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WOMEN'S EMPORIUM CHASE

(PLATE BALANCERS, GIRLS JUGGLING CUTLERY and TUMBLERS WITH TABLE AND CHAIRS come on while sign reading "THE WOMEN'S EMPORIUM -- WHERE WOMEN WORK FOR EQUAL WAGES," drops in as TWO WELL-SCRUBBED YOUNG WOMEN come on from Left)

FIRST WOMAN

(Excitedly, handing CHAIRY pamphlet)

....Here it is Mrs. Barnum, our new pamphlet, all about the Stanton Act, thanks to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the State of New York now guarantees a woman the right to make all her own business and legal decisions!

SECOND WOMAN

What do you think of that, Mr. Barnum.

BARNUM

I'm all for it. A hundred percent. As long as she asks her husband first! All right, McNally, bring us a couple of dozen oysters and two large ales -- and put a head on 'em!

CHAIRY

(Hastily)

Mr. Barnum will have the liver special, Mrs. Mortimer, plus fresh boiled parsnips....

(Before BARNUM can speak)

....And an extra copy of Miss Stanton's pamphlet for dessert.

(As BARNUM shakes head 'no' and

WAITRESSES start Off Left)

Now, Taylor, you can tell me who this new partner of yours is.

BARNUM

(Takes a deep breath)

Chairy, that was Mr. Amos Scudder, him and me are rebuilding The American Museum.

CHAIRY

With what? We haven't a hundred dollars to our name.

BARNUM

Brass and a bit of humbug, you'd be surprised how often it's just as good as silver or gold....

CHAIRY

(Shaking her head)

Schemes again, Taylor. Schemes and dreams.

BARNUM

That's my nature, Chairy! I told you I was a dreamer the first night I met you.

CHAIRY

Taylor Barnum, when a girl meets a man in the middle of the worst thunderstorm of the summer, with bolts of lightnin' jumpin' off every tree and barn in sight, and thunder so loud it nearly scares you out of your wits, not to mention the dogs and cats all over the territory howling to raise the dead, she don't pay much mind when a man happens to mention that he's a dreamer.

(Taking his hand)

....And I'm not sayin' you shouldn't have dreams, Taylor. Just let them be sensible ones we can reach.

BARNUM

Chairy, I want to excite people, stir 'em up, give 'em a glimpse of the miracle!

CHAIRY

Miracle's a pretty fancy word for humbug, Taylor.

BARNUM

How can you say that, Chairy? Maybe I put a high polish on the facts sometimes, but I've never taken anybody for one thin dime!

CHAIRY

You've taken them for more than money! You get them all wrought up about things that can never be--like a woman a hundred and sixty years old. I don't mind you using the imagination the good Lord gave you, but with two daughters to bring up, you ought to be using it for more sensible things!

(As BARNUM sighs, HE'S heard all this before)

....Now I happen to know Mr. Chauncy Jerome's looking for a partner over at the clock factory. I could be a part of it, Taylor, write the letters, keep the accounts....

BARNUM

Chairy, I just can't do it! Tick-tock-tick from ten to six every day with only an occasional bong to break the monotony of ten thousand cuckoos lookin' out of ten thousand little holes! Every man's got a temperament, Mrs. Barnum, and mine's just not suited to tick-tock, cuckoo, and bong.

CHAIRY

(A bit hurt)

I'm sorry, Taylor, I shouldn't have brought it up.

BARNUM

Of course you should, Chairy! That's half a wife's job, bringing up things her husband doesn't want to hear.

(Tenderly)

....Chairy, a clock factory's just not the right color for me. Just say the name, Bridgeport Clockworks, and what do you see? Gray and brown and maybe if you're lucky a little

BARNUM (Cont'd)

dash of taupe. But walk inside any sideshow and you got fire-engine red and buttercup yellow and Kelly green and it's like livin' inside a giant pinwheel! And it's not just for my own selfish pleasure that I need all them colors, Chairy!

(As HE pulls tablecloth out from under plates, cutlery, glassware, revealing a bright yellow cloth underneath)

....I want to

(MUSIC starts for next number)

splash 'em out for everybody in this whole world to see!

(And HE sings. Through course of SONG, HE illustrates his ideas by turning a decanter of water bright purple, changing a gray napkin to crimson, and finally spreading a rose-red wash across the entire cyclorama)

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THE COLORS OF MY LIFE

THE COLORS OF MY LIFE
 ARE BOUNTIFUL AND BOLD
 THE PURPLE GLOW OF INDIGO
 THE GLEAM OF GREEN AND GOLD
 THE SPLENDOR OF A SUNRISE
 THE DAZZLE OF A FLAME
 THE GLORY OF A RAINBOW
 I'D PUT 'EM ALL TO SHAME
 NO QUIET BROWNS AND GRAYS
 I'LL TAKE MY DAYS INSTEAD
 AND FILL THEM TILL THEY OVERFLOW
 WITH ROSE AND CHERRY RED!
 AND SHOULD THIS SUNLIT WORLD GROW DARK ONE DAY
 THE COLORS OF MY LIFE
 WILL LEAVE A SHINING LIGHT
 TO SHOW THE WAY...

CHAIRY

(As MUSIC continues)

....That's well and good, Mr. Barnum, but your greens and reds aren't going to be much help if you don't get those builders started.

BARNUM

Good Lord, it's two-forty, now Chairy you wait right here and I'll be back in five minutes, maybe ten, a half-hour at the most -- look if I'm not back by six, come over to the museum. Ann Street and Broadway. You'll know it by the