

CLARENCE. So, George walked Mary home. Is that important, Joseph?

JOSEPH. I'd say it is. Because even though Mary lived only four blocks away, it took them two hours to get there.

GEORGE & MARY. (*Singing:*) BUFFALO GALS WON'T YOU
COME OUT TONIGHT,
COME OUT TONIGHT, COME OUT TONIGHT
BUFFALO GALS WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT
AND DANCE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

(*They laugh.*)

GEORGE. Hot Dog, oh boy, just like an organ, gee whiz!

MARY. Beautiful!

GEORGE. You know something, 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. How old are you anyway?

MARY. Eighteen.

GEORGE. Eighteen?!

MARY. Too young or too old?

GEORGE. Oh, no. Just right. Your age fits you... Hey, look where we are.

MARY. Oh, the old Granville house.

GEORGE. Yeah, I got to throw a rock.

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

GEORGE. Well no, don't you know about deserted houses, you make a wish and then throw a rock.

MARY. But George, it's such a lovely old place. I wish I lived there.

GEORGE. In there? I wouldn't live there if I was a ghost. Now watch, watch this.

(SFX: Glass breaks.)

GEORGE. How 'bout it, huh? Pretty good shot, huh? Broke a window, huh!

MARY. What's your wish, George?

GEORGE. Well, not just one wish. A whole hatful, Mary. I'm shaking the dust of this crummy little town off my feet and I'm going to see the world. Italy, Greece, the Parthenon, the Colosseum. Then I'm coming back here and go to college and see what they know...and then I'm going to build things. I'm gonna build air fields. I'm going to build skyscrapers a hundred stories high. I'm gonna build bridges a mile long... And then I'm gonna... Hey, what...are you gonna throw a rock too?

(SFX: Glass breaks.)

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

MARY. Oh no. If I tell you, it may not come true.

GEORGE. Hey, hey Mary... C'mon, what do you want huh? Do you want the moon? All you gotta do just say the word now...

MARY. Okay, the moon. I'll take it. And then what?

GEORGE. Then what? I'll throw a lasso around it and pull it down. Then you could swallow it and it'd all dissolve, see? And the moonbeams'd shoot out of your fingers and toes, and the ends of your hair and the... — Am I talking too much?

OLD MAN COLLINS. Yes!! Why don't you kiss her instead of talking her to death?

GEORGE. Who's that?

MARY. Old Man Collins on his front porch.

OLD MAN COLLINS. Aw, youth is wasted on the wrong people!

(SFX: A door opens and slams.)

GEORGE. Hey, hey, hold on. Hey, mister, come back out here and I'll show you some kissing that'll put hair back on your head! You come back out here and —