

COURIER, MCKEAN, HANCOCK

LEATHER APRON: You seed any fightin'?

COURIER: (*Proudly*) Sure did. I seed my two best friends git shot dead on the very same day! Right on the village green it was, too! (*The recollection takes hold*) An' when they didn't come home f'r supper, their mommas went down the hill lookin' for 'em. (*Music in, softly*) Miz Lowell, she foun' Tim'thy right off, but Miz Pickett, she looked near half the night f'r Will'm cuz he'd gone 'n' crawled off the green 'fore he died.

MC KEAN: Mr. President!

HANCOCK: (*Wearily; he knows what's coming*) Colonel McKean.

MC KEAN: Surely we've managed to promote the *gloomiest* man on this continent to the head of our troops. Those dispatches are the most depressing accumulation of disaster, doom, and despair in the entire annals of military history! And furthermore—

HANCOCK: (*Pounding his gavel*) Please, Colonel McKean—it's too hot.

MC KEAN: Oh. Yes. I suppose so.

HANCOCK: General Washington will continue wording his dispatches as he sees fit, and I'm sure we all pray that he finds happier thoughts to convey in the near—(*Swats a fly*)—future.