

GEORGE. And I told Harry I thought I'd be bored to death. 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.

He treads on her feet.

MARY. Ow!

GEORGE. There now... I told you!

MARY. Two left feet. If you point them at the door, will they take you outside?

GEORGE. We could try it.

They make their way through the crowd, acknowledging unseen revellers as they go.

Thanks for the loan of your sister, Marty... no, no, she'll be fine with me.

MARY. Go away, Marty... I'm getting a breath of fresh air...

They are outside.

GEORGE. Breath of fresh air.

They stand looking at each other.

MARY. What shall we do?

GEORGE. Cross-country run?

They walk.

MARY. Hunt the slipper?

GEORGE. Look! The old Granville House... I could go throw a rock...

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 have to be a pretty good shot, too. Watch, right on the second floor there.

Throws a rock... no not really... towards the audience. Sound of breaking glass.

MARY. What'd you wish, George?

GEORGE. 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 going to see the world. Italy, Greece, the Parthenon, the Colosseum. Then I'm coming back here and going to college and see what they know... and then I'm going to build things. I'm gonna build airfields. I'm gonna build skyscrapers a hundred storeys high. Bridges a mile long...

BERT. Cop in a small town, you're the one gets called when there's bad news. It had to be me to tell him. He was having such a good time, too.

GEORGE. Are you gonna throw a rock?

MARY throws a rock. Sound of breaking glass.

That's pretty good! What'd you wish, Mary?

MARY smiles and starts whistling whatever tune it was that was playing when they danced.

Hey, I told you what I wished for... now you...

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

GEORGE. What is it you want, Mary? You want the moon? Just say the word and I'll throw a lasso around it and pull it down.

MARY. Well, that's a pretty good idea!

GEORGE. It sure is, Mary, I'll give you the moon...

MARY. I'll take it. And then what?