

GREEN CARD

GEORGES and BRONTE walk through the park.

GEORGES: Height, five feet ten...

BRONTE: Five ten and three quarters.

GEORGES: Three Quarters. Right. Ok. Weight, 150 pounds.

BRONTE: No!

GEORGES: Huh?

BRONTE: No, 135.

GEORGES: Thirty-five?

BRONTE: Yeah.

GEORGES: Eyes?

BRONTE: Green.

GEORGES: Green, yeah. Small scar on your ankle.

BRONTE: How did you know?

GEORGES: I know. I saw it. Birthday, 8th August.

BRONTE: Correct. Okay, my turn. Eyes. Brown.

GEORGES: Nose. BIG!

BRONTE: Oh, no!

GEORGES: Yes, sure it is.

BRONTE: Height, six feet?

GEORGES: Yeah.

BRONTE: Um, weight?

GEORGES: Oof! Weight! You worry too much about weight.

BRONTE: Um, at 17 you met Helene.

GEORGES: Yeah.

BRONTE: She was at the University of Italy. She taught you to read and write music.

GEORGES: Mm-hmm.

BRONTE: And you lived together for seven years, until she died.

GEORGES: Seven. Seven years, yeah.

BRONTE: And then you gave up your music for many years, right?

GEORGES: Yes, but I don't write any music. I just play piano, always in the bars. (laughing)

BRONTE: Yesss!(laughs with him) And Anton heard you one night in Italy...

GEORGES: Yeah.

BRONTE: And said that he would help you start over in America.

GEORGES: Yes! And I wake up in America... Beautiful country, land of opportunity.

BRONTE: Uh-huh, ha, ha, ha.

They have gotten carried away laughing and not taking it seriously. They sit down in the park on the grass under a tree.

GEORGES: Okay, back to work. Um, you live with two men. First Peter, then Stephen. Both nice guy.

BRONTE: Nice?

GEORGES: Yes, that's what you said. Yes. And Stephen wanted to marriage you but you think marriage is boring.

BRONTE: Ah! Except for ours.

GEORGES: Oh, yeah. Then you met, uh, Phil...Phil.

GEORGES: Him you really love, huh?

BRONTE: You can't tell them that... And I left Phil...

GEORGES: And married me, because...

BRONTE: You're different and funny.

GEORGES: And don't forget a...a good handyman.

BRONTE: Right. You've had lots of women, but you haven't really loved anyone...since Helene, except for me. And you fell in love with me because...

GEORGES: Ah! ...What's a good reason?... I just can't think...

BRONTE: It can't be that hard to think of a reason.

GEORGES: Uh, let me see. Ahh!... There must be a reason... (still teasing but then...)
Oh, yes! Yes. Because I begin to hear music again.