

# The Wells Fargo Wagon

Walking Horse Tempo

3x TOWNSPEOPLE:  
pp O - ho, the

Wells Far-go wag-on is a - com-in' down the street. Oh,

please, let it be for me. O - ho, the

Wells Far-go Wag-on is a - com-in' down the street. I

1ST VOICE:  
wish, I wish I knew what it could be. I got a

2ND VOICE:  
box of ma-ple su-gar on my birth-day.— In

3RD VOICE:  
March, I got a grey mack-i-naw. And

4TH VOICE:  
15 once, I got some grape-fruit from Tam-pa. Mont-gom-'ry

TOWNSPEOPLE:  
17 Ward sent me a bath-tub and a cross-cut saw. O-ho, the

19 Wells Far-go Wag-on is a - com-in' now. Is it a

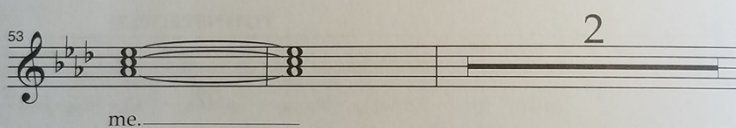
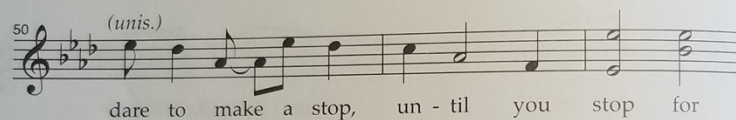
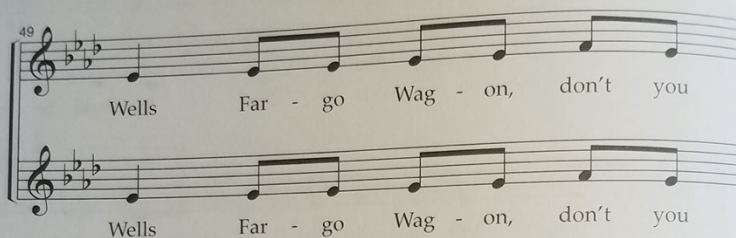
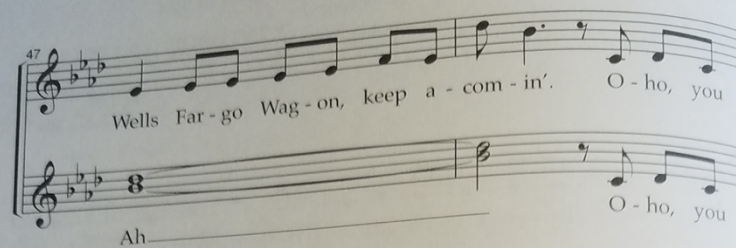
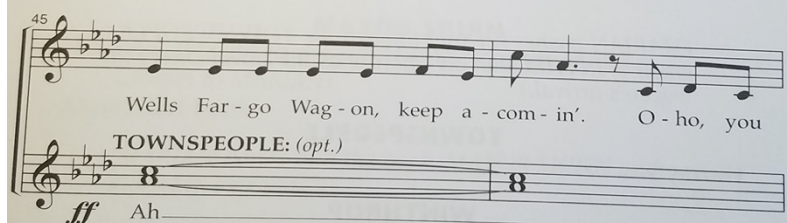
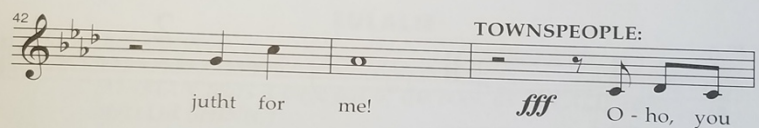
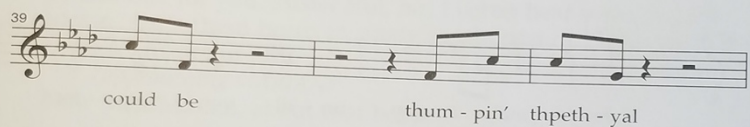
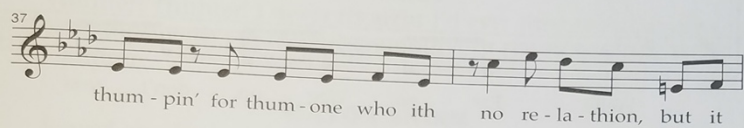
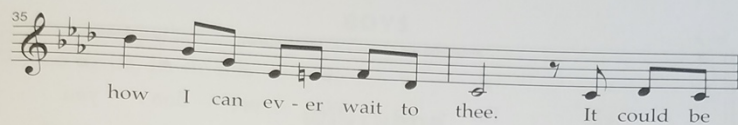
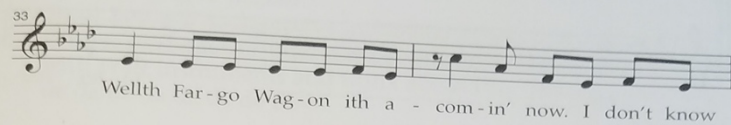
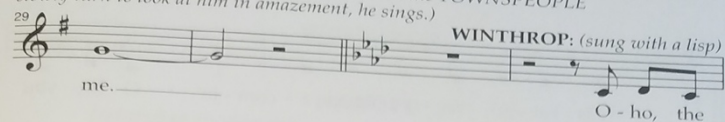
5TH VOICE:  
21 pre-paid sur-prise or C. O. D.? It could be

6TH VOICE: 7TH VOICE: 8TH VOICE:  
23 cur-tains, or dish-es, or a dou-ble boil-er, or it

TOWNSPEOPLE:  
25 could be, Yes, it could be, Yes, you're right, it sure-ly could be some-thin'

TOWNSPEOPLE: 8TH VOICE:  
27 spec-ial, some-thin' ver-y, ver-y spe-cial now, just for

(WINTHROP breaks through the crowd and as the TOWNSPEOPLE slowly turn to look at him in amazement, he sings.)



(MARIAN pushes her way through the TOWNSPEOPLE to crush WINTHROP in an embrace as the crowd cheers the wagon's arrival.)

**TOWNSPEOPLE**

Hurray!

**WINTHROP**

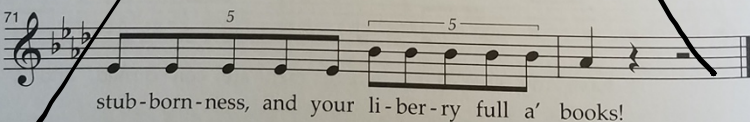
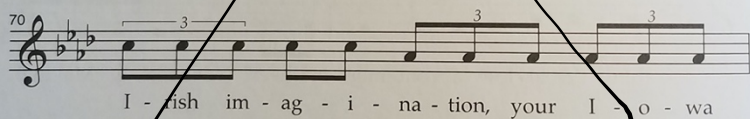
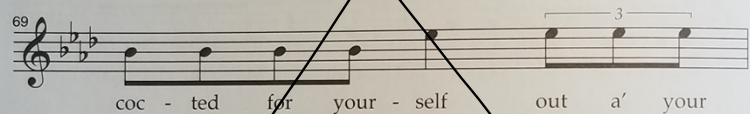
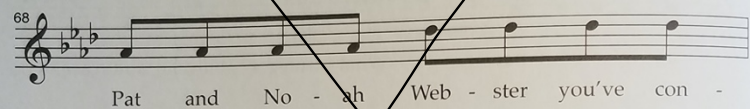
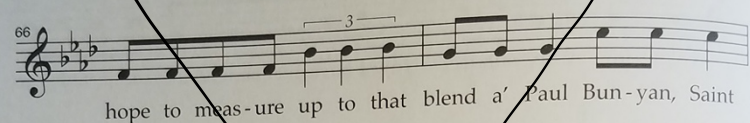
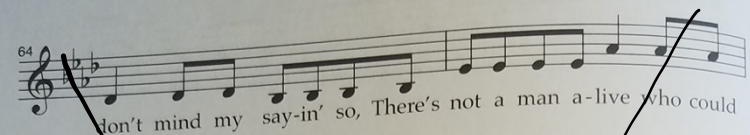
It'th the band inthtrumenth!


(HAROLD, riding in the wagon, jumps down, carrying a gold cornet, which he brings to WINTHROP.)

**HAROLD**

Here you are, Winthrop.





 (AMARYLLIS plays a final chord.)

**MARIAN**

(hands on hips, sounding slightly Irish in her exasperation)

Well, if that isn't the best I've ever heard!

**AMARYLLIS**

Thank you. Can I have a drink, please?

**MARIAN**

May I have a—

**AMARYLLIS**

May I have a drink, please?

**MARIAN**

Yes, dear.

(As AMARYLLIS starts to exit, a nine-year-old boy with a set, sullen face enters without a word.)

**MRS. PAROO**

Is that a way to walk in the house?

(WINTHROP halts in his tracks.)

**WINTHROP**

Hello.

(WINTHROP tries to exit.)

**MRS. PAROO**

That won't do at all. I'll have a kiss from my boy.

(WINTHROP walks to his mother, stands stubbornly in her embrace for a moment, then stares out again.)

The lady over there is your sister, young man.

(WINTHROP repeats the uncooperative performance with MARIAN.)

**AMARYLLIS**

(obviously smitten with WINTHROP)

Hello, Winthrop.

(WINTHROP stares at the floor.)

**MRS. PAROO**

Winthrop, where's your manners?

**AMARYLLIS**

I'm having a party on Saturday. Will you come?

(silence)

I would especially like it very much if you'd come... Winthrop?

(silence)

**MRS. PAROO**

Well, Winthrop, Amaryllis asked you to her party. Are you goin' or aren't you?

**WINTHROP**

No.

**MRS. PAROO**

No what?

**WINTHROP**

No, thank you.

**MRS. PAROO**

You know the little girl's name.

**AMARYLLIS**

He won't say Amaryllis because of the "s" because of his lisp. He's ashamed.

**MRS. PAROO**

We know all about his lisp, Amaryllis. Well, Winthrop?

**AMARYLLIS**

I'll bet he won't say it.

**WINTHROP**

No thank you, Amaryllith.

*(AMARYLLIS giggles.)*

**AMARYLLIS**

Amaryllith – Amaryllith.

*(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 to 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, goodnight. Sleep tight."

**MARIAN**

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

**AMARYLLIS**

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

*(AMARYLLIS puts her hands over her mouth, catching herself too late.)*

**MARIAN**

For the time being just say goodnight my – someone. You can put the name in when the right someone comes along.

**AMARYLLIS**

All right. It's better than nothing.

**MARIAN**

Yes it is – now you can play your cross-hand piece.

**AMARYLLIS**

Now I may play my cross-hand piece.

**(#8 – GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE begins.)**

*(As AMARYLLIS does, MARIAN steps outside onto the porch.)*

*(As AMARYLLIS plays the piano she dramatically crosses her left hand to play the single top note.)*