

Mrs. Paroo

1-10-54

(WINTHROP falls off the porch in excitement. HAROLD and MRS. PAROO are somewhat surprised)

HAROLD

Hello, son.

(WINTHROP picks himself up and starts to run. HAROLD stops him) Certainly his uniform. And there won't be a penny due till delivery, which gives him four weeks to enjoy, to anticipate, to imagine, at no cost whatever. Never allow the demands of tomorrow to interfere with the pleasures and excitement of today.

WINTHROP

(Drawing an imaginary line down the outside of his leg)

Would it have ... a ... a ... ?

HAROLD

A stripe? Certainly, my boy, a wide red stripe on each side. What do you think of that?

(WINTHROP drops his eyes suddenly and runs off)

start

MRS. PAROO

You'll have to excuse Winthrop, Professor. We can't get him to say three words a day even to us. And if you get him to play in the band you'll have St. Michael's own way with you. But if anybody can do it I'll bet you can. Out of a crowd I'll pick you for hod-carrying, clay-pipe smokin' shamrock-wearin', harp-playin' Mavorneen-pinchin' Tara's hall minstrel-singin' Irishman! Be-gob and be-jabbers! Where are ye from, me bye?

HAROLD

Gary, Indiana.

MRS. PAROO

I knew it! Gar -- . Where did you say?

HAROLD

Gary, Indiana. In fact Gary Conservatory was my Alma Mater.

MRS. PAROO

Was she now?

HAROLD

(Aware of MARIAN's approach)

Why yes -- Gold Medal Class of '05. Hodado, Miss Paroo.

end

MARIAN

Hodado, Mr. Hill.