VERMONT MEDICINE SHOW

by Dick D. Zigun

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C/O CONEY ISLAND, USA, INC.

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"I don't like to see these people, who are not Vermonters, coming in here and embarrassing the police departments, the school boards, the boards of selectmen and then tell you that they’re looking out for the interest of the people. I don't need those bums looking out for my interests...You don't need these kind of people around here. Get 'em out of the state, throw them out, they’re no good..."

-Jack O’Brien

Vermont State Senator

January 1975

This play is dedicated to:

Barry Steinhardt — who is a "do—gooder" in the very best sense of the word,

Rep. Tom Bonnett – who is a "new Vermonter,”

& The State of Vermont - which, after four years, I leave with the greatest reluctance.

June 14, 1975

CHARACTERS:

NURSE MOLLY - An ex-Civil War nurse and an American disciple of Florence Nightingale. A "city-slicker" and a “foreigner" and a "do-gooder". In her mid—twenties.

DOCTOR "D." DANIELS - A mountebank who sells nostrums at country fairs. A man who will make any deal for a buck. In his late forties.

BILL: "THE FREAK-CHILD" - Born full grown in a red union suit. Naive to the ways of the, world--but already an outcast.

THE TOWN HERALD - An ancient being who proclaims the town news and decrees with the aid of a dinner bell. The only person who knows the secret path down off of Borderline Mt.

EMMA "EM" HICKS -

ZEBEDEE “ZEB" HICKS -

THE CROWD -

THE POOR MAN -

THE HAWG -

A variety of minor characters. The Town Herald and these roles might all be played by a small ensemble of five or more actors and actresses.

THE POOR COUSINS -

THE MID-WIFE -

THE TOWNSWOMAN -

SARAH-MARGARET -

THE MOB LEADER -

THE MOB -

THE BANKER -

THE MINISTER -

THE UNDERTAKER -

THE CROWD -

VERMONT MEDICINE SHOW was performed on June 7, 8, and 9, 1975 in The Barn Studio Theatre at Bennington College. The play was presented in an environmental setting with the audience free to move about the center “Town Green" while watching scenes in various areas of the room (which represented places in and around Sage City). Music, beer, hot dogs, and carnival booths were offered one half hour before show time. A bingo game was conducted during the intermission. The play was directed by Leroy Logan and Larry O’Dwyer. The set was designed by Paul Manchester. The lights were designed by Christy Nevius. The costumes were designed by Christina Dodds. The play was stage-managed by Ariel Ashwell. The melodies were written by Susan "Rabbit" Goody, Cary Groner, Dick Zigun and George M. Cohan. Michael Starobin arranged the melodies and accompanied the performances. The cast was as follows:

Zebedee "Zeb" Hicks............... George Coyne

Emma “Em” Hicks................... Marion Markham

Nurse Molly....................... Rosanna Liebman

Doctor "D." Daniels............... Leroy Logan

The Crowd......................... Andrew Bartle, George Coyne,

Cary Groner, Marion Markham,

Heidi Stonier

The Poor Man...................... Andrew Bartle

The Hawg.......................... Cary Groner

The Poor Cousins.................. George Coyne, Heidi Stonier

The Mid-Wife...................... Marion Markham

The Townswoman.................... Ariel Ashwell

Sarah—Margaret.................... Heidi Stonier

Bill "The Freak—Child"............ Cary Groner

The Mob Leader.................... Heidi Stonier

The Mob........................... Ariel Ashwell, Andrew Bartle,

George Coyne, Marion Markham

The Banker........................ Ariel Ashwell

The Minister...................... Marion Markham

The Undertaker.................... Heidi Stonier

The Town Herald................... George Coyne

The Crowd......................... Ariel Ashwell, Andrew Bartle,

Heidi Stonier

(Act One. Scene One. June 29, 1867. Early afternoon. Sage City, Vermont. The riverbank. Zeb, who wears a Union Army cap, and Em, his wife, are fishing. They sit on crates or tree stumps. They hold makeshift poles. There is an empty jug on the ground. They are the town fools.)

ZEB:

Em? Em?

EM:

Ain't none left, Zeb.

ZEB:

Not even ta wet my whistle? I got a tune in my head.

(He tries, but he cannot whistle.)

EM:

Bone dry...an' I thank the Lord for it.

ZEB:

Where am I gonna find a drink?

EM:

Plenty a watar if nothin' else in the rivar.

ZEB:

Watar? I ain't put watar ta these lips since I disobeyed an ordar an' General Grant dunked my head in the Gulf a Mexico durin‘ the Battle a New Orleans.

EM:

Grant nevar fought at New Orleans!

ZEB:

With me he did! We was too drunk ta know where the rest a the army was...

EM:

It ain't good for yer livar, ya know.

ZEB:

My livar'll be all right...I got pills!

EM:

Pills? Pills, have ya? They know ya at the store...can't afford no pills. Where'd ya get 'em?

ZEB:

Private prescription from a real doctar. He said they're specially good for livars.

EM:

Now I know yer drunk! Ain't no doctar nowhere 'round this valley. You'd have ta ride forty miles at least towards Rutland ta find a doctar’s practice, an' you'd have ta be shaven an' wearin' Sunday clothes, an' be rich an" mannered ta get doctar pills. YOU ain't got no doctar pills.

ZEB:

I got ‘em. Aiyup. I got pills.

EM:

Show 'em, Zeb.

ZEB:

Can't now. They's special for my livar.

EM:

Yer livar's soused! Show 'em.

ZEB:

Just might. Might do that. Happens I'm wantin’ one real soon.

(He takes out a small crushed box full of pills.)

EM:

Let me see!

ZEB:

NO. They's mine!

EM:

Ya robbed ‘em, Zeb.

ZEB:

Not me, I didn‘t. I told ya, I got 'em from a doctar.

EM:

Ya couldn't of.

(Something catches Zeb‘s eye from off—stage:)

ZEB:

Shh! Ya don't talk 'bout it no more an' I'll let ya have some.

(She nods. Zeb gives pills to Em:)

Here, chew 'em quick!

EM:

Smells like kerosene!

ZEB:

Shh! Nevar mind, just swallow some, they's good for ya.

(He shoves a handful into her mouth. They chew.)

EM:

Why'd ya make me promise not ta talk 'bout 'em no more?

ZEB:

Shh! Ya promised!

EM:

Ya hidin' somethin'?

ZEB:

Ain't done nothin' wrong...‘cept that Nurse Molly is across the rivar there an' I don't want ya talkin' ‘bout these pills too loud.

EM:

So ya did rob 'em! Ya don't want Nurse Molly ta hear 'cause she'd know if some medicine was stolen. Lyin' ta me an' makin' me swallow stolen goods...I'll find ya out:

(She stands and yells across the river:)

Molly! Nurse Molly! Ovar here, it's me. Could ya come ovar here a minute?

ZEB:

Ya stupid woman! I got the pills honest all right; but not from an office kinda doctar. Was a man with a wagon sellin’ medicine at the fair. I didn't want Nurse Molly ta hear 'cause she learned all that new science bunk ‘fore she settled here when she was a war nurse. She don't believe in half the known remedies nor nothin' that's good for ya 'less it comes from out of an ambulance wagon with a red cross on it.

EM:

Ya's makin' it up. Molly! Ovar here! Can't ya see me? Molly!

ZEB:

Shh! If she comes ovar here she’ll give us a lecture!

EM:

Ya bettar lecture me 'bout that wagon doctar ‘fore I believes ya.

ZEB:

Daniels was ‘is name. Called hisself "Doctor D."

EM:

"D." sounds suspicious ta me.

ZEB:

No, this doctar man was all right. He comes ridin' this fancy blue an' red wagon right up inta the middle a the fair. White lettars on the side a the wagon say: "Don‘t know what's the trouble/'cept that you’re ill?/Step up ta this wagon/Doc D.’s got the pill." So, he sets the wagon inta the centar a the fair grounds an' he sets up a little platform at the back an' starts bangin" on a drum an' yellin': "Gathar round! Gathar round!" Sos, a few people go ovar ta see what all this commotion's 'bout an' ‘fore ya'd know it he“s got hisself V a whole crowd lookin' up ta him an' bangin' a drum an' yellin’ an' all surrounded by boxes an' bottles an’ all kinds a containers a pills. And then, he stops 'is bangin‘, an’ for no reason, he points ta me an' says: "Mista, ya look like ya‘ve once seen bettar days!“

EM:

For NO REASON?

ZEB:

Oh, I swear I ain't had no drink taday, till ya said ya was takin' me fishin'...'cept for a little nip at the fair with the vetrans a the Grand Army a the Republic, a course, they insisted! But this Doctar D. fellaw on the wagon maybe thought I looked open minded ‘cause he asks for my name an' I tells 'im, an' he says ta me afore all these people: "Zeb, I'm a man a medicine an' I can see how ya was once a fine soldier for POOR Mr. Lincoln...but sometimes even a good man develops a medical problem like livar absorbancy, an' for 'is own health, has ta drink more'n he would otherwise." An' I says: "Yessir, I know that's true, sir, an' I wish ta God I didn't have ta." So he says: "Ya don't anymore, Zeb. Because ya was a good soldier, I'm gonna give ya some pills ta help straight’n out yer livar...make it clean 'gain so ya only has ta drink when ya wants ta." So I says: "Thank ya." An' he gives me a pill an' tells me ta take it. An' I says: "In front a all these people?" An' he says: “Take it!" An' I says that: "It smells like kerosene." An' he says: "TAKE ITE" So I took it. An' then he asks me if I "...could choose between a whiskey jug an' a box a pills...“ which I'd rathar have... he asks me in front a all these people. So I HAD ta be grateful an' say: "The Pills!“ An’ everyone yells out how “Doctar D. reformed Ole Zeb", an' they all comes up an' pays for 'is pills. But for me, 'cause I helped 'im, Doctar D. gives me for free a box a his fifteen-cent livar pills!

EM:

Smart thinkin' helpin' out for ta get free pills, Zeb. They good for me too?

ZEB:

Good for anyone! He sold hundreds...but I got 'em first, an' for free!

(They chew and finish the last two pills. Zeb suddenly hides the empty box and fakes sleep. He snores. Nurse Molly enters carrying a basket of white bandage laundry. Em acts as if nothing was ever the matter:)

NURSE MOLLY:

Mrs. Hicks, you were calling, is anything wrong?

EM:

Oh...a...not at all Nurse Molly...I was just tellin' Zebedee...a...a...how lucky we are in Sage City ta have a practitionar a modern medicine moved inta our little town.

(Em spits.)

NURSE MULLY:

Why, thank you, Mrs. Hicks. Not eveyone's been so open to my new ideas.

EM:

Call me Em. They’ll all come 'round soon 'nough...We'll be the most examined town in Southwest Vermont.

NURSE MOLLY:

I hope so...Mrs...a...Em? Is your husband all right? His snoring sounds most peculiar.

EM:

Say what?

NURSE MOLLY:

Does Mr. Hicks, Zekedee, always snore like that?

(Zeb jumps up:)

ZEB:

The name is ZEBEDEE Hicks! Ain‘t frum 'round here, are ya, Nursie?

NURSE MOLLY:

I'm sorry if I woke you, Mr. Zeb...e...dee, I didn't mean to get your name wrong; but it's been taking me a while to get used to the local customs here. I'm originally from New Haven, Connecticut. I left home in sixty two to join the first group of war nurses with the Union Army...

ZEB:

(A tribute:)

The Union Army!

(Em starts coughing.)

NURSE MOLLY:

Is something wrong?

(Zeb starts coughing.)

EM:

No. Go on.

(Nurse Molly takes a pocket size music box from her apron and cranks out her self—comforting theme song while Em and Zeb have attacks of pain:)

NURSE MOLLY:

When the war ended I was with the New York Third Volunteer Regiment nursing a young soldier with a head injury——and about sixty other men. Bernard asked me to travel back home with him to marry...but before we ever got to Albany, he went insane. It broke my heart, and I just drifted off from the army and finally settled here to try and go on practicing the new medicine I learned; to go on helping people...

(Both Em and Zeb are sick to their stomachs.)

What is it?

EM:

Make some sassafras tea with some cidar vinegar in it an' serve it ta us quick!

NURSE MOLLY:

That sounds ridiculous! Where does it hurt?

ZEB:

Do-what Em says...an' get my mustard bottle frum the cabin an' rub a plastar onta our skin!

(Nurse Molly just stands over Em and Zeb with her hands on her hips:)

NURSE MOLLY:

Listen to me: those are nothing but old home remedies—you both probably have high fevers and weak pulse rates—your complexions are pale...

ZEB:

We already know we're sick! Damn ya nursie, do what we say!

NURSE MOLLY:

Put your feet up and put cold towels on your foreheads while I go for my bag. What did you eat?

EM:

Nothin'.

NURSE MOLLY:

Probably spoiled fish...I'll be right back, don't either of you go away.

(Nurse Molly exits back toward the other river bank.)

EM:

It’s those goddamn pills a yours, Zeb; should never have let ya make me take ‘em.

ZEB:

I'll settle with that Doctar D. myself tommorrow. Don't tell Nursie though, no need ta get 'er crusadln' on 'bout science an' medicine!

EM:

But how's she gonna know ta cure us? She won't bring the tea nor the mustard an' 'er syrups won't work less'n she knows what ails us...Zeb, I don't feel well. Give the nurse a chance, she won“t talk too much. Maybe she knows somethin' different.

ZEB:

If she wasn°t so smart I'd a told 'er sooner. Lemme have the box, I'll show 'er.

(He takes the box in hand with great effort:)

We ate too many a these...our livars weren‘t used ta it! Oh! I’m fadin', Emma; I'm fadin'!

EM:

I think I'm goin' with ya Zebedee!

(She touches his head, then closes her eyes:)

Ya really wasn’t such a bad old drunk...

ZEB:

I didn't really...I didn't really mind...I didn’t really mind

goin' fish...fish...fishin'...

(They die-—Zeb with his hand in the air clutching the empty box of pills. Nurse Molly enters with a medicine bag:)

NURSE MOLLY:

That didn't take so long, did it now...

(She sees them lying still and nudges the bodies:)

What? Mr. and Mrs. Hicks? How?

(She finds them dead:)

So suddenly. And you're not faking either, Mr. Zekedee? What did they eat'? It couldn't have been simple food poisoning. . .This box in his hand: "Doctor D. 's Pill Company/Tablets made by recipe./Sold by him at country fairs,/If you want more--find him there". . .smells like kerosene. . .the box is empty. ..they didn't! How can people be so ignorant? Omigod!

(Blackout. End of Scene One.)

(Scene Two. Later that afternoon. The fairground. Lights come up on Doctor D. standing on the platform of his medicine wagon. There is a crowd of people beneath him.)

DOCTOR D:

(Sings:)

The medicines you've bought before

Were patent counterfeits;

But if you buy my Snake Oil Pills,

You're sure to benefit.

You chew them up, or drink them down,

Or eat them with your food;

Or chop some up inside your hat--

Grind more inside your shoes.

Then you should wait about three weeks

Until you realize:

The pains that ailed you most

Have been completely neutralized.

Oh, my name is Doctor D.

I'm possessed by sympathy.

And I‘ve come to help you people

Find and cure your agonies.

If your itch is from mosquitos

Or if from syphilis--

Doesn't matter, I can cure you

Or I’ll refund your bits.

If you can't afford eyeglasses:

Eating carrots doesn't help!

You'll see good as any catfish--

I've got pulverized sea-kelp!

If your disease is social,

If your neighbor makes you ill,

Don't think I can’t prescribe you there--

This Doctor’s versatile.

Oh, I am known as Doctor D.

I know lots of botany.

And I've come to help you people

Find some costly agonies.

Yessiree, Ladies and Gentlemen! Step right up! Step right up Ladies and Gentlemen! What I have got here in this box is something that'll make you glad you were born in these wonderful days of discovery. There is no more reason to suffer the pains of headache, backache, or acne. There is no more reason to wake up in the morning with arthritic ankles, cancered craniums, or rheumatic wrists. When Cleopatra had asthma--her only relief was an asp. When Nero had heart trouble——all he could do was let it burn. But when you knowledgeable people of l867——the closest we've ever gotten to the future--feel even the first signs of a cold coming on, you people can reach for SNAKE OIL PILLS!

THE CROWD:

Snake Oil?

DOCTOR D:

Yes! Snake Oil, exactly! Derived from extracting and diluting the venom from carefully—caught—Colorado-Cliff—Cobras; an Indian secret of three hundred years’ practice just revealed to me after spending months gaining the confidence of the last of the Great Plains Medicine Men. The potion that made Columbus come back for more! Available now-—for the first time in Sage City, Vermont to any man, woman or child who's sick of their life feeling like one long mud season, June through May. Who's gonna be the first to buy a box?

CROWD MEMBER:

How much?

DOCTOR D:

For fifteen cents I'm gonna let you add another fifteen years to your life!

CROWD MEMBER:

How do I know if it’s good?

DOCTOR D:

How'd you know your wife was good until you tried her? Come on: take a chance! What can you lose? A week’s pay? What can you GAIN? Everything! -

CROWD MEMBER:

Sound's good ta me. Here’s my money!

(Doctor D. auctions off boxes of pills to everyone in The Crowd. Once all the pills have been sold, someone in The Crowd opens a box:)

CROWD MEMBER:

But why do the pills smell?

THE CROWD:

ICK!!

DOCTOR D:

If effective medicines were only compounded from ingredients people enjoyed——we might have cured old age itself by now. But if you really want to keep on you own two feet, you've got to swallow things you don't like every once and a while. It’ll do you good, lots of good--trust in me. So what if they smell? So what?

(Doctor D. brings out more pills and auctions them off. Music plays, people buy pills, The Crowd dances. Nurse Molly enters:)

NURSE MOLLY:

Hold everything! Stop the music! Stop the music!

(They all stop, turn, and look to Nurse Molly.)

Is there a doctor in the crowd?

DOCTOR D:

Who's asking? You're interrupting my show!

NURSE MOLLY:

Forget your show! I‘m a nurse. I need to find a doctor. There's been two deaths back in town.

DOCTOR D:

If there's been deaths--you should be looking for The Undertaker--shouldn't you?

NURSE MOLLY:

They died from poisoning.

(No one reacts.)

Don‘t any of you understand? Two people have just been murdered!

THE CROWD:

Murdered? Ohh!

NURSE MOLLY:

I need to find a doctor who can perform an autopsy.

(The Crowd turns and looks to Doctor D.)

There was an empty box for phony medicine next to the bodies. It was manufactured by someone named "Doctor D."

THE CROWD:

Ohh!

DOCTOR D:

Daniels is my name, I'm also known as Doctor D.

NURSE MOLLY:

What?

(She looks around and sees The Crowd staring at Doctor D. and holding boxes of pills.)

MURDERER!

THE CROWD:

The pills? We want our money b...

DOCTOR D:

Now wait a minute. Wait a minute! I want to hear the charges against me before I say anything.

NURSE MOLLY:

MURDERER!

THE CROWD:

By poison pills!

(Someone in The Crowd throws a box back at Doctor D.)

DOCTOR D:

Exactly WHO is dead?

NURSE MOLLY:

Emma and Zekedee...

THE CROWD:

ZEBEDEE!

NURSE MOLLY:

...Hicks. Down by the river where they were fishing.

CROWD MEMBER:

Poor Em and Zeb.

DOCTOR D:

Zeb? Zeb. You mean that old drunk who was here this morning?

CROWD MEMBER:

An' ‘is wife. They were neighbors.

DOCTOR D:

Neighbors? You didn't consider them neighbors! They were parasites. I saw an old souse stumbling around at the show this morning, begging for nickels. I knew his type right away, I see hundreds of men like that every time I travel. They've been around since the depression hit last year. I usually give a man like that some change. But this time, since I like this town of yours, I decided that I would do something nice for the community of Sage City; so, I took out a box of my Liver Cure Pills and gave them to that old drunk to try and dry out his thirst. I'm sure that old bum didn't even deserve my attention——the way he and his old woman have probably been living off you good people for month n months and months...But instead, I gave him a fifteen cent box of pills-—FOR FREE!

THE CROWD:

For free? Ohh.

NURSE MOLLY:

And those pills poisoned both of them!

THE CROWD:

The pills? We want our money b...

DOCTOR D:

Wait! Don’t be ridiculous! They didn't read the recommended dosage and took too many at once-—OR——drank them down with contaminated water from the muddy river——OR—-they were probably drinking some brew at the same time they took the pills. You should never mix alcohol and medicine, right nurse?

NURSE MOLLY:

Yes...

(Aside to D:)

...but you can't go around promoting and selling medicine to people who don't understand even the first thing...

DOCTOR D:

I'm a DOCTOR! I can do anything I want to! Excuse me...

(He addresses The Crowd:)

Tell me your symptoms.

Give me the bills.

I'll decide your illness

And prescribe the pill.

NURSE MOLLY:

But these people are like children. You have to explain things carefully to them or else you‘ll make oversights. The Hicks didn't know how to use your medicine.

DOCTOR D:

All right...all right! Is there anyone here, ANYONE, who would bring Em and Zeb back to beg from you again? If you could? Raise your hands...

(Nurse Molly raises her hand. Everyone else turns away.)

All right, then so what if they're dead? SO WHAT?

(He thumbs his nose at Nurse Molly:) .

DOCTOR D. CONT.:

I'm selling pills! Step right here...Gather round...Come on, pills...

(He auctions off even more pills.)

NURSE MOLLY:

I‘m going to start a free class on modern home medical care. I'll be at the public free library for anyone who wants to talk to me about signing up!

(The Crowd flocks to Doctor D. Nurse Molly exits.)

CROWD MEMBER:

Can I have the box back that I threw at ya, please?

DOCTOR D:

Well, of course you can. Ha—ha. You payed for it. There's plenty for everyone..

(Blackout. End of Scene Two.)

(Scene Three. That evening. The Beggars' Camp. The sounds of a dog barking fade in the dark. At lights The Poor Man is sitting and crying. The Hawg is at his feet.)

THE POOR MAN:

(Sings:)

So long, my dog.

I sold ya fer a hawg.

But when it’s time ta eat 'im,

I'll be glad it wasn't you.

I used ta be a clean man

Who watched the food he ate.

But that was back b'fore the war

An' hard times thinned this state.

The grocar's bills collected.

What pay I got was 'is.

I turned ta eatin’ things around.

Thank God I didn't have kids.

Food took top importance.

It was the only course.

Ya have ta understand, Blue.

That's when I ate the horse.

So long, my dog.

I sold ya fer a hawg.

But when it's time ta eat 'im,

I'll be glad it wasn't you.

I pawned my watch b'fore ya.

I sold the house I made.

But I still had ta eat an' there

Was nothin' left ta trade.

An' then I got so hungry

I scrounged fer meals in town.

By swappin' ya this afternoon

I've now got meat in pounds.

I didn't want ta leave ya.

I’ll miss yer friendship yet.

But ya started lookin' tasty.

I was dreamin' a cooked pet.

Then, so long, my dog.

I sold ya fer a hawg.

I But when it's time ta eat 'im,

I'll be glad it wasn't you, Blue.

(Near the end of the song Doctor D. passes by. He hears The Poor Man singing and stops. He takes out a box of pills in order to attempt a sale, but then becomes interested in the song and goes to The Poor Man empty handed:)

DOCTOR D:

Good evening, Sir.

THE POOR MAN:

Evenin’ strangar, didn't hear ya passin’ by.

DOCTOR D:

You were still singing your song...

THE POOR MAN:

Sorry 'bout the noise.

DOCTOR D:

No, don’t be. I was intrigued by the story. You rhymed “dog" with "hog"...I never would have thought anyone could do that.

THE POOR MAN:

Ya gotta pronounce it "hawg".

DOCTOR D:

Dog..."hawg"...oh, I see...I admire a man with an imaginative use of the English language.

THE POOR MAN:

Ain’t nothin’ to it. I just use the first ideas come inta my head...make it all up as I go 'long. All my relatives always comin’ ‘round ta hear me tell stories an' sing songs ' an' stuff.

DOCTOR D:

Excuse me for a moment.

THE POOR MAN:

Aiyup. It's yer time.

DOCTOR D:

(Aside:)

This man has a knack for improvisation and a good creative sense of rhyme...his business head is instinctively demonstrated by the trade of his pet dog for a hawg-—-fat beast of bacon... this man could make his way up in the world...hmmm...I’ll have the money to hire an assistant when this contract works out...I could use an associate to take over the dirtier side of this business...I almost made a bad mistake this afternoon...

(He crosses back to The Poor Man:)

Excuse me sir, have you ever considered a career in advertising?

THE POOR MAN:

Say what?

DOCTOR D:

Writing ballads to entice people to buy things, like pills for instance. I'm a professional myself, but I‘ve been thinking of expanding. I've got a major contract coming through soon. Let me tell you, if you're still interested...

THE POOR MAN:

Might be. How do I apply?

DOCTOR D:

If you meet the test you could study with me and in no time at all start on the job training as my sandwich man with a chance for further advancement to...

(The Poor Cousins run into the camp. They wear napkins tucked under their chins and hold knives and forks. Doctor D. steps back to watch how The Poor Man handles the interruption. The Poor Man tries to hide The Hawg by standing in front of it.)

THE POOR COUSINS:

Cousin! Hey Coz! Howdy!

THE POOR MAN:

Hi, uh. Haven't seen any a ya fer some time.

THE POOR COUSINS:

Nope. WE'VE been havin' ta scrounge round the town fer food. Aiyup. Haven't seen ya with us all afternoon.

THE POOR MAN:

I had ta stay here an' watch ovar my dog.

THE POOR COUSINS:

We heard ya got a NEW PET fer yerself.

THE POOR MAN:

Who frum?

THE POOR COUSINS:

Farmar Hawkins down the road was a carryin' Blue with 'im.

THE POOR MAN:

He...a...he, a...borrowed Blue ta keep 'is heifer company while he goes ta town fer a new kitchen tablecloth.

(The Hawg grunts. Doctor D. whispers to The Poor Man:)

DOCTOR D:

Is that the most imaginative excuse you can make up my friend? lf you can't sell your own downtrodden relatives a line, then you can forget our previous discussion of employment.

THE POOR MAN:

Give me another chance?

(He turns again to The Poor Cousins:)

Ya want ta all go ta town an' scrounge tagether?

(They shake their heads.)

No? Cousins...can I tell ya a story?

(They shake their heads.)

The one 'bout Homar an' the dinosaur?

(They shake their heads and start to move in on him and The Hawg.)

A...a...let me introduce ya ta my friend ovar here...

DOCTOR D:

Evening, folks.

(Doctor D steps aside.)

THE POOR COUSINS:

A, cousin, ya had yer suppar yet tonight?

THE POOR MAN:

Ain't hungry much.

(The Hawg grunts.)

Least not 'nough ta bothar fixin’ nothin'.

THE POOR COUSINS:

IT‘S ON US COZ

(The Poor Cousins grab The Hawg. The Poor Man yells, but can't stop them. The Poor Cousins stab The Hawg with their silverware and pull a string of sausages from its shirt. The Hawg squeals weakly off stage. The Poor Cousins sit down to eat and pass meat around. The Poor Man at first refuses, then shrugs his shoulders and joins the feast. Doctor D. refuses in disgust. When the meat is finished, The Poor Cousins and The Poor Man begin to pass gas.)

THE POOR COUSINS:

(They sing:)

Oh, I ate my meal too quickly.

An' now I'm filled up with gas.

An’ I won't find any comfort

Till I let all that gas pass.

Such behavior‘s unbecomin'

Even in the lowar class;

But mignon even ate too fast

Releases somethin' crass.

So, pass that gas out through yer ass,

Or belch or burp away the pain.

Ta get by yer impasse:

Don't abstain! Don't abstain!

Though ya'll probably harass

Everyone frum here ta Maine;

The relief can't be surpassed.

So be profane!

Well, Ole Cousin made some business deals

Ta rise above the mass.

He even got hisself a hawg—

But now it's gone, alas!

THE POOR MAN:

(Sings:)

I tell ya folks, ya cooked my chance

Ta move up ta the brass!

But seein' how we all ate some,

Let's lay down an' relax.

THE POOR COUSINS & THE POOR MAN:

(Sing:)

By passin' gas out through my ass,

Or belch or burp away my pain.

Ta get by my impasse:

I won't abstain! Won’t abstain!

Though I’ll probably harass

Everyone frum here ta Maine;

The relief can't be surpassed.

Let's be profane!

(As they continue to pass gas, Doctor D. tsk—tsks and shakes his head from side to side. He takes a box of pills from his pocket, steps forward, and clears his throat:)

DOCTOR D:

Excuse me, folks...I neglected to mention when your cousin introduced me before that I was a doctor. If you people are suffering from the pains of indigestion...I think I have some pills here that might help you. They'll certainly repay you for the entertainment you just gave me...here... everyone take one.

THE POOR MAN:

Yer a good sport, doc.

THE POOR COUSINS:

Aiyup.

THE POOR MAN & THE POOR COUSINS:

Ugghhh...

(They all die. Doctor D. looks down and shrugs his shoulders:)

DOCTOR D:

So what?

(Doctor D. farts at the bodies, laughs and exits. Nurse Molly enters, trips on the bodies, checks them, sees the empty box and shakes her fist in a silent scream. She runs off stage. Blackout. End of Scene Three.)

(Scene Four. June 30. Morning. Sarah-Margaret’s House. There is a closed door in the run down house. Sarah—Margaret is inside, in bed. At lights, The Mid-Wife and The Townswoman sit in rocking chairs on the porch. Sarah—Margaret is in labor. Her gasps are heard from behind the door.)

THE MID—WIFE:

Ya say she's been in bed like that fer two days now?

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

Aiyup. She ain’t even had a chance ta catch 'er breath since yesterday.

THE MID—WIFE:

'er belly looks 'bout the size of a watermellan.

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

Evar seen anythin' like it before?

THE MID-WIFE:

'fore Young Lima up the road had 'er triplet boys last year she was ‘bout pumpkin size...but as long as I been mid-wifin' I in Sage City, I ain't nevar seen a woman that pregnant.

(There is a loud gasp from inside.)

Ain't nevar HEARD a woman that pregnant.

(The Mid-Wife looks through a window of the house.)

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

How is she?

THE MID—WIFE:

Ya wouldn't believe it, but she's still got more time yet... I can't believe 'er short skinny strawman of a husband coulda done that ta ‘er; an' after them tryin' fer three years with ‘er not even bein' a day offa 'er bleedin’ cycle. He musta been savin' it up. No wonder he died with 'is last heave an’ singin' 'is eyes had seen the glory a the comin’ a the Lord!

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

Well, if yer gonna talk 'bout Sarah-Margaret like she was some kinda common trash...I can tell ya that ya don't know the half a it.

THE MID-WIFE:

Ya tellin' me I don't know my own job? A mid-wife knows more 'bout what happens under a town's bedsheets than the people on the mattress.

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

I'm only tellin’ ya that it weren’t only Sarah—Margaret's late husband made 'er so big.

THE MID-WIFE:

Now, Sarah—Margaret's too much a favorite a everyone in town ta have been the sly cheatar on 'er husband. Besides, ya fool, no mattar how many men a woman lies with, it don't make 'er any more pregnant than if she bumped accidental like inta a pervert drunk on 'er way walkin' home an' spent the next nine months in a Shakar meetin’ house.

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

I know that too, ya ain't the only woman in Vermont evar ta hear a babies. what I meant was that 'er husband weren't the only man made 'er so big ‘cause that Doctar D. fellah give 'er some a what he called 'is fertility pills.

THE MID-WIFE:

Oh...fertility type pills...

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

Aiyup.

THE MID—WIFE:

Means what?

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

A...don’t right know. But the doctar said they'd make certain she'd get pregnant.

(There is a loud moan from behind the door.)

THE MID-WIFE:

Guess the doctar knows 'is business.

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

Ya can say that again.

THE MID—WIFE:

I could say it all day long.

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

I'd rathar ya saved yer breath ta cool yer soup.

THE MID—WIFE:

I hear that D.'s been busy curin' all types a ills in Sage City: He's only been here a few days this end a June an' the whole town looks bettar fer it. The trash are off the streets, the children is runnin’ home 'fore dark, Sarah-Margaret's finally pregnant...

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

He gave Mr. Matteson a lotion took the wart right offa ‘is big thumb...

(There is another scream from inside:)

Should I boil the watar now?

THE MID—WIFE:

(Counting to herself:)

Not just yet.

(Nurse Molly runs up to the house.)

NURSE MOLLY:

I heard a scream! A laborious scream. Someone needs my help. Let me by.

(The Mid-Wife blocks her way:)

Let me go by, please?

(Nurse Molly turns to The Townswoman:)

What's going on in there?

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

Sarah—Margaret is 'bout to...

THE MID—WIFE:

...do some house cleanin' an' is just excited ‘bout the mess. Ya ain't needed.

NURSE MOLLY:

Maybe she can use some help.

(The Townswoman also blocks her way:)

I do know how to handle a broom!

(Aside:)

I think.

(Nurse Molly quickly opens and shuts the door. If Sarah—Margaret is seen, she is covered by a bulging sheet.)

She's having a baby. Isn't she?

THE MID—WIFE:

What’s it to ya?

NURSE MOLLY:

I‘m a nurse.

THE MID—WIFE:

I'm a mid—wife.

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

I'm a townswoman

NURSE MOLLY & THE MID-WIFE:

You stay out of this!

NURSE MOLLY:

Why can't I go back in there?

THE MID-WIFE:

I know my job.

NURSE MOLLY:

Just let me stay and watch in case there are side complications? That's MY job. She seems to be having a hard time.

THE MID—WIFE:

(Hexing Nurse Molly:)

NO! Now go away!

NURSE MOLLY:

Won't somebody please tell me why it is that every time I try to help out in this state, I always get turned away?

(There is no response to her question. She sings:)

I came north to live in Vermont.

No one noticed to stop.

At first I thought the folks were busy

Seeing to their crops.

The fields are nice, the streams are clean,

I like green mountain tops.

But though I heard you needed medics--

Somehow I've been a flop.

I went to Bennington,

Brattleboro, Burlington, Barre--

And I got turned away.

Then round to Marshfield,

Plainfield, Northfield, Greenfield--

Didn’t last there through May.

June then brought me

To Sage City.

In southwest Vermont.

I hope that I might

Finally settle.

I like this town a lot.

But they found out I came from New Haven.

And that I have a college degree. Then

People stopped coming to my clinic.

My background's a Vermont felony.

THE MID—WIFE:

(Sings:)

'cause you‘ve drawn attention to yerself

Frum yer arrival day.

You were out of place among us

An' that put ya on display.

But instead a makin' friends first

Ya went preachin’ right away.

Without a broadar talk

Yer style became yer resume.

THE MID—WIFE & THE TOWNSWOMAN:

(Sings:)

You're a foreigner here, do—gooder

With yer city—slicker ways.

We haven't found ya too familiar.

We find ya too risque.

THE MID—WIFE:

(Sings:)

Yer words are big, yer accent‘s strange.

We don't know what ya say.

If we only change reluctantly -

You act like you’re betrayed.

Yer example doesn't argue strong.

We’ve yet ta see ya play.

If we don't accept yer bold reforms

It's ‘cause we feel like prey.

THE MID—WIFE & THE TOWNSWOMAN:

(Sings:)

You're a foreigner here, do—gooder

With yer city—slicker ways.

We haven't found ya too familiar.

We find ya too risque.

NURSE MOLLY:

(Sings:)

Then June brought me

To Sage City

In southwest Vermont.

I hoped that I might

Finally settle.

I liked this town a lot.

But you found out I came from New Haven.

And that I have a college degree. Then

You all stopped coming to my clinic.

My background’s a Vermont felony.

THE MID-WIFE & THE TOWNSWOMAN:

(Sings:)

You're a foreigner here, do—gooder

With yer city—slicker ways.

We haven't found ya too familiar.

And we don’t want ya ta stay!

NURSE MOLLY:

WELL, ETHAN ALLEN WAS FROM CONNECTICUT TOO!

(Sarah-Margaret screams from inside the house. Nurse Molly opens the door to reveal Sarah-Margaret in bed. The sheet is bulging enormously. With appropriate difficulty and fanfare, she gives birth to a full grown man in a red union suit. Despite his size, he is, however, baby awkward and simple.)

SARAH—MARGARET:

Is it a boy or a girl?

THE MID—WIFE:

I'm not sure it’s either one.

NURSE MOLLY:

You've given birth to what looks like a six foot man!

SARAH—MARGARET:

I’m a gonna call ’im Bill.

BILL:

WAAAAHHH!!!

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

You mean Bill: "The Freak-Child”!

THE MID—WIFE:

Oh my.

(Bill, with his innocent strength, destroys left and right:)

BILL:

GAAAAHHH!!!

(The Mid—Wife and The Townswoman tremble.)

THE MID-WIFE:

Bill: "The Freak-Child"!

BILL:

KAAAAHHH!!

SARAH-MARGARET:

What's wrong with my baby boy?

NURSE MOLLY:

Nothing at all! He's certainly healthy enough!

(She slaps his rear.)

BILL:

BAAAAHHH!!!

THE MID-WIFE:

Don't do that!

NURSE MOLLY:

It's good for his lungs.

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

Please! Not again!

NURSE MOLLY:

I thought you said I don't play enough?

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

We weren‘t talkin' 'bout now!

THE MID—WIFE:

I'll take it all back!

NURSE MOLLY:

But you were right. I'm having fun.

(She slaps Bill Again.)

BILL:

GRRAAAAHHH!!!

THE MID-WIFE:

He's a freak, Molly!

SARAH—MARGARET:

My baby?

NURSE MOLLY:

He’s healthy and he's just scared, that's all.

THE MID—WIFE:

He‘s a freak-child!

NURSE MOLLY:

SO WHAT?

(Bill bites The Mid—Wife's foot. She screams.)

THE TOWNSWOMAN:

I'm gettin' out a here!

THE MID—WIFE:

Nurse Molly, I'm goin' ta make sure that no one in Sage City so much as even asks ya fer a tissue!

(They both exit on the run. Nurse Molly starts after them.)

SARAH—MARGARET:

Bring me my baby boy!

(Nurse Molly turns and leads Bill back to the house. She closes the door. The Townswoman and The Mid—Wife are long gone, but Doctor D. is casually leaning against the house and cleaning his nails.)

DOCTOR D:

Good morning, Nurse Molly. I just stopped by to check on Sarah-Margaret. Is the baby all right?

NURSE MOLLY:

(Blocking the door:)

They're both fine.

(Doctor D. starts to leave:)

Wait a minute...where are YOU from anyway?

DOCTOR D:

Ha—ha! Ha—ha. No one ever bothered to ask. Ha—ha!

(He exits.)

NURSE MOLLY:

Well, if that's the way I'm going to be treated...THEN TO HELL WITH VERMONT! Isn't anybody going to ask me to stay? Anybody?

(She waits for the response which never comes. She cries:)

Then I'm leaving and not coming back until I'm asked!

(Nurse Molly exits. Bill smashes the door open and crawls out of the house.)

BILL:

Moooooooooo.

SARAH-MARGARET:

Baby Bill!

(Bill doesn't turn back. Sarah—Margaret, a very petite woman, gets out of bed.)

Oh, baby-boy Bill!

(She catches him and kisses him.)

Give your mommy a big hug!

(He stares up at her, puzzled. Sarah—Margaret hugs Bill to show him how it's done:)

Hug...hug...

(Bill finally hugs her---but too tight.)

OH BILL!! Bill! Bill...

(She dies.)

BILL:

WAAAA!!!

(There is thunder and lightning, A storm is coming on. Bill crawls. He becomes lost and filthy.)

WAAAA!!! ·

(He crawls to another spot, and finds nothing:)

WAAAAEI!

(He is scared by a loud clap of thunder:)

WAAAA!!!

(He crawls and hurts a knee:)

WAAAA!!!

(He crawls more, then discovers the audience with delight:)

GAAAA?

(He smiles, sniffs shoes, and pulls hair:)

GHAA! Ghaa! Ghaa? GHAA?

(He goes on, trying hard to communicate his experience with the audience, but finally gives up for another idea. He crawls back to the house and comes back with a pile of cardboard signs. Silent movie music plays. He holds up the first sign:)

SIGN # 1:

"Hi. I'm Baby—boy Bill

—A.K.A.—

The Freak-Child."

SIGN # 2:

"Don‘t Laugh."

(He waits.)

SIGN # 3:

"Thank You."

(He flips back to:)

SIGN # 2:

"Don't Laugh."

SIGN # 4:

"I’m big for my age,

and smart too ...... "

SIGN # 5:

“but I don't know

how to talk yet."

SIGN # 6:

"I don't know how

to write yet either."

(He flips back to:)

SIGN # 2:

"Don't Laugh."

SIGN # 7:

"I’m trying to ask you

to understand this traumatic

crisis in my life."

(He flips back and blocks the first word on:)

SIGN # 2:

"Laugh."

(He flips over to:)

SIGN # 4:

"I'm big for my age,

and smart too ...... "

(If there is a laugh, he again flips back to:)

SIGN # 3:

"Thank You."

(He is hurried by increasing thunder and lightning:)

SIGN # 8:

"Already an orphan outcast

from the day of my birth...

SIGN # 9:

...I crawl aimlessly

through the fields

looking for some

meaning to my life."

SIGN # 10:

"MEANWHILE...

SIGN # 11:

...a violent thunderstorm

is about to rain down on

my unsheltered infant body... .

SIGN # 12:

...driving me insane!"

(He quickly flips back to:)

SIGN # 2:

"Don't Laugh."

(When the theatre is silent he flips over to:)

SIGN # 2:

"Thank You."

(Bill puts away the signs. There is a loud clap of thunder.)

BILL:

WAAAAHAAAA!

(Blackout. End of Scene Four.)

(Scene Five. That evening. The Town Green. The Mob is gathered. They carry rakes, cudgels and torches. The Mob Leader is present. All are restless.)

THE MOB LEADER:

Are we gonna do it or not?

A MOB MEMBER:

It's why we came here middle a the night, ain‘t it?

A MOB MEMBER:

Don't we have ta give 'im a trial?

A MOB MEMBER:

Won't be none a us left ta jury if we wait any longar.

A MOB MEMBER:

Still don't seem right somehow. Shouldn't we ask the town patriarchs? He's got a permit ta push pills in town.

THE MOB LEADER:

If a crowd this size went ta the town patriarchs...they'd have ta go ‘long fer sure. Why waste the time? Any a ya forgettin' that this man's a threat?

A MOB MEMBER:

I didn’t like them Hicks nor them Poor Cousins 'round nohow. Good riddance ta 'em I say!

A MOB MEMBER:

Ain't no threat ta me!

THE MOB LEADER:

But what ya say 'bout Sarah—Margaret?

A MOB MEMBER:

What 'bout Sarah—Margaret? She weren't squished by no pills.

A MOB MEMBER:

She was a fine one ta go...but ya can't blame D. fer that.

THE MOB LEADER:

The Mid—Wife was tellin' me that he gave 'er some kind a pills ta help 'er get pregnant...an' have any a ya evar seen anythin' like those results before?

A MOB MEMBER:

She musta taken a overdose...

(Someone hits him and shuts him up.)

A MOB MEMBER:

Pills ta make 'er pregnant...he'd be part responsible fer the birth a that Bill: "The Freak—Child" then...

THE MOB LEADER:

Ya might call it a kind a medical adultary!

A MOB MEMBER:

Would make 'im an accomplice ta the murdar...

THE MOB LEADER:

That seems ta be the case!

A MOB MEMBER:

Why we came here middle a the night, ain't it? Nevar did trust no doctars! They checks yer pulse an' tells ya somethin' wrong with yer heart half way 'cross yer body with no explaination a what route they followed. Well, Doctar D. is done by me!

A MOB MEMBER:

I took some pills he gave me an' I ain't dead...an' I ain‘t healthy...so whichevar or both 'is game is——he's a quack anyway!

THE MOB LEADER:

I say we get rid a 'im!

THE MOB:

Yeah.

THE MOB LEADER:

I say we ride 'im out a Sage City!

THE MOB:

Yeah!

THE MOB LEADER:

I say we sweep 'im right out a the State a Vermont!

THE MOB:

YEAH! Out a Vermont!

THE MOB LEADER:

I say we chase 'im up ta the top a Borderline Mountain!!!!

THE MOB:

YE... ’

(The Mob turns silent and pale. They turn to each other and mumble with fear:)

Borderline Mountain???

THE MOB LEADER:

Yes! The TOP a BORDERLINE MOUNTAIN!!!!!

(The Mob starts to giggle with delight. One steps forward:)

A MOB MEMBER:

DO YA MEAN THAT INFAMOUS BORDERLINE MOUNTAIN SHADOWIN' OVAR OUR VALLEY WHICH STARTS TA RISE RIGHT HERE IN SAGE CITY, VERMONT, AN' CLIMBS THE STATE BORDAR °TIL IT PEAKS A FEW FEET INTA NEW YARK IN A BROAD CLIFFED PLATEAU SO STEEP YA CAN STRUGGLE UP TA IT IN FEAR, BUT WHICH YA CAN'T GET DOWN FRUM WITHOUT THE HELP OF AN EXPERIENCED GUIDE WHO is usually unavailable 'cept fer rescues a old town natives?

THE MOB LEADER:

Aiyup.

(Everyone snickers.)

A MOB MEMBER:

Well, if that’s what ya mean fer us ta do...then what are we waitin' fer?

(The Mob gets rowdy. The Mob Leader shakes a rake:)

THE MOB LEADER:

Doctar D! We're comin' ta pay ya a house call!!!

(They exit. When they are gone, Bill emerges from behind the bush where he has been hiding and listening. He has been practicing speaking:)

BILL:

Speak...like people do...me is Bill...Bill: freak...freak not have friends...friends good...Doctar D. make me freak... ughh...D. is bad...D. on mountain...Bill make Doctar D. freak too...

(He too giggles and runs off. Blackout. End of Scene Five. End of Act One. Intermission.)

INTERMISSION

(Act Two. Scene One. July 1. Morning. Inside The Patriarch's Mansion. The Banker, The Undertaker and The Minister sit about a conference table. They all light up cigars and puff heavily in all directions.)

THE BANKER:

Ahhh...there's nothing like a smoke filled room to set the scene for a backroom political meeting.

THE UNDERTAKER:

Shall we then?

THE BANKER:

Would you care to open with a prayer, Minister?

THE MINISTER:

(As The Banker and The Undertaker snap their fingers, The Minister chants the following:)

Dear Lord: we know you are busy—-too busy, in fact, to keep watch on your children here in Sage City. We thank you, Lord, for delivering them unto us, your "elect", if not their elected, for safe guidance. We have been happy, Lord, to help you out-—and help ourselves. The Banker, The Undertaker and I, however, have not prospered much in the past two years since the end of the Civil War; beating swords into plowshares is not a major industry. Ohh, Lord! We’re trying hard to work something out-—if we get some money we might paint the church. Dear Lord, you have turned the other cheek in the past, could you now turneth the other way? And we say:

ALL THREE:

Amen!

THE BANKER:

Standing committee reports, I believe, should come next..

(They play a quick game of musical chairs. The Undertaker is left standing.)

Undertaker? Are you prepared to propose a plan for the Annual Patriarch's Picnic Concession Stand today already?

THE UNDERTAKER:

NO! I want to move right along to new business!

THE MINISTER:

(Standing:)

The agenda...

THE BANKER:

Yes. I'm afraid you're both out of order!

(He gavels them each on the head:)

If you'll please be seated again...

THE UNDERTAKER:

Suspend the rules! I want to talk about last night. This could mean MONEY, man!

THE MINISTER:

Money? That's a point of order, you know.

THE BANKER:

Oh, all right then...if that's the way the majority wants it...

(He gavels.)

Rules suspended for open discussion of Doctor D.

(They all break down and cry. The Banker is hysterical:)

What are we going to do???

THE UNDERTAKER:

Don't take it ALL so personally...I have a lot at stake in this too. My business was up 32,712% while D. was in town!

THE MINISTER:

I had never heard people pray with such conviction before.

THE BANKER:

Praying for convictions is what we ought to do. Minister! If we let those townies get away with what went on last night...we're not going to get the doctor back...and if we don't...that means substantial monetary loss for the three of us!

THE MINISTER & THE UNDERTAKER:

HOW substantial?

THE BANKER:

I'm talking about...about, BANKRUPTCY.

THE UNDERTAKER:

Bankruptcy? We made THAT much of an investment in D.'s proposed pill plant?

THE BANKER:

We made the entire investment——every penny we ever squeezed out of this joint.

THE MINISTER:

How did D. ever talk us into that?

THE BANKER:

WE talked HIM into it. Don't you remember? It was in May: we received an ordinary, routine application for a peddling permit to push pills in a particular portion of June. But instead of regularly reviewing the request——The Undertaker over here thought that...

THE UNDERTAKER:

...we might be able to use this man to our own advantage if we:

(He sings:)

Make a deal

To let him "heal"

All the sickies

In this town.

THE MINISTER:

What do you mean?

THE BANKER:

(Sings: )

Pay him well

If his pills "smell"

And put the takers

Underground.

THE MINISTER:

But that's not right.

ALL THREE:

(Sings:)

Nothing's wrong that helps the town.

Sage City, Vermont, looks too run down.

But if we doctor up the slums

We might get rich by killing the bums.

THE UNDERTAKER:

I'd hear some more.

THE MINISTER:

(Sings:)

Write to D.

That we agree.

He should come here,

Meet us soon.

THE BANKER:

How can we ask?

THE MINISTER:

(Sings:)

If he's smart

He'll play his part.

We'll be partners

By late June.

THE BANKER:

We can't afford!

ALL THREE:

(Sings:)

Nothing’s wrong that helps the town.

Sage City, Vermont, looks too run down.

But if we doctor up the slums

We might get rich by killing the bums.

THE MINISTER:

How does it work?

THE UNDERTAKER:

(Sings:)

D. moves in——

The poor class thins.

I raise my price

On tombstones.

THE BANKER & THE MINISTER:

We do what?

THE UNDERTAKER:

(Sings:)

Pass your plate!

Foreclose estates!

We‘ll get this place

For our own.

THE BANKER & THE MINISTER:

We like the plan!

ALL THREE:

(Sings:)

Nothing's wrong that helps the town.

Sage City, Vermont, looks too run down.

But if we doctor up the slums

We might get rich by killing the bums.

THE UNDERTAKER:

. . .that's what I said two months ago, and everything was going according to plan...

THE BANKER & THE MINISTER:

...until last night!

(They cry.)

THE MINISTER & THE UNDERTAKER:

What are we going to do???

THE BANKER:

Wait! I'll go get the Sheriff; you two stay here and make up some arrest warrants to be filled in later. We‘ll round up last night's mobsters, throw them in jail and then we‘ll rescue Doctor D. and...

THE MINISTER:

No! No. That would be wrong!

THE UNDERTAKER:

Minister, don't turn moral on us now.

THE MINISTER:

Listen: what I practice I also preach! And if we're going to be backhanded...let's at least do it right! If we throw all those people in jail and FORCE D. back on the town, we'll be invested in a plant producing pills people won't pop!

THE BANKER & THE UNDERTAKER:

What ARE we going to do?

THE MINISTER:

My dear, dear friends. Calm yourselves. Only think of the people we're dealing with: their manners are crass, their speech is uneducated, their minds and stomachs are empty...

THE UNDERTAKER:

...but their livers are soused enough! We’re talking about White Trash!

THE MINISTER:

POOR people, in general! But you are essentially correct in the microcosm. If we were in some other state for instance, you'd be calling the same type of people...

THE UNDERTAKER:

...NIGGERS! Well, they almost are anyway! Ha-ha. Those Vermont trash are so dumb they love niggers just like their own! Look at the way they spent all their time the past few, years: voting for Lincoln, organizing underground railroads, sending a higher percentage of men than any other state to fight with the Union Army…

THE BANKER:

What was wrong with the army?

THE UNDERTAKER

It killed half of the state's labor force...and they were all buried DOWN SOUTH in Arlington!

(The Minister takes The Banker's gavel and bangs it:)

THE MINISTER:

Listen to me!! If we didn't quarrel among ourselves, the answer to our problems would be obvious: poor, poor people, scum all over the world, the trash here in Sage City are really just like children. It's easy to win their sympathy. A fancy argument, an entertaining joke——and you've won them over. They’re easy enough to control, we’ve done it for years...things just got a little out of hand last night. All we have to do is find a popular reason to NEED the Doctor D. in town again——and the very same group that ran him out will flock to cheer him back. Everything will happen the same as we planned. You'll see...

THE UNDERTAKER:

AMEN! Banker, where DID they chase D. to last night?

THE MINISTER:

Oh, yes? Where, Banker?

THE BANKER:

Well, um...where did they chase D. to last night...where did they chase D. to...

THE UNDERTAKER:

Yes. Where did they chase D. to last night?

THE BANKER:

...well...um...over into New York State...

THE MINISTER:

Where in New York?

THE BANKER:

...where in New York State...well...a...to the top of Borderline Mountain.

THE MINISTER & THE UNDERTAKER:

BORDERLINE MOUNTAIN?????

THE BANKER:

Everything IS ruined! Ohhh! How can we get him back if he's up on the top of Borderline Mountain?

THE MINISTER:

(Looking to the heavens for the first time:)

Lord, help us...wait a minute!

(To the other two:)

Our old patsy, the Town Herald, happens to be the only old-timer left who knows the secret path down off the top of the plateau...isn't that right?

THE BANKER:

Why, yes!

THE UNDERTAKER:

You're right!

THE MINISTER:

Let's call the Town Herald in:

(They whistle, like for a dog, out the window.)

ALL THREE:

Come inside here a minute

THE TOWN HERALD OFF STAGE:

SAY WHAT?

ALL THREE:

Come in here!

THE MINISTER:

We’ll tell him this...

(They form a huddle, whisper, and laugh. The door starts to open as if someone is entering. Blackout. End of Scene One.)

(Scene Two. That afternoon. The Town Green. In front of the Patriarch's Mansion where the previous scene just took place inside. The Town Herald comes from out of the mansion and walks over to the green:)

TOWN HERALD:

Town Herald: do this! Town Herald’s gotta do that...pain in the ass it is! If it weren't a job I wouldn't climb no mountain ta delivar no message fer nothin', I wouldn't. Dates an’ information I gotta remembar when it's a hot day ta be bettar watchin’ the dippars at Ticklenaked Pond... pain in the ass! I don't like it. Sendin' me right off, no time ta prepare an announcement or document, an' I gotta remember all this straight...

(He figures to himself.)

...mention amnesty I ain‘t got no details 'bout ta some Doc who's sittin' way up on a mountain top like a monk...ain’t nobody in town likes 'im nomore anyway! "How cum?“ I asks 'em--an' they mumbles 'bout doin' somethin' nice fer the Fourth a July in three days...like when President Andrew "Jackass" Johnson forgave the damned rebels two years ‘go... which I ain't liked then an' which don't make me like what’s goin' on now! "But it's yer job", they tells me, “What ya gets paid fer"...paid next ta nothin' fer! I don't like it, pain in the ass it is an' this July first hot as a moose in Mexico! An' they'll be wantin' me ta go back up ‘gain aftar I'd sounded D. out an' they's got their details decided...don't know why I do it...ain’t no gratitude! Don't know what the hell ta say ta 'im first thing when I meets 'im up there...an' I sure don't like havin' ta cross ovar inta New Yark!

(Crossfade to a platformed area defined by a dotted line with "VT." printed on one side and "N.Y." painted on the raised portion, Doctor D. is sitting on the top of Borderline Mountain in the late afternoon. His wagon is damaged, and one wheel is off the axle and propped against a boulder. Doctor D.'s clothes are disheveled. He sits dejected. There is a steady jazz beat on a cymbal.)

DOCTOR D:

(Sings in talking blues style:)

Sittin' on this mountain top is just no good.

I don't get shade and I don't have food.

I can‘t get down or you know I would.

Sittin' on this mountain's not much livelihood.

Well, I'm sad.

I feel bad.

On the rag.

Oh, yeah.

I got a wagon load of pills that I can’t sell,

No one to buy, even if I yell:

Hey, pills? You want pills?

I got pills! Any takers? Nope.

Well, I'm mad.

I feel had.

On the rag.

Oh, yeah.

Well, I sit up here without much but hope

And the chance of change seems far remote.

The patriarchs are gonna cut my throat.

Till some escape comes by I‘ll have to sit and cope.

On the rag.

On the rag.

On the rag.

Oh, yeah.

(As Doctor D. puts his head down into his lap, the Town Herald makes a subtle entrance from his secret path: he rides a tricycle through the waterfall which is on part of the mountain top:)

TOWN HERALD:

Pain in the ass New Yark mountain! Whoa boy. My butt is so bounced I can't evan ride this horse no more!

(He parks his tricycle/horse and picks up his gear sack.)

Mebbe the doctar'd have a salve sos I could sit down 'gain... bettar be some relief in this fer me. I'll asks 'im aftar we been talkin' a spell an' he's in a hopeful mood. Start out just makin' casual conversation like I was just passin' through actin’ real natural like...

(He spots Doctor D:) \_

Goddamn, there's the bastard now! Sure looks on the rag.

(He casually strolls over to Doctor D:)

What's up, doc?

(Doctor D. is at first stunned to find another person on the mountain, but when he sees that it's just another townie, he acts cynical.)

DOCTOR D:

What's up? The sky.

TOWN HERALD:

Aiyup? Guess so...think it’s gonna rain?

DOCTOR D:

What do YOU think?

TOWN HERALD:

Mebbe. But then mebbe not.

DOCTOR D:

That's right.

(Pause.)

Who are you anyway? What are you doing up here?

TOWN HERALD:

Me? Oh, I'ms just an old scout comes up ta see the view... thought it might be coolar up here.

DOCTOR D:

It's hot. There‘s no shade.

TOWN HERALD:

Want a drink?

(The Town Herald takes a flask from his gear sack and hands it to Doctor D. who drains it empty.)

DOCTOR D:

Thanks, Old Scout! Got any more of that?

TOWN HERALD:

Ya just drained all my pre-holiday spirit! Won’t get more drink myself 'til the Independence Day toasts!

DOCTOR D:

What else do you have in that bag?

(He goes through the Town Herald’s gear.)

TOWN HERALD:

Leave my gear 'lone...ain't too familiar!

DOCTOR D:

Look, I’m destitute, old man! what else is there in here for me?

TOWN HERALD:

Nothin'!

DOCTOR D:

What’s this?

(He pulls a bell out of the sack. He rings it. The Town Herald grabs it back and puts it away.)

What ARE you, some retired school teacher out on a field trip vacation?

TOWN HERALD:

Ain't nothin' no more! ‘cept an old fool ‘bout ta QUIT 'is job who came up here fer nothin' much but the view... an' it’s hazy, sos I'm leavin'!

DOCTOR D:

Not just yet!

(He stops the Town Herald:)

I’ve got some questions to ask you...something peculiar is going on here and I want to know exactly what it is... sit down.

(The Town Herald remains standing:)

I said sit down

(The Town Herald stands, uncomfortably, rubbing his rear:)

Don't try my patience old man! I‘m not telling you again: SIT DOWN!

TOWN HERALD:

Pain in the ass...

(He sits down but jumps right up again:)

Yow!! Damn ya ta hell's hole, doctar! I got a raw ass frum ridin‘ this rock ta help ya, least ya could do was give me a salve fer the pain ya gives me here!

(Doctor D. kicks him over.)

DOCTOR D:

How‘d you know I'm a doctor? What can you do to help me?

TOWN HERALD:

THE SALVE?

(Doctor D. gets a tube from the wagon and hands it to the Town Herald. The Town Herald slips his hands into the back of his pants and massages in some salve. He finally sits down with the care of someone settling into a hot bath:)

Ohhh! Ahhh! Feels good as a beavar in a bath. Ahhh...good feelin' ass. Aiyup. Thank ya, doctar.

DOCTOR D:

You talk like a Vermonter. You must be from Sage City...

TOWN HERALD:

I'm the Town Herald an' I comes with news fer ya frum the Ministar, the Bankar, an' the Undertaker.

DOCTOR D:

(Aside:)

Ha—ha! I knew the Town Patriarchs would pull me through as soon as things cooled off back in town.

(To the Town Herald:)

Okay, let's go.

TOWN HERALD:

Where we goin'?

DOCTOR D:

Well, you came up here to take me off of this mountain and back into Sage City...didn't you?

TOWN HERALD:

Ain't been told nothin' like that.

DOCTOR D:

What then?

TOWN HERALD:

Got a message ta delivar:

(He rings his bell and assumes the posture and projection of a professional herald:)

Hear ye, hear ye! "Whereas, The Sage City Town Patriarchs feel that one Doctar D. Daniels..."...that’s you..."...has rendered some valuable services ta the town despite an occasional..." ...Ha-ha..."...mistake, an' whereas, today is...“...hot as hell ..."...July the first, an' whereas, Independence Day is just three days off, an’ whereas, President Andrew..."...Jackass!..." ...Johnson set a national precedent by grantin' amnesty ta SLIMY confederates..."...excuse me..."...two years ago...“

DOCTOR D:

Yes? Yes?

TOWN HERALD:

"Whereas, all that..." an' lots a othar stuff too borin‘ ta remembar, the chance of an earned re—entry pardon is in the air fer ya...but I ain’t got no details yet.

DOCTOR D:

That’s it?

TOWN HERALD:

Aiyup. All they told me ta say...be back up day aftar tommorrow, the third, ta let ya know what they decides. Be seein’ ya...

DOCTOR D:

Wait a minute! You know a secret path to come up and down this mountain whenever you want? You’re not leaving without me! I'm following you now!!!

TOWN HERALD:

WATCH OUT: A toad’s 'bout ta pee on yer leg!

(Doctor D. turns, looks down and looks again. Meanwhile, the Town Herald has quickly exited through the waterfall with his sack and tricycle/horse. By the time Doctor D. realizes that he's been had, the Town Herald is already out of sight. Doctor D. is dumbfounded:)

DOCTOR D:

Town Herald? Where? Bring some drink up with you next time wherever you went!

(Nurse Molly pops up from behind the boulder where she has been hiding all this time. She too is disheveled and dirty, but nonetheless, she is as righteous as ever:)

NURSE MOLLY:

I heard it all! Every word both of you said! I was right behind that rock the whole time!

DOCTOR D:

This is a pretty busy mountain top for a plateau that's supposed to be inaccessible...Hello Nurse Molly! Did you come up here out of the kindness of your do—gooder heart to bring me some humanitarian cookies and Cool—Aid?

NURSE MOLLY:

I left Vermont on PRINCIPAL yesterday morning because you were being listened to a lot more than I was. The storm started just as I crossed into New York, and I got lost and wandered up here looking for shelter...Now I can't get down. But what are YOU doing out of Sage City?

DOCTOR D:

You should have stuck it out a few more hours...right after you left, Billll: "The Freak—Child" got excited and hugged Sarah—Margaret to death. The townspeople, for some misguided reason, blamed it all on me and chased me up here to vent their...

NURSE MOLLY:

Oh, poor-baby—Bill...it MUST have been your fault! It's all your fault...everything that’s been going on in that town! If they‘d only listened to me...and now those hot—shots are plotting to bring you back again somehow??? Who's interest is that in? The common people who drove you out? You might fool most of the people part of the time... but you can’t talk too fast for me———I went to college!

DOCTOR D:

Go step on an ant and heal it! You’ve got to be the most annoying person I've ever met...I'd teach you some tact if you weren't always in my way.

NURSE MOLLY:

I've already learned everything I need to know, thank you. You're the one who's been in my way...the natives finally got smart. I bet they'd ask me back now if they knew I was up here.

DOCTOR D:

You’re still a fool if you think so. No one would pay you anymore attention if you did get back.

NURSE MOLLY:

Well, I'm just going to sit here and wait for the Town Herald to arrive the day after tomorrow. I'm going to talk to him first and explain EVERYTHING...and don't try and stop me! I'm determined!

DOCTOR D:

Be my guest. Nothing YOU can do is any threat to me or my chances for an amnesty. You'll see...I’m going inside the wagon to take a nap.

(He starts for the wagon.)

NURSE MOLLY:

Wait a minute...where ARE you from, anyway?

DOCTOR D:

NEW JERSEY!!! Shh! Now good night!

(He exits into the back of the wagon, yawning. Molly sits:)

NURSE MOLLY:

New Jersey? I knew it! I might not be a Vermonter, but he's not even a New England Yankee like I am. Wait until I tell the Town Herald...EVERYTHING is going to be different!

(Doctor D. howls with laughter from inside the wagon. Blackout. End of Scene Two.)

(Scene Three. July 2. Noon. The Town Green. Back in Sage City. The Town Herald and The Minister stand in front of the Patriarch's Mansion. The Town Herald holds his bell at his side. The Minister is whispering final instructions into the herald's ear:)

THE MINISTER:

(As patronizing as he can be:)

Remember well, my son...

TOWN HERALD:

Hell, Ministar. I'm twice yer age.

THE MINISTER:

Excuse me, Town Herald.

TOWN HERALD:

Ministar, now that we’re all on such good terms...how's 'bout givin' me some a that "holy" wine a yer's ta quench my summar thirst? The doctar might want some too...ain't no shade up on Borderline.

THE MINISTER:

Whatever you think best, Town Herald.

(He hands over an expensive flask. The Town Herald takes a swig.)

You're a man who knows the people.

TOWN HERALD:

I'm sure glad you an' the Bankar an' the Undertakar decided ta take me inta yer confidence. I used ta think ya was only bossin' me an' the people in town all the time, an' was just talkin' amnesty ta Doctar D. fer selfish reasons... if I'd only known earlier why it was so important ta have the doctar 'round here 'gain——I'd a been more respectful ta the good man when I was up ta see 'im yesterday.

THE MINISTER:

Well, I'm sure that when you explain the WHOLE situation to him tomorrow, he'll be most understanding and eager to co-operate.

TOWN HERALD:

It's sure reassurin' ta find out that the patriarch's a the town are so selfless an' charity minded...ya shouldn’t keep yer motives so private, people misunderstand.

THE MINISTER:

That's sound advice, Town Herald. You've got some wisdom with your age and that's why we decided to let you in on our meeting today and announce our decision to the townspeople.

TOWN HERALD:

Ain't nothin', Ministar. Comes natural.

THE MINISTER:

Yes...you're the man to reveal the plan to the citizens of Sage City. Go out to that green, raise a crowd, clear your throat, and tell them all about...

TOWN HERALD:

BASEBALL BILL!

(The Minister laughs, slaps him on the back and exits into the mansion. The Town Herald moves into the green and starts ringing his bell:)

Town announcement! Hear ye! Hear ye! Town announcement!

(The Crowd gathers in the Town Green.)

CROWD MEMBER:

What fer, ya old fart?

CROWD MEMBER:

Tell it quick or tell it alone!

TOWN HERALD:

(After clearing his throat he postures and projects:)

"Whereas, Sarah—Margaret's boy, Bill..."

CROWD MEMBER:

The "Freak-Child".

TOWN HERALD:

"...has been left abandoned these past three days to roam

the woods in an insane stupor...“

CROWD MEMBER:

How cum he only talks so good when he makes an announcement?

TOWN HERALD:

"...and whereas, small orphan children..."

CROWD MEMBER:

Small? Bill’s bigger ‘an I am!

TOWN HERALD:

"...are usually adopted as wards of the community..."

CROWD MEMBER:

Beginnin’ ta sound like a collection!

TOWN HERALD:

"...and, whereas, the town is usually responsible for keeping younguns active during the summer months..."

CROWD MEMBER:

Let 'em pick berries!

TOWN HERALD:

"...and, whereas..."

CROWD MEMBER:

Get ta the point!!!

TOWN HERALD:

"...the town patriarchs are asking Doctor D. to find Bill, cure him of his mental sickness, and bring him back to Sage City where they'll both be welcomed back by all!"

CROWD MEMBER:

Ya bring D. offa that mountain, an' we'll stick you someplace!

CROWD MEMBER:

Ain't nothin' D. can do ta be welcomed back here 'gain!

CROWD MEMBER:

We don’t need neither! Leave Bill 'lone an’ crazy, I say. What'd we need 'im here for if'n he's sane or not?

THE CROWD:

YEAH?

(The Town Herald rings his bell.)

TOWN HERALD:

We need 'im ta play left field fer The Sage City Pee—Wee Baseball Team!!!!!

CROWD MEMBER:

Say what? He ain't no pee-wee! Bill's three feet too big ta play with them!

TOWN HERALD:

League rules say only that playars have ta be undar nine years old...an' Bill was born just three days ‘go. Rules don't say NOTHIN' 'bout size!! He'd be legal!

THE CROWD:

He‘d be incredible!!!!!!!!

TOWN HERALD:

He'd be BASEBALL BILL!

THE CROWD:

Hurray! Baseball Bill!! Hurray!

TOWN HERALD:

(Sings:)

Can you imagine goin'

Ta the Pee—Wee game on Sunday--

An' seein' Bill in left field:

Six feet tall?

THE CROWD:

Six feet tall?

TOWN HERALD:

(Sings:)

Can ya imagine watchin' 'im

When he comes ta the plate?

Each time he swings

They're gonna lose the ball!

THE CROWD:

Lose the ball?

TOWN HERALD & THE CROWD:

(Sings:)

Baseball Bill will be the all—star frum the hills.

We won't call 'im "The Freak-Child" anymore.

If the doctar gets 'im inta shape he’ll rookie on the fourth.

They‘ll be honored at our holiday galore!

TOWN HERALD:

(Sings:)

Can't ya see 'im jump catchin’

A long fly at the fence-—

An’ then pickin' off a runnar

At home plate?

THE CROWD:

At home plate?

TOWN HERALD:

(Sings:)

Can't ya believe this is our chance

Ta get this town in shape?

Our Bill is gonna be

A baseball great!

THE CROWD:

Baseball great!

TOWN HERALD & THE CROWD:

(Sings:)

Baseball Bill will be the all—star from the hills.

We won't call ‘im "The Freak-Child" anymore.

If the dootar gets 'im inta shape he'll rookie on the fourth.

They'll be honored at our holiday galore!

TOWN HERALD:

(Sings:)

Could ya have a thought a hero

Could be named ahead a time?

The boy's still roamin' lost,

Wild, sick, insane.

THE CROWD:

Sick? Insane?

TOWN HERALD:

(Sings:)

But Doctar D. will fix 'im up

There's magic in 'is pills.

He'll make the boy a man

Ta fit 'is fame!

THE CROWD:

Fit his fame!

TOWN HERALD & THE CROWD:

(Sings:)

Baseball Bill will be the all—star frum the hills.

We won't call 'im "The Freak—Child” anymore.

If the doctar gets 'im inta shape he'll rookie on the fourth.

They’ll be honored at our holiday galore!

(Everyone cheers and celebrates. Fadeout. End of Scene Three.)

(Scene Four. July 3. Morning. Back on the top of Borderline Mountain, New York. Molly is still sitting and waiting for the Town Herald to return. Doctor D. is inside the wagon. The Town Herald enters, unseen, through the waterfall on his "horse". A pillow is tied over his rear end:)

TOWN HERALD:

Doctar! Doctar!

(To the tricycle:)

Down boy! I warned ya last time!

(Nurse Molly stands in his way:)

Nurse Molly???

(Aside:)

Gettin' pretty crowded up here fer an inaccessible mountain top...

NURSE MOLLY:

The doctor’s not here.

TOWN HERALD:

WHAT?

NURSE MOLLY:

Can I help you?

TOWN HERALD:

Where is he?

NURSE MOLLY:

Resting in his wagon.

TOWN HERALD:

Phew! That's all...I have ta speak ta 'im.

NURSE MOLLY:

No! You mustn't!

TOWN HERALD:

Why the hell not?

NURSE MOLLY:

Because...it would unbalance the equilibrium of his nocturnal regeneration cycle.

TOWN HERALD:

Oh...that sounds serious...but I NEED ta talk ta 'im right away...

NURSE MOLLY:

Why don't we let him rest for just a little while longer? Hmmm? Meanwhile, let’s see if I can help you with whatever is the problem...Now, why do you have that pillow tied around you?

(She starts to examine.)

TOWN HERALD:

Get yer hands offa my ass, woman! Ain't ya got no sense then ta grab at a man's ass ”less he grabs at yers first? It's embarrassin' an' unbecomin'!

NURSE MOLLY:

I was just trying to help. The examination would have been strictly professional.

TOWN HERALD:

Ain’t gonna be no examination...ain't nothin' wrong with my ass ‘cept the pain yer puttin' in it! The Doctar D. gave me a salve the othar day an' I's just been wearin‘ this ta make the ride a bit smoothar.

(He pulls off the pillow and throws it down.)

Now, outta my way! I gotta speak with the doctar.

NURSE MOLLY:

He's a dangerous QUACK! He killed Sarah—Margaret, and Em and Zeb, and the Poor Man and The Poor Cousins and...

TOWN HERALD:

Ya's talkin’ nonsense...but doesn't mattar if’n he did or not! We all NEED ‘im back in town.

NURSE MOLLY:

You mean the hot—shots want him back for some secret selfish reason of their own!

TOWN HERALD:

Ya fool woman! Ain’t no secrets! They only suggests what's in the best interest a the whole town...and we ALL agreed ta that yesterday.

NURSE MOLLY:

Simpletons! How can you all be so easily led from the truth?

TOWN HERALD:

Who ya callin' simple, nursie? I ain't too simple ta have a mind ta knock ya one up the side a yer head!

NURSE MOLLY:

Did you know that Doctor D. comes from NEW JERSEY!!! He's not even a New England Yankee from Connecticut like I am!

TOWN HERALD:

Ha—ha! Yankee? Ha! Ya'd be nothin' but a foreignar even if ya was raised in Montpelier! Doesn't mattar where D.'s frum——HE can help us.

NURSE MOLLY:

What did they tell you that D. can do that I can't do better?

TOWN HERALD:

Ya know anythin' 'bout the game a baseball?

NURSE MOLLY:

Sure I do...I used to watch the soldiers hit touchdowns all the time...but what's that got to do with healing the sick?

TOWN HERALD:

Go away ya educated bore!

NURSE MOLLY:

You've GOT to show me the way back down to Sage City too! You just can't take him back and leave me up here all alone!

TOWN HERALD:

Ya left on yer own 'cause ya didn't get yer own way. Ya got yer own self up here, an' now ya insults me. Well, I ain't leadin' ya no where less'n ya apologizes fer the way ya been behavin', an' the things ya been sayin’ evar since ya came ta Sage City. An act a contrition is what I wants!

NURSE MOLLY:

Never! I won't ever apologize for telling the truth!

TOWN HERALD:

Well, then ya got 'til tommorrow mornin' ta change yer mind... else ya can stay up here an' preach all ya wants ta the rocks. Afternoon.

(He pushes past Nurse Molly and bangs on the wagon:)

Quit yer snorin’ Mr. Doctar D. I got ya some news an' I got some wine frum the Ministar too. I'm comin' in so’s we can guzzle a little an' celebrate the news early!

(He enters the wagon. Once he's inside, Nurse Molly sneaks over to the side of the wagon and eavesdrops. She is outraged by the whispering inside. She finally gets so upset, she gathers all her stuff together and prepares to leave.)

NURSE MOLLY:

That's it! I give up! Let them call me "city—slicker" and “do-gooder" and "foreigner"...let them be exploited by their own Town Patriarchs and killed off by D.'s pills...I don‘t care! I could help them all-—but if I’m not going to get any thanks, then I might as well go off to some other part of this mountain top and sit there until I die!!!!! Isn't I anybody going to ask me to stay? ANYBODY?????

(She goes off, crying. The wagon rocks with laughter and drunkenness. Doctor D. and the Town Herald finally stumble out of the wagon in the best of spirits. Doctor D. has regained his old form.)

DOCTOR D:

Oh, certainly. I understand, Town Herald. I understand. It seems only fair. I do understand that there might be some misguided skeptics in Sage City who want to see a little sign of good faith from me before they let me back. Well, that's all right. I don't mind the conditions at all. That's perfectly all right.

TOWN HERALD:

The Town Patriarchs said ya’d see the reason...come ta think a it...ya look like a sports fan.

DOCTOR D:

ALL I have to do is find this "Freak—Child"...

TOWN HERALD:

NO! He's BASEBALL Bill now.

DOCTOR D:

That’s right! Left fielder...I find "Baseball" Bill roaming somewhere insane in these mountains and cure his infirmities by daybreak tommorrow, and you‘ll return to lead both of us down this mountain in time to join in the Sage City Fourth of July Day Parade?

TOWN HERALD:

Aiyup. I'll just hitch yer wagon onta my horse an' lead both a ya down my secret path ta a hero's welcome in Vermont.

DOCTOR D:

(First giggles to himself. Then he gets another idea:)

The wagon? Well, the old cart looks a little bit too dilapidated if Bill and I are going to lead the parade... Why don't you raise that end, my friend, and put this wheel back on the axle? Stay up here a few extra hours and help me get this wagon looking like it belongs in a parade and I’ll give you some more of that salve to make your remaining trip up here a nice, comfortable, easy one. Okay?

(Doctor D. goes into the wagon and comes back with salve and an umbrella. He gives the salve to the Town Herald, opens the umbrella, and lies down to take a nap. )

TOWN HERALD:

Pain in the ass...all right...at least ‘til the wine runs out...

(The Town Herald goes to work and fixes the wheel. He decorates the wagon with crepe paper before he drains the flask and rides off on his "horse". Doctor D. snores. There is no blackout. End of Scene Four.)

(Scene Five. Which follows immediately on Scene Four with no apparent break. Doctor D. is still snoring under the umbrella.)

DOCTOR D:

(Talking in his sleep between snores:)

Time lapse. Scene Five

(He continues to snore. The lights dim. It is now late evening. Doctor D. suddenly slaps a mosquito off his nose and wakes abruptly:)

Hun? Ow...Town Herald? where did he go?

(He opens his eyes and sits up. He closes the umbrella:)

Is it night time already?

(He goes into the wagon for a kerosene lamp. When he comes out, he examines the decorated and repaired wagon:)

Ha—ha. That fool decorated the entire wagon while he let me nap..."Baseball" Bill—ha-ha...I knew those patriarchs would come up with a clever scheme to set the whole deal straight again. Throw those suckers a curve they worship, and meanwhile we'll be getting back into the pill business as easy as a concession stand! Ha—ha! Who cares? I DO! Ha—ha-ha! Hundreds of pills left to sell!

(He straightens up anything left around the wagon. Night noises sneak in. It gets darker.)

Well, I guess there's only one last little detail left to take care of...finding the freak—kid...he might not even be near this mountain...how to find him...that shouldn't be too hard for me to figure out...I can only do it if I understand his own deranged thought processes and attract him to me...think like Bill...think like Bill...

(He physically assumes the situations he names:)

Born a "Freak—Child" three days ago...antagonized by The Mid—Wife while still newborn...unaware of his own brute strength, and murderer of his own mother...orphaned an hour after his strange birth...outcast, bruised and battered as he roamed through fields and forests looking for love... caught unsheltered in a violent thunderstorm and driven insane by the downpour...Bill: left alone to wander three days towards who knows what purpose. I need you Bill...I've got to find you tonight...Come to Doctor D...

(He tries to conjure Bill's presence:)

Come to Doctor D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.

Come to Doctor D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.

Come to Doctor D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.

Come to Doctor D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.

PLEASE, come to Doctor D?

(Bill runs out onto the stage. He is insane with passion. He attacks Doctor D:)

BILL:

D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.D.!!!!!!!!GRAAAAHHHH!!!!

DOCTOR D:

Aaahhh!

(Bill is about to hit him in the head:)

How are you, my boy?

BILL:

Me: freak...you make Bill freak...freak have no friends... Friends: good...D. is bad...Bill make Doctar D. freak too...

DOCTOR D:

But I’ll be your friend, Bill.

BILL:

Doctar D. make bad friend...

DOCTOR D:

No, no. I want to help you, Bill.

BILL:

What is help?

DOCTOR D:

Help is good.

BILL:

Help is good?

DOCTOR D:

Help is teaching you how to talk good.

BILL:

Bill already talk good! Doctar D. no help Bill!

DOCTOR D:

Help is teaching you how to play baseball!

BILL:

Baseball? Baseball good?

DOCTOR D:

Baseball will make everyone in town like you, Bill.

BILL:

Everyone in town call Bill freak!

DOCTOR D:

Not anymore. They call you "Baseball Bill" now. Everyone in town wants to be your friend.

(Bill releases Doctor D:)

BILL:

Friend? Friends: good. Baseball: good. "Baseball Bill" good name! Yes?

DOCTOR D:

Yes, Bill. Everyone in town will be your good friend. But first you have to come with me. I have to help you get ready so you can go back to town...

(He tries leading Bill to the wagon.)

BILL:

NO! Bill not trust D. Doctar D. make Bill freak! Bill go to town an' play baseball now!

(Bill starts to leave. Doctor D. blocks his way.)

DOCTOR D:

NO! You can't leave now, you'll ruin everything! I need to operate on you first.

(Bill pushes D. aside.)

BILL:

GRAAAAHHHH!!!!! Baseball NOW!

DOCTOR D:

(Aside:)

I was afraid I'd have to hypnotize him...

(Doctor D. picks up a rock and moves it back and forth in front of Bill's eyes:)

Bill, look! A BASEBALL!

BILL:

Baseball?

DOCTOR D:

In my hand. A baseball.

BILL:

BASEBALL! Baseball, NOW!

DOCTOR D:

Not now, Bill. You have to keep your eye on the ball, THEN it will come to you.

BILL:

…Baseball...

DOCTOR D:

Calm down, Bill. Watch the baseball in my hand.

BILL:

...baseball...baseball...

DOCTOR D:

You're getting very tired now, Bill.

BILL:

...baseball...baseball...

DOCTOR D:

That's a good boy. You're getting very sleepy. That's it Bill, calm down and close your eyes. That's it. Good boy, Bill. Now here comes the baseball, just like I promised... (He hits Bill over the head with the rock and knocks him out.)

Ha-ha! That should keep him under “sedation" for a while. Everything is working out perfectly! Five minutes before midnight...five hours before daybreak...PLENTY of time to operate before the Town Herald comes back. Ha-ha!

(Doctor D. puts down his lamp and stretches Bill out. He goes into the wagon and comes back with a tool box. He puts on a pair of rubber gloves. He has a saw and a level and a screwdriver. He has bottles and boxes. He begins to "operate":)

(He sings:)

Swallow these pills!

And drink this brew!

I’ll show them all

What D. can do!

My magic potions

Will do the trick.

Give me an hour.

He won't stay sick.

Bill will be in my command.

He'll only do what I demand.

He won't remember anything

That happened to him earlier.

I squeeze his brain,

Massage his heart.

I'll sure make sure

He won't be smart.

He'll be a "nice" boy

Without much need.

He just won't think much.

He just won't read.

Bill will be in my command.

He'll only do what I demand.

He won’t remember anything

That happened to him earlier.

I now prescribe

The final touch:

Cut out his "will"

From out his gut.

That should have done it.

I'll let him rest.

I think this doctor

Has had success.

Bill will be in my command.

He'll only do what I demand.

He won’t remember anything

That happened to him earlier.

(Doctor D. cleans up after the operation. He examines his patient.)

Ahh—ha. Everything seems perfect. Plenty of time to wait and see just how co-operative Bill is going to be...

(He waits. He checks his watch. He waits.)

He's starting to come out of it! Wake up, Bill.

BILL:

...yaaaahhh...

DOCTOR D:

Wake up, Bill...Bill, wake up...

BILL:

...YAAAAHHH...

DOCTOR D:

That‘s it, Bill. Wake up! Open your eyes! It's a new day! It's a good day! Doctor D. is here to show you the way!

(Bill spits up at Doctor D. He is weak, but he sits up in anger:)

BILL:

Doctar D. bad friend...hurt Baseball Bill...not let me play... make Bill stay freak...

(Bill collapses and falls back unconscious.)

DOCTOR D:

It didn’t work, he remembers everything! The operation was a failure. Failure! FAILURE? The Town Herald won't take me down off the mountain! I can't get back into town! The patriarchs set up an easy scheme to get me back into Sage City...and I‘ve failed it! Failure! FAILURE!

BILL:

...yaaaahhh...

DOCTOR D:

SHUT UP YOU FREAK! I can’t think with you around...I've got to go off somewhere and think away from this mutant albatross...maybe I can make some sort of deal with the Town Herald when he comes back...he could...if I could... I...he...money...

(Doctor D. exits to some other part of the mountain top. He has left his lamp behind. Bill starts to come to again:)

BILL:

... yaaaahhh... Yaaaahhh... YAAAAHHH... Doctar D. call me freak... people in town call me freak... Nurse Molly call me freak... Mid-Wife call me freak... freak have no friends... friends: good... NO... Nurse Molly not call me freak... Nurse Molly only one not to call me freak...Molly is good...Molly is friend...MOLLY...MOLLY...MOLLY...

(Nurse Molly pops up from behind a boulder:)

NURSE MOLLY:

Did someone ask me to stay?????

BILL:

MOLLY!

NURSE MOLLY:

Someone IS calling my name!!!!!

BILL:

MOLLY!

(Nurse Molly runs over and discovers Bill.)

NURSE MOLLY:

Why, it's Bill.

BILL:

...molly...

(He passes out again.)

NURSE MOLLY:

Don't pass out, Bill...I can help you! I overheard the Town Herald and Doctor D. talking in the wagon this afternoon, and you have a chance to make good, Bill...provided that you don‘t fall under D.'s bad influence. They WANT you back in town, Bill; THE PEOPLE! Bill?

(She goes off for a moment and comes back with her medical bag. Nurse Molly scientifically administers to Bill. She injects him with a needle, takes his temperature and listens to his heart-beat. She neatens him up and puts a smock-shirt on Bill.)

(She sings:)

Bill, I'm here to heal you

And stop your being awkward.

To make you nice and normal

You can't stay like a retard.

The folks back in your home town

Expect a baseball hero.

You can’t remain The “Freak-Child”

They want you to be virile.

You were born of a poor people

Who are proud but need a leader!

You can show them a bright future,

You can be "The New Vermonter"!

Baseball can make you well-known

And fame can keep you honest.

But only if you're clever

Can you bring people progress.

So, if I make you better

I'll ask you for a favor:

Once you've checked the daily standings--

Read the front page of the paper!

You were born of a poor people

Who are proud but need a leader!

You can show them a bright future,

You can be "The New Vermonter"!

(She finishes her healing.)

You're looking much better now, Bill.

(He comes out of his coma.)

BILL:

I feel much bettar, Molly. Thank ya.

NURSE MOLLY:

BILL! You can talk!

BILL:

I could talk b‘fore.

NURSE MOLLY:

But not in complete sentences! You're cured

(Bill realizes that his hair is neat and that he is wearing a shirt, both for the first time in his life.)

BILL:

Ya helped me grow up, Molly. I feel like a new man!

NURSE MOLLY:

You're acting like you aged twenty five years in the past hour. Are you sure you feel all right?

BILL:

Mebbe ya should give me a check—up?

(Nurse Molly blushes and hesitates.)

What's wrong?

NURSE MOLLY:

When I tried to give the Town Herald an examination, he told me that it was embarrassing and unbecoming for Vermonters if a woman touched a man first.

(Bill gooses Nurse Molly. She smiles.)

BILL:

Now you slap MY ass, Molly! Ya already did once when I was born!

NURSE MOLLY:

I can't...

BILL:

Ferget yer prissy upbringin', Molly, an' slap my ass!

(She does. Bill is delighted. Nurse Molly flings her nurse's cap off with wild abandon. She lets down her hair. They kiss. Bill rolls on top of Nurse Molly. The stage immediately grows lighter. It is the sun rise.)

NURSE MOLLY:

Bill! It's getting light out!

BILL:

So what? Thar's no one 'round ta see us!

(He tries to keep Nurse Molly down but she insists on standing up:)

NURSE MOLLY:

But the Town Herald is coming here this morning to lead you and Doctor D. down into Sage City's Fourth of July Day Parade. You’re supposed to play your first baseball game this very afternoon.

BILL:

Ya can come back ta town with me, Molly. Watch me at the plate. I'll hit a home-run fer ya.

NURSE MOLLY:

But the Town Herald WON°T take me back unless I repent for all the work I tried to do in the past month. I'm ready to admit that I've lacked some sensitivity to rural life—styles...

(She slaps Bill's rear:)

...but I’ll never say I'm sorry for trying to do good!

BILL:

Just give 'im one more chance ta like ya, Molly.

NURSE MOLLY:

All right...but if he still won't take me back?

BILL:

Then I’ll stay here with ya.

NURSE MOLLY:

But I can't let you do that! Even though the patriarchs only arranged to bring you back as a cover to get Doctor D. selling pills in town again--you've got a chance to make use of the situation they've created and becomes a GENUINE hero for the poor people back in Vermont. They need a leader to show them the future, Bill. You can be: "The New Vermonter"!

BILL:

"The New Vermonter"...but I just can't leave ya here if the Town Herald says no, Molly. I need ya ta teach me 'bout politics an' new ideas. I can't do it alone...

NURSE MOLLY:

Oh, Bill!

(They are about to kiss:)

I've got an idea!

(She whispers a plan to Bill. They agree and finally kiss. The stage grows brighter. we can hear the Town Herald struggling with his "horse" from off stage.)

That’s the Town Herald on his way now! I've got to hide!

BILL:

Stay just another second?

NURSE MOLLY:

Only long enough for you to give your Molly a big hug.

(He stares at her in horror, remembering what happened to his mother.)

It’s all right...you know your own strength now.

(Bill hugs Molly ever—so—gently. Molly kisses him.)

Remember what I told you!

(Nurse Molly hides behind a boulder. Bill sits attentively on the rear platform of Doctor D.'s wagon. The Town Herald rides his "horse" through the waterfall, it too is patriotically decorated for Independence Day. He carries a green and gold baseball cap, sunglasses, a softball and a pencil and contract.)

TOWN HERALD:

Whoa. boy! Whoa! Ya keep that up an' I'm gonna get a new horse!

BILL:

Mornin', Mr. Town Herald, sir.

TOWN HERALD:

Why, I believes it's Bill: "The Freak—Child" just sittin' pretty on the back a Doctar D.'s wagan.

(He drops all his gear and runs over to Bill:)

How ya doin', boy?

BILL:

Feelin’ just fine, thanks ta that wonderful Doctar D.

TOWN HERALD:

Well, I believes ya are...

(Aside:)

Just amazin’...I'd give my ass just ta know how D. did it.

(To Bill:)

Feel like playin’ some baseball taday, Bill?

BILL: A

Aiyup! Can't evan wait ta start practicin'...

(He puts on the baseball cap and sunglasses. He picks up the softball and winds up a pitch:)

Here, catch!

TOWN HERALD:

All right, son. Not too hard now...

(Bill and the Town Herald throw the ball around. The Town Herald holds on to it after a few throws.)

Wait a minute, Bill. A good scout's got ta know if his playar's a good 'nough catch. I'm a gonna throw ya my slidar...ya ready?

BILL:

Aiyup! Burn it in here with all a yer strength!

(Bill easily catches the pitch. The Town Herald gets the pencil and contract.)

TOWN HERALD:

Ya looks like an all—star ta me, Bill! Just sign this papar here an' ya’s a membar a the Pee—Wee...only 'cause a yer age, boy...Team fer a nine year unconditional contract.

BILL:

Aiyup. I'd like ta do that right now!

(Bill signs the contract.)

TOWN HERALD:

Goddamn, that’s real good, Bill. We're all gonna be glad ta see ya back in town. Ya gets one a the seats a honar at the picnic taday, 'fore yer first professional game.

(He looks Bill over once more.)

Amazin'.

(He looks around.)

Bill, where'd ya say that the Doctar D. was this mornin'? 'bout time we started down Borderline Mountain ta be back in Vermont in time ta join the parade. D. gets the other seat a honar.

BILL:

Doctar D? I, a...I, a...think he's just gone off a little ways ta take a piss. Why don't YOU try callin' 'im?

TOWN HERALD:

I'll do bettar’n that...

(He takes out and rings his bell:)

Hey Doctar D! Where are ya D? Pull up yer fly an' get ovar here! We ain't got all mornin'! DOCTAR D!!!

(Doctor D. shuffles on, pre—depressed. He holds money outstretched in his hand, already expecting the deal to be off:)

DOCTOR D:

Town Herald, I'm sorry, I really am, I tried my best to help

the boy...

(He sights Bill wearing the baseball cap and smiling and pointing to his contract. He quickly puts the money away into his pocket.)

...to help the boy...and as you can see, he's a top—rate

ball player. BUT if you want us to miss the parade and spend another few days still on this bald, barren, boiling mountain until Bill understands the finer points of they infield fly rule...I can thoroughly understand your disappointment and…

TOWN HERALD:

Disappointment? HA-HA! Don‘t be e fool perfectionist Doctar D! As he is now, the boy'll be the greatest player ever ta be in the league. Ya done yer part a the agreement an' I'm sure the Town Patriarchs 'll be happy ta greet ya back!

DOCTOR D:

I'm sure...

(Aside to Bill:)

Are you the same Bill? The one they used to cell..."The Freak—Child"?

BILL:

Don't remember anythin' like that Doctar D., sir. But I'm sure the same Bill ya so generously cured a sickness an' deformity last night...just a late recovery, I guess.

DOCTOR D:

I guess so.

BILL:

Yer my good friend, Doctar D.

DOCTOR D:

Well, then...Town Herald, isn't it about time we started to wherever your secret path is if we're going to cross back into the glorious green state of Vermont in time for the parade?

TOWN HERALD:

Guess it is. Let me just hitch yer wagon onta the back a my horse an' we'll be haedin' down in no time...

(The Town Herald ties e rope from the wagon to the tricycle. He gets on the "horse", D. sits on the front of the wagon and Bill sits on the rear platform. They are set to go.)

BILL:

WELL, I GUESS WE'RE ‘BOUT SET TA GO!!!!!

TOWN HERALD:

Bill, we can both hear ya fine. Ya don't have ta be THAT eager.

(Nurse Molly rushes on and stands in front of the "horse". Bill acts as if he never even knew her.)

NURSE MOLLY:

Wait a minute! You can't go without me! If Doctor D. is being welcomed back into Sage City after all the harm he did there, then you have to take me back too! I deserve a second chance just as much as he does!

TOWN HERALD:

Ya uppity woman! The Doctar D. earned 'is pardan ta get back ta town! I told ya what ya had ta do ta have me bring ya back too: an act a contrition I said! Well, do ya say it or do I leave ya ta preach ta the rocks?

NURSE MOLLY:

All right! I’m sorry if I ever acted prissy in town. I'm sorry if I ever acted as though I knew better than people themselves as to what was good for them. I'm sorry if I ever misunderstood someone's accent. BUT I'm NOT sorry for any of the work I tried to do, or for anything at ALL I ever said about Doctor D. He'll do ANYTHING for a price; even murder!

TOWN HERALD:

OUT A THE WAY, NURSIE! If ya talks that way 'bout this here humanitarian good doctar, then ya ain't got any sense at all despite yer education an' science! We're bettar off without ya! DO—GOODER!!!!!

BILL:

(Joining in:)

CITY—SLICKER!!!!! FOREIGNER!!!!!

TOWN HERALD:

(Aside:)

That's one a ours talkin'!

(Nurse Molly exits in a huff. The Town Herald mounts the "horse".)

DOCTOR D:

(Calling off:)

Hey, Nurse Molly! I would have taught you some tact——but you were always in my way! Don't go away mad, just go away! Ha—ha!

(To the Town Herald:)

You see, Town Herald, it doesn't even matter how much you care about people, one has to know how to TALK to them first...

(Bill begins coughing and choking at the back of the wagon. The Town Herald immediately stops and both he and Doctor D. rush to check on him. As they walk him about for air, Bill leads them away from the wagon and keeps their backs turned while Nurse Molly sneaks into the rear and hides.)

TOWN HERALD:

Ya gettin' sick 'gain, Bill? What's wrong with 'im Doc?

DOCTOR D:

I don't know. what is it Bill?

(Bill just as suddenly stops coughing and looks fine once again.)

BILL:

Aw, nothin'! I'm all right. I'll be all right now. Just had some dust down my throat...what ya both lookin’ at? LET’S GET GOIN' SOS I CAN PLAY BASEBALL!!!

TOWN HERALD:

That's one a ours talkin'!

DOCTOR D:

AIYUP!

(The three of them laugh at Doctor D's yankee attempt. The Town Herald goes back to the "horse", D. goes back to the front wagon seat, they share a jug between themselves. Bill goes back to the rear of the wagon and holds hands with Nurse Molly.)

TOWN HERALD:

Well, we‘re on my secret path ta go down now...so steep there ain't NO turnin' back now! From here on, it‘s Sage City, Vermont--OR BUST!

(The procession passes through the waterfall, descends the mountain platform and heads across the state border line back into Vermont.)

BILL:

(Sings to Nurse Molly as they travel. The tune is that of George M. Cohan's "Yankee Doodle Dandy":)

I'm a Yankee "New Vermonter"

Green Mountain native—type a guy.

A brand new rookie fer the baseball team

Reborn on this Fourth a July. .

I've got a "Do—Gooder" fer a sweetheart. Shh!

She's learnin’ ta speak but not annoy.

We're both goin' ta Sage City

Tryin’ ta help people!

I am yer "New Vermonter" boy!

(The procession passes back into Sage City. They are met by The Sage City Paraders. Everyone from the whole show is present. The townspeople hoist up Bill and Doctor D. Bill throws a ball back and forth. They cheer. Bill pulls aside the curtain at the back of the wagon to reveal Nurse Molly. They boo. Bill kisses Nurse Molly. They cheer. The Crowd drops Doctor D. They shun him and The Town Patriarchs. Bill and Nurse Molly are paraded around the theatre.)

THE CAST:

(Sings:)

He’s a Yankee "New Vermonter"

Green Mountain native—type a guy.

A brand new rookie fer our baseball team

Reborn on this Fourth a July.

He's got a "Do—Gooder" fer a sweetheart. So?

She‘s learnin' ta speak but not annoy.

They've both come back ta Sage City

Meanin' ta help people!

He is our "New Vermonter"...

BILL:

(Sings:)

I am yer "New Vermonter"...

THE CAST:

(Sings:)

He is our "New Vermonter" boy!

(CURTAIN.)



