

Side 1 (“Mr. Inbetween”, Man)

MAN:

It's Friday night in the city. I'm staying late at the office. Typing up invoices. There aren't many of them but I'm a terrible typist and I keep putting the carbon paper facing the wrong way up. My sister expects me home for boiled fish. But when I'm done here, I'm stopping off at a dive for a drink. Any place wet. My sister won't like that. She doesn't respect the pressures of the advertising business. And yeah, I'd go home quicker if - waiting for me was a fresh-baked pie. Held by a gorgeous doll. My sister says I shouldn't say 'doll'. My sister's a spinster and she says I can't say that word either. It's getting so a man can hardly talk anymore.

Side 2 (“Mr. Inbetween”, Man and Woman)

WOMAN:

You're National Billboard?

MAN:

I am.

WOMAN:

I need to ask you about one.

MAN:

One what.

WOMAN:

Billboard. Wouldn't that be obvious?

MAN:

I've never had a walk-in customer. I'm weak on dialogue.

WOMAN:

It's television, isn't it.

MAN:

While I stumble dumbly for a reply to her astuteness I am blinded by a deafening flash of insight. I am on the precipice of falling in love. A drop-dead

gorgeous - woman - has just walked into my office and, in one word, identified my entire existential crisis. Television. I struggle to keep my voice from warbling.

MAN:

Have a seat. About our billboards. We've got twenty of them here in Chicago. All in prime locations.

WOMAN:

I just need to know about one billboard in particular. Your sign in the empty lot at the corner of 4th and Jefferson.

MAN:

4th and Jefferson huh.

WOMAN:

The one that currently asks, 'Carole Will You Marry Me Love Bill'.

MAN:

Are you a reporter for The Herald? You're too late. The Trib already has the story. I can only tell you what I told them I can't give you Bill's name because of the billboard industry's strict code of client confidentiality.

WOMAN:

You really won't give out your client's full name?

MAN:

I could never embarrass him like that. What if this Carole says no?

WOMAN:

Then I have a really big problem.

MAN:

Suppose you tell me your really big problem.

WOMAN:

I'm Carole.

MAN:

You're Carole.

WOMAN:

The Carole.

