

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?

DELILAH

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...

DELILAH

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

SAMANTHA

WHAT ARE YOU...

DELILAH

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

DADDYYYYY!!!

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...

FRANK

ELOISE, WHAT'S...

ELOISE

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

FRANK

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
 INDULGGGGEEEEE!!!!

(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...

RICHIE
 YES.

EMMA
 I WAS JUST SITTING.

RICHIE
 I SEE.

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

RICHIE
 YES.

(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... RICHIE

BUT MY GARTER BELT... EMMA

UNDER THE... RICHIE

NOT UNTIL... EMMA

THE MONKEY, EMMA, THE MONKEY! RICHIE

(PAUSE)

OF COURSE. EMMA

AND I BROUGHT YOU... THIS. RICHIE

BOTTLE? EMMA

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

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

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

(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
 THE LITTLE LADY, THE MRS., THE BALL AND CHAIN, MY WIFE, YES,
 MY WIFE IS FOR WHO I WAIT.

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
 WHATDOYOUCALLIT, 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, WHATDOYOUCALLIT, 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 CHARM 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! WHOAAAAA!!

(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)

GEORGE (CONT)
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)
(PANTING)
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, CHIICKENS 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.

GEORGE
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!

STAGE MANAGER
SURE DO!

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.

GEORGE

I DO.

EMILY

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.

GHOST

OH. SORRY.

(CHAINS 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)