

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

START

(Action resumes. JIMMY offers a hand to JACK.)

JIMMY

I'm Jimmy. Pleased to meet ya!

JACK

Jimmy. Like in Jimmy Cagney, huh?

JIMMY

Don't I wish...

JACK

Girl trouble, huh? I just got the cure. What say we blow this popsicle stand and find a real party?

JIMMY

That's awfully nice, Mr. Jack, but I'm meeting my girlfriend at 4-H Club later.

JACK

C'mon, we'll have some laughs, half-hour, tops.

JIMMY

I dunno...

JACK

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

(To the piano player:)

Hey, Hot-Fingers—let's tear it up!

*(Dance break. JACK expertly hoofs it with A DANCING TEEN [THE PLACARD GIRL].
JACK finishes dancing, dramatically dipping his partner.)*

JIMMY

Hot dog! 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.