

10:00
FIRST DRAFT.

CHEERS

jacksonupperco.com

"I'll Be Seeing You" Part II

#60592-740

By

Glen & Les Charles

Created and Developed By

James Burrows
Glen Charles
Les Charles

This script is not for publication or reproduction. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify script department.

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

Return to Script Department
PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION
5555 Melrose Avenue
Hollywood, California 90038

FIRST DRAFT

January 26, 1984

CHEERS

"I'll Be Seeing You" Part II

#60592-740

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
ED.....

SETS

INT. BAR

INT. DIANE'S APT.

CHEERS

"I'll Be Seeing You" Part II

#60592-740

TEASER

Reprise
OF PTI

A

2 weeks LATER!

jacksonupperco.com

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - CLOSING TIME

COACH

That's it. Let's close it up.

CLIFF

Norm, let's go get a bite.

NORM

What are you talking about, Cliff?

I have a wife waiting for me at home.

CLIFF

Well, let's go get her and take her along. It'll give me a chance to meet her.

NORM

Naw, I don't want to do that.

CLIFF

What, are you ashamed of me, or
are you ashamed of her?

NORM

A little of both.

THEY EXIT. AS CARLA HEADS FOR THE DOOR, A CUSTOMER, ED,
INTERCEPTS HER.

ED

Hey, Carla. Can I give you a
lift?

CARLA

I doubt it.

ED

Really. Why don't you let me give
you a ride home?

CARLA

A ride home? I know what a ride
home means.

ED

What?

CARLA

We'll get out in front of my place.
You'll say, "Boy, I could sure go
for a cup of coffee now". Out of
the goodness of my heart, I'll
invite you in for a cup of jamoc.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

We'll talk for a while. It'll get late and quiet. You'll ask me if my radio works. I'll say "yeah" and you'll turn on some soft music station. We'll hear a song we both like, start to dance a little around the kitchen floor. As we're dancing, you'll take a chance -- give me a little kiss right here.
(INDICATES A SPOT ON HER NECK)

ED

Carla, I'm not that kind of guy.

CARLA

Shut up and listen.

AS THEY EXIT AND GO UP THE STAIRS:

CARLA (CONT'D)

You give me a little kiss right here (INDICATING AGAIN), then you give me a little nibble on the ear.

ED (O.S.)

Which ear?

CARLA (O.S.)

Your choice. I respond reluctantly, which really makes you crazy...

FADE OUT.

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONEB

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - DAY

EVERYONE IS THERE EXCEPT SAM, DIANE AND NORM. COACH IS OVER AT THE SIGN UP SHEET, ERASING.

COACH

Would you look at this? Dopey

(HE ERASES) Sneezy (HE ERASES

THEN LOOKS AROUND HOPEFULLY) Grumpy?

CARLA

No, Coach.

COACH

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh. (ERASES, THEN

LOOKS BACK, POINTING AT THE SHEET)

Oh, good, there'll be a doctor

there.

CARLA

No, Coach, that's "Doc."

COACH

Beans. (ERASES)

NORM ENTERS.

NORM

Afternoon, everybody.

THE USUAL GREETINGS.

COACH

Hey, Norm, what's up?

NORM

The temperature under my collar.

CLIFF

What's the matter, big guy?

NORM

It's the Hungry Heifer Restaurant
-- that place is the pits.

CARLA

You went back to that place?

You hated it.

NORM

Well, now it's even worse than
I thought. You know what they're
doing? They have this cheap
gimmick -- you come in and eat
their slop, you get to keep a mug.
Each mug has illustrations of
different breeds of cows on 'em.

CARLA

If the place is so lousy, why
do you keep going?

NORM

Hey, I get a guernsey, I got the
complete set.

jacksonupperco.com

CARLA GOES UP TO THE BAR WITH A FULL TRAY OF EMPTIES
AND SETS THEM DOWN, EXHAUSTED.

CARLA

You know, Coach, ordinarily all this
extra work would tick me off. But I
know that I'm doing it for such a
wonderful cause... Diane getting
her picture painted. Makes my
load a little lighter.

COACH

That's a good attitude, Carla.

CARLA

Yeah, and I can't wait to see the
finished product -- "Yutz Descending
A Staircase."

COACH

Well, I'm glad somebody's happy
about it, 'cause Sam sure isn't.

NORM

Yeah, he hates that Semenko guy,
doesn't he?

CLIFF

Yeah, I could've warned Sam about that guy. He's a real head case. And I'll tell you something else -- that man is a homosexual, as are all artists.

NORM

You think everyone who's different is gay.

CLIFF

No, I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt.

NORM

But you think all artists are gay?

CLIFF

Absolutely. If you have any doubts I'll bring in this coffee table book I've got at home -- nude male statuary. Take a gander at some of those pictures and you tell me the guys that chiselled those lads aren't a little light in the loafers.

SAM ENTERS, CARRYING A WRAPPED PAINTING UNDER HIS ARM.

SAM

I got it. My problems are solved.

CARLA

An exploding pizza for Diane?

SAM

(STOPS IN HIS TRACKS, IMPRESSED)

Wow. (SHAKES IT OFF) No, but I'll tell you, it's something that'll get rid of that Smirnoff guy. I keep trying to tell Diane what a jerk he is, but she insists he's a great artist.

CLIFF

And we all know what that means, right?

SAM

Well, I finally came up with a solution. I had somebody do a great painting of Diane from those photographs that weren't good enough for Mr. Sternum. (INDICATING PACKAGE) Diane scopes this baby, I'm going to be able to kick that creep out on his butt. And I'm looking forward to that, I'll tell you.

CLIFF

jacksonupperco.com
Where did you get it, Sam?

SAM

I found an ad in TV Guide. This guy takes any photograph and makes it a work of art. Wait 'til you see how this turned out.

NORM

Let's see, let's see.

SAM

You ready?

HE UNVEILS A VERY PEDESTRIAN, SCHMALTZY PHOTO-PORTRAIT OF DIANE, COMPLETE WITH SHINE IN THE EYES.

SAM (CONT'D)

Huh?

AFTER A BEAT, THEY ALL START TO LAUGH, EVEN COACH.

NORM

Good one, Sammy.

AT FIRST, SAM'S TAKEN ABACK, THEN A LITTLE CONFUSED, THEN HE JOINS IN THE LAUGHTER HIMSELF, TO COVER.

SAM

Yeah, real jerky, huh? See, I knew that... I knew that... Don't worry about me. You bet I knew that.

CLIFF

(LAUGHING) Work of art.

SAM

Yeah, I just can't wait to see the look on her face.

SAM TAKES THE PAINTING, GOES INTO HIS OFFICE, THEY'RE STILL LAUGHING, HE'S STILL LAUGHING, AND O.S., WE HEAR A CRASH, THEN A SPLINTERING SOUND FROM THE OFFICE.

DISSOLVE TO:

C

INT. DIANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

SEMENKO HAS HIS EASEL AND CANVAS SET UP AND IS PAINTING DIANE, WHO IS POSING A LITTLE DRAMATICALLY. AFTER A BIT:

DIANE

Oops, Phillip, I think I moved a bit. Didn't I have my head a little higher?

SEMENKO

Who knows? I haven't looked at you since I came in.

DIANE

jacksonupperco.com
You haven't?

SEMENKO

I don't work like that.

DIANE

Then why did you ask me to strike a pose?

SEMENKO

I didn't.

THE PHONE RINGS. DIANE GOES OVER TO ANSWER IT.

SEMENKO (CONT'D)

(THROWING UP HIS HANDS) God, it's
him again.

DIANE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND IMMEDIATELY STARTS TALKING.

DIANE

(DESCRIBING HER OUTFIT) I'm wearing
a white blouse and my black wool
pants... Yes, shoes. I have shoes
on... I promise... Yes, fully clothed.
Yes, him too. (HANGS UP)

SEMENKO

Let's unplug the phone.

DIANE

We tried that last week, and he
came over.

SEMENKO SHAKES HIS HEAD AND GROWLS, THEN GOES BACK TO PAINTING.
DIANE INCHES OVER TRYING TO LOOK INCONSPICUOUS, TO PEEK AT
THE PAINTING.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Oh, Phillip. That's wonderful.
Really it is.

SEMENKO

Wonderful? Do you really think
so, Diane?

DIANE

Yes, I do.

SEMENKO

Do you think it's good enough to get your sweetie pie out of the doghouse? What a prize.

DIANE

Look, I know you don't like Sam, but...

SEMENKO

I detest him, and I still like him more than you do.

DIANE

Phillip, respectfully, those kind of remarks are getting monotonous. I'm very surprised that an observer of human nature as astute as yourself has not seen beyond Sam's coarse facade. If you did, you would find him...

SEMENKO

(MOCKING) "...a sensitive and caring person. Much more complex than he seems."

DIANE

jacksonupperco.com
Phillip, please. I wish you wouldn't do that. You mock me sometimes and I don't like it.

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

The fact of the matter is there are times when Sam makes me very happy. You think he's stupid. He happens to have a great deal of intelligence. It needs to be trained, nurtured, it needs to be cultivated...

SEMENKO

On second thought, strike a pose.

DIANE

Okay, I can see you have a blind spot on this particular subject. Sam happens to be a very basic, earthy person, and you're...

SEMENKO

(MOCKING) "... one of those artistic types."

DIANE

I don't want to talk for a while, okay?

SEMENKO

Fine. I won't say another word.

DIANE

Good.

SEMENKO CONTINUES TO PAINT. DIANE GOES AND SITS DOWN. THERE IS A SILENCE FOR A WHILE. DIANE STARTS TO FIDGET A LITTLE.

DIANE (CONT'D)

We don't have to be totally silent.

Just nothing on that subject, okay?

SEMENKO DOES NOT ANSWER.

jacksonupperco.com

DIANE (CONT'D)

I don't mean to stifle intelligent
discourse, but it's just the way
I feel.

NO ANSWER.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Oh, I see what's going on here. You're
going to give me the silent treatment.
I'm a little disappointed in you,
Phillip. It's an old psychology
ploy -- a little gap in the conversation
makes the other person uncomfortable, and
they charge right in and end up saying
things they wouldn't ordinarily say.
(SHE LAUGHS) That one takes me back.

SILENCE STILL.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Don't think I don't know that I'm
talking now to fill that gap, but let
me tell you that I'm in control of what
I'm saying, and that's the important
difference.

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

If I weren't secure about my feelings toward Sam, and yes, secure about who I am, then, yes, this tired old tactic might work. But as it is, I believe -- no, I know -- that Sam and I have been happy, and will be happy again, and I'm just talking now to hear my head rattle. (BEAT) That's a joke, Phillip.

STILL NO ANSWER.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Give up, Phillip. I can't believe you're going on with this. You actually expect me to start saying things like, "Oh, sure, all relationships have problems. Maybe ours has a few more than most." That it's hard sometimes, damn hard. Sam and I are different people. Sometimes that's good, sometimes that's not so good. Sometimes it's awful. Sometimes he embarrasses me. Sometimes he hurts me and seems to like it. Sometimes he makes me feel very lonely. Sometimes he makes me cry. (SHE STARTS TO CRY) But that won't work, because I see right through you.

SEMENKO

I'm finished.

DIANE PULLS HERSELF TOGETHER AND GOES OVER TO LOOK AT THE PAINTING.

DIANE

Phillip, it's good. It's so very good.

SHE GIVES HIM A KISS ON THE CHEEK.

SEMENKO

(IMITATING A COWBOY) Why golly, Miss Diane, I ain't been kissed by a purty girl in a long time.

DIANE LAUGHS.

DIANE

It is. It's wonderful. I said that, didn't I?

SEMENKO

No, you said "very good". I remember these things. He'll hate it, you know.

DIANE

You're wrong.

SEMENKO STARTS TO PACK UP HIS THINGS.

DIANE (CONT'D)

You are. We've been to museums together. We've talked for hours about art. He pretends to be dumber than he is.

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

Sometimes as a defense and sometimes
as an offense to put you off-guard.
But I tell you, he'll see this for
what it is. I wouldn't want to know
the person who didn't like this painting.
If I thought for a second that Sam
wasn't going to like this, I'd agree
with every negative thing you've said
about him and more.

SEMENKO

(CASUALLY) He'll hate it.

HE OPENS THE DOOR AND STARTS OUT.

DIANE

Where are you going? We're talking.

SEMENKO

You're talking. I'm leaving. Goodbye.

DIANE

Goodbye? Aren't you going to come
with me to the bar to show this to...
everybody?

SEMENKO

(MOCKING) "No, but say hi to all
the gang for me."

DIANE

Wait. There's so much left unfinished.
Are you going to send Sam a bill?

SEMENKO

No, you just tell Sam he can pay
me what he thinks it's worth.

DIANE

Don't you want a photograph of it?
Don't you ever want to look at it
again?

SEMENKO

This work is finished. I've created
it, and now in my mind, it's gone,
dead. Time to move on to... another
creation, another death.

HE STARTS TO GO AGAIN.

DIANE

Well, okay, but just one last thing.
Plan to be home tonight. I'm sure
Sam will want to call and thank you.

SEMENKO GETS A HUGE LAUGH FROM THIS. THEN HE PULLS HIMSELF
TOGETHER.

jacksonupperco.com
SEMENKO

(MOCKING) Why, thank you, Mr. Malone.
I did my very best on this particular
picture.

HE EXITS. WE HEAR HIM CONTINUING DOWN THE HALL.

SEMENKO (CONT'D) (O.S.)

I mean, after all, it was of your
gal, and you two kids have made me
believe in love all over again.

(ROAR OF LAUGHTER)

DIANE

(CALLING AFTER HIM) A simple "I
disagree" would have been plenty.

DIANE COMES IN, CLOSES THE DOOR, AND STANDS THERE LOOKING
AT THE PAINTING AS WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOD

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - LATER THAT DAY jacksonupperco.com

COACH IS DRESSED IN HIS PICNIC GARB, CARRYING HIS CLIPBOARD, EVERYONE IN THE BAR IS FILING OUT OR PREPARING TO LEAVE.

COACH

Come on, come on, move it along.
We've got a lot of activities to
get in before nightfall. Don't
worry if you forgot a blanket. I
have some extra. I also have
plenty of mosquito repellent.

CARLA ENTERS FROM THE BACK ROOM, SEES WHAT'S GOING ON, AND IS SHOCKED.

CARLA

Coach, where are all those people
going?

COACH

To the picnic, naturally.

CARLA

I thought you couldn't get anybody
to sign up for the thing this year.

COACH

I got a last minute rush due to my
extra added entertainment
attraction that I just announced.

CARLA

Which is?

COACH

Victoria Principal is going to come
and be in a kissing booth.

HE STARTS TO LEAVE.

CARLA

Wait, Coach. Are you sure about
this?

COACH

I'm positive. See, I was watching
DALLAS last week, and I knew I
needed something a little special,
and this idea hit me. So I fired
off a letter to her, and you know
the rest.

CARLA

She said she's coming?

COACH

No, but I said in the letter, if I didn't hear from her by noon on Friday, I'd be expecting her at the park today. Step lively, everyone, we don't want to keep her waiting.

CARLA

Coach, don't be too shocked if she can't make it.

COACH

I'm way ahead of you, Carla. I've already got a volunteer to take her place.

CARLA

Who?

COACH

Let's see. (CHECKING HIS CLIPBOARD)
"E. Pantusso." Oh, me.

CARLA

They'll never know the difference.

COACH jacksonupperco.com

I think this is my last year handling the picnic.

CARLA

I think it is, too.

HE EXITS WITH THE REST. CARLA'S ALONE IN THE BAR. SHE STRAIGHTENS A FEW THINGS UP. DIANE ENTERS CARRYING THE WRAPPED PAINTING AND A SMALL GIFT.

DIANE

Hi, Carla.

CARLA

Why, Diane, I'd almost forgotten
what you looked like.

DIANE

Come on, Carla, I've only been
gone a few days.

CARLA

Yeah, but I've really been
concentrating.

DIANE

Carla, I know you've been doing a
lot of extra work. So, here.

(HANDS HER A GIFT)

CARLA

What is it?

DIANE

It's a gift. My way of saying you
did something nice for me, and I
thank you.

CARLA STARES AT IT FOR A SECOND.

CARLA

Gee, Diane, th... th...

CARLA CONTINUES TRYING TO SAY THANK YOU, BUT HER MOUTH WON'T
OPERATE PROPERLY. HER TONGUE SEEMS FOUR SIZES TOO LARGE.

DIANE

(UNDERSTANDING) You're welcome,
Carla. By the way, where's Sam?

CARLA

(POINTING TO SAM'S OFFICE) Th...
th...

DIANE

Thank you. Oh, and Carla, why don't
you take the day off, and I'll
cover. I owe it to you. Why don't
you join the picnic?

CARLA

Hey, Diane, th... th...

CARLA, CONTINUING TO STRUGGLE WITH THE WORDS, TAKES HER GIFT
AND EXITS.

DIANE PULLS OUT A CHAIR AND SETS THE PAINTING ON IT, STILL
WRAPPED. SHE GOES OVER AND KNOCKS ON SAM'S OFFICE DOOR.

DIANE

Sam, I have a surprise for you.

SAM ENTERS FROM OFFICE.

jacksonupperco.com^{SAM}

Hey, babe, what's up?

DIANE

(INDICATING THE PAINTING) Here
it is, Sam.

SAM

(LOOKS AT UNWRAPPED PAINTING) Already?
Gee, eight days, you'd think it would
be a lot bigger than this. Well, let's
take a look at this thing.

SAM GOES TO UNWRAP THE PAINTING, DIANE STOPS HIM.

DIANE

Sam, before you do, just remember
to be open to it. Let this painting
happen to you. The purpose of art
is to cause emotion, to stir. So
whatever happens to you as you look
at it, feel it totally, without fear
or hesitation.

SAM

Piece of crap, huh?

DIANE

Of course not. It's... no, I'm not
going to tell you what I think of it.
I'm not going to prepare you in any
way. I want your response to be
immediate, and honest, and your own.

SAM

Comin' up.

HE STARTS TO UNWRAP PAINTING, DIANE STOPS HIM AGAIN.

DIANE

Just bear in mind as you react
to it, it's not a photograph. It's
not necessarily romantic. It's an
interpretation of reality filtered
through an artist's consciousness.
Now... (INDICATES THE PAINTING)

SAM

You finished with the lecture?

DIANE

Yes, of course, I'm sorry. Please
open it and enjoy. (QUICKLY) I
mean enjoy it if you enjoy it.

SAM STARTS TO OPEN IT.

DIANE (CONT'D)

There's nothing worse than art being
boring.

SAM STOPS.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, go ahead.

SAM CONTINUES TO UNWRAP IT.

DIANE (CONT'D)

(UNDER HER BREATH) Please, please,
please, please, please.

SAM STOPS. jacksonupperco.com

SAM

What the hell's going on here? How bad a job did Ivan The Terrible do?

DIANE

He didn't do a terrible job. He did a wonderful job, and you'll like it. You'll have to because to not like this painting, is to rank oneself with plant lice and aphids, but you tell me.

SAM

So I have to like it.

DIANE

I didn't say you had to like it, I said you will like it, because in the last six months, you've come such a long way, made so much progress.

SAM

Sounds like you're talking about a chimp. I've learned how to push the right button to get a banana.

DIANE

That's a ludicrous comparison. There isn't a chimp alive who could keep up with you.

SAM

(ANGRY) Don't try to kiss up to me now. You do this all the time. You always think you have to tell poor Sam what to like, what not to like, how to walk and talk, and what fork to use with soup and salad. (REALLY ANGRY) I know, I know, you don't use a fork with soup. It was a mistake. Don't say you don't use a fork with soup. Please. If you do nothing else for me the rest of your life, please don't say you don't use a fork with soup.

DIANE IS SUDDENLY STRUCK WITH AN INFINITE WEARINESS. SHE WALKS OVER TO A CHAIR AND SLUMPS DOWN.

DIANE

(SIGHS) I should have known. I tried to convince myself that you've... that I'm... that we're... but it's useless.

SAM

Just so I'm real clear on this, what exactly is it we're fighting about?

jacksonupperco.com

DIANE

We're not fighting, Sam. I'm through fighting. I'm past that now. Our relationship has always been a contest of wills, and I give up. You win.

SAM

Oh yeah? Past it, huh?

DIANE

(WEARILY) Yes. Suddenly none of this seems important enough to get troubled about.

SAM

I could have you screaming in five minutes.

DIANE

(LOSING IT) I told you, I'm past that!!! Try to pay attention!!

SAM

Or sooner.

DIANE

Oh, you love that, don't you? You love it when I get crazy like that. Seeing me miserable makes you happy.

SAM

(THINKING IT OVER) Well...

DIANE

That's just what I'm talking about.
A continual battle, a struggle to see
who comes out on top. That is not
the way two people are supposed to be.

SAM

Okay. Fine. Diane, you apparently
know how things are supposed to be.
You tell me how this relationship's
supposed to go.

DIANE

I can't believe how bitter you are.

SAM

No, not bitter. Tell me. I want to
know.

DIANE

Well... do you mean that, Sam?

SAM

I didn't, but I do now. Let's hear
it.

DIANE

Well, I'm willing to try one more
time. Perhaps if we tried to make some
sense of it, talk to each other,
define our needs. Tell me what you
want from me, Sam.

SAM

No, no, you go first.

DIANE

Very well. (THINKS FOR A MOMENT)

I'd like you to be more careful with me. Think more often about my sensibilities. I'd like you to avoid the obvious reaction. That is to say, the next time a course of action occurs to you in reference to me, try and go to the second thought behind that, perhaps even a third or fourth thought, if by chance they exist. Consider them, see if perhaps any of those thoughts is better than the first rash impulse that reared its ugly head.

SAM

(NODS) M'kay.

DIANE

Now Sam, what would you like from me?

SAM

I think, most of all, I'd like you to shut up.

DIANE

Shut up?

SAM

That's right.

DIANE

When?

SAM

Now. And for a long time. I like you, Diane. I like your body. I like your face. I like who you are. But I just can't stand the sound of your voice anymore. It always bugged me, but lately I hear it all the time. I hear it in my sleep. Sometimes, Diane, I think to myself, "If I hear her voice one more time, it's going to push me over the edge and I'm going to go crazy."

DIANE

Oh, Sam... jacksonupperco.com

SAM

(COVERS EARS WITH HANDS) Here I go!

DIANE

Funny. Very very funny.

SAM

(STILL RESPONDING) Aargh! Aargh!

I'm gone!

DIANE

I know you're joking, but...

SAM

(SAME BIT) Oooh, aargh! (PLAYS WITH LIPS)

DIANE

I want you to know, all the time we've known each other, I've been telling myself that one day, I was going to get down to the real you. Well, today I did. You know what the difference is between you and a fat braying ass?

SAM

No.

DIANE

The fat braying ass would.

SAM

Speaking of fat, braying asses, you're about to be dumped on yours.

DIANE SLAPS HIM. HE IMMEDIATELY SLAPS HER BACK.

DIANE

How dare you slap me.

SHE SLAPS HIM AGAIN. HE IMMEDIATELY SLAPS HER BACK.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Don't you ever hit me again.

SAM

Like hell.

HE SLAPS HER. SHE IMMEDIATELY SLAPS HIM BACK. HE SLAPS HER, SHE SLAPS HIM BACK.

SAM (CONT'D)

You always have to get the last
one in, don't you? Well, not this
time.

HE STARTS TO SLAP HER AGAIN, BUT SHE GRABS HIS NOSE, TWISTING
IT.

SAM (CONT'D)

Ow!

HE GRABS HER NOSE. THEY BOTH WINCE.

DIANE/SAM (CONT'D)

Aw Ow ow ow aw ow.

SAM (CONT'D)

Let go. I'm warning you, let go.

DIANE

You first.

SAM

Okay, okay. Together. One... two...
three...

DIANE

jacksonupperco.com
You're not letting go!

SAM

You're squeezing harder!

DIANE

That's because you're not letting go.

SAM

I'm not letting go 'cause you're
squeezing harder.

DIANE/SAM (CONT'D)

Aw ow ow ow ow aargh.

BUT NEITHER LETS GO.

DIANE (CONT'D)

This is it. We've sunk as low as
two human beings can sink. There
is no degradation left.

SHE TWISTS AWAY FROM HIM. THEY BOTH ADJUST THEIR NOSES.

SAM

You okay?

DIANE

Do I look okay?

SAM

Actually you look a little like
Rudolph. (LAUGHS) You cute little
reindeer.

HE MAKES A MOVE FOR HER, AND SHE STEPS AWAY.

DIANE

Don't touch me.

SAM

Hey, come on, Diane...

DIANE

You hit me.

SAM

But not hard.

DIANE

What does that mean, "not hard?"

SAM

That means not as hard as I wanted
to.

DIANE

I'm leaving.

jacksonupperco.com

SAM

No, no, don't leave yet. Not 'til
I say one more thing.

DIANE STOPS.

DIANE

What?

SAM

Get the hell out.

DIANE

Sam, you're about to cross a very
dangerous line.

SAM

You heard me. I want you out.

DIANE

Sam, if this is coming out of the
heat of the moment, it's a very
bad mistake. One which you will
never be able to correct.

SAM

Out.

DIANE

Because I'm warning you, if I go,
I am never, ever coming back.

SAM

Can I get that in writing?

HE GOES TO THE BAR AND SEARCHES FOR PEN AND PAPER.

SAM (CONT'D)

I've got a pencil, but I want it in ink.

DIANE

Sam, don't joke. I mean this, and I want you to understand. If you let me walk out that door, I'm gone forever. There's no power in heaven and earth that would ever bring me back through that door. If you don't stop me now, this is the last time you'll ever see me.

THEY STAND FOR A MOMENT IN TOTAL SILENCE, STARING AT EACH OTHER.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Fine.

SHE GOES TO AND OPENS THE DOOR.

SAM

Diane?

DIANE

(STOPS AND TURNS) Yes, Sam?

SAM

This is it, huh?

DIANE

This is it.

SAM

Goodbye.

DIANE

Goodbye.

jacksonupperco.com

SHE EXITS, GOES UP THE STEPS. HE STANDS FOR A MOMENT, THEN RELENTS, GOES TO THE DOOR AFTER HER. GETS AS FAR AS THE DOOR, STOPS, SHAKES HIS HEAD AND GOES BACK. UNSEEN BY HIM, DIANE'S FEET APPEAR ON THE STEPS AND START DOWN. THEY STOP, WAIT, THEN TURN AND LEAVE. SAM STARTS BACK TO HIS OFFICE. OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, HE SEES THE PAINTING, STILL UNWRAPPED. HE PICKS IT UP AND LOOKS AT IT. THEN HE TAKES THE PAPER OFF.

SAM

(IMPRESSED) Wow.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO