

*Our Town*  
Thornton Wilder

EMILY  
GEORGE

*George and Emily walk home from school. Emily finally gets to say all that she has wanted to.*

GEORGE. Can I carry your books home for you, Emily?

EMILY. Why . . . uh . . . Thank you. It isn't far. *(She gives them to him)*

*(Long pause)*

GEORGE. Emily, why are you mad at me?

EMILY. I'm not mad at you.

GEORGE. You've been treating me so funny lately.

EMILY. Well, since you ask me, I might as well say it right out, George, . . .

*(Long pause)*

GEORGE. Wha — what is it?

EMILY. *(Not scoldingly; finding it difficult to say)* I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year.

GEORGE. A *change*? — Wha — what do you mean?

EMILY. Well, up to a year ago I used to like you a lot. And then you began spending all your time at *baseball* . . . and you never stopped to speak to anybody anymore. George, it's a fact, you've got awful

conceited and stuck up, and all the girls say so. I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings, but I can't be sorry I said it.

GEORGE. I . . . I'm glad you said it, Emily. I never thought that such a thing was happening to me. I guess it's hard for a fella not to have faults creep into his character.

*(They take a step or two in silence, then stand still in misery)*

EMILY. I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be.

GEORGE. Oh . . . I don't think it's possible to be perfect, Emily.

EMILY. Well, my *father* is, and as far as I can see *your* father is. There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't be, too.

GEORGE. Well, I feel it's the other way round. That men aren't naturally good; but girls are.

EMILY. Well, you might as well know right now that I'm not perfect. It's not as easy for a girl to be perfect as a man, because we girls are more — more — nervous. Now I'm sorry I said all that about you. I don't know what made me say it.

GEORGE. Emily . . .

EMILY. Now I can see it's not the truth at all. And I suddenly feel that it isn't important, anyway.

GEORGE. Emily, would you like an ice-cream soda, or something, before you go home.

EMILY. They're so expensive.

GEORGE. No, no, — don't think of that. We're celebrating. Do you know what I'm celebrating?

EMILY. N-no.

GEORGE. I'm celebrating because I've got a friend who tells me all the things that ought to be told me.

EMILY. George, *please* don't think of that. I don't know why I said it. It's not true. You're —

GEORGE. No, Emily, you stick to it. I'm glad you spoke to me like you did. But you'll *see*: I'm going to change so quick — you bet I'm going to change. And Emily, I want to ask you a favor.

EMILY. What?

GEORGE. Emily, if I go away to State Agriculture College next year, will you write me a letter once in a while?

EMILY. I certainly will. I certainly will, George . . .