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The Heron and the Crane

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The Heron and The Crane

Once upon a time

there was a crane.

And not so far away

lived a long-, long-nosed heron.

The heron looked at the crane

and laughed to herself:

What a clumsy fellow he is.

Should I propose to the heron?

She looks like our family.

She has our beak

and our long legs.

Is Mistress Heron at home?

Yes, yes, yes,

she's here.

What do you want?

Will you marry me.

Will I marry you... you beanpole?!

Not a chance!

Your clothes are too short

and you only walk,

you never fly

and you're so tight with money

I could starve in the nest...

...and... and...

and why did I refuse him?

Why did I say 'no'?

He's from a good family...

...and they call him a

snappy dresser...

And he does have a

fine topknot.

Crane, I will marry you.

No, Heron.

I've already changed my mind

about marrying you.

Go back to where you came from.

And the heron went off.

But the crane now

regretted turning her down.

He caught up with the heron and said:

All right, Heron, I'll marry you.

Did you hear, Miss Heron?

I'll take you as my wife.
You might want to take,
but I'll not be taken.
But the heron thought again:
It's better to live in a pair
than alone.
I'll go and make up with him
and marry him.
Yes, we'll make up
and I'll marry him.
Crane dear, all right then,
I'll marry you.
But the crane's answer was:
You didn't want to marry me Miss Heron,
and if you do nowwell that's just too bad!
With these words...
the crane turned away,
and the heron left.
Craney, Craney,
I'll marry you!
And still they go,
back and forth...
...one after the other.
The End