A BRIEF HISTORY OF 20TH CENTURY THEATRE

A Radio/Stage Play

By

Eric Coble
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ANNOUNCER
AND NOW A SURVEY OF DRAMA FROM THE LAST CENTURY. AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO DO THAT... THEN THROUGH ADVERTISING? AS WE SEARCHED THE ARCHIVES WE FOUND THIS OLD RADIO ADVERTISEMENT FOR "INDULGE" BRAND SOAP...

(A DOOR OPENS)

LISA
ELAINE! YOUR POOR HANDS! WHAT'S WRONG?

ELAINE
THEY'RE JUST SO DRY, LISA! NOTHING SEEMS TO KEEP THEM SOFT AND SILKY AS THEY USED TO BE. WHAT WILL STEVE THINK?

LISA
HE'LL THINK YOU'RE STILL THE SAME BEAUTIFUL GIRL HE MARRIED... WHEN YOU USE "INDULGE" TOILET SOAP -- DEVELOPED BY ACTUAL DOCTORS TO STOP DRY SKIN WHERE IT STARTS, BY REMOVING DIRT, DUST, OTHER SOAP, AND OLD COSMETICS.

(SQUIRT SOUND)

ELAINE
OOO! I CAN FEEL THE INDULGE WORKING ALREADY!

LISA
WORKS IN SECONDS. AND TRY IT AS A BATH RINSE -- DOES WONDERS FOR THE WHOLE BODY!

ELAINE
"INDULGE TOILET SOAP -- LIKE NEW SKIN IN A BOTTLE"!

ANNOUNCER
SO WE WERE WONDERING -- WHAT IF THE SAME ADVERTISEMENT WAS WRITTEN BY SOME OF THE FOREMOST PLAYWRIGHTS OF THE 20TH CENTURY? STARTING WITH... EUGENE O'NEILL.

(DOOR OPENS)

JOE
AW, HELL, WHAT'S THAT STENCH?

MARGIE
JOE!

JOE
YOU BEEN AT THE INDULGE TOILET SOAP AGAIN?
MARGIE
WHAT IF I HAVE? I COULD SAY THE SAME ABOUT YOU BOOZIN' IT UP WITH THE FELLAS.

JOE
AND IF I DID? THIS T.B.'S KILLIN' ME, MARGIE. HOW THE HELL AM I S'POSED TO KILL THIS THING THAT'S KILLING ME FROM THE INSIDE WHILE I'M KILLING ITS INSIDES, SO IT CAN'T... KILL ME... INSIDE...

MARGIE
YOU'RE PLASTERED, YOU BIG ORANGUTAN! YOU COULD CARE LESS ABOUT MY DRY HANDS!

JOE
DRY HANDS! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A SKUNK THAT MAKES ME FEEL, LAURIE.

MARGIE
MARGIE.

JOE
YOU AND ALL YOUR PIPE DREAMS ABOUT YOUR SILKY SKIN AND YOUR MOISTURIZING TREATMENTS AND THAT CORKER OF A BEAUTY PRODUCT YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT ON THE VERGE OF BUYIN'! BUT YA NEVER WILL, SEE. YA NEVER WILL!

(GLUGGING SOUNDS)

MARGIE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING??

JOE
I'M DRINKING THE HAND LOTION.

MARGIE
YOU CAN'T DRINK INDULGE!!

JOE
SAYS "TWO PERCENT ALCOHOL", DOESN'T IT? I WANT MY TWO PERCENT!

MARGIE
GIVE ME THE JAR, YA BIG OMELET, GIVE IT TO ME!

JOE
I'LL GIVE YA SOMETHIN', YOU ANCHOR-FACED WALL-EYED DREAMER!

(MARGIE SOBS)

JOE (CONT)
THIS STUFF TASTES AWFUL.
(MARGIE CONTINUES SOBBING)

JOE

AW, SUGAR LUMPS, I DIDN'T MEAN IT. YA GOTTA SEE, A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY SLOB LIKE ME, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOUR PAWS ARE LIKE, LUCY.

MARGIE

MARGIE.

JOE

MARGIE.

MARGIE

YA MEAN IT, JOE?

JOE

THAT'S THE GOD'S HONEST TRUTH, PUDDINHEAD. NOW WHERE'S MY MORPHINE?

ANNOUNCER

"INDULGE TOILET SOAP -- LIKE A PIPE DREAM IN A BOTTLE!"

ANNOUNCER (CONT)

AND WHAT IF THE AD WAS TAKEN A CRACK AT... BY LILLIAN HELLMAN?

(DOOR OPENS)

DELILIAH

SAMANTHA, MY DEAR, WHATEVER COULD BE TROUBLIN' YOU?

SAMANTHA

MY HANDS, DELILAH DEAR, MY HANDS. THEY'RE SO DRY, LIKE CRACKLING YELLOW LEAVES UNDER MAGNOLIA TREES IN NOVEMBER. WHAT WILL THE COLONEL THINK?

DELILIAH

OH, HE'LL WAIT TO SEE WHAT ZACHARY THINKS. THE COLONEL ALWAYS SIDES WITH ZACHARY, EXCEPT IN MATTERS WHERE MATILDA AND SHERMAN ARE CONCERNED.

SAMANTHA

BUT WHAT ABOUT MY...

DELILIAH

WHICH WILL LEAVE YOU, DIGSBY, WELLINGTON, AND THURGOOD TO FIGHT OVER WHO WILL GET TO DEPRIVE ME OF MY MEDICINE.

SAMANTHA

WHAT ARE YOU...

DELILIAH
AND THE SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX! OH, MONTGOMERY AND BEULAH WILL
BE LIKE DOGS AND CATS OVER THAT AND THE OLD TIN MINE, WHEN MY
WILL COMES CALLING...

    SAMANTHA
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?? ARE WE TALKING ABOUT MY
DELICATE HANDS OR AREN'T WE?

    DELILAH
OH. THEM. DUNK THEM IN LARD, HONEY. OR PUT YOUR HANDS...
IN THIS!

    SAMANTHA
WHAT'S THAT?

    DELILAH
INDULGE TOILET SOAP.

    SAMANTHA
IT LOOKS LIKE SULFURIC ACID.

    DELILAH
(LAUGHING)
OH NOW, SWEETY CAKES, WHY ON EARTH WOULD I DO THAT? THIS
FORMULA IS TESTED BY DOCTORS. AND THE COLONEL DOES LOVE
SILKY SKIN...

    SAMANTHA
HOW DO YOU KNOW?

    DELILAH
JUST PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE JAR, DARLING.

    SAMANTHA
YOU FIRST, MAPLE PIE.

    DELILAH
NO, YOU, APPLESEED.

    SAMANTHA
YOU!

    DELILAH
YOU!!

    BOTH
DADDYYYY!!!

    ANNOUNCER
"INDULGE TOILET SOAP -- LIKE A SCORPION IN A BOTTLE!"

    ANNOUNCER (CONT)
AND HOW ABOUT THE AD COURTESY OF... ARTHUR MILLER?
(DOOR OPENS)

FRANK

I'M HOME.

ELOISE

FRANK! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU!

FRANK

NOT EXPECT ME? AFTER THE WAY FERGUSON AND WALTERS PUT THE ROYAL BOWTIE ON ME THIS MORNING? I TELL YOU, ELOISE, IF MY BOYS WERE IN TOWN THIS WHOLE STINKING BUSINESS...

ELOISE

HERE, SWEETHEART, SIT DOWN, LET ME GET YOUR PAPER... AND HERE'S YOUR BOLOGNA SANDWICH -- NEW CHEESE -- BRIE!

FRANK

WHAT THE HECK'S...

ELOISE

THE MAIL CAME, NOTHING BUT BILLS, I THREW THEM OUT...

ELOISE, WHAT'S...

ELOISE

HOW ABOUT A CIGARETTE? AND HERE'S YOUR SLIPPERS -- LOOK AT THE LITTLE BUNNIES...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

ELOISE

IS THE SUN TOO BRIGHT? I CAN STAND IN THE WINDOW -- OOF, LIKE THIS -- TO SHADE YOUR EYES. WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER COFFEE?

FRANK

ELOISE, STOP MOVING! WHAT'S... YOUR HANDS... THEY'RE...

ELOISE

OH, DON'T MIND THEM, FRANK. I TALKED TO BETTY PHELPS TODAY ABOUT HER COLONOSCOPY, AND SHE SAID...

FRANK

I DON'T GIVE TWO NICKELS ABOUT BETTY PHELPS! MY WIFE'S GOT DRY HANDS AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY!

ELOISE

I WORK, FRANK. WE ALL HAVE TO WORK... YOU KNOW...

FRANK
I DO KNOW. I DIDN'T DARE KNOW, BUT NOW I DO KNOW. YOU THINK I CAN'T FEEL THE DEVASTATING JACKHAMMER IN YOUR HEART, YOUR VERY SOUL, EVERYTIME I EARN A BUCK? THE TRUTH IS, THE BOSS RULES ME AND YOU AND DAMN NEAR THIS WHOLE DECAYING SOCIETY. BUT THAT AIN'T GOING TO DISSUADE ME FROM SPOUTING OFF WHEN AND WHERE I LIKE AS IF I MYSELF WERE SOME INDUSTRIAL SMOKESTACK, CALLING TO THE HEAVENS ABOUT MY WIFE'S CHAPPED DRY HANDS!!

(PAUSE)

ELOISE
I WISH YOU WOULDN'T EXPOSTULATE LIKE THAT, FRANK.

FRANK
I CAN'T HELP MYSELF. BUT WHAT I CAN DO IS GIVE YOU...
"INDULGE TOILET SOAP -- A BALM FOR MAN'S SOUL IN A BOTTLE"

ELOISE
CAN WE AFFORD THIS?

ANNOUNCER
AND NOW... TENNESSEE WILLIAMS.

(DOOR OPENS, AND THE SOUND OF A MAN CRASHING INTO SOMETHING)

DIRK
OW!

JASMINE
OH! DIRK, DARLIN'! COME IN!

DIRK
BLAST IT, JASMINE, WHY ARE ALL THE LIGHTS OUT??

JASMINE
I FIND THE DARK... COMFORTING. LIKE A WARM BREEZE AFTER A SWIM IN CHERRY PITS.

DIRK
WHAT? WHERE ARE YOU?

JASMINE
I'M OVER HERE JUST MAKIN' MYSELF BEAUTIFUL FOR YOU, DIRK. APPLYIN' MY PERFUME AND SLIPPIN' ON SOME OF MY DAINTIER GARMENTS...

DIRK
THOSE HIKING BOOTS, JASMINE, YOU PUTTING THOSE ON?

JASMINE
AND YOU KNOW GOOD AND WELL THERE'S NOTHIN' I LIKE BETTER THAN TO HEAR A DEEP HUSKY MAN'S VOICE IN THE DARK AS I'M RETIRIN' TO THE VERANDAH WITH A MINT JULEP...

DIRK
YOU AIN'T HIDING THOSE DRY HANDS AGAIN, IS YOU?

JASMINE

(LAUGHING GAILY)
MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS NO, DIRK. HO HO, DRY HANDS, HO HO, NO, HO HO...

(SHE BEGINS TO WEEP)

DIRK
CAUSE I BOUGHT YOU SOME OF THAT "INDULGE TOILET SOAP". MAKES YOU ALL INDULGANT. AND SOAPY, I GUESS.

JASMINE
REALLY? WELL, LET ME TAKE A LOOK.

DIRK
WHY DON'T YOU TURN ON A LIGHT SO'S...

JASMINE
NONSENSE.

(CRASH)
OOP. SILLY OLD FOOTSTOOL.

DIRK
YOU NEED SOME HELP?

JASMINE
OH, I'M LIGHT AS A FEATHER DUSTER...

(CRASH)
I'M LIKE A BALLET DANCER, I AM...

(THUD)
WHERE ARE YOU, DIRK?

DIRK
OVER...

(CRASH)
OUCH! OVER HERE!

(SMASH)

JASMINE
WATCH OUT FOR THE MENAGERIE...

(HUGE SMASHING CRASH)

DIRK
(ALA BRANDO'S "STELLA")

JASMINNNNNE...!!

JASMINE

INDULGGGGEEEE!!!!

(MORE CRASHES)

ANNOUNCER

"INDULGE TOILET SOAP -- LIKE THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS IN A BOTTLE"

ANNOUNCER

AND THEN THERE'S ALWAYS... HAROLD PINTER.

(DOOR OPENS)

EMMA

OH. YOU MUST BE MY...

YES.

RICHIE

EMMA

I WAS JUST SITTING.

I SEE.

RICHIE

EMMA

MY HANDS. THINKING ABOUT MY HANDS. ABOUT THE SORT OF WAY THEY USED TO BE. BEFORE THE...

YES.

RICHIE

(PAUSE)

EMMA

BEFORE YOU...

RICHIE

CAN'T SAY AS I REMEMBER.

EMMA

NOT EVEN TO...

RICHIE

NOT WITHOUT...

EMMA

BUT I HAVEN'T...
THEN THERE’S NO...

EMMA

BUT MY GARTER BELT...

RICHIE

UNDER THE...

EMMA

NOT UNTIL...

RICHIE

THE MONKEY, EMMA, THE MONKEY!

(PAUSE)

EMMA

OF COURSE.

RICHIE

AND I BROUGHT YOU... THIS.

EMMA

BOTTLE?

RICHIE

JAR. JAR OF INDULGE. FOR YOU. INDULGENT. LIKE INDULGENCE, ONLY GOOEY. LIKE INDULGENCE.

EMMA

BUT. DOES THAT MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO...

RICHIE

NOT UNLESS YOU MAKE ME, PET. NOT UNLESS YOU MAKE ME.

(PAUSE)

ANNOUNCER

"INDULGE TOILET SOAP -- LIKE SILENCE IN A BOTTLE"!

ANNOUNCER (CONT)

AND FINALLY, WHAT WOULD THE END OF THE CENTURY BE WITHOUT AN AD BY... DAVID MAMET.

(DOOR OPENS)

HERSCHFIELD

WHAT THE [BEEP] YOU DOIN' HERE?

DILLER

WHAT AM I DOIN' HERE?
HERSCHFIELD
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE, I ASK YOU WHAT THE [BEEP] YOU ARE DOIN' HERE.

DILLER
I'M WAITING FOR MY WIFE.

HERSCHFIELD
YOUR WIFE.

DILLER

HERSCHFIELD
YOU'RE [BEEP]ING ME.

DILLER
DO I [BEEP] YOU? AM I WAITING?

HERSCHFIELD
YOU ARE WAITING.

DILLER
I'M WAITING. [BEEP] RIGHT, FOR MY WIFE I'M WAITING.

HERSCHFIELD
YOU GOT HER THE THING?

DILLER
THE THING.

HERSCHFIELD
THE THING. WITH THE STUFF.

DILLER
HER HANDS, THAT STUFF.

HERSCHFIELD
WHAT DO YOU CALL IT, THE STUFF FOR HER HANDS.

DILLER
THE STUFF. I GOT IT.

HERSCHFIELD
DOCTORS WORKED ON THAT, YOU KNOW, THAT STUFF.

DILLER
THE STUFF. DO I KNOW DOCTORS? MY BROTHER, [BEEP]ING NEWARK, BIG [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] DOCTOR, WORKED HIS [BEEP] [BEEP] OFF FOR MY WIFE'S [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] AND [BEEP] [BEEP] [BEEP] ON THE [BEEP] [BEEP].
HERSCHFIELD

I THINK YOU LOST ME IN THERE.

DILLER

I'M JUST SAYIN' IS ALL.

HERSCHFIELD

AND NOW YOU'RE HANDIN' THE STUFF OVER TO YOUR WIFE.

DILLER

SILVER PLATTER FOR THAT BROAD, ON A SILVER PLATTER THIS [BEEP] STUFF.

HERSCHFIELD

BROADS GET ALL THE GOOD STUFF, YOU NOTICE THAT?

DILLER

DO I NOTICE THAT? DO I HAVE EYES? I LOOK AT THIS STUFF, MY TONGUE WATERS...

HERSCHFIELD

BUT IT'S FOR HANDS.

DILLER

...AND IT'S FOR HANDS, BUT I'M BEING LED STRAIGHT INTO TEMPTATION HERE.

HERSCHFIELD

SO TAKE IT.

DILLER

TAKE IT?

HERSCHFIELD

TAKE IT. TAKE THE STUFF. YOU'RE THE MAN, YOU TAKE. MAN GIVETH. MAN, WHAT DO YOU CALL IT, TAKETH AWAY.

(PAUSE)

DILLER

YOU WANT SOME?

HERSCHFIELD

YEAH. YOU?

DILLER

GIMME THAT [BEEP]ING JAR.

(GLOPPING SOUNDS)

ANNOUNCER

"INDULGE TOILET SOAP -- LIKE A [BEEP] IN A BOTTLE"!
ANNOUNCER
AND NOW, FOR YOUR LISTENING ENJOYMENT, A SHORT TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN THEATER. VERY SHORT. WE WERE WONDERING HOW IN SEVEN MINUTES ON THE RADIO WE COULD PRESENT THE SIMPLE ELEGANCE AND CHARMS OF THAT MOST QUINTESSENTIALLY AMERICAN PLAY, "OUR TOWN" BY THORNTON WILDER. AND WE CAME UP WITH AN ANSWER. SOUND EFFECTS. SO PLEASE SIT BACK AND ENJOY OUR WONDROUS SOUND SPECTACULAR "THE SPIKE JONES PLAYERS' ABBREVIATED 'OUR TOWN'"!

(WE HEAR BIRDS CHIRPING)

STAGE MANAGER
EVENIN'. THE DAY IS MAY 7, 1901. THE NAME OF OUR TOWN IS GROVER'S CORNERS, NEW HAMPSHIRE. POPULATION 2,640...

(BANG!! A GUNSHOT!)

STAGE MANAGER (CONT)
2,639. IT'S A QUIET TOWN. NOT MUCH HAPPENS HERE. SUN'S JUST COMING UP NOW.

(A ROOSTER CROWS)

STAGE MANAGER (CONT)
THERE'S JOE CROMWELL, JR., OUT DELIVERING PAPERS.

(A WINDOW SMASH -- GLASS BREAKING)

STAGE MANAGER (CONT)
GOT A GOOD ARM, THAT BOY. AND HERE'S HOMER NEWSOME WITH THE MILK...

(CLIP-CLOPPING HORSE'S HOOVES)

STAGE MANAGER (CONT)
STILL HAS BESSIE, HIS HORSE.

(CLIP-CLOPS GET FASTER... FASTER...)

HOMER
WHOA, BESSIE! WHOA! WHOAaaaaa!!

(CLIP-CLOPS CHARGE BY -- MILK BOTTLES BANGING)

STAGE MANAGER
SOME PEOPLE THINK HOMER MADE A MISTAKE BUYING A THOROUGHBRED TO DELIVER MILK, BUT I CAN'T REALLY SAY. AND HERE'S DOC GIBBS, COMING DOWN MAIN STREET NOW.

(FOOTSTEPS)
STAGE MANAGER (CONT)

TRYING TO GET INTO HIS OWN HOME.

(THE SOUND OF LOTS OF LOCKS BEING UNLOCKED)

STAGE MANAGER (CONT)

WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY BURGLARIES HERE YET, BUT THE PEOPLE OF GROVER'S CORNERS LIKE TO BE PREPARED.

DR. GIBBS

I'M HOME! HELLO, GEORGE.

(EATING SOUNDS, LIQUID POURING)

GEORGE

MORNING, PA! GOTTA GO!

(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING OFF)

STAGE MANAGER

AND RIGHT NEXT DOOR IS THE WEBB FAMILY. THEY'RE HAVING BREAKFAST TOO. CUTE LITTLE EMILY AND HER MOTHER.

(MORE EATING SOUNDS)

EMILY

(MOUTH FULL OF FOOD)

MAMA, AH I PEBBY?

MRS. WEBB

WHAT?

EMILY

(STILL CHEWING)

AH I PEBBY?

MRS. WEBB

YOU'VE GOT A MOUTHFULL OF BACON AND MARMALADE, CHILD.

EMILY

(CLEARLY)

MAMA. AM. I. PRETTY?

MRS. WEBB

YOU'RE PRETTY ENOUGH FOR ALL NORMAL PURPOSES. NOW GET TO SCHOOL.

(DOOR CLOSING)

STAGE MANAGER

DID I MENTION THERE ARE 125 HORSES IN GROVER'S CORNERS?
(WILD CLIP-CLOPPING AND NEIGHING)

STAGE MANAGER (CONT)

THIS WOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM EXCEPT FOR THE 125 AUTOMOBILES THAT JUST ARRIVED.

(HORNS HONKING, BELLS RINGING, CHAOS)

(THEN A LARGE CLOCK BELL RINGS.
SILENCE)

STAGE MANAGER (CONT)

BUT IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK ALREADY.

(CRICKETS CHIRP. COYOTES HOWL)

STAGE MANAGER (CONT)

DID I MENTION WE HAVE 125 COYOTES IN GROVER'S CORNERS? LET'S SET UP THESE LADDERS...

(WOODEN BANGING SOUNDS)

STAGE MANAGER (CONT)

...SO WE CAN SEE WHAT YOUNG GEORGE AND EMILY ARE UP TO TONIGHT IN THEIR RESPECTIVE BEDROOMS...

(FOOTSTEPS GOING UP THE LADDER)

GEORGE

HSSST. EMILY?

EMILY

HELLO, GEORGE.

GEORGE

MY LADDER'S ALL WOBBLY. IS YOURS?

EMILY

NOPE.

GEORGE

OH. WELL. DID YOU GET THE THIRD HOMEWORK PROBLEM?

MR. GIBBS

GEORGE! CAN YOU COME DOWN A MINUTE?

GEORGE

HEY, EMILY, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

(FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE LADDER)

GEORGE (CONT)

YES, PA?
MR. GIBBS

DID YOU CHOP THE FIREWOOD?

GEORGE

YES, PA.

(FOOTSTEPS UP)

HSST. EMILY!

EMILY

YES, GEORGE.

MRS. GIBBS

GEORGE?

(FOOTSTEPS DOWN)

GEORGE

YES, MA?

MRS. GIBBS

DID YOU FEED THE CHICKS?

GEORGE

YES, MA.

(FOOTSTEPS UP)

GEORGE (CONT)

(PIPING)

EMILY?

EMILY

HELLO, GEORGE.

MR. GIBBS

GEORGE?

GEORGE

WHAT??

(FAST FOOTSTEPS AND A CRASH)

GEORGE (CONT)

WHAT, PA?

MR. GIBBS

YOU SCRAPE AND PAINT THE ENTIRE HOUSE THIS AFTERNOON?

GEORGE

YES, SIR. I'M GOING BACK UP MY LADDER NOW...
(FOOTSTEPS UP, AND CRASH!! A HUGE HORRIBLE CRASH!)

(PAUSE)

(THEN A PHONE BEING PICKED UP, DIALED, AND RINGING)

EMILY

(PICKING UP HER PHONE)

HELLO?

GEORGE

MY LADDER FELL OVER, EMILY. I THOUGHT I'D CALL YOU.

EMILY

HELLO, GEORGE.

GEORGE

LISTEN, CAN WE GO GET AN ICE CREAM SODA TOMORROW AFTER SCHOOL?

EMILY

OF COURSE. GOOD NIGHT, GEORGE.

(CLICK)

STAGE MANAGER

SO ANOTHER QUIET NIGHT COMES TO A CLOSE IN GROVER'S CORNER.

(BANG!! GUNSHOTS! SIRENS! POLICE WHISTLES!)

STAGE MANAGER (CONT)

THAT'S CONSTABLE WARREN. KEEPING THE PEACE. DUTIFUL MAN. TOOK HIS JOB REAL SERIOUS. MOVED TO LOS ANGELES, I HEAR. LET'S SKIP AHEAD A DAY TO SEE EMILY AND GEORGE AT THAT ICE CREAM SODA STORE...

(A DOORBELL TINKLES AND WE HEAR SLURPING SOUNDS OF A SODA BEING SUCKED THROUGH A STRAW)

GEORGE

EMILY, YOU KNOW I'M GOING AWAY TO STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE NEXT YEAR...

(BARNYARD SOUNDS FLOOD IN -- COWS MOOING, SHEEP BLEATING, CHICKENS CLUCKING)

EMILY
SO ARE ALL THESE ANIMALS THAT FOLLOW YOU AROUND SORT OF LIKE A COLLEGE PREP CLASS FOR YOU?

GEORGE

SORT OF. SHOO. SHOO!

(ANIMAL NOISES FADE)

GEORGE (CONT)

WHAT I WANTED TO SAY WAS...

(A LOUD EMPTY SLURPING SOUND)

EMILY

I THINK I FINISHED MY ICE CREAM SODA.

YOU WANT ANOTHER?

EMILY

NO, GO ON. I'LL JUST SUCK UP THE LITTLE BIT LEFT AT THE BOTTOM.

(HUGE SLURPING SOUNDS)

GEORGE

WELL, I WAS -- I WAS WONDERING... IF YOU... IF WE... GEE, THAT'S LOUD.

EMILY

IT'S A GOOD SODA.

GEORGE

EMILY, LISTEN. IF I IMPROVE AND MAKE A BIG CHANGE... WOULD YOU BE... I MEAN, COULD YOU BE...

EMILY

I... I AM NOW. I ALWAYS HAVE BEEN.

(ROMANTIC ORGAN MUSIC SWELLS)

EMILY (CONT)

MR. MORGAN! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD AN ORGAN IN THE CORNER OF THE STORE!

SURE DO!

STAGE MANAGER

GEORGE

EMILY. SO I GUESS THIS WAS AN IMPORTANT TALK WE'VE BEEN HAVING.

EMILY

YES.
(WEDDING MARCH STARTS, AND WE HEAR CRYING)

MRS. GIBBS
I ALWAYS CRY AT WEDDINGS.

(GLASS BREAKING)

MR. GIBBS
THERE GOES JOE CROMWELL, JR., SENDING HIS REGARDS. THANKS, JOE!

GEORGE
I LOVE YOU, EMILY.

EMILY
I LOVE YOU, GEORGE.

I DO.

I DO.

(MUSIC CHANGES TO A FUNERAL MARCH)

EMILY (CONT)
SAY. WHAT HAPPENED?

WOMAN
YOU'RE DEAD, DEAR.

EMILY
JEEPERS. ALREADY?

WOMAN
WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL NIGHT.

(LOUD CHAINS RATTLE)

EMILY
WHO'S THAT?

WOMAN
OH, HIM. SIR, THIS IS THE ROOM FOR DEAD PEOPLE FROM GROVER'S CORNER. DICKENSIAN LONDON IS DOWN THE HALL.

OH. SORRY.

(CHAIRS RATTLING FADE AWAY)
EMILY
CAN'T I GO BACK AND RE-LIVE ONE DAY OF MY LIFE?

STAGE MANAGER
SUIT YOURSELF. HOW'S FEBRUARY 11, 1899? TUESDAY.

EMILY
I NEVER MUCH LIKED TUESDAYS...

STAGE MANAGER
TOO LATE!

(SOUND OF SNOW FALLING AND CRUNCHING, WIND BLOWING)

EMILY
IT'S COLD!

STAGE MANAGER
IT'S FEBRUARY IN NEW ENGLAND, GIRL. YOU WANT TO RE-LIVE YOUR DAY IN PALM BEACH?

EMILY
NO. NO.

(A SQUEAKING DOOR OPENS)

EMILY (CONT)
FATHER! PA!

MR. WEBB
WISH WE HAD INDOOR PLUMBING...

EMILY
NO! I DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS! TAKE ME BACK.

(WIND AND SNOW STOP)

EMILY (CONT)
OH, DO ANY HUMAN BEINGS EVER REALIZE LIFE WHILE THEY LIVE IT? -- EVERY -- EVERY MINUTE?

(A CLOCK STARTS TICKING)

STAGE MANAGER
NOPE. GOOD NIGHT, EVERYBODY!

(MUSIC SWELLS)