

# No. 9

# There Won't Be Trumpets

Cue: Spotlight on Fay.

Furioso (♩ = 144)

FAY: 3

*mf-p*  
Hns.

Those smug lit-tle men with their

Piano

Str.

*f* Pno. R. H.

Detailed description: This system contains the first vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 7/8 time signature. It begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Those smug lit-tle men with their'. The piano accompaniment consists of a string section (Str.) in bass clef and a piano right hand (Pno. R. H.) in bass clef. The string part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and rests. The piano right hand plays a more complex rhythmic pattern with eighth and sixteenth notes. Dynamics include *mf-p* for the vocal line and *f* for the piano accompaniment.

smug lit-tle schemes, — They for - got one thing: —

Ob., Cl. *p*

Detailed description: This system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a rest followed by the lyrics 'smug lit-tle schemes, — They for - got one thing: —'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns. A woodwind part for Oboe and Clarinet (Ob., Cl.) is introduced in the second measure with a *p* dynamic. The piano part includes dynamics *f* and *p*.

9

The play is - n't o - ver by a long shot yet! —

Obs., Cls.

(Str. cont.)  
L. H.

Detailed description: This system contains the final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a rest followed by the lyrics 'The play is - n't o - ver by a long shot yet! —'. The piano accompaniment continues. A woodwind part for Oboe and Clarinet (Obs., Cls.) is introduced in the second measure. The piano part includes dynamics *f* and *p*. A string section (Str. cont.) is also indicated for the left hand (L. H.) in the piano part.

There are he - roes in the world; Princ - es and

Fl., Bsn.

18

he - roes in the world, And one of them will

save us. Wait and see!

W. W. Fl., Bsn. Cls. Hns. *mf*

Wait and

W. W. Acc. Hns.

26

30

see! There won't be

L. H.  
 Str., Acc., Hns., Trbs.  
 (+ Timp.)

*f* *mf*

trum - pets or bolts of fi - re To say he's com - ing.

38

No Ro - man can - dles, No an - gels'

w. w. v.  
 Fl.  
 Str., Acc.

*mf* *p*

choir, - No sound of dis - tant drum - ming.

Vib., Acc., Hns.  
 Str.

*mf*

46

He may not be the cav - a - lier, Tall and

*mp* Str., Gtr. *cresc.*

54

— grace - ful, Fair and strong. Does - n't mat - ter

+ W. W. *poco a poco* *mp*

just as long as he comes a - long! But

(Str. trem.) + W. W. *p subito*

62 Marcia (accel. poco ma non troppo)

not with trum - pets or light - ning flash - es Or

Hns., Trbs. Str., Acc.

shin - ing ar - mor. *W. W., Xyl. 8va* He may be

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "shin - ing ar - mor." followed by a rest and then "He may be". The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes marked with a "3" and a dynamic marking of *f*.

dar - ing, He may be dash - ing, Or may - be he's a

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "dar - ing, He may be dash - ing, Or may - be he's a". The piano accompaniment features a dynamic marking of *pp* and includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

farm - er. *mf* *W. W. + 8va* **78** (*d = 88*) *W. W.* We can wait.

The third system starts with the vocal line "farm - er." followed by a dynamic marking of *mf*. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *mf*. The system concludes with the vocal line "We can wait." and a dynamic marking of *pp*. Instrumentation markings include "Pno., Gtr." and "Celli".

What's an - oth - er day? He has lots of

The fourth system features the vocal line "What's an - oth - er day? He has lots of". The piano accompaniment includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking.

hills to climb, And a he-ro does - n't

W. W. + 8va Pno., Gtr.

*mf* (cresc.)

come till the nick of time! Don't

W. W., Acc.  
L. H. Trbs., Str.  
Cym.  
+ Timp.

94] Brightly (♩ = 96)

look for trum-pets or whis-tles toot-ing to

W. W.  
Acc.  
Celli (Hns., Trb. after beats)  
Bs.

guar - an - tee him! There

*gva.* 3  
Hns., Trbs.

won't be trum - pets, but sure as shoot - ing, You'll

know him when you see him!

Faster (♩. = 88)

Don't know when, Don't know where, And I

Str.

Trb., Hns. + Cl. R. H.

cresc.

118 (sempre cresc.)

can't e - ven say that I care! All I know is, the

+ W. W.

poco a poco

min - ute you turn and he's sud - den - ly there,

W. W.

Str., Trbs., Pno.

+ Timp. roll

+ Hns.

*f*

127 Faster ( $\text{♩} = 88$ )

You won't need trum - pets!

Cls.

(+ *sva*) W. W., Xyl.

*fff*

*mf*

*p*

+ Hns., Trbs.

+ Cello

*ff*

3

There are no trum - pets!

+ Xyl.

(+ *8va*)

*p*

*ff*

3

135

Who needs trum - pets?

*ff*

*sfz*



ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

*to music, faster, then cheerfully and happily. COOLEY and MAGRUDER yell ecstatically and begin to dance in time to the pumping as the rock revolves again, and we see the "miracle" and a longer line of PILGRIMS waiting for it. BABY JOAN is sitting on top of the rock, extending her hand for PILGRIMS to kiss—and then opening it for a fee which they pay her and which she puts in a tin can. COOLEY now has a fat roll of red movie-theatre tickets which he is selling)*

COOLEY

Step up, brethren and sistren! Get your tickets!

MAGRUDER

Buy your blessings!

COOLEY

Count your blessings, buy your tickets.

MAGRUDER

Yeah, step right up! Only one blessing per pilgrim per ticket!

COOLEY

Step up! Special discount for minority groups!  
*(As they continue, the music changes and the "Bluebird Song" is heard as a line of COOKIES marches on, led by their young, pretty head nurse, FAY APPLE. The music stops as she stops, leaving her COOKIES in a line behind her, downstage of and parallel to the line of PILGRIMS. FAY takes a step and looks coldly at the rock)*

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

FAY

*(Flatly)*

So that's it.

COOLEY

Yes, ma'am, Sister Nurse Apple!

FAY

Forty-nine tickets, please.

COOLEY

Forty-nine?

FAY

We have forty-nine patients in Dr. Detmold's Cookie Jar! I want a ticket for each and every Cookie.

COOKIES

Hooray!

COOLEY

Sing out the truth!

FAY

Baby Joan Schroeder, you come right down off that wet rock!

BABY JOAN

Goodie!

*(Scrambles down)*

FAY

Really, Mr. Cooley, as the father of eleven natural children, you should know that child will catch her death of cold

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

sitting in all that damp. Baby Joan—home and change those panties.

BABY JOAN

I gotta sell blessings.

FAY

After you change.

BABY JOAN  
(*Threatening*)

I'll go into a trance.

FAY

After you change. Scoot!  
(*BABY JOAN stalks off as SCHUB enters opposite*)

COOLEY  
(*To FAY*)

Forty-nine tickets for your forty-nine Cookies reckons up to—

SCHUB

Treasurer, a word with you? Magruder, hold the line. A brief moment, my dear Head-nursie. (*Takes COOLEY to one side*) Cooley, you are stupid beyond the dreams of man. Don't you know those loonies from Dr. Detmold's sanitarium will be just as looney *after* they take the waters as they were before?

COOLEY

So what, Brother? Forty-nine full-rate tickets—

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

SCHUB

If forty-nine people partake of that miracle in one fell group, and nothing happens, don't you think someone is going to be suspicious of something?

COOLEY

Sister Apple, we're fresh out of tickets.

FAY

(*Advancing on them*)

No, Mr. Cooley.

SCHUB

My dear up-dated Nightingale—

FAY

No, Mr. Schub.

SCHUB

Now, Nursie, why do you want your Cookies to take the waters? They're well-fed, well-housed, well-clothed; they're happy—

FAY

Are they? Oh, they smile according to their schedules, but they're in limbo while they're in The Jar. I want them out and free to be happy or unhappy any way *they* want.

SCHUB

And do you think our miracle can do anything for them?

FAY

If it can do anything for anyone.

SCHUB

My dear devoted Whitenurse, you're a woman of science: age of reason, ego and id, order and control. Do you honestly believe in people being healed by mere faith?

FAY

Faith in dirty water from a slimy old rock? No.

SCHUB

Aha! Exposed!

FAY

Who?

SCHUB

You, you anarchist! You can't believe in anything that can't be proved in your laboratory of a head! All miracles are fake to you, Nurse Apple. You're in love with science, Nurse Apple; you sleep with discipline, Nurse Apple; you have a core of stone, Nurse Apple. Let these happy hopeful Pilgrims be lost and miserable, again, eh? Let this boom town be a ghost town again, eh? Let those forty-nine loonies—

FAY

NOT—THAT—WORD! (*Fast vamp under*) Nor any word like it! Cookies, Schub, that's what my charges are: Cookies from The Cookie Jar. Patients from Dr. Detmold's Asylum for the Socially Pressured. Quarantined out of fear their disease may be contagious, they are people who made other people nervous by leading individual lives. They suffer from contact with groups and systems, I won't specify who or what. But if the shoe fits, boys, you put your foot in

it. NOW—POINT—ONE! (*Music up a key and faster*) I am in love with reason and against any balderdash superstition that holds up progress, and those dripping waters of yours not only hold it up, they flood and drown it. My name is Apple, A-Double P-L-E, a fruit well-mentioned in the Bible, that best seller of many miracles. I cite the Ten Commandments and the Burning Bush, to mention only two. Or eleven—depending on your arithmetic. Mine makes them add up to zero because I personally am for the miracles of man such as the wheel, the alphabet and The Pyramids of Egypt! NOW—POINT—TWO! (*Music, as above*) If that exposed sewer system is a miracle, I freely admit I will take a running jump in the origin of that water. What is more, if it can make any of those lazy pilgrims—yes they're lazy, trying to get a new life quick—if it can make any of them permanently happy, I will take three running jumps and only come up twice. But I will bet you that the same thing will happen that happens everytime you sell people a myth. Those water works will turn out *not* to be a miracle and those pilgrims are going to end up pounding on our doors! Well, we have no room, Schub. Every bed is full and they are sleeping in shifts! There is no more room in The Jar! NOW—POINT—THREE!!! (*Music, as above*) If these are my beliefs, and they are, why do I want my Cookies to take your waters? I'll tell you why. Because my Cookies are people, Schub, they are human beings and they are to be treated as such and have the same rights as everyone else! You let them sit in your movies, Schub, although you make them sit in a segregated section. You let them charge in your stores, Cooley—although you make them pay on the ninth and not the tenth of the month. So you both can bloody well let them dip into that leaking drain pipe. If you don't I'm not saying I'll go to

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

the police because I am no fool. Nor will I go to the Mayor-  
ess because she is. But this is a free town in a free county in a  
free state in a free country and I am a free woman with a free  
mouth and if you say No to my Cookies, I will open up that  
mouth and talk and I am telling you here and now that when  
I talk, I talk *LONG-AND-LOUD!!!*

*(Music finishes with a crash)*

COOLEY

Mercy!

SCHUB

Apple, you will be rotting in the cellar at the bottom of the  
jail unless your people are conducted back—*(He stops. He,  
FAY and COOLEY have been on one side. On the other, the  
line of COOKIES has unobtrusively blended right into the line  
of PILGRIMS)* Where are they?

FAY

There.

SCHUB

Where?

FAY

There.

SCHUB

But *where* are they there?

*(Slowly, she smiles sweetly at him. He forces a smile  
back)*

ANYONE CAN WHISTLE

MACRUDER

All right, now. Who's who?

SCHUB

Shut up. *(To the line)* My dear citizens, will all those  
who are pilgrims kindly take one short step forward?

*(They all do)*

FAY

Dear friends, will all those who believe in miracles, clap  
your hands!

*(Everybody does)*

COOLEY

Hear me, Brethren. Everybody who bought one of these  
red tickets to the miracle, raise it up—high! *(Slowly, one by  
one, each person on line raises a red ticket)* She stole 'em!

SCHUB

Are you going to say which is which?

FAY

Are you going to let everyone take that water?

SCHUB

No!

FAY

'Then No to you!

SCHUB

'Then to jail with you!

FAY

You can put me in jail—when you catch me!

*(She starts to run. Instantly, some of the COOKIES move to block SCHUB, COOLEY and MAGRUDER. PILGRIMS on the line move in confusion. This movement is very quick, for all the lights go out except a spot on FAY; everyone else freezes in an attitude of chasing or protecting her. The angry music from her earlier speech begins underneath and she sings)*

FAY

Those smug little men with their smug little schemes,  
They forgot one thing:  
The play isn't over by a long shot yet!  
There are heroes in the world,  
Princes and heroes in the world,  
And one of them will save me.  
Wait and see!  
Wait and see!

There won't be trumpets or bolts of fire  
To say he's coming.  
No Roman candles, no angels' choir,  
No sound of distant drumming.  
He may not be the cavalier,  
Tall and graceful, fair and strong.  
Doesn't matter,  
Just as long as he comes along!  
But not with trumpets or lightning flashing  
Or shining armor.  
He may be daring, he may be dashing,  
Or maybe he's a farmer.

I can wait—what's another day?  
He has lots of hills to climb.  
And a hero  
Doesn't come till the nick of time!  
Don't look for trumpets or whistles tooting  
To guarantee him!  
There won't be trumpets, but sure as shooting  
I'll know him when I see him!  
Don't know when, don't know where,  
And I can't even say that I care!  
All I know is, the minute I turn and he's suddenly there  
I won't need trumpets!  
There are no trumpets!  
Who needs trumpets?  
*(After the song, the lights return. The freeze is broken by FAY who breaks through the crowd and dashes behind the rock as:)*

SCHUB

Don't let her get away! Police!

MAGRUDER

Police!

SCHUB

Idiot! *(To COOLEY)* Go to The Cookie Jar and get Dr. Detmold. *(To MAGRUDER)* You fool, arrest her at once!

MAGRUDER

*(Grabs the sexy teen-ager he is standing next to)*  
Thank you.