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# Adventure in Baltimore

By Lionel Houser

**NARRATOR:**

than today's schoolgirl?  
Intelligent, restrained, dignified...  
BIG BAND MUSIC PLAYS  
Oh...  
We still haven't gone back far enough.  
Let's look at the girl of 1913.

**HORN HOOTS:**

ENGINE BACKFIRES  
Let's go further back, shall we? The girl of 1905.  
Now, there WAS a girl.  
Demure, sedate, obedient.  
I'm sure we can do better than this if we just put our minds to it.  
- It isn't very good, is it?  
- A good artist isn't made overnight.  
You've only been with us a short time.  
I'll help you when we begin soup plates.  
Miss Ingram, can't I start my REAL art classes?  
There's no nicer accomplishment or better foundation for a woman than china painting.  
I've got a foundation. I've been painting at home for years.  
Let me see, now. I don't know where else I'd put you.  
What about the life class?  
Oh, that's too advanced. Next year, perhaps.  
I take the girls out in the country and we all do a landscape.  
Cows, trees, some charming sycamores not far away.  
Miss Ingram, we don't understand each other.  
I mean a life class. The human figure.  
Rembrandt says it's the basis of all design.  
That's what I need. My anatomy's terrible.  
The human figure?  
You mean...unclothed?  
- Certainly.  
- Uh! Miss Sheldon!  
Oh...  
Miss Sheldon, I want to have a talk with you.  
Go into my office.  
TRAIN WHISTLE HOOTS  
- Good morning, Dr Sheldon.  
- Good morning.  
TRAIN APPROACHES  
- Hello, Papa.

- Hello, Dinah.

I'm glad you're here, dear, but your telegram didn't make it clear why you're home ten days before your vacation.

Anything wrong?

Well, sort of.

Suspended?

- Expelled.

- TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS

How's Momma?

Fine.

And Gene?

He's fine, too.

So are Mark and Sis. So is Ada.

So am I.

How are the neighbours?

Tom's fine.

How are YOU?

Fine.

Papa, if this was the first time I'd had trouble, you wouldn't think it was my fault.

I don't think so now, dear, unless you say it is.

- She called me immoral.

- Who did?

Miss Ingram. Merely because I wanted to paint the human figure.

If I can't be a good painter,

there's nothing in life worth going on for.

Any other basis for this charge of immorality?

Yes. I said two petticoats were enough.

She said no respectable woman wears less than five.

And that I shouldn't have gone to a political meeting.

I said, "How can women be intelligent if they don't know about politics and economics?"

She said I wasn't there to be intelligent, but to be a lady.

I said I didn't have to learn that...

SHE CONTINUES TALKING

#### **HORSE NEIGHS:**

..Then she called the debate off, after I'd spent DAYS writing my speech!  
It was about votes for women.

She said I was immoral,

merely because I went to a political meeting alone.

She said I was to write her a letter of apology and stay in my room on Sundays.

I said I wasn't immoral, and I couldn't write the apology,

and she said I was and I must, so...here I am.  
I don't see how anyone could have expelled you, Di.  
I don't see how they could have gotten a word in edgeways to do it!  
No, Papa.  
Dinah, I... don't like you being expelled.  
Miss Ingram's right. Immorality takes many forms.  
Yes, Papa.  
But I don't believe anyone should be punished or expelled  
because of the difference between two petticoats and five.  
Nor for going to a political meeting.  
But I would prefer you not to go alone to them.  
Yes, Papa.  
- Hello, Momma!  
- Hello, dear!  
Well, you look all right.  
Is anything wrong at school, dear?  
I was...expelled.  
Expelled? Dinah...but what for?  
For er...three petticoats, Lily.  
- Why do you think she's home before vacation?  
- Shhh!  
Children... Andrew... Sit down.  
Everything's ready.  
Gene... Mark...  
Sis...  
In order to save you from a severe case of indigestion  
caused by prolonged curiosity...  
..your sister Dinah has been expelled.  
- CHILDREN ALL TALK AT ONCE  
- Grace.  
HALTING TROMBONE PLAYING

**TROMBONE:**

Gene, can't you play anything else?  
Oh...ishkabibble.  
SUDDEN BURST OF TROMBONE  
Come on, Miss Dinah.  
Your momma ain't paying me 50 cents a day to sit still.  
- I'll be done in a minute, Ada.  
- The washing won't be.  
Do you mean to say we only pay you 50 cents a day?  
Why, that's wage slavery.  
Things will change when we women can vote. You'll be emancipated.  
Been emancipated.

Dinah!

- Haven't I asked you?

- I need models and I can't afford to pay them.

- Can't you find someone who will sit still for nothing?

- Only if they're unconscious!

When I unpacked for you, I found...

Where did these things come from?

- Boxing gloves, Momma.

- Yes, I know.

A man on the train helped me with my case.

I started talking to him and he turned out to be James J Jeffries.

He gave me the gloves as a souvenir.

He even showed me his special punch he used on Bill O'Brien.

Dinah, nice girls don't speak to strange men.

Ada... I think we need more starch in these shirts.

Yes!

Momma, didn't you hear what I said? I met James J Jeffries.

Yes, I heard you. And I want you to remember not to talk to strangers.

Momma, a man like that isn't a stranger.

He's the world's champion.

When a man reaches that eminence, he's not a stranger.

He belongs to his public.

When I'm a famous painter, I'll belong to my public.

Great artists never lose touch with the little people.

It would comfort me if you didn't lose touch

with the dustpan and broom.

Start with the back porch, dear.

Go and put these hideous leather paws in the hall closet.

Yes, Momma.

Oh!

I thought your school vacation didn't start for some time yet.

Well, it... It doesn't. I...

I came home early.

Any difficulties?

Well, er...in a way.

Well, er...in what way?

I was...expelled.

Hm.

Is there a connection between your expulsion  
and those instruments of fisticuffs?

Oh, these? Oh, no. A friend of mine gave them to me.

Ah, a friend.

James J Jeffries, no doubt?

Why, yes. How did you know?

I have my ways. I hav...!

Di! What are you doing home?

Hello, Tom.

Did they close school early or something?

No, I...grew dissatisfied with certain things  
at Miss Ingram's seminary and terminated my stay there.

Oh? What things?

The artistic temperament

doesn't need mundane reasons for decisions, Tom.

- No, I guess not.

- How's your aunt?

Fine. She doesn't like me working at Steuben's after class,  
but I need the money.

I didn't think you liked working with horses.

Not in the stable. The garage.

Well, I'd better go.

- I'll see you at choir practice.

- Yeah.

I'll meet you at Steuben's.

No, Di. I'm walking Bernice Eckert over.

- Who?

- Bernice Eckert. They moved into Dean Street.

I'll introduce you. She's really keen. You'll like her.

I'm sure I will.

She's so...continental, sort of.

She's got that way, even when she just walks.

I'm anxious to see if you agree.

Well, I gotta go to work. See you later. Bye.

Bye, Tom.

Continental!

THEY SING A SLOW HYMN

# ..the lamb of God

# Before our father's throne... #

No, no, no, children. No.

When you sing that line, you mustn't just say words.

You must really stand before the throne.

You must be up there. Give me that up-there feel.

Now, then. Once again.

Make me feel transported to a place in the heavenly cloud.

# Before our father's throne

# We poor unite in prayer

# Our fears, our hopes

# Our aims are one

# Our comfort and our cares

# We share our mutual woes  
# Our mutual burdens bear  
# And offer for each other's woes  
# A sympathising tear. #  
Well? Don't you agree with me?  
She's very attractive. I understand why you feel as you do.  
You know, Bernice is very deep.  
She has moods, I mean.  
Sometimes I don't understand her.  
Like not letting me walk home with her now and not telling me why.  
If a person has anything to say, they should say it.  
Yes, but you're different.  
I don't see why.  
Well, you come to the point.  
I merely don't believe in stooping to subterfuge.  
You always say what's on your mind.  
- I'll bet that's what happened at school.  
- Partly.  
That's what I thought. Well, are you going to paint here?  
Heavens, no. There's only one place to study true art Paris.  
- Paris?  
- Of course.  
I think your family would rather have you marry a nice fella  
and settle right down here in Baltimore.  
I'd rather commit suicide.  
You've certainly changed since you've been away at school.  
You have to know what you want in this world.  
- Yeah. Well, I think I know what  
- I  
- want,  
but...I don't know how Bernice feels about it.  
We're very lucky, really.  
- Why?  
- Knowing what we want.  
Most people don't.  
But I have a long, arduous road ahead of me.  
Painting is what you want. You stick with it.  
If I can help you, just say the word.  
Thanks, Tom. If I can help you get what YOU want,  
I'll be only too glad.  
Well, thanks.  
You know, I've always felt like you were my best friend.  
Talking to you is just like talking to another man.  
I'm certainly glad.

- Well, goodbye.

- Bye.

Making flutter eyes...

Dropping hymn books...

-

- Come in.

Oh, you're still busy.

It's all right, Dan.

- Mr Fletcher, our senior warden. Mrs Warford.

- How do you do?

Joined the parish, Mrs Warford? Well, that's fine.

I like nothing better than to see a prosperous couple come in.

Yes. Mrs...

There's nothing finer for a family

than their own permanent pew with brass plate attached.

The contributions go to our mortgage fund,

which can always bear up to welcome additions.

Well, some day, of course, we'd like to, but...right now...

Aye.

Go ahead, Andrew. I'll sit and wait till you're finished.

I won't take long, Dr Sheldon.

They say a tale of woe is soon told.

Though I don't know why it falls so much harder on some than others.

- Didn't your husband get the job?

- Yes, but now he can't start.

- Why?

- The tool kit you had the machine shop lend him?

- Gone.

- You mean...stolen?

The whole box. And he can't work without them.

And a new set will cost 20.

DAN CLEARS THROA We just haven't got the money, Dr Sheldon.

And if he can't work, he can't get paid,

and then what about the children?

- Oh, I don't know how these things...

- Yes, yes...

- Ahem!

There they sat, on the porch.

The next morning, gone. Every hammer and saw.

A new set is...20.

We'll pay you back in no time, Dr Sheldon.

Ah...hem(!)

Out of Ed's first pay cheque.

We don't like to be spongers, Dr Sheldon.

**DAN SPLUTTERS:**

You just wouldn't believe the things that happen to us.

First, my cousin got sick...

Let's pray heaven favours you more these next months.

Oh, thank you, Dr Sheldon.

And you'll never regret it. Never.

And thank YOU, Mr Fletcher.

And er...goodbye.

Goodbye.

DAN CLEARS THROA Aye, 'tis a blessed emotion, charity.

But sometimes, your generosity puzzles me.

The cheque can't be covered.

It's not drawn on the charity account, Dan.

It's from the Van Laden Memorial Fund.

But Mrs Van Laden left the money

to buy a stained glass window to her husband's memory.

We'll pay it back from the Easter offerings.

It's practically malfeasance.

I doubt the vestrymen will like it.

These things didnae happen in Dr Reed's time here.

I know, Dan. I'll never be the man he was.

I'm not denying you've done some nice work.

Many's the time I said those very words to my wife.

"The pastor," I says to Mary, "is a good man."

- But with faults.

- Aye.

Well, now, as to the books...

Start here on the pew holders' reference.

Gift from a parishioner. Very nice.

No, Dinah painted it.

Er...she's home early, isn't she?

Yes, she is.

Hm. Well, 'tis nice to have a lass with talent and spirit.

Especially if the spirit's guided and restrained

in its proper channels.

- Yes.

- 'Tis a matter for thought, all right, these days.

Young girls traipse around with all manner of people.

Even pugilists.

Now, that's a thought, all right.

The important thing is recognising the danger signals

in their changing the route of the train.

- Do you not agree?

- Oh, I do indeed, Dan.

As long as one does not derail the train  
so it never gets to its destination.

Hm. Oh, aye.

Ahem.

No, no. Stand up straight. Take advantage of your height.

Yes, Pa.

Keep your guard high.

I wish certain people would leave my paints alone  
and stick with the trombone.

- I haven't touched your paints.

- Keep your guard up.

Where to this morning, dear?

Oh, just anywhere.

It's wonderful going out to paint, with no problems.

- I hope things stay that way.

- Why shouldn't they?

I can't get in any problems just painting.

Bye.

Well...prepare to defend yourself, Gene.

Hey, hey. Stay on your feet.

**HE SNORES:**

**HE SNORES:**

Not bad. Not bad at all, for a woman.

Needs a mite more red, though.

- Thank you very much.

- No trouble at all, little lady.

Now, would you please go away?

There's no question. You need red there, in the middle, on the nose.

That nose is OK.

I don't wish to disagree, but I've seen lots of paintings,  
and, that way, it ain't no good.

- Looks good to me. Ain't that right?

- That's right.

Looks like you're wrong.

When I'm wrong, I'll let you know.

That nose ain't no good without more red.

- Here. Is that enough red for you?

- MEN ALL LAUGH

- Gentlemen, now, please!

- Sit down, darling, will you?

Stop that, please, gentlemen.

MEN ALL SHOU Gentlemen, please!  
- Oh, you've ruined my painting!  
- Gentlemen!

**WHISTLE TRILLS:**

**HE SNORTS:**

POLICEMAN BLOWS WHISTLE Gentlemen!

**TELEPHONE RINGS:**

Hello?  
Who? Mr Wade?  
No.  
Oh, yeah, I'm Tom Wade.  
Do I know a WHO?  
A Miss Smith?  
No, I don't.  
Say, who's this calling?  
Oh. Oh, I see.  
No, Sergeant, I don't.  
What? A painter?  
A Miss Smith, huh?  
No, I never heard of her before.  
Yeah, must be some mistake.  
Yes, sir. Bye.  
What was it, Tom?  
Nothing, Mr Steuben. Police station.  
What did they want, Tom?  
Wrong number, Mr Steuben.  
- Who did they ask for, Tom?  
- Me, Mr Steuben.  
Then, how could it be a wrong number, Tom?  
They must have got my name by mistake, Mr Steuben.  
What did they say, Tom?  
Wanted me to put up 50 bail, Mr Steuben.  
What for, Tom?  
Some woman they arrested, Mr Steuben.  
What did they arrest her for, Tom?  
For causing a riot, Mr Steuben.  
How did she do that, Tom?  
She was painting, Mr Steuben.  
Fainting? Ah, women are always fainting.  
No, not fainting. Painting.  
She's a painter, Mr Steuben.

**METAL CLANGS:**

What took you so long getting here?

I don't just go around carrying 50, you know.

I had to go to the bank first.

- Why did they fine you so much?

- They didn't. It's bail.

I won't appear, and the money will be forfeited.

As they don't have my right name, that'll be the end of it.

- 50 bail?

- 10 apiece. For five of us.

Good day, sir.

You bailed THEM out with MY money?

Yes. If it wasn't for my painting, they wouldn't have fought.

I couldn't leave them. That would be selfish.

My deepest gratitude, young lady.

Mighty nice of you to get us out.

- Oh, that's all right.

- Yeah. Glad to do it.

- It was a nice picture just the way it was.

- With a bit more red.

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

You wouldn't?

No, I wouldn't.

I say it was great just the way it was.

I still think it needed more red.

Wait a minute. There was enough red in it.

ALL CLAMOUR AT ONCE

MEN CONTINUE TO ARGUE

Why do you have to act as if you were my keeper?

Because I only have three dollars left.

Let us not inconvenience the law.

I'll pay you back the money, Tom.

- Yeah.

- It may not be right away, but I will.

Oh, sure. I know that.

What are you so worried about, then?

What am I worried about?! Work.

A chain, a crankshaft and a broken axle to fix by tonight.

Plus studying, plus writing a speech for the Forum Society.

And you drag me down to jail.

- I'm sorry.

- Doesn't help.

No.

Tom, that speech you have to write.

- What's it about?

- Equality.

Equality? What kind?

Any old kind of equality.

Oh.

Tom, I have a marvellous idea.

I have a wonderful speech on that, all written,  
for a debate we were meant to have at school.

You can use it.

No, Di, I couldn't do that.

Please do. I feel so badly about the trouble I've caused you.

It'll make me feel I've done something to show my gratitude.

Please.

Well...

Well, all right, if it'll make you feel better.

Oh, it will.

If I could have it any time before tomorrow night.

And make it nice and logical. Bye.

Tom, you're going to have a speech people will never forget.

Bye.

Tom!

Thanks so very much for helping me.

Oh, that's all right, Di.

"Members of the Forum Society and other guests,

"equality is that precious state guaranteed to all citizens by the  
constitution.

"It is what we cherish above all, along with freedom."

Dinah...

Will you come here a minute, please?

Mr Fletcher's just told us about some...

happenings yesterday, that er...sound...fantastic.

He just wanted you to tell us what you can about them.

They're true.

But why didn't you come and tell us?

I just didn't want anybody to know.

Coming on top of all the other troubles I've caused...

..well, I couldn't tell you.

- But you know you can always talk to us about anything.

- I'm so sorry.

Being sorry will not help.

You don't realise what damage you've done to your father.

Just a minute. Now's not the time to mention...

It IS time she got a sense of responsibility.

- She SHOULD know.

- Know what, Momma?

Well, dear, the bishop's retiring.

And your father was mentioned to succeed him.

Before their meeting last night,

George Weil's cousin, who works at the City Clerk's Office...

- Well...

- She saw you and Wade come out of the police station with several suspicious characters.

Because of something I did, you won't nominate Papa for bishop?

That's not within my powers.

The others feel it's a bad reflection on your father.

They postponed the nominations.

Oh, Papa, I feel so awful.

- You'd make such a wonderful bishop.

- That he would.

I'm very happy just being pastor of St Edmunds.

- I don't know if I'm fitted to be bishop.

- You are.

- **SOBBING:**

- Oh, you are.

If you ask my opinion, the young lady should be punished.

Aye. Properly punished.

What would you suggest, Dan?

It should not be light. I warn you.

Mm... How about flogging in the public square?

Or ducking in the ducking stool?

Andrew, I counsel ye. Ye cannae take this matter lightly.

I don't, Dan.

But as far as I can see, she hasn't done anything to merit punishment.

The others will take no such-like view of it.

It's your future I'm concerned with, Andrew.

I let the Lord take care of that. He does a better job of it.

Well, if you'll not work for your own advancement, I cannae help you.

Good day, Andrew.

Goodbye, Dan.

Dinah...

She's on the porch.

Oh, Papa, I feel so awful about what I've done to you.

You haven't done anything to me.

Yes, I have. I'm always causing things like this, somehow.

And other people get hurt. And now you.

I heard what Mr Fletcher said.

He's right. I should be punished.

- For what?

- Well, for...

For being eager to paint?

Maybe it was unwise to wander into that particular district,  
but then, art has no geography.

But some people think I did wrong.

I'm all mixed up.

Yes, I know you are.

**HE CHUCKLES:**

It's a curious thing, but something like this happened to me once.

I didn't do anything wrong either, though many thought I did.

- But I learned something from it.

- What happened to you?

Well, when I was quite young, I had an ambition.

It...may sound a little odd to you now, but...

I was very sincere about it.

I wanted to be a...

..ballroom dancer.

- Papa, you didn't?!

- Yes, I did.

And I was pretty good, too, if I do say so.

Of course, your grandpa and grandma were unalterably opposed.

Said it was unbecoming and unconventional  
and forbade me to do it.

Grandpa was running for County Recorder, but I didn't know that,  
and I ran off to join a touring act.

Only the nicest hotels, of course, and an occasional theatre.

- How old were you?

- 18.

I thought at the time it was my destined vocation.

It seemed to me that anything I wanted that badly was meant to be.

Then you DO understand.

Indeed I do.

Well, what happened then?

Oh, I lasted three weeks.

The act... How do they say it? ..folded up, and I went home.

For weeks, I was overwhelmed with guilt,  
because Grandpa lost the election.

And I thought it was due to my...escapade.

But it wasn't.

He had lost it, anyway.

You know...

I don't think even your mother knows about my brief career as a dancer. I think it was wonderful of you to go out and do what you wanted, no matter what people thought. Perhaps it explains where you get some of your...unconventionality. Now, let's go inside and have breakfast, shall we? I only wish I were more like the kind of daughter you deserve. I've never been quite sure what kind of a daughter I deserve, but I do know you're exactly the kind of daughter I WANT. Tom, sorry I'm late. I just had an idea for another paragraph at the last minute. I wish I could have read it at least once.

- Well, good evening, Miss Sheldon.  
- Good evening.  
- Hello, Beehouse.  
- Hey, Tom, come on. You're late. You're on first.  
- Coming.

Is my tie straight?  
Yes.  
- I'm sitting with my parents.  
- I'll help you find them.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS CHATTER

And now our first speaker, Mr Thomas Wade of the senior class. TOM CLEARS THROA "Members of the Forum Society and honoured guests, "equality is that precious state guaranteed to all citizens by the constitution. "But now I ask you do we have equality? "And I answer we do not." "I invite you, ladies and gentlemen, to look carefully at one citizen. "That uncomplaining, faithful servant who gets no wage. "That helpless creature without rights. "The American wife."  
- The American wife?  
- LAUGHTER

SPORADIC LAUGHTER

"A-A-And... "And when she is not grudging, what then? " 'What then?' I say to you." That mush don't sound like Tom. I beg your pardon, Mr Beehouse. Don't get mad. I just can't believe Tom ever thought junk like that. That's merely because you don't know the real Tom. "..It is her lord and master who decrees..." "Members of the Forum Society and..." No.

**LAUGHTER:**

"..how she shall spend that leisure.  
"As his vassal. Not a human being with equal rights,  
"but a mere plaything of man."

**LAUGHTER:**

Shhh! Shhh!  
Some people have no manners at all.  
"Equality.  
"Ladies and gentlemen...  
"I laugh."

**LAUGHTER:**

"Pray, do not take MY word for it.  
"Who am I but a humble...woman?"  
- I mean, man.  
- LAUGHTER CONTINUES  
RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER  
"Let's go to a truly great human being.  
"Let me give you his exact words."  
HE CLEARS THROAT "The words of the bard Alfred Lord Tennyson  
"on the subject of woman's place in marriage.  
" 'He will hold thee when his passion shall have spent its novel force.  
" 'Something better than his dog. A little dearer than his horse.' "  
Bravo! Bravo!  
- Bravo! Bravo!  
- "There are two choices open to us.  
"Either this evil is ended, or woman herself will arise,  
"in just wrath, to claim her rights.  
"Another declaration of independence will be written."  
"And... And I do not have to...  
"to be a prophet to tell you...  
"that the first words in that new declaration will be..."  
SPORADIC LAUGHTER  
" 'Until we...' "  
" '..women...stand side by side with men in equal freedom...' "

**LAUGHTER:**

- " '..we will not...' "  
- LAUGHTER  
" '..share his home or...  
- " 'bear his children.' "  
- GALES OF LAUGHTER

LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE

**ORGANISER:**

so the old folks can sit down and you young folks can dance.

What did you do it for? That's all I want to know.

I'm sorry. I forgot to change some of the words.

Forgot? Well, it made me look like a jackass.

You heard them laughing. Everybody thinks I'm a fool.

- Well done, young man. Congratulations.

- Thanks.

I'm Helen Hatley Hamilton, chairman of the Woman's Suffrage Party.

We could use you. Right spirit and the right words.

Too bad you're not a woman.

- You see?

- Congratulations, Tom. Great speech.

- Thanks.

- Yes, sir. Right spirit and the right words.

Too bad you aren't a man. ..May I have this dance?

I'd be delighted, Mr Beehouse.

Hm. I suppose he thought that was funny.

Don't pay any attention. He's merely uncouth.

It's wonderful, the way you delivered it.

You're still angry? Doesn't it make any difference that I liked it?

Of course. All the difference in the world.

THE BAND PLAYS A ONE-STEP

- Would you like some punch?

- Yes.

I've got to say good night to Aunt Lou and Uncle Emery. I'll be right back.

Can't be too soon for me.

Would you care for a glass of punch?

- Thanks.

- I'll get you one.

Di, I'd like to speak to you.

- Why, of course, Tom.

- Privately. Let's go outside for a minute.

Isn't it beautiful out here tonight?

As a matter of fact, it's rather chilly.

We'll skip that.

Right here's as good a place to talk as any.

Yes, Tom.

What is it?

It's about you and me, Di.

Yes, Tom?

I'm not satisfied with this relationship.

It's got to change.

How, Tom?

I just don't want to be seen with you any more.

It isn't only tonight's speech. It's everything.

The time in grammar school and I got in a fight and lost two teeth.

The time I lost my chance to be on the football team when you got me into a row with the coach's sister.

- The time you talked me into buying a course...

- But, Tom, I...

And the time you lost me my job.

And all your other ideas.

Let's just call it quits,

because I don't want anything more to happen.

Especially now, with Bernice and everything.

Please remember that, will you?

Yes, Tom.

Thank you.

- Excuse me.

- Certainly, Tom.

**MUSIC:**

Di.

Hello, Papa.

Isn't it a little cold out here, dear?

Yes. That's what Tom said.

The moon's certainly pretty, shining on the water.

It only hides the sadness underneath.

Life can be like that sometimes.

Beautiful and bright on the surface, still and cold underneath.

Yes, it can.

That's a lovely waltz they're playing. So gay.

Yes, gay if one's gay... sad if one's sad.

Strauss, isn't it?

That's why it's sad.

Why is that, dear?

It was written long ago, about something that's lost for ever.

Something rare and beautiful, that can never be again.

Just a deep pain at the memory of the lost past.

We should never mourn for the past.

Sometimes, it's more beautiful than the future.

**ORGANISER:**

**WALTZ BEGINS:**

You know, I haven't danced in ten years.  
But I'll bet I can still manage to stay off my partner's toes.  
Would you come inside and dance this one with me?  
Of course, Papa.  
Papa, how do you get to be a missionary?  
I, er...  
I'll tell you inside.

**MUSIC:**

Gee, Pa's a good dancer!  
Yes. Oh, yes!  
Papa, we've won!  
What I wonder is, why would Tom be mad at me?  
- I  
- can't explain the vagaries of Mr Wade's disposition.  
Gee whiz, don't get your dander up!  
I'm not perturbed, if that's what you mean by that vulgar slang.  
- No! Put him here! He'll choke!  
- That's just silly.  
You want to kill the guppy?  
- He's my guppy.  
- He is not!  
- You don't know beans about guppies.  
- I do! I'll hold him if I want.  
He'll die if you hold him.  
- There! See?  
- He will not.  
He knows me...  
He will so!  
- Children, please.  
- FABRIC RIPS  
He's different from a fish.  
- A guppy IS a fish.  
- I told you...  
- Let go of my guppy!  
All right.  
All right. But you wait. Just you wait.  
Sorry. Is my working on my sermon in any way disturbing any of you?

**- LILY:**

- We're sorry, Andrew, dear.  
What's the sermon about, Pa?  
The power of silence.  
Proverbs 17, verse 28.

"Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise  
"and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding."

**TROMBONE BURPS:**

Momma, I'm going out for a little walk.

Fresh air's good for a person before bedtime. I'll sleep better.

Get your hands off that...

**- LILY:**

- Let's please have no more talking.

Quiet in the court! The monkey's going to speak!

Speak, monkey! Speak!

**- ANDREW:**

- Ahem.

**- BOTH CHILDREN:**

- You're the monkey!

I was clearing my throat!

Oh, it's you.

Mr Wade, it's very important that I speak with you privately.

Look, Dinah, I'm very busy.

There's nothing to stop you from talking.

Mr Steuben doesn't allow employees to talk during working hours.

Mr Steuben, may I talk to Tom? It's very urgent.

- Why, sure. Oh, Tom?

- Yes, Mr Steuben?

This young lady wants to talk to you.

I won't get this automobile done if I do, Mr Steuben.

You let me worry about that, Tom.

- Yes, Mr Steuben.

- Thank you.

- Well?

- Mr Wade, since you desire to terminate our relationship,

I feel the need to clear up the 50 I owe you.

I don't have to have that.

I feel the sooner it's settled, the happier we'll be.

After all, 50 is a lot of money.

Well, now that you mention it, I could use it.

Say, I...I certainly could.

Bernice's birthday is coming up, you know.

You'll certainly have your money.

- Have you got it?

- I...have a way to get it.

Unfortunately, I need your co-operation.

But you will have funds to lavish gifts upon your continental friend.

- Where are you going to get 50?

- Painting.

- Huh!

- If you'll deign to read it, you'll see it's a competition.

There are three prizes of 50.

I intend to win one of them with a portrait of you  
as The Spirit Of Labor.

Are you bats?!

You want to get Bernice that gift, don't you?

Not that way, I don't.

I think that's foolish, Tom, since I'm doing this for you.

- You can forget it. I won't be a laughing stock again.

- All I need you for is to pose.

The face won't look like you, if that's what you're afraid of.

It won't?

Heavens, no!

A person would be vain to imagine their face personifying all labour!

I'm going to paint in the face of an ideal man

half angel, half Hercules.

No.

Oh, Tom...

Papa's lending me the greenhouse as a studio. It's completely secluded.

- So nobody would see me pose?

- No! You can put on your costume...

Costume?

..and go right over without a soul seeing.

What kind of a costume?

Well, I... I haven't decided exactly what.

After all, you have to typify labour in an idealised way.

Atlas holding the world up... Giants trampling wine from grapes...

Gulliver... Goliath...

It has to be filled with strength.

**HEN CLUCKS:**

"Velocity of a point is the...

"time arc at which it is traversing distance."

Phew. This hammer isn't exactly made of feathers, Di.

I'll be done in a few minutes.

**HENS CLUCK:**

Shoo! Go away! Get off there! Go on!

All you need is a little patience.

Patience? In this pose and costume?

- Why, if anybody saw me like this...

- Oh, Tom, don't be a prude.

An artist is above that. I'm not aware of you as a person.

To me, you're merely light and shadow.

- How does a swimsuit fit in with Hercules?

- Wait till it's finished.

**MR STEUBEN:**

I have to go, Di. Mr Steuben wants me in the garage.

Tom, two more minutes and I'll be finished for the day. Please, Tom.

- I haven't got all day to waste.

- He'll be here in a minute. TOM!

Coming. I've got to go, Di.

Just one more minute.

- Hello, Mrs Sheldon!

- Bernice, dear! How are you?

Is that the new frock your mother told me about?

Just a little thing Momma made up.

It's darling. Did you come to show Dinah? She's in the greenhouse.

I know she'll be pleased you came to show it to her.

When do I get to see the painting?

It would be very bad luck for you to see it before I exhibit it.

- Dinah?

- It's Bernice!

If she sees me in here like this...

- Dinah?

- Uh...just a minute, Bernice.

Hide! Not there. Over there.

- Dinah?

- HENS CLUCK

What are you doing in this...? Oh, painting!

Just dabbing. Papa lets me use it for a studio. It's so secluded.

Who can paint with all that racket?

- WILD CLUCKING

- Oh, my mind's on higher things. Isn't that a new dress?

Yes! Don't you love the neckline? They're two inches lower in Paris.

- You know Paris. Tout a la mode.

- Oh, yes.

Tom will like it.

A girl shouldn't wear anything her fiance doesn't care for.

Tom has very decided ideas. But I don't mind him being strait-laced.

No... I mean, yes. Why should you?

Bernice, I've been wanting to ask,

can you show me how you do that French hairstyle?

- I don't mind.

- There's a double mirror upstairs.

- I'm not sure you've got the face.

- It's awfully sweet of you, anyway.

All right. Now you can squawk.

OFFENDED CLUCKING

..in a French roll. Then you take the sides...

Oh, you've finished already? How did the painting go?

Oh, er...just splendidly, Momma.

Lily? May I see you a moment?

**DOOR CLOSES:**

Of course, Andrew.

Lily, Mr Fletcher was just here...

..on a matter of great importance.

- Has Dinah done something again?

- No.

Oh, thank goodness.

No, it's... more important than that.

What is it?

It's something...as you know, Lily...I've never sought.

Andrew!

Dan told me I'm to be nominated for bishop.

That's wonderful!

Oh, I'm so glad, Andrew dear!

I know I should be very happy, but...

Aren't you?

- Yes, of course, but...

- But what, dear?

I...

I'm not sure I'm worthy of it.

Why, of course you are!

I feel very humble, Lily, touched,

that the people of St Edmunds think I am.

But I'm not sure that my calling is to be a bishop.

Before I told you, I went over to the church to pray.

I wanted guidance

to be told whether I had a right to be nominated.

I knew, of course, that as in all things,

that guidance would come from above.

It's because you do think this that you're right for it.

Oh, there'll be other nominees. Dr Bristow, for one.

I have great affection and respect for him. He's a truly fine man.

And so are YOU, Andrew.

And I'm a very lucky man. I know that.

- May I tell the children?

- I'm not elected yet.

Oh, nonsense!

Children! Oh, children?

Come downstairs! Your father's got news for you!

What's up, Momma?

Momma, what is it?

Your father's been nominated for bishop of the diocese of Maryland!

Pa, this is a very important day to us. Congratulations, sir.

I'm sure we'll all behave as a bishop's family should behave.

And I know the Bishop of Maryland will have the best left hook in the US.

Now, wait a minute...

I'm not even nominated, let alone elected.

- There are other candidates.

- Oh, Papa. They can't elect anyone but you.

I'm not so sure. Lily, are ice cream and cake in order?

- Definitely!

- Let's go get them!

- **MARK:**

- Pa, I'd like to ask a question.

What is it?

- Does a bishop make more money?

- Mark!

**ALL LAUGH:**

- Yes?

- I'd like to enter a painting in the exhibition.

- For whom are you delivering? Mr...?

- Not Mister. Miss.

- Miss?

- Yes. Miss Dinah Sheldon. I'm not delivering it. I'm entering it.

Entering it? We've never had a female entrant.

- The rules don't say women can't enter.

- My dear young lady,

no woman wrote a great opera,

built a great building or painted a great painting.

No woman ever voted, but we will.

You have no right to bar my work.

The rules admit everybody. As you'd know if you'd read them.

Page seven.

Thank you.

You're right!

Then, here's my entry.

Well! Quite good!

Thank you. There's just one thing.

- The painter's name is secret, isn't it?

- Oh, yes, indeed.

Each painting is unsigned, with a number fixed to the frame.

We keep the names separately, so the judges aren't influenced.

Your number is 87. Your name will be undisclosed.

I'd like to remain anonymous after judging, too.

- Even if you should win?

- Yes, even if I should win.

Yes, I...think I see what you mean, Miss Sheldon.

87!

- Bernice! Come and see 87!

- What for?

I hate to say anything,

but it may change your mind about some things.

What things, child?

Come and see, Mrs Eckert! If you have smelling salts, lend them to Bernice!

**SHE GASPS:**

- It's Tom! Your Tom!

- Yes, it's Tom!

He must have posed for it.

**- WOMAN:**

- Why, that's Tom Wade!

In THAT costume!

- I wonder who painted it.

- I'll tell you! Dinah Sheldon!

- Dr Sheldon's daughter!

- Oh, how dreadful!

Your fiance posed like that before a woman?

So that's what she was doing in that secret studio!

That's why she was so odd about it.

She liked it because it was SECLUDED, she said.

Too secluded, I'd say.

I wonder what else went on.

- I've heard about artists.

- I knew one once.

Where did you know an artist? You never told me.

I must get this poor child home. You speak to Tom Wade.

Dinah Sheldon, the hussy!

**HECTIC MUSIC:**

- Hello.
- Good afternoon, Dinah.

**YELLING:**

How's Tom Wade?

- Shhh! Stop it!
- Poor Dr Sheldon.

Why did you do it? That's all I want to know.

- Why did you put my face on it? You said you wouldn't.
- I know.

I tried all kinds of things, but they were wrong.

I painted and painted, and suddenly I saw that without meaning to, I'd put in your face.

And then it WAS right.

- I didn't try to do it. It just happened.
- It sure did.

They...gave me a prize. I can pay you back the 50 now.

Thanks.

I'll need it.

I just lost my job on account of...things.

- Oh, Tom!
- Bernice is mad at me. So's my Aunt Ella.

I wish I could change things.

It's too late now.

I don't know why, but taking this makes me feel like Benedict Arnold or somebody.

- If you'd disciplined her, it wouldn't have happened.
- Perhaps, Dan.

But the damage is done. Good day.

- Afternoon, Miss Wade.
- Afternoon, Mr Fletcher.

Glad to see you, Ella. Come on in.

- Dr Sheldon, this whole thing is just terrible.
- Let's sit down and talk about it.

Talking won't do a smidgen of good.

I feel something just has to be done about it, that's all.

Goodness knows what.

- How's Tom?
- He's very upset. You know what they're saying.
- Yes.
- He had to hit two of his friends this afternoon.

Oh, yes, it's come to that.

Breaking up his friendships, on top of everything.

I'm sorry to hear that.

You'd be a mite sorrier to hear what they say about YOU.

And your wife. And how Dinah was raised.

Not that I'd listen, but I could tell you who's saying those mean things.

Ella, I don't want to know. They don't know what they're doing.

KNOCK AT DOOR Andrew, dear... Excuse me, Ella. ..may I see you a moment?

Certainly, dear. I'll be right back, Ella.

Come in here a minute, dear.

Andrew, there are two more people to see you.

- Same thing?

- Yes, Mr Eckert and a man from the Post for a picture of Dinah.

- That's out of the question.

- You'll have to talk to him.

It's a tempest in a teapot.

- I'll get rid of them.

- DOORBELL

Now there's someone else.

Andrew, she can go to your sister Carrie in Pittsburgh for a few months.

- What good would it do?

- She'd have a chance to think, and we can sort things out.

If anything's to be sorted out, the place is here.

They'll be dreadful to her.

I'm afraid you're right, Lily.

But what affects Dinah affects us too.

- I'd rather face it here than send her away. It isn't Dinah's fault.

- I don't know, Andrew.

I can't help feeling it must be partly her fault.

- Ordinary well-mannered people don't get into things like this.

- Lily.

Ordinary well-mannered people get into all kinds of trouble.

Oh!

Bernice? I've been looking for you.

You'd no need to hang up the phone.

There's no point you talking to me, Tom Wade.

- Won't you let me explain?

- Some things explain themselves, Mr Wade.

I love this new flavour, Fred.

Have another! Two sodas, please. Pistachio.

Bernice, you're mistaken about this.

If that's so, you wouldn't be seen talking with Dinah Sheldon.

Mrs Weir told Momma she was hanging out washing,

and you walked right back into that greenhouse

and talked to her, as big as life!

What's wrong with that?

After what she did?! That creature!

She is not a creature. You're taking a wrong attitude.

Mr Wade, to whom do you think you're speaking to?

- I'm telling you, Di did nothing wrong.

- She's nothing but a...a...

things everybody's saying.

- Do you believe them?

- Where there's smoke there's fire, Mother says.

- That's the most unfair thing I ever heard.

- Everyone can't be wrong.

If I were willing not to ask questions,

the least you can do is promise not to speak to that hussy again.

Bernice, if you were a man I'd punch you in the nose.

Fred!

Uh...I'M a man.

Man, huh?

He's fainted!

- Lily?

- Yes?

Lily, where are you?

I'm up here, dear. What is it?

You'll have to change your Young People's Meeting to another day.

The furnace man's working in the hall on Tuesday.

Monday, then.

Hey, what's going on here?

Dinah's going to visit your sister Carrie till summer.

- I told you how I feel about that.

- Papa, please.

We talked it over, and Momma's right.

It's best for me to go away for a few months.

I've done nothing but cause trouble for you.

I said before, it's a family responsibility. We'll fight it out.

There's nothing to fight.

It's a matter of getting people to forget. They won't if Dinah's here.

- Forget what? The evil their own minds invented?

- No, dear.

The situation that could affect your whole future.

Lily dear, if God wants me to be bishop, I will be.

It's more urgent to recognise gossip for what it is.

Andrew, dear, you know how much good you could do.

It means so much to everyone.

**PHONE RINGS:**

I talked with Mr Fletcher and some of the vestrymen.  
We agree it's the wisest thing.

- **GENE:**

- Call for Pa, about the job for Hank Miller.

Right, Gene.

- Lily...

- Answer that and leave this to me, dear.

I know I'm right, Andrew.

I won't stand still while you lose the chance to be bishop of this diocese.

-

- Pa, are you coming?

- Please, dear.

-

- Shall I hang up, Pa?

No, I'm coming.

HE CLEARS THROA - MARK: I wish

- I

- was going away!

- **SIS:**

- I don't.

Tom?

I just want to say goodbye.

I thought it all over, Di, and I know it wasn't your fault.

Thank you.

I'm sorry they're sending you away.

Perhaps it's as well if we don't see each other. I've caused you enough grief.

I don't hold anything against you, Di.

- Dinah! Come on, dear. We're ready.

- All right, Momma. I'm coming.

Perhaps we should say goodbye here...

..in the darkness.

It would be best for you not to be seen with me now.

I don't feel that way. I'm not ashamed to be seen with you.

No, it...it's better this way.

You know what they're saying.

The world can be very unkind to a woman alone.

Well, we'll just show them.

I'll ride to the station with you. We'll let everybody see us.

You behave, and mind your father.

- Yes, Momma.

**- MARK:**

Tom's going to see me off.

Oh? Well, dear, I wonder if...

Mrs Sheldon, I want you to know, I'd be proud to ride in your buggy.

- Well, yes, but it might not...

- Good idea, Lily. Go along, Tom.

Yes, sir. I'll put your bag in the buggy.

- Take care, dear. I'll be back tomorrow.

- I don't like you travelling alone.

- You can't leave, with a service tomorrow and meetings tonight.

- No, I can't.

- Goodbye, dear.

- Goodbye.

Papa, I've been thinking.

It's my ambition that's caused all the trouble for everybody.

So I've come to a decision. I'm giving up painting.

Odd you should say that.

Why, Papa?

I wondered, when you're in Pittsburgh,

I've never had a picture of your Aunt Carrie.

I, er... had Jean put your paints in the buggy.

I thought if you didn't mind, you could do that for me.

If YOU want me to.

- Just see that it's a good one.

- Oh, I will!

Goodbye, dear.

Bye, Papa.

- Bye, Momma! Bye!

- Bye, Dinah!

- Bye, Dinah!

- Bye, Momma! Bye!

BRASS BAND PLAYS STIRRING MARCH

**SHOUTING:**

Out of our way! Out of our way!

- Ha, ha! You're not going anywhere!

- On to City Hall! Teddy Roosevelt's speaking tonight! We'll tell him!

- You'll never get to City Hall.

- Go on home, you silly hens.

- Why don't they let them through? They can see the President.

- It's not our business.

Some among you must want to hear the voice of justice for women.

To you I say... DERISIVE SHOUTS

Oh, that's mean! They SHOULD let them through!

Momma, you're right.

Somebody's got to make a path for them. Giddy-up, George.

SHOUTS AND SCREAMS

- HORSE NEIGHS

- You all right?

- Where are we?

Wait! That's my new parasol!

**HORSE NEIGHS:**

CRASH!

I'm sick and tired of submitting to this gossip,  
allowing it to grow and disrupt my parish, my work and my family.

I don't intend to let it go on happening.

I should never have allowed Lily and Dinah to leave.

I'm not going to let this break up my family.

I'm going down to the station, and pray they haven't left.

No daughter of mine is being sent away because of lying tongues.

**PHONE RINGS:**

Hello?

Yes. Yes.

It...

Yes! Yes, I'll be right down!

Fortunately, they...haven't left yet.

- Andrew...your family?

- Yes, Dan. They were arrested.

Over there, Reverend. If they're yours, we'll release them.

Yes, they're mine.

- Lily, dear, are you all right?

- Yes, dear. Perfectly. We all are.

Er...what about your eye?

It's nothing.

Someone hit me, that's all.

It's a beauty, isn't it? Well, let's go home.

We'll want to get something on these bruises.

Keep your guard up?

Andrew, I want you to know we did nothing wrong. It wasn't our fault.

Yes, I know, dear. Ordinary, well-mannered people just...

don't get into things like this.

**ORGAN PLAYS:**

Andrew, I know you've changed your subject for the sermon.

Have you prepared another?

No. But...

I HAVE been thinking about it for quite a while.

Andrew, concerning your, er, ruminations,

my advice would be to make no mention of the matter last week.

You're all very certain that if I forget it, everyone will.

Time takes care of everything.

- The less I make of this, the more I protect my opportunity to be bishop.

- Aye!

Let's not be ashamed of mentioning

that it's something of concern to you and to your friends here.

I appreciate that, too.

Perhaps, Andrew, you'd give us some information

concerning your, er...ruminations?

Well, of course, if I weren't concerned about becoming bishop...

and if I weren't willing to just forget the whole thing...

..I would have a few things to say. A few points to make.

To begin with, I would proudly contend

that my family fought for the rights of individuals.

I'd point out that with elections...

I might add it's shameful for members of my own congregation to indulge in petty gossip...

about my daughter and the young man, both of whom are above reproach.

Andrew, I implore you ...

Just a moment. I am not finished...

with my ruminations.

I would also say that I, too, am in error.

I have not taught my people well

if this sort of thing can happen in my parish.

I would also confess I was willing to submit to this gossip

by agreeing to let my daughter leave town.

I was willing to submit because I was concerned about my possible election as bishop.

Andrew, you cannae dare say such things!

You know, as I divulge these ruminations to you,

I am more and more convinced that I shall speak of these things.

- Don't you realise...?

- If what my family and I did is wrong,

I do not deserve to be bishop.

The only important thing is, I must serve my congregation.

The first obligation of a minister is to serve.

I can only serve by speaking the truth.

You cannae mean to say this in the pulpit?!

- Yes, Dan.

- You can't possibly!

I may even think of more.

I shall probably say something about how we use words  
like meanness, intolerance and bigotry,  
but somehow always in connection with others, never with ourselves.  
What's happened in the last few days, this gossip,  
is mean, intolerant and bigoted.  
If it isn't pointed out and recognised for what it is,  
who can say what cruel thing it may lead to tomorrow?  
There's no measure of a lie.  
It's...neither little nor big.  
It's always a lie.  
I don't want to see any man judge his neighbour.  
That we must always leave to God.  
You may be more comfortable, Dan, in here.  
No. I'll go. Right or wrong, Andrew,  
I want to be in wi' you at the finish.  
Instead of starting with hymn 127, which was posted for today,  
we will sing hymn 493.  
It begins, "O brother man,  
"hold to thy heart thy brother."

**ORGAN PLAYS:**

Well, has no-one in this family anything to say?  
Why the unusual silence?  
It's your sermon, Andrew.  
It made us so proud.  
I want you to know that I...  
I...

**SHE SOBS:**

Papa?  
That was the finest...  
That really was the finest...

**SHE SOBS:**

What they wanted to tell you, Father, was...  
Well, you were so...  
So... I mean...  
What have you got to say?  
- I'm hungry.  
- And so am I.  
Sensible people.  
Can I help?  
No.  
Oh, Tom, thanks for everything you've done. You've been wonderful.

No. YOU'RE wonderful.

I didn't have sense enough to see it till now, but, Di...

Yes, Tom?

I do know it now. You are.

I...

I...I guess I'd better go back.

Please come in with me.

- Sure, Di.

- Let me help you.

Oh, no.

Di, there's just one thing I want to ask of you.

Please, don't ever help me!

**WILD CRY:**

Andrew! I've got something...

Tom, do you suppose...?

Must a man wait all the day when he has important news?

Andrew, they've elected you bishop.

ALL GASP I'm very proud and very happy to be the first to congratulate you.

Hae you no word for us, Andrew, when I bring you such good tidings?

Hae you nothing to say?

Will ye hae white meat or dark, Dan?

Sit down. Sit down. Bring up another chair.