

**SCENE NINE**

*("76 Trombones" is heard. An impressive doorway. HAROLD rings DOORBELL at RISE. SHINN comes hurrying down the street, goes to door, starts to unlock it – realizes HAROLD'S presence)*

**SHINN**

Just a minute here. Are you soliciting? You haven't got a license.

**HAROLD**

Why no, Mayor Shinn, I collect doorbells. This particular specimen has an unusual tone quality that –

**SHINN**

Flattery will not avail you. Soliciting is statutory in this county – malfeasance without a permit. Why haven't you been down't City Hall with your references?

**HAROLD**

*(Stepping down to SHINN)*

Just missed you I – . Mr. Mayor! Your hand – oh no!

**SHINN**

What, what –

**HAROLD**

*(Spreads SHINN'S fingers)*

That spread of the little finger! It's hereditary!

**SHINN**

Oh it is – what does that mean?

**HAROLD**

It means that your son's little finger is perfectly situated to operate the spitvalve on a B-flat Flugel Horn!

**SHINN**

*(Wide-eyed)*

Is that good?

**HAROLD**

Good! It means that America has at last produced an artist who can Flugel the Minute Waltz in 50 seconds.

**SHINN**

How could I get one of those horns?

**HAROLD**

*(Quick with order blank)*

Sign here, Mr. Mayor. That'll be seventeen dollars import fee.

**SHINN**

*(Signing)*

Yes sir. Just think I could'a missed this whole –

*(Stops suddenly)*

I haven't got any son! You unscrypulous flew-by-night, you unflypulous – you be down't city Hall with your By God papers at three o'clock.

**HAROLD**

You mean this afternoon?

**SHINN**

I couldn't make myself any plainer if I'se a Quaker on his day off.