

CHEERS

"I'll Be Seeing You"

and

"I'll Be Seeing You" II

#60592-740 (043-044)

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION
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FINAL DRAFT

January 30, 1984

CHEERS

"I'll Be Seeing You"

#60592-740 (043-044)

CAST

SAM MALONE..... TED DANSON
DIANE CHAMBERS..... SHELLEY LONG
COACH ERNIE PANTUSSO..... NICK COLASANTO
CARLA TORTELLI..... RHEA PERLMAN
CLIFF..... JOHN RATZENBERGER
NORM..... GEORGE WENDT
PHILLIP SEMENKO..... CHRISTOPHER LLOYD
STEVE..... STEVE GIANELLI
ED.....
VOICE #1.....
VOICE #2.....

SETS

INT. BAR

INT. DIANE'S APT.

CHEERS

"I'll Be Seeing You"

#60592-740 (043)

TEASER #1

A

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - DAY

EVERYBODY IS THERE BUT SAM AND CARLA. DIANE IS IN THE BACK ROOM. COACH STEPS ONTO THE LANDING CARRYING A CLIPBOARD.

COACH jacksonupperco.com

Listen up, it's time once again for
the third annual Cheers picnic. I'll
need volunteers for the various
committees. First, food. Who'll
volunteer to take care of grub?

COACH LOOKS AROUND. THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE.

COACH (CONT'D)

Well, what the heck. I can do this
one. (HE WRITES) "Ernie Pantusso."
I did a pretty good job last year.
At least no one complained. (CHUCKLES)
This brings us to the entertainment
committee. Who wants to chair this baby?

COACH LOOKS AROUND, AND AGAIN, THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE.

COACH (CONT'D)

Well, entertainment goes right along with food. (WRITES HIS NAME DOWN) "Ernie Pantusso". Now, we need captains for the softball teams. I'll need two captains -- let's see hands.

ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE.

COACH (CONT'D)

Well, I can handle one of the teams. (WRITES DOWN) "E. Pantusso". Who wants the other?

ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE.

COACH (CONT'D)

Well, I'm going to be out on the field anyway... (WRITES AGAIN) Last but not least, I need somebody to head up transportation.

HE LOOKS AROUND.

COACH (CONT'D)

Got it. (WRITES) There'll be a meeting of committee chairmen at my house tonight, eight o'clock. Try to be on time.

3.
(A)

VOICE #1

No, Coach, you're wrong. They're
having it right now. You'd better
get over there.

COACH

Holy mackerel. They're going to
start without me.

COACH RUSHES OUT.

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DISSOLVE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

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B

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

CARLA ENTERS.

CARLA

Hello, everybody! Do you believe
this day? It's lovely, isn't it?
The birds are singing, the sun is
shining, and -- call me giddy --
but I'd like to think they're
singing and shining just for me.

EVERYBODY AT THE BAR EXCHANGES A LOOK.

CLIFF

It's a trick.

COACH

Carla, are you okay?

CARLA

Yeah, I just came from the dentist's office. I'm so goofed on nitrous oxide, I feel like Mary Poppins with a feather in her drawers.

NORM

Well Carla, it's kind of nice.

CARLA

(CHEERFULLY) No, it's not. I had a tooth pulled, and as soon as it wears off, I'll be ready to tear some noses off. You'll be first, Goodyear.

SHE SMILES AS SHE PINCHES HIS CHEEK. CLIFF LAUGHS AT HIM.

CARLA (CONT'D)

(CHEERFULLY TO CLIFF) Then I'm going to rip that anchovy off your upper lip.

DIANE ENTERS FROM THE BACK ROOM.

CARLA

Hey, Diane, you look so nice today. Are you doing something different to your hair?

DIANE

Why yes, I'm using a new rinse.

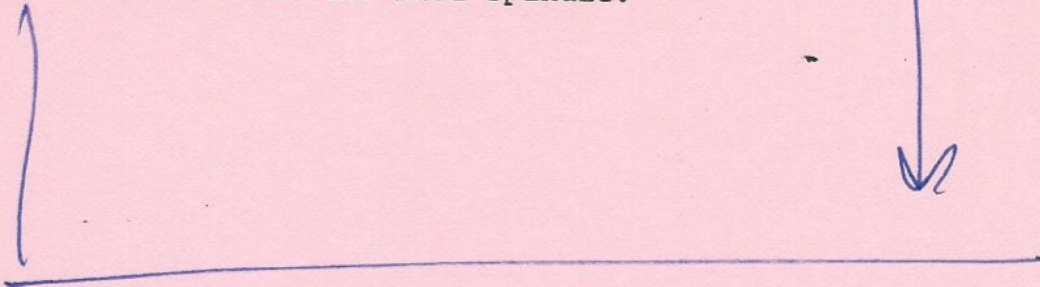
CARLA EXITS. DIANE COMES UP TO THE BAR.

DIANE

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I haven't seen Carla so happy since

I backed into the bill spindle.



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SAM ENTERS.

SAM

Hi, everybody. Sorry I was late.

DIANE

Where have you been?

SAM

Oh, I just had some errands to run.
Diane, I've got to tell you something
funny that happened to me this
afternoon. I was on my way to
(RUNNING WORDS TOGETHER QUICKLY)
Boston Magazine to be interviewed as
one of the twenty most eligible
bachelors in Boston (SLOWS DOWN)
and I saw this man and this dog,
but the dog wasn't walking like a
dog; he was up on his hind legs
like a man. Where's a camera when
you need one? Well, we've all had
a laugh, now let's get back to work.

DIANE

Twenty most eligible bachelors?

SAM

What?

DIANE

Boston Magazine and you agreed to
let them list you?

SAM

Hey, if I hadn't done that, I
wouldn't have seen that funny dog.

DIANE

And how empty our lives would be.

CLIFF

You'll dine out on that story, Sam.

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DIANE

Why would you want to be listed as an eligible bachelor? Isn't that for men who are actively seeking female companionship?

SAM

No, not entirely. You know it's good publicity for the bar. And it gave me a chance to air some of my views on political issues.

DIANE

What political issues did you air views on?

SAM

Well, I said I thought nuclear war would be bad news.

DIANE

Ooh, you've stirred up a hornet's nest there, Sam.

SAM

Really? Well, I can always say I was misquoted.

DIANE

Oh I see, when they say eligible bachelors, they mean eligible for a brain transplant.

SAM

I knew you'd make a big deal out of this. You make a big deal out of everything. All it is is a little tiny article about my life, my interests, and a nice simple picture of me. It's not like cheesecake.

DIANE

No, Sam. With men it's beefcake.

If I posed, it would be cheesecake.

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CARLA

If you posed, it would be crumb cake. (FEELING JAW) This stuff's wearing off.

DIANE

Sam, I'm very hurt by this.

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SAM

Diane, honey, don't be. I'm going to tell you something that's going to make you feel better. I was gonna surprise you but, when this lady interviewed me for the magazine, one of the first things I told her was that I may be a bachelor, but I already found the girl of my dreams, and her name is Diane Chambers.

DIANE

Really, Sam?

SAM

Really. You want to call right now and check?

DIANE

Of course not. That's sweet.

SAM

(PICKS UP THE PHONE) No, do it. Call her now. Helen Castella, she's there now...

DIANE

I don't need to call. I believe you, I trust you, and I think it was a wonderful thing to do. (SHE KISSES HIS CHEEK)

SAM

I do too.

THEY LAUGH, AND DIANE EXITS INTO THE BACK.

CARLA

She bought that? I'd like to sell
her the Old North Church.

COACH

Good luck. I owned that for a
while, and it took me forever to
unload it. And boy, did I take a
bath.

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I've really done it this time.

CLIFF

What are you talking about?

SAM

There's no way I'm going to get out
of this without an ugly fight.

CARLA

You were lying.

SAM

Through my teeth.

NORM

What are you worried about, Sammy?
She bought your story. When the
magazine hits the stands, tell her
it's not your fault the reporter
didn't mention your sweetie.

CLIFF

Yeah, it's foolproof.

SAM

Believe me, I'm just buying time.
She said she won't call, but she'll
call. She'll call and she'll find
out I was lying my pants off.

COACH

Boy, Sam, you don't trust Diane very
much, do you?

SAM

Coach, it's gotten to the point I
can't trust a thing that woman says.

NORM

*

Yeah, I know what you mean. Once
trust goes out of a relationship, it's
no fun lying to them any more.

SAM

It's not my fault. She starts things.
She's always telling me how to act,
how to walk, how to think.

CLIFF

Yeah, and you've been doing those
things since you were fourteen.

SAM

Right. I don't know what it is, but it's gotten to where I do stuff I don't even want to do, but just knowing it's going to tick her off, I gotta do it. The angrier I think she's going to be, the more I enjoy it. Is that weird?

CARLA

No, no, we know that woman.

NORM

Hey, Sammy, how about a little romantic gesture, a little trinket to smooth the water.

SAM

Naw, I've done all that stuff before. I'm telling you, it's going to take a lot more than flowers or a candlelit dinner to shut her up this time.

COACH

I'm telling you, it's time to take a big step, Sam. I wouldn't ordinarily recommend this in a million years, but maybe it would help if you actually made physical love to her.

SAM

Aw, I don't think so, Coach. We're going to wait until we're sure how we feel.

COACH

You're an old-fashioned guy, Sam.

CARLA

You want to hear the most romantic thing I've heard a guy do in a long time?

SAM

Carla, you actually want to help us?

CARLA

Help you, hurt you, who cares. You're doomed anyway. I just thought you might be interested. I heard that Sally got mad at Burt 'cause he was thinking about doing another movie with Loni. So Burt, to make up for it, had someone paint a portrait of Sally.

CLIFF

(SCOFFING) Thank you no end for that enlightenment, Carla. Now can we stop wasting our time on fan magazine drivel? (SOTTO) I read today that Burt and Sally are headed for the altar.

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SAM

(THOUGHTFUL) You know, it's not a bad idea. Having a portrait done. That's just the kind of thing she goes for. It's personal, it shows some thinking, it's sensitive...

CARLA

(TO CLIFF) The altar? How can Burt do that with the terrible secret he and Dinah still share?

SAM

Just forget that, Carla. Help me out here, guys. What kind of artist do I get to paint Diane?

CARLA

Better get a bad one.

SAM

Why?

CARLA

You don't want it to look like her, do you?

SAM

Carla, you know your wisecracks all the time don't make things any easier.

CARLA

Sam, you know my philosophy. If you can't say something nice, say it about Diane.

SAM

So where do I get an artist? Do I go to a store or something like that?

CLIFF

No, Sammy, we're not talking TV dinners here. Of course, you don't go to a store. You gotta go where the artists are... to an artist's place. jacksonupperco.com

NORM

You mean a colony.

CLIFF

That's exactly what I mean, Norm.

Sometimes I'm careless with words when my mind is preoccupied with weightier matters.

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(TO CARLA) What's the terrible secret Burt and Dinah share?

CARLA

I can't tell you. In a readers' poll, I voted they should have more privacy.

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CARLA GOES AWAY.

SAM

So where do I find one of these
artists' colonies?

COACH

Listen, let me cut this all short.
I happen to be a wonderful artist,
and I would be glad to paint Diane's
picture. It would be a challenge
but I'll welcome it.

SAM

I've never heard you mention this
talent before.

COACH

I'll show you what I can do. (HE
TAKES A NAPKIN AND PEN) Hold still,
Norm. (HE DRAWS FOR A WHILE, THEN
STOPS AND LOOKS AT IT) This stinks.

SAM

Yes, it does.

COACH

Oh, you know, it was my brother who
had the artistic talent. My skill
was eating things that made other
people sick.

CLIFF

Here you go. (HANDS HIM THE NAPKIN)

COACH STARTS TO EAT IT, BUT SAM TAKES IT OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

SAM

Could we get back to this artist thing?

CLIFF

I deliver mail to an artist. A very successful artist. In fact, just yesterday he received a check in the mail for twenty-five thousand, three hundred and twelve dollars from a man named Sweeney.

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SAM

How do you know what was on the check?

CLIFF

As I was putting it in the slot, it happened to pass in front of a three-hundred watt bulb. Should I have him come in?

SAM

I guess I could talk to the guy. You think he'd come over and bring some of his pictures?

CLIFF

I'll give him a call. I usually hesitate to use the awesome influence placed in my hands by the Federal Government, and the Almighty, but I guess in this case, it's called for. (PATTING HIS POCKETS) Anybody got a dime? 'Til payday?

NORM GIVES HIM ONE. CLIFF STARTS TOWARD THE PHONE, THEN STOPS. DIANE COMES IN, LOOKING UNEMOTIONAL.

SAM

Wait a minute, Cliff. Maybe this whole thing is going to blow over.

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DIANE COMES UP TO SAM AT THE BAR.

DIANE

Sam, we've been very childish in the past.

SAM

We have?

DIANE

Yes, over things like this magazine article. I was just about to call that reporter and check your story, but I didn't, and I'm so proud I didn't.

SAM

Me, too.

DIANE

I know we're
going through a difficult period now,
but I just decided this is the perfect
time to start fresh. Let's cleanse
our relationship .

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From this moment on, no more
pettiness, no more suspicion, no more
dishonesty.

SAM

You really mean that?

DIANE

I really do.

SAM

Okay. Okay, Diane. Then I'll start
being honest right now. Remember I
told you that I told that magazine
reporter about you? I didn't tell
her anything about you.

DIANE

I see.

SAM

But I wish I had.

DIANE

Thank you for respecting me enough
to tell the truth.

SAM

Well, actually, I'm lying again. I'm
glad I didn't tell her, 'cause it
would have made me look whipped.

But if you want me to call her right
now and tell her... I won't. I was
going to say I would, but I won't,
'cause I like the idea of a lot of
women looking at my picture and
dreaming, "I want him". That's
just being honest, Diane.

DIANE

That's exactly what I wanted.

SAM

Great. This is going to be great.
Why didn't we do this a long time
ago?

DIANE

I don't know.

SAM TURNS AWAY. DIANE PICKS UP THE PHONE RECEIVER, WRAPS
THE CORD AROUND HIS THROAT, AND STARTS TO STRANGLE HIM.

CLIFF

Looks like I've got a call to make.

SAM GURGLES A STIFLED CRY.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

That's okay, I'll use the pay phone.

You kids go on with what you're

doing. jacksonupperco.com

CLIFF GOES TO THE PAY PHONE. SAM'S FACE TURNS BLUE.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

C

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

THE REGULARS ARE THERE, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF SAM, DIANE,
AND NORM.

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CARLA

Hey, Coach, somebody just put their
names on your picnic signup sheet.

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COACH jacksonupperco.com

They did?

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HE RUSHES OVER.

COACH (CONT'D)

Who we got?

CARLA

Ziggy Stardust, the Mad Hatter, and
Clark Kent.

COACH

Sounds like I got an infield. (TO THE BAR)

Hey, Kent, Hatter, Stardust. You got your
own mitts?

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NO ANSWER.

NORM ENTERS.

NORM

Afternoon, everybody.

USUAL GREETINGS.

COACH

Hey Norm, how do you feel?

NORM

Naked without my brew. I walked
all the way over here with my
thirst hanging out.

CARLA

How was dinner, Norm?

NORM

All of you listen up. Stay away
from that new restaurant downtown,
The Hungry Heifer.

COACH

They've been advertising that
place a lot. No good, huh?

NORM

Awful. They served me a terrible
piece of meat, with a tough old
potato, and soggy vegetables.

CARLA

Why didn't you send it back?

NORM

That's another thing, the service
stinks. By the time the waiter
asked me if everything was all
right, I was through.

PHILLIP SEMENKO ENTERS. HE'S A CHRISTOPHER LLOYD-TYPE
HE'S WEARING ORDINARY PANTS, BUT ON TOP, HE'S WEARING
WHAT LOOKS TO BE AMERICAN INDIAN APPAREL. HE COMES
DOWN TO THE BAR.

COACH

Can I help you?

SEMENKO

I am the artist... Semenکو. I've
come to pander to the taste of the
tasteless.

COACH

Oh, you want to head the food committee. (TO THE BAR) Hey, everybody, we finally got a chairman for the food committee.

CLIFF COMES IN FROM THE BACK ROOM.

CLIFF

Hey, great. I like my buffalo on the sunny side, Chief. *

SEMENKO

You're referring to my apparel?

CLIFF

Hey, no offense, Little Beaver. Shall we say, it's a little out of the mundane.

COACH

What is it?

SEMENKO

This is an Arapaho ceremonial tunic worn by the village elders when they hold council in their hunting lodge. I earned it by letting them pierce my flesh with wild turkey quills.

COACH

(INDICATING HIS OWN SHIRT) Mine's J.C. Penny wash 'n wear, tapered tail.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

Salesman was a little nasty, but I didn't have to go through anything like that.

SEMENKO

I'm looking for Sam Malone. I was told he was interested in buying some of my work.

CLIFF

Oh, you must be Phillip Semenko.

SEMENKO

(PASSIONATELY) Yes, I must be.

CLIFF

Cliff Clavin, your mailman. We finally meet face to face.

SEMENKO

I can die now.

CLIFF

You have a nice wit about you.

Thanks for coming down.

CLIFF SLAPS HIM ON THE SHOULDER.

SEMENKO

I don't like being touched.

CLIFF

Hey, I understand, I don't like being touched either.

jacksonupperco.com CARLA

I'll bet neither one of you has to
tell that to a lot of people.

CLIFF

I kind of feel like I know you,
Phil. I'm your liaison to the...

SEMENKO

(INTERRUPTING) Where's this wealthy
art collector Malone you were talking
about? The man who wants to buy my
children?

CARLA

What's that? You know someone who
buys kids?

SAM ENTERS.

CLIFF

There he is now. Sam, our artist
friend, Mr. Semenko, is here.

SAM COMES OVER. HE PASSES CARLA.

CARLA

Get him out of here quick, Sam, before a wind
comes up and his shirt flogs an innocent bystander
to death.

SAM

Mr. Smetma, I'm Sam Malone.

SEMENKO JUST STARES AT HIM.

SAM (CONT'D)

(REALIZING HIS ERROR) Uh... Smokemen?
Samkama?

SEMENKO

(RE: CLIFF) This walking fire
hydrant told me you were a man of
taste and intelligence. I see
no evidence of that.

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SAM

Well, he might have exaggerated
a little bit. I'm actually just
getting into art, but I've heard
good things about you, and I thought
you might be the guy to get me out of
the dog house by painting a real
nice picture of my girl.

SEMENKO STARES.

SAM (CONT'D)

See, we had this fight. Actually,
we have millions of fights. You
know women. And I figured this
might help.

SEMENKO JUST STARES AT SAM.

SAM (CONT'D)

I think it's going to be real easy.

And I don't care how you do it, as long as it looks exactly like her and you have it by tomorrow. (TAKES SOME PHOTOS OUT OF HIS POCKET) Here are some snapshots I took while we were up in the mountains. That's her on the left.

HANDS SEMENKO ONE OF THE PHOTOS. SEMENKO DOESN'T EVEN PUT HIS HAND OUT. SEMENKO IS JUST STARING AT SAM. THE PHOTO FALLS TO THE FLOOR. SAM DOESN'T NOTICE.

SAM (CONT'D)

These were taken up in New Hampshire. We got this great little cabin. How about this funny hat I'm wearing, huh? (LAUGHS)

PHOTO DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

SAM (CONT'D)

This one's got a good shot of the cabin. You ever get up that way?

SEMENKO JUST STARES AT HIM.

SAM (CONT'D)

I guess not.

SAM GLANCES DOWN AT THE PHOTOS ON THE FLOOR, UP AT SEMENKO.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's okay to touch them on the edge.

SEMENKO

(FLABBERGASTED) Snapshots?

Girl? Funny hat?

SAM

Is there a problem?

SEMENKO

Yes -- your existence. I was told I was
coming here to meet a wealthy art
investor who could help fill my
coffers. No -- I'm not above that...
yet! Instead, I find myself face-to-
face with the nightmarish product of
our floundering American educational
system.

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SAM

Hey, I don't have to take this --
do I?

CLIFF

Sam, Mr. Semenko, you two have a
problem with communication. Perhaps
I could serve as a broker of ideas
between you. You see, Sam, Mr.
Semenko's problem is that he's
uncomfortable with the idea of using
his talents in this crass and commercial
way.

(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

And Mr. Semenko, Sam's problem is that he thinks Gainsborough is a brand of dog food. That help?

SAM

Look, why don't we forget all about this. I'm not too crazy about your attitude.

SEMENKO

You, sir, are an ignorant man. You're all ignorant. I hate you all and all you represent. You are all, all stuff to fill graves wtih. I flee.

HE STARTS TO GO.

COACH

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Don't forget to tell your friends about Cheers.

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SEMENKO HEADS TOWARD THE DOOR.

CLIFF

(PUTTING HIS ARM ON SAM'S SHOULDER)
Don't feel too bad about this, Sam. I'm partly to blame.

SAM

Let's talk, Cliff.

SAM AND CLIFF EXIT INTO THE BACK ROOM. DIANE ENTERS JUST AS SEMENKO ARRIVES AT THE DOOR. HE STOPS AND STARES AT HER.

DIANE

Hello, everyone. I'm back. I'm
sorry about storming off like that.
I've had a chance to cool off.

DIANE COMES TO THE BAR. PUTS ON HER APRON. STARTS TO
GET READY TO GO BACK TO WORK. SEMENKO FOLLOWS HER, STARING
AT HER IN RAPTURE.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Coach, Carla, everyone, let's just
continue. Life goes on as it should
and must. And it's important to me
that all of you know that I wasn't
really trying to kill Sam, when I
wrapped a telephone cord around his...

DIANE TURNS AROUND AND SEMENKO IS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HER,
STARING AT HER. DIANE STARES BACK.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

SEMENKO

That's the face I've been looking for.

DIANE

Sorry, I'm still using it. But I
could let you visit it on weekends.

DIANE WALKS AROUND HIM TO GO TO A TABLE. LOOKS BACK AT HIM,
HE CONTINUES TO STARE AT HER. HE STARES AND STARES. DIANE
TRIES NOT TO APPEAR SELF-CONSCIOUS. SHE GETS MORE AND MORE
NERVOUS AS THIS GOES ON.

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DIANE (CONT'D)

(LOSING CONTROL AND GRABBING
SEMENKO'S TUNIC LAPELS) What? What,
what, what? What do you want from me?

SEMENKO

I'm Phillip Semenko, and I want
to paint you.

DIANE

(SCREAMS IN DELIGHT) Phillip Semenko
the genius? That's redundant.

SEMENKO

Yes, it is. Yes, it is.

DIANE

I've seen your work, and you're
brilliant. And I love that Arapaho
ceremonial tunic. What are you doing
here?

SEMENKO

Up to now, fondly remembering my
bout with jaundice. But then I
saw you. I want you to be my next
subject.

DIANE

You're kidding. Me? Why?

SEMENKO

You have an ancient soul, and it's
suffering.

(MORE)

SEMENKO (CONT'D)

Suffering now as it has never
suffered before.

DIANE

Suffering?

SEMENKO

Yes. Your spirit is imprisoned,
trapped, stretched on a rack. Your
eyes have the tortured look of a
strangling sparrow.

DIANE

Well, that's in this year. Last
year it was bangs.

SHE LAUGHS; HE STARES. SAM ENTERS.

SAM

Hey Tonto, I thought I told you
to beat it.

SEMENKO

(TRYING TO IGNORE HIM) Please,
something important is happening.

SAM

(PUSHING HIM TOWARDS THE DOOR)
Yes, you're leaving. Look, the
deal's off. No tickee, no washee.
Beat it.

SEMENKO

You have nothing to do with this.
How dare you interrupt the artistic
process at its very birth?

SAM

That's how I get my kicks.
Amscray. Vamooska.

DIANE

Sam, stop, this is Phillip Semenko.
He's a genius, and he's going to
paint me. I have never been so
excited in my life.

SAM

You've heard of this clown?

DIANE

Of course I have. He's a great
artist.

SAM

Come on, if he's really a great
artist, what's he doing alive?

SEMENKO

Oh, my God. This is the woman you
were telling me about? No wonder she's
tormented.

SAM

That's it. You're outta here.

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DIANE

Sam, for goodness sakes, would you stop? This is the chance of a lifetime for me. Can't you see, he's fascinated by me.

SEMENKO

I am. I must start our sessions together tomorrow. Maybe tonight. Maybe now.

SAM

Oh, wait. I see what's going on here. Let me guess -- he wants you to come over to his place and get nudged up, right? (TO SEMENKO) That happens to be my territory.

DIANE

Sam, don't be silly. Of course he won't want me nude. But even if he did, I'd do it. The man is brilliant. (TO SEMENKO) You don't want me in the nude, do you? I mean, it would be fine. God knows I'm open-minded about that sort of thing, and I'm sure someone of your talent would do it tastefully. It's just this time of year with so many colds going around...

SEMENKO

I paint the soul, not the body, and
to me, every soul is naked.

SAM

That's it. The weirdo walks.

DIANE

Sam, you can't do this. I want
him to paint me. I can't let this
opportunity pass.

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SAM

Diane, I don't like this guy. I
don't like anything about him. And

I sure as hell don't want my babe
around him.

SEMENKO

Babe? His babe? (LAUGHS; TO THE BAR)
His "babe", everyone.

SAM

(TO DIANE) You do anything with this
guy -- do anything or go anywhere
with him -- share a bus with him --
and we are through. I have spoken.

DIANE

Fine.

SAM

What?

DIANE

I said "fine". Whatever you say.
I see how strongly you feel, and
it's fine.

SAM

(GETTING COCKY) Oh, yeah? Well I
got something else I want to tell
you. And as soon as I think of it,
I will.

HE STRUTS INTO THE BACK, PROUDLY, TO THE WILD APPLAUSE
OF NORM AND CLIFF.

SEMENKO

(STARING AT DIANE) Now I understand
everything. I can only imagine the
hell you've endured.

DIANE

It hasn't been easy.

SEMENKO

Well, goodbye.

HE STARTS OUT.

DIANE

Wait. Don't go.

I really want you to paint me.

SEMENKO

What about that malignant growth
you call a boyfriend?

*

DIANE

Just give him some time to cool
down. Once he sees the finished work,
he'll forgive me, he'll forgive you,
he'll forgive everything.

SEMENKO

You poor lost child. He'll hate it and he'll *
hate you for doing it. If you pose for me, it *
will drive a permanent wedge between you and that man. *

DIANE

So you won't do it?

SEMENKO

I'll do it for free. *

THEY EXIT TOGETHER. SAM ENTERS FROM THE BACK ROOM.

SAM

(TO THE BAR) Listen up, everybody.
Sorry I had to come on so strong there
a minute ago. Maybe you think

that was unprofessional of me, but a little
roughhouse is the only language some people
understand, and I can speak it when I have
to. Thanks for your attention, and now, back
to your fun. (LOOKS AROUND) Where's Diane?

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CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO