

Winthrop

1-11-63

start
→
~~Whoa!~~

DRIVER

WINTHROP

It'th the band inthtrumenth!

(HAROLD riding in wagon jumps
down, carrying gold cornet which
HE brings to WINTHROP)

HAROLD

Here you are, Winthrop.

WINTHROP

My cornet! Gee thankth, Profethor!

HAROLD

(Returning to wagon)

Men! You will each receive individual instruction in due
course. In the meantime stay off the streets -- get
acquainted with your instruments and think about the Minuet
in G. La de da de da de da de da --

BOYS

(Exiting)

La de da, La de da.

WINTHROP:

Thithter! Thithter! Ithn't thith the motht thcrumpthyuth
tholid gold thing you ever thaw. I never thought I'd ever
thee anything tho thcrumpthyuth ath thith thcrumpthyuth
tholid gold thing! Oh thithter!

SHINN

Round one for you Mister Hill, but I better hear some by
God tootin' out'a them horns in pretty short order or I'll
see you in front a'the grand jury over't the County Seat.

(Approaching MARIAN)

Now Miss Marian, about that book --

(MARIAN tears page out of book
as EULALIE calls SHINN)

EULALIE

Come, George! Tempus fugits.

SHINN

(Turning to her)

You watch your frazology. Go along if you want to. I've
got to get something from the librarian.

(Crosses to MARIAN)

About that book --

(MARIAN hands him the book.
SHINN and EULALIE exit)

end

Amaryllis

1-4-24

WINTHROP

No thank you, Amaryllith.

(AMARYLLIS hops up and down
giggling gleefully)

AMARYLLIS

Amaryllith -- Amaryllith.

(SHE moves closer to WINTHROP,
stoops and looks up into his face
as HE continues to stare at his
feet. SHE turns to MRS. PAROO
with surprise)

He's crying.

(WINTHROP bolts out of the room.
MRS. PAROO follows him)

Why does he get so mad at people -- just because he lisps?

MARIAN

It's not only because he lisps. That's just part of it,
Amaryllis.

AMARYLLIS

What's the other part?

MARIAN

Never mind, dear. It's just that he never talks very much.

AMARYLLIS

Not even to you and your mother?

MARIAN

No, dear. We all have to be a little patient.

AMARYLLIS

I'm patient. Even though he doesn't ever talk to me -- but
I do him -- every night -- I say goodnight to him on the
evening star. You have to do it the very second you see it,
too, or it doesn't count. "Goodnight, my Winthrop, good-
night. Sleep tight."

(SHE starts to cry)

MARIAN

There, darling, don't cry, you have lots of time. If not
Winthrop, there'll be someone else.

AMARYLLIS

Never! I'll end up an old maid like you.

(SHE catches herself)

I'm sorry, Miss Marian. Can I play my cross-hand piece?

end

start
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