

Cheers

"Diane's Perfect Date"

**FOR EDUCATIONAL
SCRIPT READING
PURPOSES ONLY**

"CHEERS"

"Diane's Perfect Date"

#60591-017

TEASER

A

*Coach Station One
more to right
of Beer pumps
After Handlins
Diane Sandwich
for up coming
Dialog with
Carla
cut up Dimeo
with it Dimeo
just in Dimeo
in + B*

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - LUNCHTIME

THE PLACE IS LARGELY DESERTED. SAM IS AT ONE END OF THE BAR TAKING AN INVENTORY. CARLA AND COACH ARE CLEANING GLASSES WHEN DIANE COMES OVER.

DIANE

I think if nobody minds I'll have
my lunch now.

SAM INDICATES "GO AHEAD". DIANE GOES AND SITS AT A TABLE AND STARTS UNPACKING A BROWN PAPER BAG.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I got some lovely roast beef today
for a sandwich... (NOTICES CARLA)
I'm sorry, Carla. If it bothers you
I can eat in the back...

CARLA

Nah, that's okay. I had some nausea
earlier, but I'm fine now.

*
*

Answer
COACH

My wife had terrible morning sickness. Know what she used to do? *Carla*

CARLA

I'll try anything. What did she do?

COACH

Threw up.

CARLA

It's worth a shot. Hey, y'know,
I'm starting to get hungry.

CARLA COMES FROM BEHIND THE BAR AND CROSSES TO DIANE. AS DIANE STARES, FIRST IN CURIOSITY AND THEN IN HORROR, CARLA SETS DOWN A PLATE OF SARDINES, A BOTTLE OF OLIVES AND A BOWL OF SUGAR.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Mind if I join you?

SHE SITS. DIANE, STILL STUNNED BY THE FOOD SELECTION, MERELY SHAKES HER HEAD "NO".

CARLA (CONT'D)

That's another thing about pregnancy.

You get cravings...

SHE CAREFULLY PICKS UP AN OLIVE, REMOVES THE PIMIENTO FROM THE CENTER, THEN PICKS UP A SARDINE AND STUFFS THE PIMIENTO IN ITS LITTLE MOUTH.

CARLA (CONT'D)

... And I just got a sudden craving.

VERY CAREFULLY SHE SPOONS SUGAR OVER THE SARDINE. DIANE'S FACE FALLS.

DIANE

I've suddenly lost my appetite...
forever.

DIANE PUTS DOWN HER SANDWICH, RISES AND ABRUPTLY LEAVES THE ROOM. SAM IS WATCHING WITH SOME FASCINATION.

CARLA

Works every time:

IT. SHE HAPPILY PICKS UP DIANE'S SANDWICH AND TUCKS INTO

CARLA (CONT'D)

(YELLING AFTER DIANE) Bring
chicken tomorrow!

DISSOLVE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

B

*Stop cutting
James
over Norm Beer*

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

IT'S AN AVERAGE NIGHT: USUAL CUSTOMERS, PLUS OUR REGULARS, MINUS DIANE. NORM ENTERS, LOOKING DOWN. ALL AD LIB USUAL GREETINGS.

COACH

Beer, Norm?

NORM

Is that that foamy amber stuff? *

COACH

Yeah. *

NORM

I've heard good things about it.

COACH GIVES HIM THE BEER.

SAM

How's it goin'?

NORM

Don't ask. It's no fun lookin' for
work, Sammy.

SOME CUSTOMERS CHIME IN AGREEMENT.

CLIFF

Being unemployed can hurt a man's self-
respect, his relationships, even his
sex life. *Cliff*

NORM GRUNTS IN AGREEMENT.

COACH

SOTTO VOCE

Hurts your sex life, Norm?

NORM

"Coach" "Figures"

I'll say. I'm home so much Vera expects
to have one. SAM

*(Go to Stat's)
(Go to Cliff)
(or wash glasses
(near Cliff))*

Have you been going on interviews?

NORM

Have I? Look at that.

HE INDICATES THE ARMPITS OF HIS SHIRT, WHICH ARE SOAKED
WITH PERSPIRATION.

NORM (CONT'D)

That's a three-interview day.

You know what I really
hate? When they ask you for a match
and then use it to set your resume
on fire.

NORM TAKES A COPY OF HIS RESUME OUT OF HIS COAT POCKET.

NORM (CONT'D)

The last guy I showed it to read
it and laughed in my face.

SAM

Why would he do a thing like that?

NORM SHRUGS. SAM PICKS UP THE RESUME, LOOKS AT IT, CHUCKLES.

NORM

I think I'm going through another
shirt.

SAM

Sorry, Norm. It's just... your
resume's kinda skimpy, isn't it?

NORM TAKES OUT A LIGHTER AND HANDS IT TO SAM.

SAM

No, no. What I mean is, you went right from
school to work. Stayed with the
same company twelve years...

CARLA

What's this under hobbies? "Stamping?"
You mean, stamp collecting?

NORM

Nah, stamping. My feet go to sleep.

SAM

But you could try to pep your resume
up a little. Everybody does that.
It's expected of you.

NORM TAKES THE RESUME BACK AND LOOKS AT IT, CONSIDERING.

NORM

Mmm. Maybe you've got a point.

Pep it up... Got a pencil, Sammy?

SAM

Sure.

HANDS HIM ONE.

NORM

I'll just take what's here and spice
it up a little.

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CARLA

Hey Norm, if you really need a job
my Uncle Joe's looking for a new guy
to work for him.

NORM

Doing what?

CARLA

All you gotta do is taste his
breakfast, start his car, and
occasionally kiss a guy on the lips.

NORM

Doesn't sound like a job with a
future.

CARLA

Not for the guys you kiss.

DIANE ENTERS WITH WALTER FRANKLIN, AN ACADEMIC-LOOKING, PIPE-
SMOKING MAN IN HIS MID-THIRTIES. DIANE HAS A SMALL SUITCASE.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Oh boy, it's Diane and her date for
the weekend.

DIANE

Thanks for dropping me off, Walter.

WALTER

My pleasure. Want to hear me do it
one last time?

DIANE

No, Walter.

WALTER

Eight.

DIANE

Stop doing that, Walter.

WALTER

Nineteen. Why don't you introduce
me to your co-workers? They'll
get a bang out of this.

DIANE

Oh, ah, Sam... I'd like you to meet
Walter Franklin. Sam Malone.

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

*Washington Weyers
Carla #2*

SAM

How do you do.

WALTER

Ten.

*
*
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*
*
*

DIANE

He's able to tell you instantly how many letters there are in any sentence you say.

WALTER

Sixty-six.

SAM

That's quite a gift.

WALTER

Fifteen. (GLEEFULLY) I've been at it all weekend.

SAM

(TO DIANE) How many days did it seem like?

WALTER

Twenty-four.

DIANE POINTS AT WALTER AND NODS.

DIANE

Listen, I have to go to work now,
Walter. Thanks again for a lovely
weekend.

WALTER

Two sentences. Thirty and twenty-eight.

DIANE

Please don't do it anymore, Walter.

WALTER

Twenty-seven.

DIANE

(STARTING TO LOSE HER TEMPER) I
mean it.

WALTER

Seven. Well, enough of this. I
really do have to be going. Goodbye,
Diane. Nice meeting you, Sam.

SAM

Yeah.

WALTER

Four.

HE GOES TO THE DOOR.

SAM

By the way, Walter.

WALTER

Fourteen. What, Sam?

SAM

On a scale of a hundred, how was
Diane?

WALTER

Twenty-nine.

SAM

Really?

WALTER

Six.

WALTER EXITS. DIANE TURNS BACK, TRYING TO IGNORE THE FACT
THAT SHE KNOWS PERFECTLY WELL EVERYONE'S WATCHING HER. SHE
PUTS ON HER APRON, REFUSING TO MEET THEIR GAZE.

COACH

Hey That's quite a fella, Diane. Looks like
you ~~came~~ came up with a winner.

CARLA

Congratulations, Diane.

DIANE

Oh, you liked him?

CARLA

No. But you're no longer the most
boring person I've ever met.

DIANE

(DEFENSIVELY) Walter happens to be
a very distinguished geneticist.

COACH

MacDonald's my favorite.

DIANE

Your favorite what?

COACH

Jeanette. *DIANNE* —

(EXPLAINING) The girl who sang with Nelson Eddy. Ask your friend sometime. If he's worth a damn as a Jeanettecist he'll know all about her.

APOLOGIZE

DIANE

Great to be back.

DIANE EXITS TO THE BACK ROOM.

NORM

Okay Sammy, I think we're rollin' now. Those ol' job offers oughta start pouring in. And speaking of pouring...

SAM
~~COACH~~ GIVES HIM A REFILL. SAM TAKES THE RESUME AND STARTS TO READ.

SAM

(READING) "Norm Peterson... thought-provoking, poignant, hilarious.

A

rollercoaster of emotions. If you hire only one accountant this year, make it Norm Peterson." (LOOKS UP) What is this?

NORM

I had the paper open to the movie section.

*MOVE WITH @ 6 PAGES
NOW*

*Now
Take Six Pack
TO BAR*

*Take Six Pack
TO BAR*

COACH

(ALSO LOOKING AT THE RESUME) *Here the part I like the best.*
~~this part.~~ "At last, an accountant
the whole family can go see."

NORM TAKES THE RESUME BACK AND CRUMPLES IT.

NORM

What's the use, Sammy? No one's
gonna hire me anyhow.

CLIFF, WHO HAS SAT DOWN NEARBY AT SOME POINT, JOINS IN.

CLIFF

You ever consider doing anything but
accounting, Norm?

NORM

I was in the motor pool when I was in
the service. I learned a little
something about engines.

CLIFF

Like what?

NORM

How to get out of workin' on 'em.

SAM

That'll get you a job in any garage
I've ever been to.

DIANE ENTERS AND GOES TO THE BAR.

*finish up
 Sam pack
 and mine
 to Carter's
 I scotch
 Rabe*

*then back
 to corner
 washing
 glasses*

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SAM (CONT'D)

(TO DIANE)
Have a nice weekend?

DIANE

(EMPHATICALLY) I had a wonderful weekend. We went to Martha's Vinyard. Took long walks on the beach, went hiking over the dunes, bicycled all over the place...

SAM

And you still couldn't lose him?

DIANE

I'll thank you not to criticize my social life.

SAM

That's not enough incentive.

DIANE

You're the last person in the world who should take shots at another person's choice of dates. Not after the coterie of Betty Boops you squander your time, money and hormones on.

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SAM

I date terrific women.

DIANE

Yes, and talented. Without them the
art of gum-snapping might be lost
forever.

SAM

My dates don't count the number of
letters in sentences.

DIANE

Your dates can't form sentences.

SAM

What should I do, Diane? Hang around
libraries offering to buy women books?

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DIANE

You know, if you'd let me
I could fix you up with an intelligent
woman who'd open up new worlds for you.

SAM

And I could set you up with a guy
who'd show you the best time you've
ever had.

DIANE

I'm tempted to let you just to see
what kind of joke you'd bring in.
I haven't had a good laugh in a week.

SAM

Certainly not in a weekend.

DIANE

I resent that.

SAM

Eleven.

DIANE

Okay, Mr. Matchmaker. You're on.
Let's set each other up.

SAM

Fine. You're not gonna pull out
on me, are you?

DIANE

No. If you go out with mine, I'll
have to go out with yours.

SAM

Fine. What about tomorrow night?

DIANE

I'll try to find... Wait, I just
thought of the perfect girl. Perfect.
Oh, this is great. I'll go see if
she's free right now.

DIANE PICKS UP HER TRAY AND HEADS FOR THE BACK ROOM.

SAM

Terrific. We'll all meet here at
eight.

DIANE EXITS.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna set that lady up with an
A-one date. Show her what she's
been missing. What do you think,
Carla? Who do I know who'd be a good
match for Diane?

CARLA

What about that guy you used to play
ball with, Tim Wilson?

*

*

*

*

REV: 1/5/83*

17a.*
(B)

SAM

Carla, he's dead.

CARLA

So she has to drive.

Remarks 18. (B)

SAM

I'm serious.

COACH

Somehow
Well you know, Sam, I've always thought *that*
~~that~~ *great* you'd be a *good* date for Diane.

SAM

Coach, that's crazy. Or is it?

COACH

John
Well, let me think about it.

SAM

Oh, of course. Cute, real cute.

COACH

Thanks, Sam.

SAM

No, not you. Diane. Don't you see what she's doing? She's setting me up with herself.

COACH

Am? what?

SAM

Sure, you heard what she said. Set me up with a girl with brains. "The perfect girl." She's talking about herself. She doesn't have the nerve to ask me out so she's pulling this.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I guess it had to happen sooner or
later, huh, Coach? All right! I'll
go out with her. Thanks, Coach.

HE GIVES COACH A PLAYFUL PUNCH ON THE ARM. COACH RETURNS IT.
SAM WALKS AWAY. *move to station one.*

Carla COACH *to himself*

How come Sam's the only one around
here who ever understands what I'm
talking about? Including me.

DIANE COMES OUT OF THE BACK ROOM WITH A TRAY, SMILING, AND
CROSSES TO THE BAR.

DIANE

You know, I'm feeling like quite a
matchmaker. I called my friend and
she'd love to go out with Sam.
She's very athletic and also brilliant,
so they'll have one thing in common.
Carla, do you have any idea who he has
in store for me?

Coach

CARLA STARTS TO CHUCKLE EVILLY, THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY.

CARLA

(INNOCENTLY) No.

SHE LAUGHS AGAIN AND WALKS AWAY, AND ON DIANE'S LOOK WE
FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

*Cook at Station #1
after CHEESE
DODDIES split
for Sta. #2*

C

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - THE NEXT NIGHT

NORM IS PASSING BY THE STAIRS TO MELVILLE'S.

NORM

(SNIFFING) Boy, smells like somethin'
good's cookin' at Melville's tonight.

CLIFF

I wonder what it is.

*Memorize
for same
Return for
Ready for
Date*

NORM

Watercress and leek soup (SNIFFS) followed
by baked mussels lightly coated
with tarragon butter... (STOPS,
SNIFFS AGAIN) ...No, garlic
butter. And to top it all off, a (SNIFFS)
light raspberry torte.

CLIFF

Fine gourmet dining is one of life's
greatest treasures. Shoot those cheez
doodles down here, Coach...

*Coach
go to Station #2
With Carla*

COACH GETS CLIFF SOME CHEEZ DOODLES. CARLA APPROACHES THE BAR, NOTES SAM STILL ADJUSTING HIS TIE, CHECKING HIS HAIR, ETC.

CARLA

(INNOCENTLY) Hey Sam, you're looking pretty sharp tonight.

CLIFF

Yeah... what's the occasion there, Sam?

SAM

I've got a big, ah, blind date, Cliff.

CLIFF

Ooh... (SHAKING HIS HEAD) ... a blind date. Isn't that a little risky?

SAM

(SMUG) I don't think so. Not this one.

HE GIVES CLIFF A REASSURING LITTLE WINK, TAKES OUT A SMALL POCKET BREATH SPRAY, GIVES HIMSELF A BLAST, THEN SMILES AT HIS OWN REFLECTION IN ONE OF THE BOTTLES AND CHECKS THE GLEAM OF HIS TEETH.

NORM

I love to watch you gettin' ready for a date, Sam. It's like a great matador gettin' ready for a bullfight.

CLIFF

I hate that stuff. Who wants to see a man manipulate and torment a poor, unthinking creature?

SAM

Hey, I always buy 'em breakfast.

SAM SEES DIANE COMING DOWN THE STAIRS.

Watch Sam great with admiration as he dolls up at Cash Register

Then move to Station #2-

SAM

Why, there's Diane now, but the
strangest thing -- she appears to be
alone.

DIANE ENTERS, VERY ATTRACTIVELY DRESSED.

DIANE

Good evening, everybody. Hello, Sam.
Ready for your date?

SAM

(PLAYING IT VERY CUTE) Why, yes. Are
you ready for yours?

DIANE

As I'll ever be. Is he here? *

SAM

Kind of a dumb question, isn't it?
Of course he's here. Present and
accounted for. But... (LOOKING AROUND
INGENUOUSLY) ... wherever is my date
for the evening?

DIANE

She went back to lock the car.

SAM'S SMILE FREEZES IN AN UNCOMFORTABLE GRIMACE. HE'S NOT
QUITE SURE HE UNDERSTANDS. CARLA DOES A REPRIS OF HER
DIRTY LAUGH FROM THE ACT BREAK.

SAM

She did what... ?

DIANE

Gretchen went back to make sure she'd
locked the car.

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*

SAM

(REPEATING, STILL UNCOMPREHENDING)

... Gretchen... ?

DIANE

But the point is she's a woman of
substance. She's going to challenge
you, Sam.

SAM

(SAME BIT) ... Gretchen...?

*

GRETCHEN ENTERS. SHE'S ABOUT DIANE'S AGE, INTELLIGENT AND
ATHLETIC LOOKING.

DIANE

Oh, here she is. Gretchen Darrow,
this is Sam Malone.

GRETCHEN AND SAM SAY HELLO.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Gretchen is a grad student at Trinity.
You two have a lot in common. She's
working on her thesis on kinesiology.

*

SAM

Small world.

GRETCHEN

That's the study of physical movement, Sam.

DIANE

Akin to athletics. Gretchen has also lettered in three sports.

GRETCHEN

Understand you used to hum for the Sox.

SHE SLAPS HIM ON THE BACK.

SAM

Ouch. I can't believe this.

DIANE

(PLEASED BY WHAT SHE THINKS IS HIS REACTION) I knew

you'd like her. I'm a pretty good judge of people. Now let's see how good you are. (LOOKS AROUND)

Where's my guy?

CARLA DOES HER DIRTY LAUGH AGAIN.

SAM

(VAMPING) Your... guy. Right. Well, he... he went in the back. To play pool. I'll just... go get him.

CARLA LAUGHS AGAIN. SAM SHOTS HER A GLARE, THEN EXITS QUICKLY TO THE POOL ROOM.

NORM IS LOOKING AT GRETCHEN WITH NO MORE THAN AVERAGE CURIOSITY. *

GRETCHEN *

(TO NORM) What're you looking at, *
endomorph? *

NORM *

Nothing, sir. *

CUT TO:

D

~~POOL ROOM~~
COACH NOT
HERE.

INT. POOL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SAM ENTERS, LOOKS AROUND. ACROSS THE ROOM HE SEES TWO BURLY LONGSHOREMEN, MAL AND HARVE. BOTH SEEM TO BE CONCENTRATING ON SOMETHING, BUT NEITHER IS MOVING OR SAYING ANYTHING. SAM CROSSES TO THEM.

SAM

Excuse me, guys...

MAL HOLDS UP A WARNING FINGER TO SILENCE SAM, THEN BELCHES QUITE EXTRAVAGANTLY. HARVE SOLOMPLY TIMES THE LENGTH OF HIS COLLEAGUE'S ERUCTION.

HARVE

Three seconds. First round to you.

MAL

(TO SAM)
What can we do for you?

SAM

Either of you guys free tonight?

(FALTERS. CAN'T DO IT) Nah. Never
mind.

(MORE)

DESPAIRING, HE TURNS AWAY. AT THAT MOMENT, ANDY, A NICE-LOOKING, MILD-MANNERED GUY ENTERS FROM THE MEN'S ROOM. SAM TAKES ONE LOOK AT HIM.

SAM (CONT'D)

Thank God...

HE CROSSES QUICKLY TO ANDY.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hi. What's your name?

ANDY STARES AT HIM.

ANDY

Andy... why?

SAM

Doing anything tonight, Andy?

ANDY

(SUSPICIOUSLY) Why do you ask?

SAM, REALIZING WHAT ANDY'S THINKING, QUICKLY INTERRUPTS.

SAM

No, no, no. I've got an extra girl
on my hands.

ANDY

(RELAXING) Oh, I see.

SAM

If you'll go out with her, it's
worth twenty bucks.

ANDY

Why are you going to give me twenty
bucks to go out with a girl?

SAM

The twenty isn't for going out with her. The twenty is for one small lie. You have to pretend you and I are old friends and that I arranged this yesterday.

ANDY

Is she attractive?

SAM

I wish I was going out with her. *

ANDY

Why aren't you? *

SAM

I've got a date with Sheena, Queen of the Jungle Gym. My name's Sam, by the way. *

ANDY

Sam... Yeah, I'd probably know that, wouldn't I? *

THEY START FOR THE DOOR.

ANDY (CONT'D)

What if that girl doesn't like me?

SAM

It's okay... she doesn't like anybody.

THEY EXIT, AS WE:

CUT TO:

E

Station #1
with room
and club.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

SAM AND ANDY ENTER AND CROSS TO DIANE AND GRETCHEN. SAM, INDICATING ANDY TO DIANE, GIVES A "TA-DA!" TRUMPET SOUND AND GESTURE.

SAM

Andy, I'd like you to meet Diane...

And this is Gretchen.

ANDY

I finally meet Gretchen. Sam

talks about you all the time.

Gretchen, Gretchen, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN

He just met me.

SAM

But it seems like all my life. *

Andy, this is your date. *

Diane Chambers, meet my very good
friend Andy...Andy.

DIANE

Andy Andy? That should be easy to remember. Where do you and Sam know each other from?

SAM

Good question. Doesn't she ask good questions, Andy?

ANDY

We met in the pool --

SAM

(CUTTING IN) The pool. The swimming pool at the Y. We were there swimming, diving, floating... Your basic water sports. We're getting into your area now, aren't we, Gretchen?

GRETCHEN

Swimming is one of the finest cardio pulmonary exercises. It's also wonderful for development of all of the major muscle groups, particularly the latisimus dorsi.

SAM

(TO ANDY, RE: GRETCHEN)

You're ticked off that I got her first, huh? Well, I guess we'd better get started.

THEY ALL START FOR THE DOOR AS THEY TALK.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Diane, you and Andy have a good
time.

DIANE

You two, too. And Andy Andy and
I'll have fun fun. (TO ANDY) What
do you think Andy, does Italian food
sound good? I've been hungry for
Italian food all day.

ANDY

(AS HE EXITS) Anywhere but Via Milano.
That's bad memories for me. I killed
a waitress there.

ANDY EXITS. DIANE LOOKS AT SAM.

SAM

We'll double.

DISSOLVE TO:

*Coach
Station
with Norm & Cliff
Wiping shot glass
in front of Bar
for "it goes
with the job"*

G

INT. BAR - NIGHT - TWO HOURS LATER

NORM IS LOOKING AT THE WANT ADS.

NORM

Hey.

CLIFF

Find something, Norm?

NORM

Yeah, listen to this. (READS)

"Wanted: Chorus girls. Must be
20 to 25, leggy, attractive, willing
to travel and work long hours on the
road. Contact Rudy."

CLIFF

You want a job as a dancer?

NORM

No, I want a job as a Rudy.

CLIFF

Y'know...people can get desperate
and develop intense sexual longings
behind bars.

Cliff ^{COACH}
Hey, it's part of the job.

WE HEAR THE ROAR OF A MIGHTY HARLEY PULLING TO A STOP
OUTSIDE. CLIFF CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

CLIFF

That must be them now. They took his
motorcycle.

CARLA

Diane had to ride piggyback on a
motorcycle? I love it!

THE DOOR OPENS AND ANDY AND DIANE ENTER. DIANE'S HAIR IS
A LITTLE LIKE ELSA LANCHESTER'S IN "THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN".
SHE'S ALSO SLIGHTLY BOW-LEGGED, AND WALKING LIKE ONE IN A
TRANCE. CARLA DOES ANOTHER OF HER LAUGHS AND EXITS TO THE
BACK. CLIFF EXITS.

ANDY

(TO DIANE) You didn't think we'd
make that last jump, did you?

DIANE MAKES A SOUND. SHE IS STILL CATATONIC. NOW SAM AND
GRETCHEN ENTER BEHIND THEM.

GRETCHEN

I need a scotch and steroid. *

SAM

Well, why don't we all just sit down
and pick up the conversation where
we left off? *

THEY ALL SIT AT A TABLE.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now where were we?

TOTAL SILENCE.

SAM (CONT'D)

Yep, that was it.

MORE SILENCE.

ANDY

Do you ever dream that you have
claws?

GRETCHEN

(RISING) That's it for me. I've
gotta run...and I do mean run.

(GOES TOWARD DOOR) Diane, I'm
going to try to forget this evening.
If I succeed, I'll call you.

SHE EXITS QUICKLY.

DIANE

If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go
scrape the bugs off my teeth.

DIANE EXITS QUICKLY TO THE BACK.

SAM

(TO ANDY) Andy, you can split now, too.

ANDY

Was everything all right?

SAM

Perfect.

ANDY

It was hard to tell. She didn't
say much...
except for those little screams she
gave whenever I touched her arm.
Goodnight.

ANDY EXITS.

DIANE ENTERS FROM THE
LADIES' ROOM, HER HAIR NOW RESTORED. SHE LOOKS AROUND
FEARFULLY. *

DIANE

Is...he...?

SAM

He's gone.

DIANE

In that case, let me just say this.

Of all the cheap, small-minded, creepy,
sophomoric jokes you have perpetrated
in your long, arrested adolescence,
that was far and away the lowest.

Sam, how could you?

SAM BACKS AWAY FROM HER.

SAM

Okay, okay. So he wasn't your ideal
date. I'm big enough to admit when
I'm wrong.

DIANE

(ON THE ATTACK) Did you really think
that was amusing? Did you have a
lot of laughs planning it?

RFV: 1/5/83

40.
(G)

SAM

Diane, I swear, I wasn't trying to be funny.

DIANE

Well what did you think, Sam? *

SAM

The truth is, I never saw that guy before. I found him in the back room and -- and paid him to go out with you. *

DIANE

(DIGESTING IT) You hired a murderer to take me out for the evening? *

SAM

Yeah. Kinda funny when you put it that way, isn't it? (OFF HER LOOK) Not a bit. Diane, I didn't actually expect you to get me a girl. *

DIANE

What did you think I'd get you? *

SAM

Well, I was thinking... (REALLY EMBARRASSED) ...I guess...I thought we were talking about us. You and me. *

DIANE JUST LOOKS AT HIM. CLEARLY, SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND. SAM HAS TO BITE THE BULLET.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

I thought you thought you were a
good date for me. And vice-versa.

THAT REALLY BRINGS DIANE UP SHORT. SHE HAS TO CHEW
ON THAT ONE FOR A BIT.

DIANE

Really? You thought..I...we...?

SAM

I thought that's what you thought.
Which is why I hadn't gotten someone
else. I'm really embarrassed.

DIANE

(PATS HIS ARM) I understand. Poor
Sam.

SAM

Well, good. I'm glad you don't...
What do you mean, "Poor Sam"?

DIANE

I didn't realize you were carrying such a
torch for me.

SAM

I didn't say I was carrying a torch for
you. I said I thought you were carrying
a torch for me.

DIANE

I'm certainly not carrying a torch for
you.

SAM

Well, I'm not carrying a torch for
you.

THERE IS A BEAT.

DIANE

Hey, Sam.

SAM

What?

DIANE

If you'll admit you're carrying a
little torch for me, I'll admit I'm
carrying a little one for you.

SAM LOOKS AROUND. AFTER THINKING ABOUT IT:

SAM

I'm carrying a little torch for you.

DIANE

Well, I'm not carrying one for you.

SAM

Then I'm not carrying one for you.

DIANE

You just said you were.

SAM

I only said that I was so you'd finally
admit you are.

DIANE

Sam, you're making a fool of yourself
over me.

SAM

If anyone's making a fool of themselves,
it's you. Everyone in this bar knows
you've got the hots for me.

DIANE

What they know is that you pine for me.

SAM

Oh, yeah? Well let's ask 'em.

DIANE

Fine. (TO THE BAR) Which one of us
carries the greater burden of unrequited
desire?

CUSTOMER #1

That depends.

DIANE

On what?

CUSTOMER #1

On what that means.

SAM

Which one of us is the most miserably in
love with the other? Tell us with your
applause.

HOLDS HIS HAND OVER DIANE'S HEAD. SCATTERED APPLAUSE.
HOLDS HIS HAND OVER HIS OWN HEAD. MORE SCATTERED APPLAUSE.

SAM (CONT'D)

There you go. It's obvious to everyone,
you're nuts about me.

DIANE

You got the most applause. You're so
much in love you can't hear straight.

SAM

Diane, admit it. You're hung up on
me, damn it.

DIANE

Hey Sam, aren't we being awfully
childish about this?

SAM

Well, maybe...

DIANE

Let's just leave it at this. "I'm
rubber and you're glue. Everything
you say bounces off me and sticks to
you."

SHE PUTS HER FINGERS IN HER EARS AND STARTS TO REPEAT OVER
AND OVER.

DIANE (CONT'D)

You love me, you love me, you love
me...

AS SHE RUNS DOWN THE HALL. SAM FOLLOWS.

SAM

Do not, do not, do not...

THE REST OF THE BAR LOOKS AFTER THEM.

COACH

I think I want to change my vote.

REV: 1/5/83*

45.
(G)

NORM

Go ahead, Coach.

COACH APPLAUDS.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO