

Jimmy/Jack

TEENS

WE'RE ALL BOPPIN'
COME DROP IN
DOWN AT THE OL' FIVE AND DI-I-I-I-IME

(JACK enters and scans the crowd)

MR. POPPY/LECTURER

SOMETIMES
MEN WOULD COME TO CALL
WHO STANK OF SIN AND BARBASOL
THEY'D ASK KIDS ~~IF THEY FELT~~ AT ALL
LIKE HAVING THEMSELVES A FEW KICKS

(JACK approaches JIMMY)

START

JACK
Hey, kid, I'm Jack.

JIMMY
I'm Jimmy! Pleased to meet ya!

JACK
Jimmy. Like in Jimmy Cagney, huh?

JIMMY
Don't I wish!

JACK
You look like a right guy. What say we blow this
popsicle stand and find a real party?

JIMMY
That's awfully nice, Mr. Jack, but my gal Mary's
coming by later.

(JIMMY pulls out a ring)

JIMMY
I'm gonna give her my school ring. On account'a
she's my best gal. Just wait till she feasts her
peepers on this little beauty.

(JIMMY shows JACK the ring. JACK whistles)

JACK
Didn't get this in no Crackerjack box.
(then)

C'mon, we'll have some laughs, half-hour, tops.
Mary won't even know you was gone.

JIMMY
Gee, I don't know. What if she shows up early?

JACK

Suit yourself. I guess you're not the hepcat I took you for.

(to the PIANO PLAYER)

Hey, Hot-Fingers -- let's hear some swing!

(DANCE BREAK. JACK expertly hoofs it with the girls)

TEENS

FEEL THE CRAZY RHYTHM IN YOUR FEET
EV'RYBODY KEEP IT REET PETITE
BLAZING BRIGHT AS NEON
MAYBE WE COULD BE ON
MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR!

(JACK finishes dancing, dramatically dipping his partner)

JIMMY

Wow! You sure shake a wicked calf! Could you teach me how to dance like that?

JACK

Time I get through with ya, you'll make Fred Astaire look like Barney Google. C'mon.

JIMMY

Well, if you're sure we'll only be a half-hour...

JACK

Kid, that's a promise from me to you. **END**

(They exit)

TEENS

DANCIN'
DANCIN'
CHARLESTON TILL OUR TOOTSIES ACHE
WE'LL BE SLIDIN'
GLIDIN'
ROMPIN' TO THE SAVOY STOMP
WE'RE RUG-CUTTIN'
STRUTTIN'
THEN AS A CODA
WE DRINK ICE CREAM SODA
HERE DOWN AT THE OL' FIVE AND DIME!
YEAH!

(THE LECTURER returns to his podium)