

THE THINGS I USED TO LIKE  
 I DON'T LIKE ANY MORE.  
 I WANT A LOT OF OTHER THINGS  
 I'VE NEVER HAD BEFORE.  
 IT'S JUST LIKE MOTHER SAYS -  
 I SIT AROUND AND MOPE,  
 PRETENDING I AM WONDERFUL  
 AND KNOWING I'M A DOPE!

I'M AS RESTLESS AS A WILLOW IN A WINDSTORM,  
 I'M AS JUMPY AS A PUPPET ON A STRING.  
 I'D SAY THAT I HAD SPRING FEVER,  
 BUT I KNOW IT ISN'T SPRING.  
 I AM STARRY-EYED AND VAGUELY DISCONTENTED,  
 LIKE A NIGHTINGALE WITHOUT A SONG TO SING.  
 OH, WHY SHOULD I HAVE SPRING FEVER  
 WHEN IT ISN'T EVEN SPRING?

I KEEP WISHING I WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE,  
 WALKING DOWN A STRANGE NEW STREET,  
 HEARING WORDS THAT I HAVE NEVER HEARD  
 FROM A MAN I'VE YET TO MEET.

I'M AS BUSY AS A SPIDER SPINNING DAYDREAMS,  
 I'M AS GIDDY AS A BABY ON A SWING.  
 I HAVEN'T SEEN A CROCUS OR A ROSEBUD  
 OR A ROBIN ON THE WING,  
 BUT I FEEL SO GAY - IN A MELANCHOLY WAY -  
 THAT IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING...  
 IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING.

*(MELISSA enters in the kitchen and again turns her attention to the mincemeat.  
 ABEL enters in the yard upstage; MELISSA takes a spoonful of mincemeat and  
 crosses out onto the porch.)*

MELISSA

Abel, come here. I want your opinion.

*(ABEL sniffs the mincemeat then tastes it, elaborately shifting it in his mouth  
 before swallowing.)*

ABEL

Don't taste like Gram's. It's flat.

MELISSA

I followed her recipe.

ABEL

No, Mother, ya left somethin' out.

MELISSA

Abel Frake, I will not put liquor in my cooking.

*(She grabs the spoon from ABEL and goes back into the kitchen.)*

ABEL

*(Following her.)*

Can't make mincemeat without brandy. Ain't no such thing.

MELISSA

I don't approve of it and I won't do it!

ABEL

Well, you'll be sorry. Ya know, those judges at the fair like to take a little nip now and again.

MELISSA

What you do in the privacy of our home is your business, but I will not broadcast the drunken habits of this family all over the state! Now get those suitcases from the front hall.

ABEL

I'm on my way, Mother.

*(He exits through the archway. MELISSA takes a deep breath, crosses to the cupboard and takes out a quart bottle of brandy. She removes the cap, but then reconsiders.)*

MELISSA

No, I won't do it.

*(She replaces the cap and hurries the bottle back to the cupboard. She crosses out the screen door and exits around the side of the house as ABEL enters in the kitchen with the suitcases. He sees the crock and stops; he looks out the screen door to make certain he's unobserved, then slips over to the cupboard and takes out the brandy. He pours a good slug into the crock, gives it a stir, scoops out a bit with his finger and tastes it.)*

ABEL

Aw, what the hell - ya can't fly on one wing.

*(He pours several "glugs" into the crock, gives it a stir and takes another taste; smacking his lips.)*

Now that's the ticket!

*(He returns the bottle to the cupboard, takes the suitcases, crosses out the screen door and across the yard to the truck as HARRY enters.)*

Hiya, Harry. Whaddaya know?

HARRY

Not much.

ABEL

Yep.

MELISSA

It's so quiet... Such a beautiful summer sky.

ABEL

That north star's the one'll be leadin' us home tomorrow.

MELISSA

Which one?

ABEL

You don't know that?

MELISSA

Tell me again.

*(He pulls her close with his arm around her shoulder, pointing out the stars.)*

ABEL

See the Big Dipper? Take those last two stars in the bowl and right beyond them, a little to the left, that's the north star. My grandfather set his fences on that star.

MELISSA

A night like this makes me feel like we're the only two people in the world.

ABEL

And we're sittin' right here on top of it. I can't wait to see the look on Dave Miller's face tomorrow after supper - both of us victorious, Margy and Wayne havin' the time of their lives!

MELISSA

I haven't seen Margy and Wayne since supper.

ABEL

Oh calm yourself, Mother - it's the last night o' the fair. Ya know, we're gonna have to start givin' some thought to lettin' loose o' the reins on those two.

MELISSA

I'm worried about Margy. She promised Harry an answer after the fair and I'm afraid it might not be the one he's been counting on. Then what?

ABEL

Then she'll marry somebody else.

### Music 22: BOYS AND GIRLS LIKE YOU AND ME

Why sure, one day Margy'll come running home all in a tizzy over some new fella she met and ain't he the cat's butt. I mean, isn't that what always happens?

THEY WALK ON EVERY VILLAGE STREET,  
THEY WALK IN LANES WHERE BRANCHES MEET,