Cheers

"Diane’s Perfect Date"

FOR EDUCATIONAL SCRIPT READING PURPOSES ONLY
FADE IN:

INT. BAR - LUNCHEON

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

I'll try anything. What did she do?

Threw up.

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.

She happily picks up Diane's sandwich and tucks into it.

Carla (cont'd)

(yelling after Diane) Bring chicken tomorrow!

Dissolve to:

Main Titles
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.

NORM GRUNTS IN AGREEMENT.

COACH

Hurts your sex life, Norm?

NORM "COACH" "Figures"

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

SAM

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.

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.
REV: 1/5/83

SAM

How do you do.

WALTER

Ten.

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?
REV: 1/5/83

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

That's quite a fella, Diane. Looks like you 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?
Jeanette. **DIANNE**

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

**DIANNE**

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.**

(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.
(ALSO LOOKING AT THE RESUME) I like 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.
SAM (CONT'D)

(To Diane)
Have a nice weekend?

Diane

(Emphatically) I had a wonderful weekend. We went to Martha's Vineyard. 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.
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?
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?
SAM

Carla, he's dead.

CARLA

So she has to drive.
SAM

I'm serious.

Well you know, Sam, I've always thought you'd be a good date for Diane.

SAM

Coach, that's crazy. Or is it?

COACH

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

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.

COACH

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?

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

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.
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 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.
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 REPRISE OF HER DIRTY LAUGH FROM THE ACT BREAK.

SAM

She did what...?
DIANE

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

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...?

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

DIANE

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

GRETCHEEN 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 SHOOTS HER A GLARE, THEN EXITS
QUICKLY TO THE POOL ROOM.
NORM IS LOOKING AT GRETCHE WITH NO MORE THAN AVERAGE CURIOUSITY.

GRETCHE

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

NORM

Nothing, sir.

CUT TO:
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 SOLEMNLY 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?
REV: 1/5/83

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:
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?

GRETHECHEN

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: GRETCHEL) 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
doy 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:
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.
CARLA ENTERS FROM THE POOL ROOM, CARRYING A TRAY OF EMPTIES AND BURSTING WITH NEWS.

CARLA

Hey, Coach. You're not gonna believe this! I was just talking to the guys in back...

COACH

I'd like to believe it, Carla.

CARLA

No, no. Not that, Coach. Do you know who that guy Sam fixed Diane up with is? He just got outta the pen after doin' ten years!
CLIFF

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

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?
REV: 1/5/83

GRETCHE

(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?
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.
NORM

Go ahead, Coach.

COACH APPLAUDS.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO