

**MARIAN**

Winthrop!

*(Grabbing him.)*

*WINTHROP breaks away but HAROLD grabs him)*

**HAROLD**

Hey, wait a minute here, son.

**WINTHROP**

*(Struggling)*

I'm not your thon! Leave go me!

**HAROLD**

Not till I talk to you for a minute.

**WINTHROP**

*(Trying to fight loose)*

I won't lithen! You wouldn't tell the truth anyway.

**HAROLD**

I would too.

**WINTHROP**

Would not.

**HAROLD**

Would too! Tell you anything you want to know.

WINTHROP

*(Holding still for a minute)*

Can you lead a band?

HAROLD

No.

WINTHROP

Are you a big liar?

HAROLD

Yes.

WINTHROP

Are you a dirty rotten crook?

HAROLD

Yes.

WINTHROP

*(Bursting into tears, kicking)*

Leave me go, you big liar!

HAROLD

What's the matter? You wanted the truth, didn't you? Now I'm bigger'n you and you're going to stand here and get it all so you might as well quit wiggling.

*(WINTHROP finally stops exhausted, stands panting)*

There's two things you're entitled to know. One, you're a wonderful kid. I thought so from the first. That's why I wanted you in the band, just so you'd quit mopin' around feeling sorry for yourself.

WINTHROP

*(Sarcastically)*

What band?

HAROLD

... I always think there's a band, kid.

WINTHROP

What 'th the other thing I'm entitled to know?