

MARTY: Wait a minute. I'll find the light. I guess my Mother ain't home yet. I figure my cousin Thomas & Virginia must have gone to the movies. They won't be back until one o'clock at the least. This is the kitchen.

CLARA: Yes, I know.

MARTY: Come on in the dining room. Sit down. Do you want something to eat? We gotta whole half chicken in the ice box.

CLARA: No thank you. I don't think I should stay very long.

MARTY: Oh, sure. Well just take off your coat a minute. So I was telling ya that my kid brother Nicky got married last Sunday. That was a very nice affair. They had this statue of some woman with whiskey spouting out of her mouth. I never saw anything so grand in all my life. And what a meal. I'm a butcher, so I know a good pretty hunk of meat when I see it. This was choice filet right of the top of the chuck, \$1.80 a pound. Of course, if you want a cheaper cut of meat, you get rib steak. It's got a lot of waste on it, but it comes to a buck & a quarter a pound, if it's trimmed. Listen, Clara, make yourself comfortable. You look all tense.

CLARA: I'm fine.

MARTY: You want me to take you home, I'll take you home.

CLARA: Maybe it would be a good idea.

(Marty tries to kiss Clara).

No, Marty. Please.

MARTY: I like you. I like you. I've been telling you all night I like you...

CLARA: Marty...

MARTY: I just wanna kiss, that's all.

CLARA: No.

MARTY: Please...

CLARA: No.

MARTY: Please

CLARA: No.

MARTY: Alright! Alright! I'll take you home. All I wanted was a little lousy kiss. What do you think, I was gonna try something serious with my Mother coming home any minute? What am I, a leper or something?

CLARA: I just didn't feel like it. That's all.

MARTY: I'm old enough to know better. Comes New Year's Eve, everybody starts arranging parties. I'm the guy they have to dig up a date for. Lemme get a pack of cigarettes, and I'll take you home.

CLARA: I'd like to see you again. Very much. The reason I didn't let you kiss me, was because I didn't know how to handle the situation. You're the kindest man I've ever met. The reason I'm telling you this is because I want to see you again. Very much. I know that when you take me home, I'm just going to lie on my bed & think about you. I want to very much see you again.

MARTY: What are you doing tomorrow night?

CLARA: Nothing.

MARTY: I'll call you up tomorrow. We could go see a movie.

CLARA: I'd like that. Very much.

MARTY: The reason I can't be more definite about it now is my Aunt Catherine is probably coming over tomorrow, and I may have to help out.

CLARA: I'll wait for your call.

MARTY: We better get started to your house, because the buses only run about one an hour now.

CLARA: Alright.

MARTY: I'll just get a pack of cigarettes. What are you doing New Year's Eve?

CLARA: Nothing.