUT WHEREVER WE GO --  
PEOPLE SAYING WE'RE SO  
RESPECTABLE!

A LIFE LIKE THAT FOREVER --  
NO OTHER KIND WILL EVER  
COME NOW  
FROM NOW ON!

## STACIA

WAIT AND SEE  
JUST WHAT THE BITTER TRUTH OF IT IS --  
WE'LL BE TRAPPED IN A PRISON  
FROM NOW ON!

SOON YOU'LL KNOW  
JUST HOW IT FEELS TO LIVE ON THE RUN --  
SO AFRAID OF THE SUNLIGHT  
FROM NOW ON!

A STRANGER'S GLANCE WILL BE A THREAT --  
A WHISPERED WORD WILL CAUSE US TO FLY --

YEAR BY YEAR --  
THOUGH FAR OR NEAR --  
WE'LL KNOW A FEAR --  
THAT NEVER FREES US!

YOU AND I  
WILL HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIFE  
LIVING UNDER A KNIFE  
THAT'S BOUND TO FALL!

A LIFE LIKE THAT FOREVER  
NO OTHER KIND WILL EVER  
COME NOW  
FROM NOW ON!

LUKE

THINGS OF GOLD  
AND WEALTH UNTOLD  
FROM JUST ONE BOLD  
DISPLAY OF DARING!

BOTH

EVERYONE  
WILL POINT US OUT  
WHEREVER WE GO!

LUKE

PEOPLE SAYING WE'RE SO  
RESPECTABLE!

STACIA

-- NEVER TO BE  
RESPECTABLE!

BOTH

A LIFE LIKE THAT FOREVER  
NO OTHER KIND WILL EVER  
COME NOW  
FROM NOW ON!

(STACIA defiantly pulls away from GERRISH's  
embrace.)

STACIA

No!

GERRISH

(furious)

Then go get the kid! I want this over and done. I want the  
ring he wears to put in the letter -- to prove we have him.

STACIA

But he knows who we are. He can describe us.

GERRISH

Forget about that. I'm no fool, Stacia. It will be taken care  
of.

(HE takes a gun from dresser drawer)

STACIA

You can't mean that!

GERRISH

And remember, my dear, you are as much a part of this as I am.  
Picking up the kid's father in the park, wandering off with him  
while I was attending to "business." That's not hearsay in the  
eyes of the law. I saw that happen.

STACIA

You know he was only trying to help me find you!

GERRISH

What I know and what a jury will believe are not the same.  
Remember that. Get the kid in here.

STACIA

(at the door, one last attempt)

Luke, please --

GERRISH

Now!

(SHE goes. GERRISH paces, finishes the letter. HE takes a slug of whiskey as SHE re-enters with ROB.)

STACIA

I don't like this. Can you trust that Mickey Maguire?

GERRISH

I don't trust no one. But he's gonna get his hundred bucks.  
That's a lot for a kid like him. Any more'd make him nervous.  
(crosses to ROB)

I'm gonna leave a note for your father tonight telling him what he has to do.

STACIA

You've scared him enough. He's made no trouble.

GERRISH

Stacia, I am getting bored with this. You're no good at run-in' things. You only do one thing well. And you haven't been doin' that well lately either.

(at door)

Clear?

(HE is gone)

STACIA

Rob, you must be exhausted. You haven't slept. Why don't you try?

ROB

He's not much of a cousin, is he?

STACIA

He's not my cousin.

ROB

Well, who is he to talk to you like that?

STACIA

He's my -- Shhh. Go to sleep.

(HE slides into bed. SHE covers HIM. SHE crosses the room. Then, lost in thought -- )

"SOMEONE"

WOULDN'T IT SEEM A WONDER  
IF I COULD ONLY BE  
SOMEBODY NEW,  
SOMEBODY WHO  
NEVER WAS ME?

MAYBE THERE'S BEEN A BLUNDER --  
MAYBE I'M MEANT TO KNOW  
SOMEBODY FINE,  
SAYING HE'S MINE,  
LOVING ME SO.

SEE HER LEAN FROM HER WINDOW  
TO WATCH HIM APPEAR --  
IN A MOMENT HE'LL STAND BY HER SIDE --

NOW HE'S HOLDING HER CLOSE  
AND THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR --

OH, I CAN JUST SEE HER --  
WHY CAN'T I BE HER?

LOST IN THIS SPELL I'M UNDER,  
IF I JUST CLOSE MY EYES,  
SAY A SMALL PRAYER  
HE MIGHT BE THERE FOR ME  
THEN I'D BE  
SOMEONE WHO'S LIFE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN --  
SOMEONE WHO'S LOVED AS I NEVER HAVE BEEN --  
SOMEONE WHO'S MORE THAN THE SOMEONE  
WHO'S ME.

(a knock at the door)

MRS. MCHUGH (offstage)

Stacia-Jane?

(MCHUGH enters with armful of linen)

Evening', dear.

STACIA

You're not supposed to be in here!

MCHUGH

I just came with your fresh linen. And I'll take your sick little nephew's tray with me.

STACIA

I told you I'd do that.

MCHUGH

You've told me a lot, dear. Like Mr. Gerrish is your cousin.

(SHE goes for ROB's tray and picks up the handkerchief.)

MCHUGH (contd)

What a pretty handkerchief!

STACIA

(ushering her out)

Take it, Mrs. McHugh. Just go. You'll wake the boy.

MCHUGH

Oh, the boy, of course! Your cousin. Your nephew! You have such an interesting family.

(SHE leaves. STACIA is at the door, turns, see that ROB is awake.)

ROB

I didn't say anything.

STACIA

No.

ROB

I would have if he'd been here. She could have helped me get out of here. Stacia, you could help us get out of here.

STACIA

Stop that. I can't.

ROB

You don't need him.

STACIA

Shhh.

(SHE turns to window, back into her own thoughts)

STACIA

OH, I CAN JUST SEE HER --  
WHY CAN'T I BE HER?

LOST IN THIS SPELL I'M UNDER,  
IF I JUST CLOSE MY EYES,  
SAY A SMALL PRAYER  
HE MIGHT BE THERE FOR ME  
THEN I'D BE  
SOMEONE WHO'S LIFE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN --  
SOMEONE WHO'S LOVED AS I NEVER HAVE BEEN --  
SOMEONE WHO'S MORE THAN THE SOMEONE  
WHO'S ME!

(SHE turns, with resolve, toward ROB.)

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 4

SETTING: Wall Street.

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: MICKEY MAGUIRE is putting things away in his shoe box. DICK runs on. HE's angry.

MICKEY

Well, la dee dah. Look who's come slummin' in the old neighborhood.

DICK

Not today, Mick.

MICKEY

What ya got against me? It's not my fault you thought two dollars change was more important than lookin' after that kid.

DICK

What do you know about that?!

MICKEY

I was just playin' around. And you caught me. You got your precious money back. So lay off!

DICK

I asked you a question.

MICKEY

Hold on, Mr. High and Mighty. I don't gotta answer your questions. I just learned you got fired from Snobden's for stealin' or somethin'.

DICK

Watch it!

MICKEY

Watch what? So you got fired. So what? I couldn't make it in newspapers, I'm back to shoes. That's life. You was always puttin' on airs. You just got caught at it is all.

DICK

Last warning, Mick. No more!

MICKEY

I am trembling! You wanna make something out of it?



DICK

You're damned right I do!

(And DICK is on him, fists flying. THEY go at it until FOSWELL enters.)

FOSWELL

Hey, cut that out!

(HE gets between them. MICKEY takes another swipe.)  
Maguire. Leave him alone!

MICKEY

Yeah. Why should I fuss myself over two back numbers like you? I don't need to fight. You got nothin' I want.

(HE picks up his bootblack box)

I hope you didn't throw yours out. You're gonna need it.  
(HE exits)

DICK

He's right, you know.

FOSWELL

I stopped by the store to check on you. Chapin couldn't contain himself, he was so happy to give me the news.

DICK

(Lost)

He's right.

FOSWELL

You've cut your hand.

DICK

Yeah, looks it.

FOSWELL

Have you got a handkerchief?

DICK

No.

FOSWELL

I do.

(takes it out)

What happened to your fancy one?

DICK

(realizing it for the first time)  
 I don't know. I must have lost it.  
 (checks)

FOSWELL

Open your hand.

(HE binds it, and ties it)

Why did you brush me off for them on the fourth? You stepped right over me. I get enough of that from customers. I don't need it from a friend.

DICK

Carlisle was a bootblack once -- like us. And he worked his way up to be President of a Bank. This was my big chance. I had to take it.

FOSWELL

No, I know -- a new boss, a first job, a second job, a bank account, they all matter; you want to put them first, fine. But I seem to remember something about Hunter and Foswell.

DICK

You gotta give me time. I ain't used to havin' friends.

FOSWELL

Don't say "ain't."

DICK

No more lessons! Anyway, "ain't" will work better with a bootblack box. You oughta try it.

FOSWELL

I don't need your help. It's not my life's work, but I'm doing all right now that I've got a character to play.

DICK

What character?

FOSWELL

Well, I'm sort of Tiny Tim with a head wound. You taught me that. I needed you to help me figure that out. And if you'd asked me to be part of your big day in the Square, there might have been someone around to keep an eye on Rob Carlisle.

(HE starts to leave)

Keep your hand clean.

DICK

Where are you goin'?

FOSWELL

If everyone else is looking for him, I can too.

DICK

You'd do that for me?

FOSWELL

Not for you. The boy is missing. He's got to be found.  
(FOSWELL exits. DICK paces. GERRISH enters)

GERRISH

You look like you lost a friend.

DICK

I think I've lost two. A real friend, my sidekick. And that little Carlisle kid whose father offered you a job.

GERRISH

Oh yeah, I read about the kidnapping. The papers are playin' it up. Well, I suppose that means you lost your job.

DICK

You would think of that first.

GERRISH

I spend my time thinkin' of you, son -- not him.

DICK

Then you'll be busy. Snobden threw me out.

GERRISH

Snobden, too? That don't seem right.

DICK

Yeah. That's how it goes, doesn't it?

GERRISH

That's how it's always gone.

DICK

Nothing is working!

GERRISH

Well, I knew it wouldn't. (HE takes out a flask) Here, take a swig of this.

DICK

Sure. Why not?

(HE does. So does GERRISH.)

GERRISH

We ain't rich. We ain't priv-i-ledged. Everyone's created equal, it says someplace. That's a crock. Me equal with Carlisle? You equal with his kid you're so worried about?

DICK

But Carlisle didn't start with anything. He made his own way.

GERRISH

Who knows what games he played to get there? It's up to you, son. You gotta change your ways.

DICK

I don't see you wearing any top hat and fancy clothes.

GERRISH

Not yet. But I am on to somethin' that will set me up for life. And I'm willing to share five hundred dollars of it -- cash -- for you -- as soon as I get rid of the merchandise.

DICK

Five hundred dollars??!! Why me?

GERRISH

People like you. I've seen it. You meet people I can't meet. People on top. Doors open for you that close in my face. But that's all right. That's what would work for us.

DICK

Five hundred?

GERRISH

For a start. You're a good kid. And I ain't never done nothin' much for you. Wouldn't you like to be livin' in one of them fancy houses up on Washington Square? Dinin' out with the other swells at Delmonicos? Havin' a high class lady friend?

DICK

Maybe I would. Hell, no maybe about it.

GERRISH

Playin' it straight won't get you there.

DICK

Sure. Why not?

GERRISH

Well, good! Then we have lots to talk about. But first I got work to do. I'm glad you wised up. You'll have to be like me, you really will. You'll have to be like me.

(GERRISH takes out ransom letter, looks at it, and exits, with a laugh. DICK stands a long moment.)

"YES!"

DICK

I'LL HAVE TO BE LIKE YOU, GERRISH --  
DO ALL THE THINGS YOU DO, GERRISH --  
AND LIE AND CHEAT AND STEAL, GERRISH  
TO LIVE JUST LIKE THE REAL GERRISH --

LOOKING IN A MIRROR, WILL I BE THERE  
OR BE SEEING YOU, INSTEAD OF ME THERE ?

(A MAN enters, with a friend. HE sees DICK,  
and comes to him)

MAN #1

Hey kid, you busy? I need a shine.

DICK

What? Oh. Sure.

MAN #2

You're dressed kinda fancy for a bootblack.

DICK

Oh, these? they're just part of my act. They make people notice me, like you did, that's all.

(HE starts the shine)

DICK (contd)

DID I WANT TO MOVE OUT OF THAT BOX? YES --  
DID I WANT A DOOR OF MINE THAT LOCKS? YES --  
DID I WANT A FUTURE THAT WAS BETTER THAN MY PAST?  
DID I DREAM THAT SOME DAY I'D BE OFF THE STREET AT LAST?

DID I WANT TO KEEP ON SHINING SHOES? (NO)--  
NEVER USE THE BRAINS THAT OTHERS USE? (NO) --  
DID I WANT TO REACH FOR STARS? I WILLINGLY CONFESS  
YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!

(HE finishes shine)

MAN

How much?

DICK

Just a nickel.

MAN

Here y'are.

(The MAN takes out a change purse, pulls out loose papers, fishes for a nickel. A \$10 bill falls to the ground but the MAN doesn't notice. The MAN joins his friend. DICK looks to the bill on the ground. DICK slowly picks up the \$10. Maybe he hesitates a second, maybe not --)

DICK

Hey, Mister. Mister! This is yours.

MAN

(Looks in his change purse)

What? Oh, God. Thanks!

(HE takes it and he and his friend leave)

DICK (contd)

DO I WANT TO DO THE THINGS I SHOULD? YES --  
WANT TO BE A MAN BOTH STRONG AND GOOD? YES --

IF MY PA COULD SEE ME NOW,  
WOULD HE BE FEELING PROUD?  
SAYING "THAT'S MY BOY DOWN THERE!"  
AND SHOUTING IT OUT LOUD?

WILL I CREEP AND CRAWL RIGHT OUT OF SIGHT? (NO) --  
WILL I TAKE A FALL AND THROW THE FIGHT? (NO) --  
WILL I USE THE BEST IN ME AND NEVER ANY LESS?  
YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!

GERRISH THINKS THAT LIVING BY THE RULES  
MAY BE FINE FOR CHILDREN IN THEIR SCHOOLS --  
MAY BE FINE FOR ANGELS OR FOR MULES --  
BUT CHILDREN, MULES AND ANGELS AREN'T FOOLS!

IF I MUST GO BACK TO SHINING SHOES NOW --  
ALWAYS SHINING SHOES, NO MATTER WHOSE NOW --  
STARTING AT THE BOTTOM WITH WHATEVER COMES MY WAY --  
STARTING AT THE BOTTOM WILL I EVER BE O.K.?

DICK (contd)

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, BOY AND SHUT UP!  
WHEN YOU'RE DOWN THERE'S NO DIRECTION BUT UP!

WILL IT ALL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT?

THAT'S ANYBODY'S GUESS --

TRYING ONCE AGAIN MIGHT END

IN FAILURE OR SUCCESS --

SHOULD I COUNT TO FIVE AND THEN

START CLEANING UP THIS MESS?

YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 5

SETTING: The stoop in front of MOONEY's boarding house.

TIME: Later that evening.

AT RISE: MRS. MOONEY is fanning herself with a cheap fan. SHE sips beer from a mug. Other mugs and pitcher on tray near HER. MRS. O'MALLEY rushes in.

O'MALLEY

The others not here yet?

MOONEY

Not yet. Let's wait out here. It's cooler out than in.

O'MALLEY

I left my Timothy cursin', I fed him so fast.

MOONEY

How are the children, dear?

O'MALLEY

My mother was right. I should have been a nun.  
(SHE takes a handkerchief, spreads it on the stoop, sits).

How's the boy? Anything new?

MOONEY

No. He's at the police station now, tryin' to help.

MRS. O'MALLEY

Poor lad, he's got no one in the world -- except you.

MRS. MOONEY

Well, I'm a good thing to have.  
(MRS. O'LEARY and MRS. CASSIDY rush in)

O'LEARY

Finola May, we're late, and it wasn't our fault!

CASSIDY

The trolley was filled to the brim.

O'LEARY

With such riffraff. Nothin' but foreigners!



MOONEY

It's all right, ladies. Mary McHugh ain't here yet, as might be expected.

CASSIDY

It's only a poker game, Finola May.

MOONEY

Poker is serious business, Maureen, and one of me few pleasures.  
 (SHE hands them mugs)  
 And here's another one.

O'LEARY

Just the sight of it -- I feel better already.  
 (MOONEY pours)

CASSIDY

I'm told it's very good for the inner organs.

MOONEY

Here's lookin' at you. Shawn Te Walleger.  
 (The LADIES all drink, sigh)

O'MALLEY

I remember the time I lost my Great Aunt Moll on the trolley. I was so upset, I had me a keg, and by the time I woke up, they'd found her!

O'LEARY

It lifts me right out of myself.

CASSIDY

And it's home-made too.

MOONEY

That's right! It's me own Shamus' recipe.  
 (Lifts glass)  
 Ladies! To me husband. May he live and be well -- wherever he is and wherever he is -- may he stay there!

O'LEARY

To Mr.. Mooney!

O'MALLEY

To The Old Prospector! Mud in your eye!

CASSIDY

"A HANDFUL OF HOPS"

MOONEY

ME DARLIN', ABSENT HUSBAND,  
BEFORE HE WENT OUT WEST,  
WAS WORKING AT THE NOBLEST TRADE  
WITH WHICH THE WORLD'S BEEN BLESSED!

THE PRODUCT OF HIS LABOR  
WAS GOD'S OWN GIFT TO MEN  
AND NOTHING ELSE WE'LL EVER HAVE  
WILL BE AS FINE AGAIN!

YOU'D NEVER THINK THAT SOMETHIN' FIT FOR KINGS  
COULD START OUT FROM SUCH ORDINARY THINGS --

A HANDFUL O' HOPS,  
A BIT OF THE BARLEY,  
SOME WATER THAT'S COOL AND CLEAR --

IT'S EASY TO FIX IT,  
A PADDLE TO MIX IT,  
AND YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF SOME BEER!

O'LEARY

A HANDFUL O' HOPS,  
A BIT OF THE BARLEY,  
IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH TO DO

SOME COOLIN', SOME HEATIN'  
AND YOU'LL BE COMPLETIN'  
A BARREL OR TWO OF BREW!

CASSIDY

YOU CAN CALL IT A LAGER AN ALE OR A PORTER  
A STOUT OR A LIGHT OR A DARK --

O'MALLEY

IT'S THE VERY BEST THING THAT HAS HAPPENED TO WATER  
SINCE NOAH FLOATED HIS ARK!

ALL FOUR

OH, A HANDFUL O' HOPS, A MEASURE OF MALT  
AND THOUGH FANCIER FOLK MAY SNEER,  
THEY'LL NEVER BE KNOWIN'  
THE RAPTURE OF BLOWIN'  
THE FOAM FROM A PAIL OF BEER!

(MRS. MCHUGH comes racing in, all dressed,  
but a mess.)

MCHUGH

Don't you put that away without offerin' me a sip !

MOONEY

Well, she's finally here is she, the Queen of Canal Street.

MCHUGH

Not a word! Never mind the manners, I'll have a sip from your  
own glass, it's been that topsy turvy a day .

MOONEY

Well, you do seem a bit more a-twitter than usual.

(SHE hands her a glass. MRS MC HUGH takes a big swig)

MCHUGH

It's just like the old days.

MOONEY

You're very welcome, Mary dear.

O'LEARY

A HANDFUL O' HOPS, A BIT OF THE BARLEY  
CAN ANSWER A MAIDEN'S PRAYER!  
BEFORE A BAR'S CLOSIN'  
FINE LADS ARE PROPOSIN'  
WHILE LYIN' BENEATH A CHAIR!

O'MALLEY

MY HUSBAND O'MALLEY HAS GOT HIM A FACE  
THAT COULD STOP ANY CLOCK, IT COULD --  
A HANDFUL O' HOPS AND A BIT OF THE BARLEY  
AND EVEN O'MALLEY LOOKS GOOD!

MCHUGH

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER KATIE WAS BORN ALMOST DEAD  
BUT THEY MANAGED TO KEEP HER ALIVE --  
THEY JUST WEANED HER ON BEER AND SHE DIED IN HER BED  
AT A THIRSTY HUNDRED AND FIVE!

ALL

OH, A HANDFUL O' HOPS, A BIT OF THE BARLEY  
AND LIFE'S EVEN LOVELY HERE!  
OUR PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED  
AND OUR TROUBLES DISSOLVED

ALL (contd)

AS WE SIT ON THE STOOP  
THIS CONGENIAL GROUP  
CAN FORGET ALL OUR WOES  
AS WE BURY OUR NOSE  
IN A PAIL OF BEER!

(during musical interlude, the SIX dance with gusto)

OH, A HANDFUL O'HOPS, A MEASURE OF MALT  
AND WE'VE GOT US A CUP OF CHEER!

MOONEY

WE CAME THROUGH THE FAMINE  
AND KEPT UP OUR STAMINA -

MCHUGH

GOT US A NOTION  
FOR CROSSING AN OCEAN

ALL

AND NOW WE ARE SHARIN'  
A TOAST TO OLD ERIN  
IN PAILS OF BEER !

(After the number, MRS. MCHUGH collapses  
onto the stoop, mopping her brow with  
ROB/DICK's fancy handkerchief. DICK enters  
with FOSWELL.)

MOONEY

Good! You're together again.

DICK

Yeah. I learned a lot from him.

FOSWELL

We're holding each other up.

MOONEY

Thank you, Jesus. Now, any news?

DIC

The police don't have a clue.

MCHUGH

Oh dear. Would you like a beer?

DICK

(HE sees MRS. NC HUGH)

Lady! Where'd you get that handkerchief ? !!

MCHUGH

One of me ladies is sharin' with a gent, don't get me started on that, and she's got a sick little nephew they keep locked up in the room. It was his. I didn't steal it. She gave it to me.

(DICK rushes to grab it)

Yes, take it. I don't want trouble. It may be cursed !

DICK

No, it's blessed! What's your name?

MCHUGH

My name? McNally - McNeil - McHugh! Of course! That's right, Mary McHugh, that's me!

DICK

Oh, Mrs. McHugh! Now think very clearly. Where do you live?

MCHUGH

Oh that I know. 75 Canal Street. Why?

DICK

Foswell, quick, follow me!

(MCHUGH swoons. Music up and THEY run off.)

SCENE 6

SETTING: STACIA-JANE and GERRISH's room.

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: ROB is standing center, dressed in the outfit HE wore in Union Square. STACIA is buttoning his jacket.

ROB

I'm scared. What if he sees us?

STACIA

He's on the other side of town. I'm going to take you to the police. They'll arrange to get you home.

ROB

What about you? They'll arrest you.

STACIA

I'll leave you at the corner. Just tell them you escaped. I'll get away where he won't find me.

ROB

It's not fair. My father will help you, Stacia.

STACIA

I don't think your father would be very understanding.

ROB

Yes, he would! He understands everything. I'd tell him you looked out for me.

STACIA

Rob, we're getting out of here. Now. Let's go.

(SHE puts on her shawl. SHE and ROB cross to the door. SHE opens it. GERRISH stands in the doorway.)

GERRISH

And what's this?!

(HE enters and closes the door)

STACIA

I'm just taking the boy out for a little walk. He's not feeling well. He needs some fresh air.

GERRISH

You weren't thinking of walking him home, were you?

STACIA

Luke, we've been cooped up in here.

GERRISH

Didn't expect me back so soon, eh? I forgot the kid's ring to put in the letter. Good luck for me, eh? And bad luck for you.

STACIA

Luke, I swear to you, I wasn't --

GERRISH

Ah, Stacia, you make things so difficult.

(HE smacks STACIA hard across the face. SHE falls to the floor.)

ROB

Stop that!

(HE rushes to GERRISH, hitting him)

GERRISH

We're leaving her behind.

ROB

You shouldn't have hit her! Let me go. Let me go!

(The doorknob turns slowly. GERRISH notices it. HE takes out a gun from a drawer, moves with ROB quickly to behind the door.

The door opens slowly. It's DICK. HE sees STACIA on the floor. HE enters and crosses to HER.

GERRISH starts to close the door. When HE sees it's DICK, he slams it. HE's holding the gun to ROB's head.)

DICK

Gerrish!

GERRISH

Well, Dick! You're just in time.

DICK

It's over.

GERRISH

Aw, Dick. It's \$50,000! It's the future for both of us.

DICK

There is no future for us. The police are on their way. Give me the gun -- give it to me.

(DICK moves towards GERRISH. GERRISH, frightened, swings the gun from ROB to DICK. HE fires it. DICK staggers back, falls to the floor. GERRISH, shaken by what he's done, goes to DICK, looks at his still body, feels it for life; there is none. HE turns back to ROB.)

GERRISH

See what your clever friend brought on himself? He's dead. And you're next if you make a sound. Let's get out of here.

ROB

(In shock)

I can't go with you.

GERRISH

I said let's move.

ROB

I can't go with you.

GERRISH

I have no time for this.

(HE lays the gun down on the table and, with his back to DICK, grabs ROB.)

Are you going to move, or do I carry you out?

(DICK quietly rises from the floor, moves to the table, picks up the gun, and points it at GERRISH.)

DICK

I don't think so.

(Startled, GERRISH turns to HIM. ROB runs to HIM.)

ROB

Oh, Dick! Dick!



(The door opens and an OFFICER, gun raised,  
rushes in. FOSWELL is right behind him)

DICK

This is your kidnapper, Officer. And this boy is Rob Carlisle.

OFFICER

(Handcuffing GERRISH)

Who's the woman? Is she dead?

GERRISH

She's not dead.

OFFICER

Who is she?

ROB

She was trying to protect me.

OFFICER

She wasn't in on this?

ROB

No. She never was.

DICK

I'll take care of the girl, Officer.

OFFICER

All right. Come along.

GERRISH

(to DICK)

I'd like to know how you managed it.

DICK

Let's say I figured you out.

GERRISH

Figured me out, hell. You're lucky. I never was.

(OFFICER takes HIM out)

ROB

How did you do it?

DICK

It all turned on this.

(pulls out his handkerchief)

ROB

I mean -- Gerrish shot you!

FOSWELL

He shot you??!!

DICK

Uh - huh.

ROB

But the bullet! Where's the bullet??!!

DICK

Oh, that. It was stopped by my Wall Street prospectuses.

FOSWELL

What??!

(DICK pulls out the contents of his breast pocket, the thick packet of prospectuses, which has a hole through its center.)

DICK

Yes, boys, I was saved by good old American Free Enterprise!

(ROB and FOSWELL are frozen to stone. We hear a fanfare of "PUT YOUR MONEY IN" as the scene changes.)

SCENE 7

SETTING: A Street corner.

TIME: The next day.

AT RISE: THREE MEN, one or two with his back to US, are on one side of a bench, or a lamppost. EACH is holding up a newspaper. On the other side, TWO OTHER MEN, also reading papers. EACH lowers his paper as HE speaks, revealing who he is...

CHAPIN

I can't believe it!

HIGGINS

Richard Hunter, a hero, with his name in all the papers

CHAPIN

And a five thousand dollar reward!

HIGGINS

There are such pains in my stomach!

BENSON

And all I've got is his ridiculous job. Our little plan sort of backfired, didn't it?

HIGGINS AND CHAPIN

"Our" little plan?

BENSON

All right! But we all certainly did him a favor when we smashed up Snobden's precious little rag shop, didn't we?

(In the other group, ONE MAN lowers his paper. It is SNOBDEN. And he is glaring at the employees who, seeing him, are aghast.)

Oops!

(Musical Sting and spotlight on SNOBDEN who puts down his paper and moves forward. HIGGINS bursts into tears.)

SEGUE

SCENE 8

SETTING: Heading Uptown.

TIME: Seamless transition from previous scene. It is several days later, early evening.

AT RISE: SNOBDEN steps from the previous scene into this one. HE is elegantly dressed and donning an expensive hat.

"NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET"

SNOBDEN

WHEN YOU OWN THE VERY BEST SHOP  
FOR GENTLEMEN OF TASTE AND REKNOWN  
YOU MUST BE DRESSED  
IN YOUR VERY, VERY BEST  
WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO A PARTY UPTOWN!

I'M GOING TO A PARTY UPTOWN, UPTOWN  
A RESPECTABLE PARTY UPTOWN!

WHEN TRAVELLING NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET  
ONE HAS TO KEEP UP WITH THE REST --  
I'M READY FOR NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET  
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM IN SNOBDEN'S BEST!

(MRS. MOONEY enters with MRS. MCHUGH)

MOONEY

I'M IN HER BEST SECOND-HAND HAT

MCHUGH

AND I'M IN HER BEST HAND-ME-DOWN GOWN

BOTH

WE BOTH ARE DRESSED  
IN EACH OTHER'S SECOND BEST  
FOR WE'RE GOING TO A PARTY UPTOWN!

WE'RE GOING TO A PARTY UPTOWN, UPTOWN

MOONEY

A PROTESTANT PARTY UPTOWN!

I'VE NEVER BEEN NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET,  
THAT'S HIGHER THAN HEAVEN INDEED!

MCHUGH

I'M CERTAIN THAT NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET  
MY NOSE IS GOING TO START TO BLEED !

MOONEY

(calling behind her)

Mister Foswell, get the lead out. We don't want to be late  
for the free food.

MCHUGH

And the beer, dear. There's bound to be beer.

MOONEY

I dunno -- we may get stuck with champagne.

(As THEY exit, FOSWELL appears, adjusting an  
ill-fitting suit.)

FOSWELL

NEVER GO TO PARTIES --  
NEVER SAW THE NEED --  
I HOPE THAT MISTER CARLISLE  
HAS SOMETHING GOOD TO READ!

(HE exits. HIGGINS, CHAPIN and BENSON enter,  
crossing in the other direction.)

HIGGINS

(to CHAPIN)

YOUR BIG MOUTH NEPHEW GOT US ALL FIRED!  
I'LL NEVER FIND A JOB IN THIS TOWN --  
AND WHAT'S WORSE YET  
CAUSE OF HIM I'LL NEVER GET  
TO THAT ELEGANT PARTY UPTOWN!  
I'M MISSING THAT PARTY UPTOWN, UPTOWN  
THAT FANCY-PANTS PARTY UPTOWN!

BENSON

I'VE NEVER BEEN NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET --  
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO!

CHAPIN

I'LL KICK YOU SO NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET  
THAT YOUR FAT REAR END WILL BE FILLED WITH SNOW!

(CARLISLE's drawing room -- its lights, its staircase, its doors -- begin to appear. STACIA enters, wearing a beautiful dress and hat.)

STACIA

I AM IN MY VERY FIRST HAT --  
IT GOES WITH THIS, MY VERY FIRST GOWN --  
TODAY'S THE DAY,  
LIKE A LADY IN A PLAY,  
I AM GOING TO A PARTY UPTOWN!  
I'M GOING TO A PARTY UPTOWN, UPTOWN  
MY VERY FIRST PARTY UPTOWN!

I NEVER THOUGHT NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET  
COULD EVER BE PART OF MY DREAM --  
BUT SUDDENLY NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET  
IS NOT AS FAR AS IT USED TO SEEM!

(CARLISLE appears behind her and takes her by the arm. By now, CARLISLE's sumptuous drawing room has assembled, and DICK comes bursting through doors at the top of the staircase. HE is resplendent, wearing the suit he'd first admired in SNOBDEN's store window with the fancy handkerchief in the pocket).

DICK

I'M FINALLY NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET  
THAT THOROUGHbred SECTION OF TOWN!

EVERYONE

AND NOW THAT WE'RE NORTH OF FOURTEENTH STREET  
WE THINK WE NEVER MAY GO BACK DOWN!

SEGUE

SCENE 9

**SETTING:** ALLEN CARLISLE's drawing room. A wood-paneled, book-filled room with a large window facing other brownstones across the street. Upstage, a staircase leads to the dining room on the second floor.

**TIME:** The following Saturday night.

**AT RISE:** CHALMERS, the butler, enters. MRS. MOONEY is not onstage.

CHALMERS

Beg pardon, sir. Dinner is served.  
(The music and dancing stop, and EVERYONE quiets down)

CARLISLE

Thank you, Chalmers.  
(He goes to DICK)  
Dick, I'd like you to meet my niece, Catherine.

DICK

Very pleased to meet you. I hope I'll have a chance to talk to you later, Miss Carlisle.

CATHERINE

Oh, you will. I'm seated next to you at dinner.  
(Leans in, whispers)  
I insisted on it.

(With a look to DICK that drives him wild, SHE climbs the stairs to dinner. CARLISLE turns back to STACIA.)

FOSWELL

(to DICK)  
Did you hear her?!

DICK

Did you see her?!

CARLISLE

Miss Hauser, will you do me the honor?

STACIA

You continue to rescue me.

CARLISLE

I think it's the other way round. Would you allow me to escort you to the main event?

STACIA

I'd like that. Thank you !

CARLISLE

You see? Things have a way of working out.

ROB

(As STACIA passes him)

He's really very nice.

STACIA

I've noticed.

(SHE crosses to CARLISLE, who takes her arm, and they move up the stairs. ROB makes an "I knew it!" gesture.)

ROB

(HE crosses to MRS. MCHUGH)

Mrs. McHugh, may I escort you into dinner?

MCHUGH

Do I know you?

ROB

I'm the one who was kidnapped! I'm Robert!

MCHUGH

Oh yes, he's quite famous. Oh, that's you! Oh, yes!!

(MRS. MCHUGH and ROB exit)

SNOBDEN

I must say, Dick, I owe you a lot more than a new suit. And I'm asking you to consider returning to work with me. Not as an office boy, lad, but as a clerk, apprenticing directly under me. And with a substantial increase in wages.

DICK

That's kind of you. I'll think about it.

SNOBDEN

If you have other offers, I'll match them.



DICK

It's not that. But I do have one condition.

SNOBDEN

Now don't be too rough on me. What is it?

DICK

I don't mean to sound presumptuous, but I'd like you to make Henry Foswell here the new office boy. Because he's bright and full of finesse. We make a great team, him and me.

FOSWELL

He and I.

DICK

See what I mean?

SNOBDEN

Well, I do have a number of openings. So, welcome to Snobden's, Mr. Foswell.

(HE reaches into his pocket)

You'll be needing the keys to the store. I'll see you both bright and early Monday morning. Oh gentlemen, I am pleased.

(MRS. MOONEY enters)

Ah, Mrs. Mooney.

MOONEY

I was just trying out the Powder Room. All that champagne, you know.

SNOBDEN

I gather Mr. Mooney won't be joining you this evening.

MOONEY

Hardly, Mr. Snobden. He's in the west. Prospectin'.

SNOBDEN

Really?? Has he been at it long?

MOONEY

Eight years come September. And not a word. Under the law you know, he's dead. Under the law, I am a widow.

SNOBDEN

What a waste. Isn't life a kick in the pants?

MOONEY

I couldn't put it better.

SNOBDEN

Hunter tells me you make a marvelous lamb stew

MOONEY

Does he now? Of course we don't have lamb very often at my establishment. It's very dear.

SNOBDEN

Just suppose, this is what they call a hypothetical, there was someone to supply you with all the plump cuddly little lamb you could use? What would you say to that ?

MOONEY

Hypothetically, Mr. S. I'd know just what to do with it.

SNOBDEN

Then dear Mrs. Mooney, would you sit by my side at dinner?

MOONEY

I will if you'll call me Finola May.

SNOBDEN

Finola May. It sings, doesn't it?

MOONEY

It does when you say it, Mr. Snobden.  
 (HE raises a finger, admonishes)  
 Silas.

SNOBDEN

(to DICK and FOSWELL)  
 Charming woman!

(HE and MRS. MOONEY exit, leaving only DICK  
 and FOSWELL)

DICK

Well, well, well. Are you impressed?

FOSWELL

Romance is everywhere.

DICK

No. He called us "gentlemen!"

FOSWELL

Look at you. You are a gentleman. Could I see the check?  
 (DICK shows it to HIM)

FOSWELL

Did he place the decimal point right?

DICK

Three zeros before, two after. Five thousand.

(HE pulls out his handkerchief)

I sure am glad I invested eight cents in this beautiful thing!

FOSWELL

What will you do now with your box and brush? Will you give them away?

DICK

No, I want to keep those to remind me of the hard times I had.

FOSWELL

When you were "King of the Bootblacks." They can't call you that now.

DICK

No.

FOSWELL

"Richard Hunter, Esquire." A young gentleman on his way to fame and fortune.

(HE goes to the stairs)

Shouldn't we be going in to dinner? Catherine is waiting.

DICK

You go. I won't be a minute.

(FOSWELL leaves. DICK stands lost in thought. HE looks at the check and puts it in his pocket. The music of "YES!" is heard. DICK looks around the elegant room. HE sees CARLISLE's old bootblack box in the bookcase. HE crosses to it, picks it up, reads from a small plaque on it...)

DICK

"Allen Carlisle, Bootblack".

(HE sets it down, then crosses to the  
staircase, and stops. HE sings...)

WILL IT ALL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT?  
THAT'S ANYBODY'S GUESS --  
TRYING ONCE AGAIN MIGHT END  
IN FAILURE OR SUCCESS --

(A beat, then, spoken--)

COULD I MAKE THE WHITE HOUSE  
MY NEW FORWARDING ADDRESS ?

(HE shrugs -- even he is not sure of this.  
But the music answers his question with five  
powerful chords. DICK turns back, smiles  
and exits. As the lights fade, the music  
swells -- all we finally see is the  
bootblack box.)

CURTAIN

THE END.