

Cheers

Pg. 1/4

(TAKES PLACE IN BACK ROOM OF BAR. DIANE COMES FLYING INTO ROOM CRYING AND THROWS HERSELF ON COUCH FOLLOWED BY SAM.)

SAM: DIANE, WHAT'S GOING ON?

DIANE: I TOLD YOU MY CAT DIED.

SAM: IT MUST BE MORE THAN THAT. I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU GETTING THIS UPSET OVER AN ANIMAL DYING.

DIANE: YOU OBVIOUSLY NEVER HAD A PET YOURSELF.

SAM: SURE I DID.

DIANE: WHAT?

SAM: I HAD A DOG. CUTEST LITTLE GUY, FLOPPY EARS, BIG EYES. I TOOK HIM FOR A WALK EVERYDAY. GREAT WAY TO MEET WOMEN.

DIANE: YOU LOVED THIS DOG BECAUSE YOU COULD USE HIM AS A COME ON. YOU PROBABLY DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HIS NAME.

SAM: OF COURSE I DO. IT WAS FLUFFY OR BUFFY OR SOMETHING. OR WAS THAT ONE OF THE GIRLS HE HELPED ME MEET?

DIANE: GOODNIGHT. (SHE GOES TO THE DOOR.)

SAM: WHAT IS IT YOU WANT, DIANE?

DIANE: WHAT I WANTED WAS SYMPATHY.

SAM: WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?

DIANE: SAM, THERE ARE SUBTLETIES OF EXPRESSION. I WAS 'SAYING SO' ALL DAY WITH THE LOOK IN MY EYE, THE KNIT IN MY BROW, THE SET OF MY POSTURE.

SAM: WHY DIDN'T YOU USE WORDS?

DIANE: BECAUSE IF ANYONE AROUND HERE CARED ABOUT ME I WOULDN'T HAVE TO.

(SHE GOES TO THE DOOR AGAIN AND TRIES TO OPEN IT, BUT SAM LEANS AGAINST IT AND SHE CAN'T GET IT OPEN.)

SAM: NO, I'M GONNA SYMPATHIZE.

DIANE: DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.

SAM: I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR CAT.

DIANE: I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.

SAM: TOUGH.

DIANE: IT'S TO LATE.

SAM: TELL ME.

DIANE: YOU REALLY WANT TO HEAR ABOUT MY CAT?

SAM: SURE. WHAT THE HELL.

DIANE: O.K., I WAS PRETTY LONELY AS A CHILD. I WASN'T CLOSE TO ANYONE IN MY FAMILY. MY FATHER TRAVELED FREQUENTLY AND MY MOTHER WAS INCREDIBLY SOCIAL. ELIZABETH WAS MY CLOSEST FRIEND. AND CONFIDANTE. THAT CAT COULD REALLY KEEP A SECRET.

SAM: GOOD IN A CAT.

DIANE: YEAH. SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE IN MY LIFE WHO WAS ALWAYS THERE. WHEN EVERYONE ELSE WAS MAD AT ME, SHE ALWAYS LIKED ME. WHEN MY PARENTS WOULD ARGUE AND I WOULD GO HIDE, SHE WOULD COME WITH ME. WHEN I WAS SICK SHE NEVER LEFT MY BED UNTIL I WAS WELL AGAIN. WHEN I WAS 12 MY PARENTS SEPARATED. IT WAS MAYBE THE WORST NIGHT OF MY LIFE. BELIEVE IT OR NOT I ACTUALLY THOUGHT ABOUT THROWING MYSELF INTO THE LAKE, BUT THEN I LOOKED DOWN AT THAT CAT IN MY LAP AND THOUGHT, 'WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF ELIZABETH. SHE SAVED MY LIFE THAT NIGHT, SAM. I KNOW IT'S IRRATIONAL, BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT YESTERDAY WHEN HER TIME CAME SHE WAS WONDERING WHERE I WAS.

(SHE STARTS TO CRY AGAIN AND THEN GLANCES AT SAM AND NOTICES HE'S CRYING TOO.)

DIANE: SAM, YOU'RE CRYING.

SAM: NO I'M NOT.

DIANE: YES YOU ARE. YOUR EYES ARE RED. YOUR NOSE IS RUNNING.

SAM: I'M ALLERGIC TO CAT STORIES.

DIANE: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I'M AMAZED.

(SAM TRIES TO COVER HIS FACE)

DIANE: SAM, THIS IS SO SWEET.

(SHE HUGS HIM. HE PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND HER. AFTER A MOMENT THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, AND THEN MOVE TO A KISS. JUST AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO KISS, DIANE PULLS AWAY.)

DIANE: SAM, WAIT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SAM: WE'RE SHARING OUR GREIF.

DIANE: THIS DOESN'T SEEM LIKE SHARING GREIF.

SAM: GREIF CAN BE VERY TRICKY. WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GET BACK TO IT?

(SAM TRIES TO KISS HER AGAIN)

DIANE: SAM, YOUR EXPLOITING THIS WHOLE SITUATION. I DON'T THINK THAT'S RIGHT.

SAM: EXPLOITING?

DIANE: WE WERE CAUGHT UP IN THE SAME WONDERFUL EMOTIONS JUST NOW. I WOULD HATE TO SEE IT TURNED INTO SOMETHING SEXUAL.

SAM: WHAT ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF HERE?

DIANE: I'M NOT ACCUSING YOU OF ANYTHING. I JUST NEED TO UNDERSTAND WHY THIS IS HAPPENING NOW.

SAM: WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHY ITS HAPPENING. WERE SWEEP AWAY, WERE HELPLESS, WHAT CAN WE DO?

DIANE: SAM, YOUR NEVER HELPLESS WHERE WOMEN ARE CONCERNED. YOUR PROBLEM IS THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN RELATE TO WOMEN IS SEXUALLY.

SAM: AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS? YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO THINK ABOUT THINGS. YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO TALK ABOUT THINGS. YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO KNOW WHAT WERE DOING, WHY WERE DOING IT, AND WHAT IT MEANS.

DIANE: THE UNEXAMINED LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING.

SAM: AND WHILE WERE TALKING ABOUT PROBLEMS, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT REALLY BUGS ME ABOUT YOU? WHEN YOUR EATING A PRETZEL YOU ALWAYS EAT IT IN THREE BITES. NEVER TWO, NEVER ONE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, BUT THREE.

DIANE: (IN DISBELIEF) PRETZELS?

SAM: THAT'S RIGHT.

DIANE: WELL, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT BUGS ME ABOUT YOU?

SAM: I'D LOVE TO HEAR.

DIANE: THE COLONGE YOU ALWAYS WEAR IS TOTALLY WITHOUT NUANCE.

(SAM FALLS INTO A CHAIR)

SAM: (DEVASTATED) THAT EXPLAINS ALL THE LAUGHTER BEHIND MY BACK.

DIANE: (ANGERED) I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVER TRY TO TALK TO YOU. EVERY CONVERSATION I'VE HAD WITH YOU HAS BEEN AN ORDEAL.

SAM: RIGHT. THEN WE WANT HAVE ANY MORE AND REST ASSURED ONE POINT, I'LL NEVER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU AGAIN.

DIANE: YOUR RIGHT, YOU NEVER WILL.

SAM: WE FINALLY AGREE ON SOMETHING.

DIANE: NO, I THINK WE AGREE ON ONE OTHER THING, I'M GETTING THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

SAM: (TRIUMPHANTLY) TWO THINGS

(DIANE GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT)

SAM: DIANE, WAIT A MINUTE.

DIANE: (STOPPING) WHAT IS IT?

SAM: I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR CAT.

DIANE: (SUDDENLY SOFTENING) THANK YOU.

SAM: YOU'RE WELCOME.

(THEY STAND THERE A MOMENT, SUDDENLY GRIPPED BY THE LOST CAT, THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, THEN MAKE A SMALL MOVE TO HUG. THEY STOP. DIANE GOES TO THE DOOR.)

DIANE: I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.