

(ROBERT)

DOWN THE AISLE

FROSTY ARCHES

THEY CAN LEARN TO SWING

ICY TOES CAN JIVE

WEDDING MARCHES

PLAYED IN RAGTIME SWING

MAKE FRIGID SOLES COME ALIVE

AND TAKE THAT DIVE

COLD FEETS

SHMOLD FEETS

TURN 'EM INTO BOLD FEETS

RHYTHM MAKE 'DEM COLD FEETS

HOT

GEORGE

(entering with phone mid conversation)

You don't say? Well, why don't you just slime back into your mud hole, you backstabbing worm!

(he hangs up)

Well, now I have to find another minister. Say, what are you up to?

ROBERT

I'm singing a song an old Negro taught me. A Dixie remedy for wedding day jitters.

GEORGE

You think you've got jitters? You got the easy part! I've still got to get rice, boutonnieres, and a minister! I have the weight of the wedding on my shoulders!

ROBERT

George, it sounds like you've got cold feets.

GEORGE

(getting into the rhythm)

WHAT DO I GOT?

ROBERT

COLD FEETS

GEORGE

WHAT DO I WANT?



BOLD FEETS

GEORGE

WHAT DO I DO—SCOLD FEETS?

ROBERT

NOOOOO!

YOU MAKE 'DA COLD FEETS HOT

ROBERT begins a tap dance routine. GEORGE joins in.

George! Look at you! You're dancing!

GEORGE

I am? I am!

GEORGE does an impressive tap turn.

The tap routine builds. UNDERLING Enters with a tray and two glasses of water. Serves ROBERT and GEORGE and Exits.

ROBERT & GEORGE

Five, six, seven, eight...

~~COLD FEETS COLD FEETS~~

~~TURN 'EM INTO BOLD FEETS~~

~~RHYTHM MAKE 'DEM COLD FEETS HOT~~

~~YOU MAKE DA COLD FEETS HOT~~

~~YOU MAKE DA COLD FEETS HOT~~

~~YOU MAKE DA COLD FEETS HOT~~

~~YOU MAKE DA COLD FEETS HOT~~

MAN

Percy Hyman was a wonderful performer. I like to think of him panting and sweating after a long dance routine. He's still alive, you know. I saw him on the news recently "celebrating" his 100th birthday. To say that the passing years had taken their toll on him, would be a grotesque understatement. They wheeled him out and he had that wide-eyed expression of pained confusion that God reserves for the very, very old on their birthdays. You know, the one that says "Who are you, who am I and why is this cake on fire?" You know what I'm talking about? Anyway.

GEORGE

Alright, alright. That's enough of that. Dancing around like a fool.

ROBERT

Sorry, George. I was just trying to calm my nerves. It is my wedding day after all.

GEORGE

Well, you could've snapped an ankle. Tap dancing is too dangerous. Why don't you go out for a skate instead? That's what I do when it want to blow off some steam.

He hands him a pair of roller skates.

ROBERT

George, what would I do without you.

GEORGE

Wait a minute. What was I thinking? Oh, n-n-n-no. You're not going out like that, my friend. You might see Janet. Here, put on this blindfold.

He blindfolds him.

ROBERT

George, you think of everything.

GEORGE

Just looking out for you, my boy. And no more tap dancing.

Pushes Robert out the door Robert exits. George dances.

The telephone rings as GEORGE starts singing.



#5 – Wedding Bells #1

WEDDING BELLS WILL RING
WEDDING BELLS WILL CHIME
WEDDING BELLS WILL CELEBRATE-

MAN lifts the needle on the record and waits it out.

MAN

Just ignore it. It does this occasionally. It rings. It will stop soon. Just ignore it. What? What do you want?

The machine picks up.

MAN'S VOICE

Hello, you have reached my answering machine. Leave a short message after the tone and I'll call you back at my convenience.

The machine beeps. A dial tone is heard.

MAN

Oh, well, that's it. The moment is ruined. Thank you. Thank you life. It's like a cell phone going off in a theatre. God, I hate that. "Hello? What are you doing?" "Oh, I'm at the theatre ruining the moment. How about you?" "Oh, I couldn't get out tonight so I thought I'd ruin the moment by proxy." Sorry. Let's just shake that off. Let's go back in our minds to 1928. They didn't have cell phones in 1928, but I'm sure they had something for the ruining of moments. Bugles, or something.

He puts the needle back.