

Fred: You have a dab of paint on your nose, George.

George: What? Oh. *(goes on painting)*

Fred: And a lot in your hair. I hope you're getting some on the canvas too.

George: Ha, ha.

Fred: What's that supposed to be?

George: What do you mean, what's it supposed to be? What does it look like?
(Goes back to painting)

Fred: It looks like a woman. Is it your mother?

George: *(Annoyed)* No it's not my mother.

Professor: Why it's the Queen, to be sure. Victoria herself as if she could step out of the canvas and give us all a knighthood. A fine loyal gesture, George, to give Her Majesty pride of place.

George: Thanks, Professor. Nice to know there's someone around here that isn't blind as a bat. *(Glares at Fred)*

(The Professor winks at Fred, who shrugs and walks away)

Cornelia: Can I paint a little, George? I can do a sheep. A big blob of white for the body, a little blob for the head...

George: No you can't, Cornelia, and leave my brushes alone. Anyways, I'm almost done this drop. If wasn't for all these amateurs... I'd be done long since.

Tempe: Shouldn't the sky be a little bluer?

George: No it shouldn't. The sky's not blue at the horizon. Nearer a dust colour, if you use the eyes the Good Lord give you!

Bob: That house up on the hill should be a little bigger, don't you think? And the roof a brighter red?

George: It looks just fine the way it is, for... oh, never mind!

(Song for George. "Everybody's Got An Opinion")

Everybody's got an opinion, everybody's got to have their say.

Everybody's got to shove their oars in, butting in and getting in the way.

Everyone knows better how to do a job of work than the man who's got to do that job of work.

What with all the helpful offers of advice it's a wonder that I haven't gone berserk.

I don't claim to be a fancy painter, I've never been to Paris or to France

Or none of those places that the other painters go and I doubt if I'll ever have the chance.

I'll go on working in the paint and paper store, and I'll paint Sunday afternoons instead,

*But paint you know I must, I just have to paint or bust.
With these colours dancing in my head.
Just give a man some leeway, then I'll make some headway,
And I'll show you all what George Wright has to say.
And I'll be a real painter, hanging in a gallery,
They will say that I'm an painter some day.*