

adapted by Doug Rand

from the screenplay by Frances Goodrich,
Albert Hackett, Frank Capra, and Jo Swerling

Characters

GEORGE

MARY

Scene

George and Mary are childhood friends who just got reacquainted at Mary's high school graduation dance. They paired up for the Class of 1928 Charleston contest, only to fall into the pool and get soaked to the skin.

(GEORGE and MARY are walking home after the dance. He's dressed in a ridiculously ill-fitting football uniform, and she's wearing a bathrobe and holding her wet clothes. They sing an old song. GEORGE isn't very good at it.)

GEORGE / MARY.

Buffalo gals, can't you come out tonight
Can't you come out tonight.
Can't you come out tonight.
Buffalo gals can't you come out tonight aaaaaaand
Dance by the light of the moon.

GEORGE. Oh, hot dog! Just like an organ.

MARY. Beautiful.

GEORGE. And I told Harry I thought I'd be bored to death. You should have seen the commotion in that locker room. I had to knock down three people to get this stuff we're wearing here. Here, let me hold that old wet dress of yours.

MARY. Do I look as funny as you do?

GEORGE. I guess I'm not quite the football type. You look wonderful! You know, if it wasn't me talking I'd say you were the prettiest girl in town.

MARY. Well, why don't you say it?

GEORGE. I don't know. Maybe I will say it. How old are you anyway?

MARY. Eighteen.

GEORGE. Eighteen? Why, it was only last year you were seventeen.

MARY. Too young or too old?

GEORGE. Oh, no, no. Just right. Your age fits you. Yes, sir, you look a little older without your clothes on. I mean, without a dress. You look older—I mean, younger. You look, just—

(GEORGE accidentally steps on the belt of the bathrobe. MARY picks up the belt.)

GEORGE. Uh-oh—

MARY. Sir—my train, please!

GEORGE. A pox upon me for a clumsy lout!

(GEORGE picks up the belt and tosses it over MARY's arm.)

GEORGE. Your, uh, caboose, milady.

MARY. You may kiss my hand.

(GEORGE takes her hand, then moves close to her face.)

GEORGE. Hey...hey, Mary...

(MARY turns away and begins singing again.)

MARY. As I was lumbering down the street, down the street, down the street—

GEORGE. Okay, then, I'll throw a rock at the old Granville house.

MARY. Oh no, don't—I love that old house.

GEORGE. No, you see, you make a wish and then try and break some glass. You got to be a pretty good shot nowadays, too—now watch...

MARY. Oh no, George, don't. It's full of romance, that old place. I'd like to live in it.

GEORGE. In that place?

MARY. Uh-huh.

GEORGE. I wouldn't live in it as a ghost. Now watch—right on the second floor there, see?

(Facing the audience, GEORGE hurls an imaginary rock at the second floor of the house. We hear a distant crash of glass.)

MARY. What'd you wish, George?

GEORGE. Well, not just one wish. A whole hatful. Mary, I know what I'm going to do tomorrow and the next day and the next year and the year after that. I'm shaking the dust of this crummy little town off my feet and I'm

gonna see the world. Italy, Greece, the Parthenon, the Colosseum—then I'm coming back here and going to college to see what they know—and then I'm gonna build things. I'm gonna build air fields. I'm gonna build skyscrapers a hundred stories high. I'm gonna build bridges a mile long— What, are you gonna throw a rock?

(Now MARY hurls a rock, and again we hear a distant crash.)

GEORGE. Hey, that's pretty good. What'd you wish, Mary?

MARY. *(Singing:)* Buffalo gals, can't you come out tonight...

MARY / GEORGE.

Can't you come out tonight,

Can't you come out tonight.

Buffalo gals can't you come out tonight aaaaaaaaaaaaaand

Dance by the light of the moooooooooooooon.

GEORGE. *(Singing all words on that last note:)*

What'd-you-wish-when-you-threw-that-roooooock...?

MARY. Oh, no.

GEORGE. Come on, tell me.

MARY. If I told you it might not come true.

GEORGE. What is it you want, Mary? What do you want? You want the moon? Just say the word and I'll throw a lasso around it and pull it down. Hey, that's a pretty good idea. I'll give you the moon, Mary.

MARY. I'll take it. Then what?

GEORGE. Well, then you could swallow it and it'd all dissolve, see? And the moonbeams would shoot out of your fingers and your toes, and the ends of your hair. Am I talking too much?

CHECK PLEASE

by Jonathan Rand

Characters

GUY

MELANIE

Scene

Guy and Melanie are on a blind date at a restaurant.

GUY. Hi.

MELANIE. Hi.

GUY. It's so great to finally meet you.

MELANIE. Same here!

GUY. So where are you fr—

MELANIE. Wait, before you— Sorry. *(Meekly:)* This is so rude, but the Bears game is on right now? You don't mind if I check the score...

GUY. Oh, not at all. Totally.

MELANIE. *(As she pulls out her cell phone to check her web-browser:)* Thanks. I know this is such an awful thing to do on a first date, but it's late in the fourth quarter in a playoff game.

GUY. No worries.

MELANIE. Thanks. *(As she checks:)* I love the Bears. Great defensive line this year. *(Sees score; reacts a little.)* Okay, I'm done. That wasn't so bad, was it?

GUY. What's the score?

MELANIE. Packers by seven.

GUY. Uh-oh.

MELANIE. Nah, it's no big deal. It's just a game, right? So c'mon—enough about football. Let's hear about "Mister Mystery." Harriet's told me tons about you.

GUY. Man... The pressure's on now.

(They laugh together, genuinely. MELANIE's laugh then fades directly into her next line, which is suddenly serious.)

MELANIE. I'm just gonna check one more time.