

CHEERS

"I'll Be Seeing You" II

#60592-740 (044)

TEASER #2D

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - CLOSING TIME

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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 finally meet Vera.

NORM

Naw, I don't want to do that.

cut

CLIFF

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

NORM

Both.

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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)

Traben #2

115

cut

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...

60
FADE OUT.

MAIN TITLES

Rev. 1/31/84

ACT THREEE

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - DAY

EVERYONE IS THERE EXCEPT SAM, DIANE AND NORM. COACH TAKES HIS POSITION, CLIPBOARD IN HAND.

COACH

Okay look, the picnic is off.
Everybody thought it was real
funny putting joke names on my
list, so now I'm forced to cancel
for lack of interest.

MOCK GROANS.

COACH (CONT'D)

I thought about having the thing
anyway, even though it was just
going to be me and (CHECKS CLIPBOARD)
Juan Valdez. Well I'm sorry, Juan,
but two guys cannot have a picnic.

*

CLIFF

Let alone Juan.

VOICE #1

Sorry we spoiled your picnic, Coach.

COACH

My picnic? You think I was doing
this for me? You think I enjoy
going out and sitting in the dirt?
Drinking warm soda and fighting
with the ants for a chicken leg?

I could do that at home.

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EVERYBODY LOOKS AT ONE ANOTHER.

VOICE #1

Oh what the heck. I'm going to
Coach's picnic.

VOICE #2

Me too.

EVERYONE LINES UP TO SIGN COACH'S SHEET. COACH IS STANDING
THERE BY SHEET.

COACH

(TO CARLA, BRAGGING) Pathetic old man bit
works like a charm.

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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.

CLIFF

You went back to that place?
You hated it.

NORM

Yeah, but they know me there now.
Besides, I got lured back by their
"Surf 'n' Turf" special.

CLIFF

What's that, steak and lobster?

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NORM

No, tuna fish sandwich with beef
gravy.

CLIFF TURNS GREEN.

COACH

(IMPRESSED) Mmmm. Choice of
vegetable?

NORM

Yeah. ~~Theirs.~~

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

CARLA

Diane is late again.

COACH

You know something? She's been
late every day this week.

NORM

Ever since Sam threw that Semenko
guy out of the bar.

CLIFF

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

NORM

You think everyone who's different
is gay.

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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.

Moved → See p. 58-59

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 no.

Diane was really disappointed I didn't let that Smirnoff guy paint her. She keeps insisting he's a great artist.

CLIFF

And we all know what that means, right?

SAM

But I got something here that'll cheer her right up. I had somebody do a great painting of Diane from those photographs that weren't good enough for Laughing Boy.

(INDICATING PACKAGE)

CLIFF

Where'd you get it, Sam?

SAM

I found an ad in TV Guide. You know, the one with the cover story on the ten cutest sitcom kids?

(MORE)

CLIFF

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50.
(E)

Interesting reading.

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SAM

Anyway, 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.

CARLA

Even I think that's tacky.

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, this is great. I was afraid
she might think I was serious, but
I can see that the humor of this
isn't lost on anybody.

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:

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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 been looking
at you.

DIANE

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 ask you. You just did it.

DIANE

I've been sitting like this for a week. Why didn't you say something?

SEMENKO

I told you, I wasn't looking.

DIANE GETS UP. SHE'S VERY STIFF. SHE WALKS AROUND, TRYING TO STRETCH THE CRICK OUT OF HER NECK. SHE INCHES OVER TRYING TO LOOK INCONSPICUOUS, TO PEEK AT THE PAINTING.

DIANE

Oh, Phillip. That's wonderful.

Really it is.

SEMENKO

You think so?

DIANE

Yes, I do. And I know I've said it before, but I feel so very special, so honored. I'm egregiously ineffective with words, and that's not just unctuousness. But I hope that I've clearly expressed my...

SEMENKO

On second thought, strike a pose.

DIANE

Oh, you. (TOUSLES HIS HAIR)

SEMENKO

(DROPS BRUSH) I can't work under these conditions.

DIANE

What conditions?

SEMENKO

Damn it!

I've run out of talent.

HE SITS DOWN ON THE FLOOR.

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SEMENKO (CONT'D)

I'm worthless. I'm a dog. Stick a
knife between my shoulder blades.

DIANE

Phillip, please. You do this every day.

SEMENKO

No, Diane. This time, it's different.

I've really lost it.

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DIANE

Is there anything I can do?

SEMENKO

Well, there's one thing.

DIANE

What? Anything.

SEMENKO

Let's go to bed.

DIANE

You want to... make love?

SEMENKO

No, I always take a nap with a blonde
in the afternoon.

DIANE

Phillip, I don't know what to say. I
thought this was a professional
relationship.

SEMENKO

Okay, afterwards, you can pay me.

DIANE

Does this mean you are... smitten
by me?

SEMENKO

Of course not. I make
love to everything I paint.

DIANE

Everything? Your most famous painting
is of the Harvard/Yale football game.

SEMENKO

Yes. I spent three months in jail.
College types don't understand me.
I do, however, still get a few
Christmas cards.

*

? Gisela Semko

DIANE

Listen, Phillip, you're a very talented man. I admire you immensely. But the timing is not right. Perhaps if we'd met at another time, in another place...

SEMENKO

Wait a minute. The problem isn't me, it's you. You've lost your agony. That sense of anguish that drew me to you.

DIANE

Well, I'm dreadfully sorry. What shall I do to get unhappy?

SEMENKO

Why don't you see what Bullwinkle's doing?

DIANE

Don't call him that.

SEMENKO

Who?

DIANE

I know who you're referring to. You're always making remarks about him, and I don't like it. You don't know him, Phillip.

SEMENKO

I know him. I know him better than you.

I look a person in the eyes and see his soul inside. His is grounded. Yours could soar. Just to give you an idea, his soul is to yours and yours is to mine.

Boy, that man is a prize.

DIANE

Phillip, stop. I'm tired of hearing you talk that way about him. Sam happens to be a sensitive man with a great deal of intelligence. Certainly, he has a coarse facade. I admit that Sam and I are different people. Sometimes that's good, sometimes that's not so good. Sometimes it's awful. Sometimes he hurts me and seems to like it. Sometimes he makes me feel very lonely. Sometimes he makes me cry. jacksonupperco.com

SEMENKO

That's it! It's back. The torment is back, and with it, my brilliance.

HE STARTS TO PAINT AGAIN, FURIOUSLY.

DIANE

I'll put some coffee on.

SEMENKO

Never mind. I'm done.

DIANE

What?

SHE GOES OVER AND LOOKS.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Oh, Phillip. I love it. (TO HERSELF)

So will Sam. He will.

SEMENKO

Hah! He'll hate it.

DIANE

You're obviously an artistic genius,
but I don't think you know people. Sam's
very special. He pretends to be dumber
than he is. Sometimes as a defense and
sometimes to provoke me. But he will
like this painting. He'll love it.

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jacksonupperco.com SEMENKO

Shows how little you know him. If you think
he's going to like this, you're crazier than I've
ever been accused of being. Goodbye.

DIANE

Goodbye? Where are you going?

SEMENKO

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

DIANE

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. Besides, I think you
should be alone with Mortimer tomorrow.

DIANE

Stop calling him that. And why?

SEMENKO

Because it's the last time you'll ever
see him.

HE EXITS. DIANE STANDS THERE WITH HER MOUTH OPEN, AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

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FADE IN:

INT. BAR - LATER THAT DAYCARLA IS ALONE. COACH, NORM, AND CLIFF ENTER, DRESSED FOR A PICNIC.

COACH

Hiya, Carla.

CARLA

Hey, how's the picnic going?

COACH

Great, Carla.

CLIFF

This may be the best ever.

NORM

Coach has really outdone himself this time.

CARLA

It must be a beautiful day in the park today.

COACH

It must be.

62.
(H)

CLIFF

We didn't make it that far.

NORM

The bus broke down in the Sumner tunnel.

CLIFF

It's sitting there with everybody in it.

CARLA

And you're back to get help?

NORM

No, we're back to get beer. You can't believe how fast the boys on the bus went through thirty five cases.

CARLA

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You mean you came all the way back here and you're not going to get a mechanic?

NORM

Next trip.

MEANWHILE, THE GUYS HAVE BEEN GETTING BEER OUT OF THE BACK ROOM, AND THEY COME OUT WITH SEVERAL CASES. CLIFF HAS CASES ON HIS SHOULDER, AND COACH ON A HAND TRUCK.

CARLA

You mean everybody's sitting in the middle of a tunnel.

COACH

Sure, Carla, we had a little setback, but it gives us a chance to take a really good look at that tunnel. It's a miracle of engineering.

CLIFF

Yeah, it's really something.

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COACH

Yeah, I understand it took millions
of slaves hundreds of years hauling those
tiles across the desert to put into
place.

CLIFF

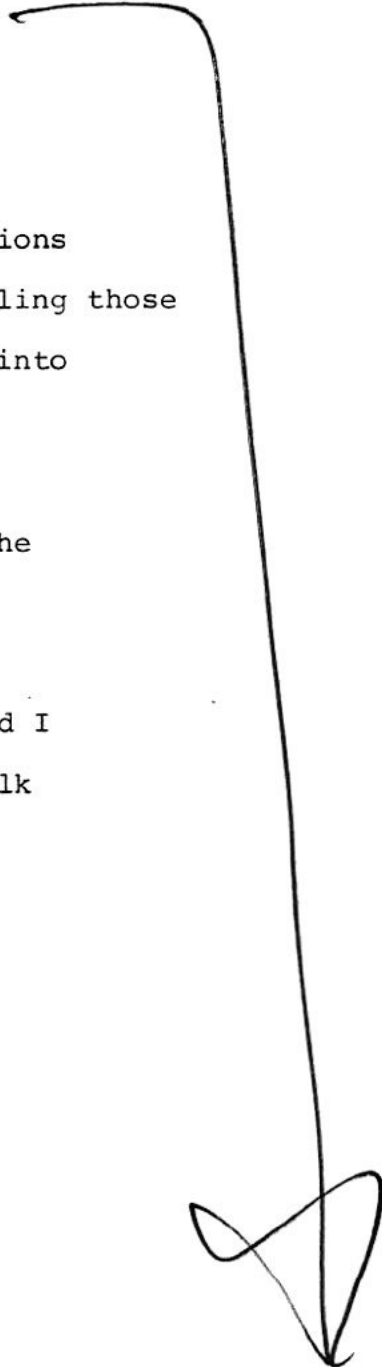
Coach, aren't you thinking of the
pyramids?

COACH

Of course not, Cliff. How could I
think about the pyramids and talk
about the tunnel?

CLIFF

Good point, Coach.



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COACH

I just can't believe the way they're
going through beer.

NORM

Yeah, offer people some free suds,
and they turn into pigs.

AS NORM SPEAKS, HE'S TAKING BEERS OFF CLIFF'S LOAD, AND
STUFFING THEM INTO EVERY AVAILABLE POCKET.

NORM (CONT'D)

(TO CARLA, INDICATING BEERS) Need
some roadies.

COACH

We better hurry. It's a long walk
back to the bus.

CLIFF

Walk, Coach? Can't you think of
anything that could make this trip
a little easier?

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COACH

(THINKING FOR A MOMENT) Oh, I
know what you mean. Ready?

(SINGING) "Ninety-nine bottles of
beer on the wall..."

THEY ALL EXIT UP THE STAIRS, SINGING LUSTILY. CARLA
STRAIGHTENS A FEW THINGS UP. DIANE ENTERS CARRYING THE
WRAPPED PAINTING AND A SMALL GIFT.

DIANE

Hi, Carla. Sorry I'm late.

CARLA

Yeah, yeah. What's that?

(INDICATES PAINTING)

DIANE

It's a portrait of me.

CARLA

(HOLDING IT UP EDGEWISE) Well, he's
got your profile down.

DIANE

Oh, he captured me perfectly.

CARLA

It's that weirdo artist that Sam
threw out, right? I knew that's
what you've been doing all this week.

DIANE

You figured it out?

CARLA

Of course. It's all so obvious.

DIANE

Does Sam know?

CARLA

Don't make me laugh. With a clear
head he would have, but now, between
the wool over his eyes and the ring
in his nose, he doesn't know what's
happening.

DIANE

Carla, I've been late a lot this week,
and you've had to do a lot of extra
work. So here. (HANDS HER THE 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 TAKES THE GIFT AND UNWRAPS IT.

CARLA

Hey, that's beautiful.

DIANE

I thought you could wear it with
your purple outfit.

CARLA

Yeah. Yeah, I probably can.

SHE STARTS TO WALK AWAY.

DIANE

Carla, it's polite to express one's
gratitude when one is given a gift.

CARLA

Yeah, right.

CARLA COMES BACK OVER, STANDS THERE FOR A MOMENT TRYING TO
WORK UP THE WORDS THAT WON'T COME, HANDS THE GIFT BACK TO
DIANE.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Damn, I loved that thing, too.

SHE STARTS TO WALK AWAY.

DIANE

Keep it, Carla.

CARLA

Oh, good.

DIANE

Where's Sam?

CARLA

In the back.

DIANE

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

CARLA

I see what you're up to. You're
doing all this just to make me say...

that thing people say when other people do
favors for them.

DIANE

No, go on, you don't have to say it.

CARLA

I don't? Oh, thank you.

SHE SCREAMS.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Aah. Yuck. I have to punish my
tongue.

CARLA CLOSSES THE DOOR ON HER TONGUE, CRIES OUT, THEN EXITS,
SPITTING. 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 THE BACK.

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SAM

Hey, babe, what's up?

DIANE

(INDICATING THE PAINTING) This.

SAM

What's that?

DIANE

It's a painting of me, Sam.

SAM

Who did it?

DIANE

I'll tell you after you see it.

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It was that Semenکو guy, wasn't it, Diane?

You went behind my back.

DIANE

Sam, you finally said his name.

SAM

I could always say it. I told you

not to do this. You knew exactly

how I felt about this and you went ahead and did it.

*

DIANE

Sam, let's not talk anymore until
you look at it.

SAM

I don't want to look at it. I'm really
mad about this.

DIANE

I know you are, and we'll talk about it,
but first, just look at the painting.
Let's not talk, let's not discuss,
let's not argue.

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SAM

You're just trying to distract me.

I want an explanation.

DIANE

(POINTING AT THE PAINTING) This
is my explanation.

SAM

Okay, fine, I'll look at the damn
thing.

HE GOES FOR IT, AND SHE PULLS HIM AWAY.

DIANE

No, I don't want you looking at it
in this frame of mind.

SAM

This is the only frame of mind I have.

DIANE

No, you're all upset now. I don't want you
looking at it until your mind is open.

SAM

My mind is open. It's wide open.

DIANE

No, no, your mind is full of animosity
towards Phillip and me.

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SAM

It's not. My mind is totally empty.

*

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HE MAKES A LUNGE FOR THE PAINTING, AND SHE HOLDS IT AWAY
FROM HIM.

DIANE

I'm not going to have you look at
this until you calm down.

SAM

(LOSING IT) You're crazy! You brought
it in here for me to look at, and
now you tell me I can't look...

DIANE

(INTERRUPTING) You can look at it,
but first I have got to see evidence
of calm.

SAM MAKES AN EFFORT TO RELAX HIMSELF. HE BREATHES DEEPLY AND
TRIES TO UNTENSE HIS MUSCLES. HE CAN'T.

SAM

Okay, I'm calm.

DIANE

No you're not.

SAM

I'm calm, Diane.

DIANE

No you're not.

SAM

I am calm. If I get any calmer I'd
be dead.

DIANE

Sam, your knuckles are white. And
your jaw muscles are quivering.

SAM

I get that way when I'm about
to look at art.

HE GOES FOR THE PAINTING; SHE PULLS IT AWAY.

DIANE

We'll do this later. We'll just
wait a while. I don't want anything
to distract you from your enjoyment
of the painting. And once you see
it, Sam, you'll understand and forgive.

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SAM

Oh yeah? And what if I hate it?

DIANE

You won't hate it. Trust me. I know you're going to love 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.

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SAM

(ANGRY) 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.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

(REALLY ANGRY) I know, I know, you
don't use a fork with soup. I said
"fork with soup" but it was a mistake.
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.

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DIANE IS STARING AT HIM.

DIANE

My God, Sam, I've made you a babbling
idiot.

SAM

Who are you calling a babbling
idiot?

DIANE

Don't get upset, Sam. I'm actually
criticizing myself.

SAM

You call me a babbling idiot, and
you're criticizing yourself. Hey,
let me give it to myself awhile.
You're sickening.

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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

Hey, don't come on like that with me. I'm the one who has the most to be angry about in this fight.

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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.

SAM

Oh, yeah? Past it, huh?

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SAM (CONT'D)

I could have you going crazy and
screaming in no time.

DIANE

No, Sam, it's too late. Far too
late. All my rage is gone, maybe
everything's gone.

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SAM

I hate this. You've never done anything that bugged me
more than this. I know exactly why
you're doing it. You don't want
to fight anymore 'cause I'm winning.
I've hammered you pretty good on
this one. In fact, I've won a lot
of these babies. and never mentioned it.

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DIANE STANDS UP.

DIANE

Sam, I'm leaving. I find this very tiresome all of a sudden.

SAM

No, you're not leaving. Not before we've had a humdinger.

DIANE

Hum on your own dinger, Sam. I tell you, I'm through. I'm empty.

SAM

The only thing empty about you is your head. (HE POINTS AT HER) Hah!

DIANE PASSIVELY SHAKES HER HEAD AND TAKES A STEP TOWARDS THE DOOR.

SAM (CONT'D)

If you walk out that door, I'll be crawling with chicks by sundown.

DIANE JUST SHAKES HER HEAD, AND TAKES ANOTHER STEP.

SAM (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, wait. I'm not done.

HE GOES OVER, GRABS THE PAINTING, AND HOLDS IT OVER HIS HEAD, AS IF TO CRASH IT TO THE FLOOR. HE LOOKS OVER AT DIANE. SHE JUST STARES AT HIM.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm going to do it. I am.

SHE TURNS TO START OUT AGAIN, HE PUTS THE PAINTING DOWN, AND CATCHES UP WITH HER.

SAM (CONT'D)

Okay, I've saved the best 'til last.
Here comes the best. You ready for
the best? This is going to get you.
(GETTING AN IDEA, HE MAKES A FACE)

DIANE

Oh, my God. Childish.

SHE TURNS HER BACK ON HIM, AND HE CONTINUES TO MAKE FACES
BEHIND HER BACK.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I know you're still making silly faces.
It's demeaning to me, to you, to the
human race.

HE CONTINUES.

DIANE (CONT'D)

It's not bothering me at all.

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HE CONTINUES.

DIANE (CONT'D)

(TURNING ON HIM) Stop it! Stop it!
Stop it!

SAM HOLDS UP HIS HANDS AND MAKES "V FOR VICTORY" SIGNS.

SAM

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I won. Again.

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DIANE (CONT'D)

I want you to know something. 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. jacksonupperco.com

DIANE

The fat braying ass would.

SAM

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

DIANE SLAPS HIM. IMMEDIATELY HE 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 ow ow.

SAM (CONT'D)

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

DIANE

You first.

SAM

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

DIANE

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? jacksonupperco.com

SAM

Actually you look a little like
Rudolph. (LAUGHS) You cute little
reindeer. Santa's in town and his sleigh needs a pull. *

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

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.

jacksonupperco.com 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

*
*
*
*
*

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.

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.

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SAM

(IMPRESSED) Wow.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO