

I-3-30

THE CLAMBAKE 'CROSS THE BAY!

(The music continues as they snap their fingers and turn. But the BOYS' attention has been caught by the entrance of NETTIE, coming out of the house carrying a tray piled high with doughnuts. She is followed by a LITTLE GIRL, carrying a large tray of coffee cups.)

NETTIE

→ Here, boys – here's some doughnuts and coffee. Fall to!

(Crosses to center.)

MEN

(As they fall to, speeches overlapping.)

Doughnuts, hooray...! That's our Nettie...! Yer heart's in the right place, Nettie...!
Lemme in there...! Quit yer shovin'...!

NETTIE

Here now, don't jump at it like you was a lotta animals in a menag'ry!

(She laughs as she crosses over to the GIRLS.)

GIRLS

Nettie...! After us jest tellin' 'em...! Watchere doin' that fer...?

NETTIE

They been diggin' clams since five this mornin' – I see 'em myself, down on the beach.

GIRLS

After the way they been pesterin' and annoyin' you...!

CARRIE

Nettie, yer a soft-hearted ninny!

NETTIE

→ Oh, y'can't blame 'em. First clambake o' the year they're always like this. It's like unlockin' a door, and all the crazy notions they kep' shet up fer the winter come whoopin' out into the sunshine. This year's jest like ev'ry other.

MARCH WENT OUT LIKE A LION,
A-WHIPPIN' UP THE WATER IN THE BAY.
THEN APRIL CRIED
AND STEPPED ASIDE,
AND ALONG COME PRETTY LITTLE MAY!

MAY WAS FULL OF PROMISES
BUT SHE DIDN'T KEEP 'EM QUICK ENOUGH FER SOME,
AND A CROWD OF DOUBTIN' THOMASES
WAS PREDICTIN' THAT THE SUMMER'D NEVER COME!