CHEERS - PILOT EPISODE

Cheers

PILOT EPISODE

by

Glen and Les Charles

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PARAMOUNT TELEVISION PRODUCTIONS

Cheers

"GIVE ME A RING SOMETIME"
60591-001

CHARLES/BURROWS/CHARLES PRODUCTIONS

"CHEERS"

"Give Me A Ring Sometime"

#60591-001

Written By

Glen and Les Charles

Created and Developed By

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Glen Charles
Les Charles

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"CHEERS"

"Give Me A Ring Sometime"

CAST

SAM MALONE	TED DANSON
DIANE CHAMBERS	SHELLEY LONG
COACH ERNIE PANTUSSO	NICK COLASANTO
CARLA TORTELLI	RHEA PERLMAN
MRS. LITTLEFIELD	MARGARET WHEELER
CLIFF CLAVEN	JOHN RATZENBERGER
SUMNER SLOAN	MICHAEL McGUIRE
NORM	GEORGE WENDT
RON	RON FRAZIER
CUSTOMER	BILL WILEY
BOY	JOHN P. NAVIN
NURSE	ELSA RAVEN

SETS

INT. BAR

"CHEERS"

"Give Me A Ring Sometime"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - EARLY AFTERNOON

CHEERS: A BAR IN BOSTON, SOMEWHERE IN TOWN NEAR THE COMMON: ATTRACTIVE, FRIENDLY TRADITIONAL DECOR, WITH A SPORTS ORIENTATION -- PHOTOGRAPHS AND MEMENTOS HERE AND THERE. THE BAR IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS BUT NO CUSTOMERS OR BARTENDER ARE IN SIGHT. SAM MALONE ENTERS FROM THE BACK ROOM CARRYING A BOX OF GLASSES, WHICH HE STARTS TO UNPACK. HE'S IN HIS THIRTIES WITH THE BODY OF AN EX-ATHLETE. A YOUNG TEENAGE BOY ENTERS, AND SITS DOWN AT THE BAR. HE'S DRESSED IN A SUIT, TRYING TO LOOK AS OLD AS POSSIBLE.

BOY

(SQUEAKY) How about a beer, Chief?

SAM

How about an I.D.?

BOY

An I.D.? That's very flattering.

Wait till I tell the missus.

HE HANDS SAM A CARD.

SAM

Ah, military I.D. First Sergeant Walter Keller. Born 1944. Makes you 38. Must have fought in Vietnam.

BOY

Yeah.

SAM

What was that like?

BOY

It was gross.

SAM

That's what they say. War is gross.

BOY

You're lucky you missed it. How about that beer?

SAM

(HANDING BACK THE CARD) Sorry, soldier.

BOY

This is the thanks we get.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE

ACT ONE

A

INT. BAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

SAM GOES INTO THE BACK ROOM. THE BOY STARTS OUT. DIANE CHAMBERS AND SUMNER SLOAN ENTER, CARRYING SUITCASES. SHE'S IN HER TWENTIES AND PRETTY. HE'S FORTY-ISH, DISTINGUISHED, PROFESSORIAL.

DIANE
This is crazy, Sumner.

SUMNER
Diane, we're about to be married.

THE BOY PAUSES, COMES BACK IN.

BOY
Getting married? Hey, congratulations!

HE SHAKES SUMNER'S HAND, REACHES UP TO KISS DIANE, WHO LOOKS AT HIM DISDAINFULLY.

(MORE)

BOY

You're a real cute couple. How about we all have a drink together to celebrate.

SUMNER

I think not.

BOY

I give it six months.

BOY EXITS.

SUMNER

Perhaps we won't have children right away. Diane, if we're going to be married, I insist you have my grandmother's antique gold wedding ring.

DIANE

Sumner, I'm the luckiest woman on earth. But you said it's on your ex-wife's finger. I don't need the ring. You're enough for me.

SUMNER

True. But symbols are important. Just let me call her and see if she's home. (LOOKS AROUND) Ah, the phone's back here. (CROSSES TO HALLWAY) As long as we're here let's celebrate with some champagne. Tres tres brut, please.

HE EXITS DOWN THE HALLWAY. THE BAR PHONE STARTS TO RING. DIANE LOOKS AROUND. NO ONE COMES TO ANSWER IT, SO SHE DOES, JUST AS SAM MALONE ENTERS FROM THE BACK ROOM. HE'S EATING A SANDWICH AND HIS MOUTH IS FULL.

DIANE

(INTO PHONE) Hello? Sam? (SEES SAM) Are you Sam?

SAM NODS, UNABLE TO TALK THROUGH HIS FOOD.

DIANE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Yes, he's here. One moment. (TO SAM) It's someone named Vickie. (HOLDS PHONE TO HIM)

SAM SHAKES HIS HEAD VEHEMENTLY AND HOLDS UP HIS HANDS.

DIANE (CONT'D)

She knows you're here. I told her you're here.

SAM POINTS AT HIMSELF, POINTS AT THE DOOR, MAKES WALKING GESTURE WITH TWO FINGERS.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Now look...

SAM MAKES A BEGGING GESTURE WITH CLASPED HANDS.

DIANE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) I was wrong. He just stepped out. Where? Uh... He's gone to...

SHE LOOKS AT SAM WHO PANTOMIMES CUTTING HIS HAIR, USING TWO FINGERS AS SCISSORS, THE OTHER HAND AS A COMB. DIANE TRIES TO FIGURE IT OUT.

DIANE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) He's gone to mime class.

SAM SHRUGS AS IF TO SAY "THAT'LL DO."

DIANE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Yes, I'll take a message... You're welcome.

SHE HANGS UP. SAM HAS SWALLOWED HIS FOOD. HE LOOKS AT HER QUESTIONINGLY.

SAM

Well?

DIANE

(VERY UNCOMFORTABLY) You're a magnificent pagan beast.

SAM

Thanks. What was the message?

DIANE

That was the message. Listen I didn't like doing that.

SAM

If I didn't own this place, I'd fire me on the spot. Tell you what, for lying for me, I'll buy your first drink.

DIANE

I'd like a bottle of your best champagne.

SAM

It wasn't that great a lie.

DIANE

No, no, we'll pay for it.

SAM GETS OUT A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE AS SUMNER RE-ENTERS.

SUMNER

We're on our way to get married.

SAM

Oh, married? Then it is on me.

SUMNER

(TO DIANE) Good news. Barbara is home and she said I could come over.

DIANE

Would you like me to go with you?

SUMNER

No, it could get a trifle sticky. Besides, if she saw the dazzling beauty who is about to succeed her, it would break her heart all over again.

DIANE

Oh, Summer, I'm not that beautiful.

SUMNER

Blasphemy!

SAM

So, where's the ceremony going to be?

DIANE

We're going to be married tomorrow in Barbados.

SAM

Hey, nice.

SUMNER

I'm Dr. Sumner Sloan, professor of World Literature at B.U.

DIANE

He has an article in the current Harpers.

SUMNER

Diane's been my teaching assistant for almost two years. Today I was sitting in my office with Diane. I looked up from my Proust. She had her nose in her Yeats. And I said to myself I'd be crazy to let this woman get out of my life. So right there on the spot I said let's get married.

DIANE

(ADORINGLY) What he actually said was... (LOOKING AT SUMNER) "Come with me and be my love and we will some new pleasures prove." (TO SAM) That's Donne.

SAM

I hope so.

SUMNER

No, John Donne, the poet.

SAM

Ah. It's lovely.

SUMNER

Listen, I must dash. I'll be back in ten minutes. (TO SAM) Excuse me, what's your name?

SAM

Sam.

SUMNER

Listen, Sam old man, I have an errand to run. Diane is going to stay here. I'd appreciate it if you'd keep an eye on her.

SAM

For you, Sumner old man, I'll keep both eyes on her.

DIANE

Sumner, am I stupid letting you go see a woman you were once in love with?

SUMNER

Hey, I'm leaving you alone in a bar. (TO SAM) Which one of us is the stupider, Sam?

SAM

Too close to call.

SUMNER

In any case, you sit over here at the bar and chat with Sam while I'm gone. I'll be back before you know it with your wedding ring.

HE MOVES HER AND THE CHAMPAGNE TO THE BAR, KISSES HER AGAIN, AND EXITS. SAM AND DIANE ARE ALONE. THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENCE.

SAM

Quite a fella, that fiancé of yours.

DIANE

Listen, you don't have to make conversation with me. Nothing personal but I'm not in the habit of talking to bartenders.

SAM

Hey, I know how you feel. One's trying to move into my neighborhood.

DIANE

Please.

SAM GESTURES OKAY. THE COACH, ERNIE PANTUSSO, ENTERS. HE'S IN HIS FIFTIES, STOCKY, WELL-KEPT.

COACH

You call that a football team?

SAM

What's wrong, Coach?

COACH

What's wrong? The Patriots did it again. This may be the worst draft yet. (TURNS TO DIANE) They have a first round pick and what do they get? A jack rabbit for the backfield? No. A gunslinger at quarterback? No. They choose a linebacker. A linebacker.

SAM

I don't know, Coach. I've seen a linebacker turn a team around.

COACH

Me too.

THE COACH GOES BEHIND THE BAR AND PREPARES TO START WORK.

COACH (CONT'D)

(TO DIANE) Hi, there.

DIANE

Hello.

COACH

(NOTICING SUITCASE) I hope nobody told you the bus goes by here.

SAM

No, Coach, she's sitting here waiting while her...

DIANE

(CUTTING HIM OFF) I hate to keep asking for special attention but would you not discuss my private life with everyone who walks in?

SAM

What do you want me to tell him?

DIANE

I don't care what you tell him.

SAM

(TO COACH) She's a hooker.

COACH

Oh. (WALKS AWAY)

DIANE

Thanks.

SAM

Don't mention it.

COACE

(LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW, THEN AT HIS WATCH) Oh oh.

SAM

What's wrong?

COACH

Carla's late.

SAM

Oh oh.

CARLA TORTELLI ENTERS, ANGRY. SHE'S LATE TWENTIES, SMALL, DARK, ITALIAN. THE COCKTAIL WAITRESS.

CARLA

Okay, I'm late. My kid was throwing up all over the place. You don't buy that excuse, I'm quitting, 'cause I don't work for a man who has no compassion for my children. And it doesn't look like you're exactly swamped here. I'm usually very punctual. You don't like it that's fine, 'cause this ain't such a great job to begin with. I'm gonna change.

CARLA EXITS TO THE BACK.

SAM

Do you think I was too hard on her?

CARLA RE-ENTERS, TYING HER APRON.

CARLA

Hi, Coach.

COACH

Patriots finally got the linebacker they needed, huh, Carla?

CARLA

What are you, nuts? They're up to their ears in linebackers.

COACH

Boy, that's true. They've got a lot of linebackers over there.

CARLA LOOKS AT DIANE'S SUITCASES.

CARLA

I love to see a woman who's not afraid to take her luggage out for a drink.

SAM

She doesn't want to be bothered, Carla.

CARLA

Tell her nibs I'm sorry.

CARLA STARTS TO SET UP HER STATION. NORM ENTERS, A MIDDLE-AGED CUSTOMER.

NORM

Afternoon, everybody.

CARLA

Hi, Norm.

SAM

Whata ya know, Norm?

NORM

(SITTING DOWN AT THE BAR) Not enough. How about a beer, Sam? Say, Coach, what do you think of the Patriots' draft?

COACH

Dumb, Norm. They need linebackers like I need antlers.

NORM

I say that new linebacker is going to put 'em in the Super Bowl.

COACH

Yeah, he'll probably do that. Gee, my head hurts all of a sudden.

NORM

The Sox lost again today. They sure could've used you coming out of the pen, Sam.

SAM

Not in the shape I'm in, Norm.

NORM

(TO DIANE) Yo, Miss! (BANGS BAR RAIL WITH MUG) Wouldn't you love to see Sam out there flinging the old horse hide again?

DIANE

Doing what?

NORM

Don't you know who this is? He used to be one of the best pitchers in baseball. Samuel "Mayday" Malone. (POINTING TO A PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG BASEBALL PLAYER) That's Sam in his prime.

COACH

I coached this man in double-A in Pawtucket and on the Red Sox, and I'm here to tell you he's the best short reliever ever to play the game.

SAM

Take it easy, Coach.

CARLA

(TO DIANE) Sam once struck out Cash, Kaline and Freehan with the tying run on second.

DIANE

Oh.

CARLA

How long is the wimp convention in town?

SAM

Carla, heel.

DIANE

(TO SAM) If you were so good, why aren't you still playing?

SAM

I developed an elbow problem. I bent it too much. (HE DEMONSTRATES)

DIANE

You were a drunk?

COACH

He was a great drunk, too. Anything that boy does he does well.

SAM

I wasn't a great drunk. I was a good drunk.

DIANE

Are you drunk now?

SAM

No, no. I haven't touched a drop in three years.

NORM

(TOASTING SAM WITH HIS BEER) I'm proud you licked it, Sam. Must've been hell. (TAKES A DRINK)

DIANE

Why do you own a bar?

SAM

I bought it when I was a drunk, and hung on to it for sentimental reasons.

TWO MEN ENTER AND GO TO A TABLE. CARLA GOES OVER AND TAKES THEIR ORDER. OTHER CUSTOMERS ENTER THROUGH THE REST OF THE SCENE.

NORM

Sam, I'm gonna have one more and call it a day.

A NURSE ENTERS PUSHING AN ELDERLY LADY IN A WHEELCHAIR. EVERYONE GREETS HER WITH "HI, MRS. LITTLEFIELD." SHE WAVES AT THEM ALL. THE NURSE LOWERS THE WHEELCHAIR DOWN THE STEPS.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

Easy, you're shaking my jowls.

THE NURSE WHEELS HER TO A TABLE.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD (CONT'D)

How are you gentlemen?

NURSE

I'll see you in a couple of hours. Unless you die.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

I'll do wheelies on your grave.

THE NURSE GIVES HER A LOOK AND THEN EXITS. SAM POURS MRS. LITTLEFIELD A DRINK.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD (CONT'D)

How you doing, Sam?

SAM

I'm real good, Mrs. Littlefield.

How are you?

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

I was okay until I read the papers this morning. Latin America is weighing on my mind. It's overrun with Communists.

SAM

It's hard to know what to do about Latin America.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

I know what to do. Bomb their serapes off.

COACH

I heard on the "Today" show Latin America's a trouble spot.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

The "Today" show's a trouble spot. It's the pinkest show on television.

COACH

Comes in okay on my set.

CARLA COMES BACK.

CARLA

Beefeater martini up with a twist. Plymouth martini, rocks, olive. And a Bass Ale.

THE COACH STARTS TO FILL THE ORDER.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

(NOTICES DIANE'S SUITCASES) Going somewhere?

DIANE

Yes.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

Avoid nations whose leaders have hair on their faces.

SAM

Abraham Lincoln had a beard.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

Need I say more?

NORM

Yo, Miss! What're you reading, a book?

EVERYONE LOOKS AT DIANE. DIANE LOOKS AHEAD.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

(TO DIANE) You're not real chatty, are you?

DIANE

(TO COACH) Where's your bathroom?

COACH

Right next to my bedroom.

OMIT

SAM

Down the hall.

DIANE GETS UP AND EXITS INTO THE LADIES ROOM.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

Check that suitcase for plastic explosives.

CARLA

(TO SAM) What's Goldilocks' story?

SAM

Forget it, everybody.

CARLA

Come on, Sam.

NORM

Why can't you tell us?

COACH

Okay, Sam's kinda shy about this sort of thing so I'll fill you in. She's a hooker.

SAM

She's not a hooker.

COACH

Well, no, she's not a hooker in the traditional sense.

SAM

She's not a hooker at all.

COACH

Finest young lady I ever met. Boy, my head's throbbing. (PUTS ICE ON HEAD).

SAM

Look, she doesn't want to be bothered. (LOWERS VOICE) She's waiting for her fiance, they're going to the Caribbean to get married. Okay?

DIANE RE-ENTERS. EVERYONE BUT SAM AND CARLA CHEERS FOR HER. NORM SHAKES HER HAND. DIANE GLARES AT HIM.

SAM (CONT'D

(SHRUGS) They missed you.

DIANE SITS DOWN AT THE BAR, LOOKS AT HER WATCH, CASTS A WORRIED LOOK AT THE DOOR AND SIGHS.

END OF ACT ONE

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

B

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - AN HOUR LATER

IT'S EARLY EVENING. THE BAR IS PRETTY WELL FILLED. NORM IS STILL AT THE BAR WITH A BEER. MRS. LITTLEFIELD IS STILL THERE. DIANE IS STILL AT THE BAR.

COACH

Another one, Norm?

NORM

Well... okay, just one more.

CARLA COMES OVER WITH AN ORDER.

CARLA

(TO DIANE) He's not back yet?

DIANE

No.

CARLA

Why don't you make a run for it?

DIANE

You're a bitter little person,

aren't you?

CARLA

I have a right to be. My husband left me with four kids.

DIANE

Four kids?

CARLA

Yeah, and after I paid his way through school hustling drinks. (TAKES DRINK TO MRS. LITTLEFIELD) Here you go, Mrs. L.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

Thank you, dear.

DIANE

What school did he go to?

CARLA

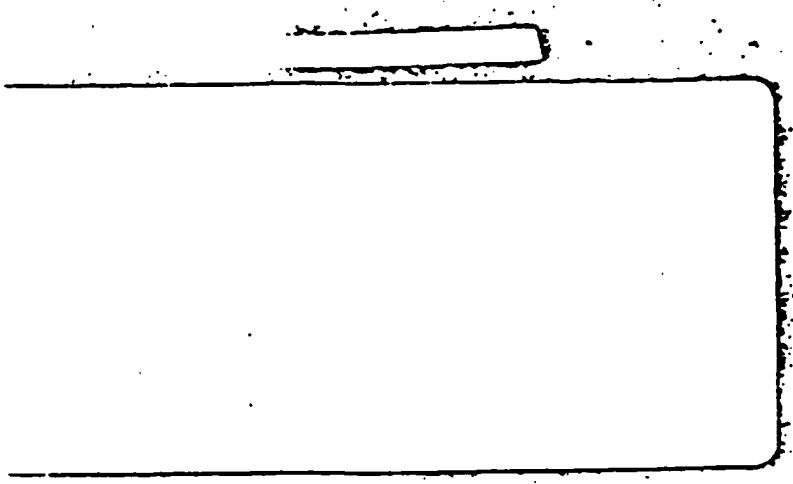
Colletti Academy of TV Repair. The minute he graduated he left me. Said I wouldn't fit in with the other repairmen's wives. Big shot.

DIANE

He sounds like a cur.

CARLA

Well, he isn't all bad. He still fixes my set and only bills me for parts.



THE PHONE RINGS.

NORM

If it's my Mrs., I'm on my way...
after one more.

THE COACH ANSWERS THE PHONE.

COACH

(INTO PHONE) Cheers. ... Just a sec. (TO BAR) Is there an Ernie Pantusso here?

SAM

That's you, Coach.

COACH

(INTO PHONE) Speaking.

CARLA RETURNS TO THE BAR.

CARLA

Two drafts and a scotch on the rocks. There's a group over there arguing about the sweatiest movie ever made.

NORM

The what?

CARLA

What movie did people sweat the most in.

NORM

That's easy. "ROCKY II"

CLIFF

Not even close. "Body Heat". Sweat city.

RON

"Ben Hur". The boys in that galley sweat like pigs.

NORM

"Alien". That's the one. Buckets.

DIANE

This is the night before my wedding and I'm in the middle of a sweat contest.

CLIFF

Here's a little known fact. Women have fewer sweat glands than men, but they're larger and more active.

COACH

(SHAKING HIS HEAD) The human body.

CLIFF

Consequently, they sweat more than us.

NORM

Really?

CLIFF

Sure. (TO DIANE) What's your perspiration pattern, miss?

SUMNER ENTERS AND COMES OVER TO DIANE.

DIANE (CONT'D)

(VERY RELIEVED) Oh, Sumner, it's so good to see you. I've been sitting here listening to these men argue about the sweatiest movie ever made.

SUMNER

(CALLING OUT TO THE GROUP) "Cool Hand Luke."

DIANE

Sumner, where have you been?...You said ten minutes.

SUMNER

Diane, that woman is extraordinary.

DIANE

Did she give you the ring, Sumner?

SUMNER (CONT'D)

I couldn't take it. She offered her hand to me, Diane. She said, "Sumner, you put it on my finger, you take it off." Have you ever heard anything more vulnerable?

DIANE

Never. Come on, we have a plane to catch.

SUMNER

Diane, I love you, but when I was with Barbara just now, something stirred inside me.

DIANE

Well, come on. We'll talk about it on the flight to Barbados.

SUMNER

I can't fly to Barbados when I'm this confused.

DIANE

It's okay, Sumner, the pilot knows the way.

SUMNER

Diane, I love your wit. You're a child. A beautiful, delicious child.

DIANE

Let's go to Barbados.

SUMNER

Let's go to Barbados.

THE PHONE RINGS.

CARLA

Who isn't here?

MOST OF THE GUYS RAISE THEIR HANDS.

NORM

I just left.

CARLA NODS AND ANSWERS THE PHONE.

CARLA

(INTO PHONE) Cheers. ... Just a second. (TO SUMNER) If you're not, I apologize, but is your name Sumner Sloan?

SUMNER

Yes it is.

CARLA HANDS HIM THE PHONE.

SUMNER (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hello. ... No, it's all right. She understands and I understand. ... Oh, Barbara, that's very human of you. I'll be right over. (STARTS TO HANG UP AND THEN PULLS THE RECEIVER BACK) And Barbara... your depth frightens me.

SUMNER (CONT'D)

(TO DIANE) She insists that you have the ring.

DIANE

Sumner, we won't have time to make the plane.

SUMNER

Let's do this. You call and get us on a later flight. This flight, the next flight...No one's going to take Barbados away from us.

MRS. LITTLEFIELD

Ever heard of the Kremlin?

SUMNER

I'll go now and get the ring from Barbara. (HE STARTS OUT)

DIANE

Sumner...

SUMNER

What?

DIANE

How about a kiss?

SUMNER

Maybe. I'll play it by ear.

SUMNER EXITS. DIANE STANDS THERE LOOKING AFTER HIM. BEHIND HER BACK THE BAR IS NOW HUSHED AND EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT HER. SHE TURNS AND LOOKS AT THEM AND THEY IMMEDIATELY LAPSE INTO CONVERSATION AND BAR ACTIVITY. DIANE GOES TO THE BAR.

DIANE (TO SAM)

I want a drink.

SAM

You've hardly touched your champagne.

DIANE

No, I want something with a kick in it.

SAM

You sure?

DIANE

Yes, I'm sure.

SAM

Okay.

HE PUTS A GLASS WITH ICE IN IT ON THE BAR. HE POURS LIME JUICE IN IT. HE STEPS OVER TO GET A BOTTLE, SHE TAKES THE GLASS AND CHUGS IT. A SHOCK PASSES THROUGH HER SYSTEM. SHE GASPS, POUNDS THE BAR WITH HER HAND.

DIANE

(GETTING HER VOICE BACK) What was that?

SAM

(HOLDING VODKA BOTTLE) Lime juice.

DIANE

(PUTS OUT HER GLASS) Hit me again.

DISSOLVE TO:

C

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - JUST BEFORE CLOSING TIME

THE BAR IS ALMOST EMPTY. NORM IS PASSED OUT WHERE HE'S BEEN SITTING ALL NIGHT. DIANE IS WHERE SHE'S BEEN ALL NIGHT.

CARLA

Cheer up, cookie. He may have been in an accident.

DIANE

He'll be here. I trust him.

CARLA

Yeah, sure.

THE COACH ENTERS FROM THE BACK ROOM.

COACH

Hey, Sam, I'm taking off. Home to my book.

SAM

Still working on that novel, huh, Coach?

COACH

Yeah, it's going on six years now and I think I may finish it tonight.

DIANE

You're writing a novel?

COACH

No, reading one.

SAM

Just a second, Coach. Hey, Norm.

NORM WAKES UP.

NORM

One more, then I gotta fly.

SAM

No, Norm, no more. I'm gonna send you home with the Coach.

THE COACH HELPS NORM TO HIS FEET.

COACH

Come on, Norm, let's get out of here.

NORM

You bet, Coach. We'll stop somewhere and I'll buy you a beer.

COACH HELPS NORM TO THE DOOR. HE LEANS NORM ON THE INDIAN AND GOES TO DIANE.

COACH

Diane, I'm going home now. I hope you and the Professor have a real happy marriage.

DIANE

Thank you, Coach.

COACH

Please, call me Coach.

DIANE

I just did.

COACH

I know, I liked it.

NORM

Hey, Sam. How about one for me and my friend? (POINTS TO THE INDIAN)

COACH CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

COACH

Let's go, Norm.

NORM

Say, Coach, who's driving?

SAM AND COACH EXIT. RON CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

RON

Goodnight, Sam. Thank you for letting me bend your ear.

SAM

That's okay, Ron. See you later.

RON EXITS. SAM AND DIANE ARE ALONE AT THIS END OF THE ROOM. DIANE STARES GLOOMILY INTO HER GLASS. SAM NOTICES.

SAM

(AFTER A MOMENT'S THOUGHT) You know something? We get a lot of nice lookin' ladies in here, and you're right up there. I don't think you need to worry about your future. You're gonna do a lot better for yourself than that goofy professor. In fact, I'd say...

DIANE

(INTERRUPTING) What are you doing?

SAM

Just trying to cheer you up a little.

DIANE

I'm a woman on her way to get married to a man who's the catch of the Romantic Literature Department. Why would I need to be cheered up by a man who's tool of the trade is a bar rag?

SAM

Sorry. My mistake. Somewhere I got the crazy idea you were unhappy. (GOES BACK TO HIS BUSINESS)

DIANE

(AFTER A BEAT) You don't like Sumner?

SAM

Can I answer?

DIANE

Of course.

SAM

I don't like Sumner.

DIANE

Do you know why you don't like him?

SAM

I told you, he's goofy.

DIANE

No, because he's well-bred, he's highly educated, he's distinguished, he's urbane...He's everything you aren't.

SAM

And I've worked hard to avoid it, thank you.

DIANE

(GROWING VERY EMOTIONAL) Now look here. Sumner may have his flaws --

SAM

(INTERRUPTING) But what goof doesn't?

DIANE

Sumner may have his flaws, but he's too beautiful a man to be discussed in a bar like some stupid linebacker for the Patriots.

SAM

(ANGRILY) Don't ever call a linebacker for the Patriots stupid in my bar.

DIANE

How about if I call you stupid in your bar?

SAM

I take back everything I said. You and the goof were made for each other.

DIANE

That goof will be on the cover of Saturday Review someday.

SAM

He'll be in Barbados tomorrow rubbing suntan oil on his ex-wife.

DIANE

I've had a very rough day. I'm now going to reward myself by getting out of here. When Sumner comes, tell him I've gone home.

SAM

Fine.

SHE STOMPS OUT. SHE COMES BACK IN.

DIANE

We're not going to make our flight. I'll change the reservations again.

SAM

Use this one.

HE PUTS THE PHONE ON THE BAR. DIANE DIALS.

DIANE

(INTO PHONE) I'd like to change the reservations for Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Sloan, Flight 481 to Barbados. ... They did? Are you sure?..Thank you very much.

SHE HANGS UP. SHE STANDS THERE A MOMENT, THEN BEGINS TO CRY.

SAM

I'm sorry.

DIANE

How did you know ?

SAM

Call it bartender's intuition.

DIANE

What a shame such an astute observer of human nature is stuck behind a bar.

SAM

That's what I think.

THREE VERY WELL-DRESSED COUPLES COME IN AND SIT DOWN.

DIANE

(DRYING HER EYES) I'm not gonna let this get me down. I'm young, I'm full of life, I'm right up there. I'm gonna do a lot better for myself than that goofy professor. Tomorrow I'll pick myself up off the floor and go out and find myself a new position. There. That's settled.

SAM

Something tells me I'm gonna regret this, but you could work here.

DIANE

What? (LAUGHS)

CARLA COMES OVER WITH THE ORDER.

SAM

(TO DIANE) Shut up a second.

CARLA

I need two vodka gimlets, one straight up, one blended rocks, Chivas rocks, soda, a Comfort Manhattan, hold the cherry, a white wine spritzer with a twist, one Old Bushmill Irish, decaf, hold the sugar.

SAM

Coming up.

SAM STARTS TO PREPARE THE DRINKS. SOMEBODY ELSE COMES IN, SITS AT A TABLE, AND CARLA GOES OVER.

DIANE

Tell me. What makes you think I would ever work in a place like this?

SAM

Simple. You can't go back to work for the Professor. You need a job. I need a waitress. You like the people here. You think they like you. And the phrase magnificent pagan beast has never left your mind.

DIANE TRIES TO SPEAK BUT CAN'T. SHE GRABS HER SUITCASE AND STARTS OUT AGAIN. SHE COMES RIGHT BACK.

DIANE

You're right about this much. I do need a new position, and I'm going to find one, but it won't be waiting tables.

SAM

What are you qualified for?

DIANE

Nothing. But I look at this as an opportunity for me to evolve. An opportunity to find where Diane Chambers really belongs in the world. Somewhere there's a wonderful job that I'm perfect for...that is perfect for me. (GETTING SWEPT UP) I'll find it and when I do I'll know it. (STARTS OUT)

SAM

(CALLING TO CARLA) What was that order again?

DIANE

(RETURNING) Two vodka gimlets, one straight up, one blended rocks, Chivas rocks, soda, a Comfort Manhattan, hold the cherry, (GROWING INCREASINGLY DEPRESSED) a

DIANE (CONT'D)

white wine spritzer with a twist, one Old Bushmill Irish, decaf, hold the sugar.

DIANE BURIES HER FACE IN HER HANDS AND SHAKES HER HEAD.

SAM

Want a job?

DIANE

Yes.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

"CHEERS"

"Give Me A Ring Sometime"

60591-001

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - DAY

THE BAR IS NEARLY EMPTY. OUR FOUR EMPLOYEES ARE IN THEIR PLACES. A NICELY-DRESSED COUPLE ENTERS THE FRONT DOOR AND LOOKS AROUND. DIANE LOOKS AT SAM.

DIANE

Wish me luck.

SAM

Luck.

DIANE GOES TO THE COUPLE ON THE LANDING AND STEPS BETWEEN THEM TO ESCORT THEM TO A TABLE:

DIANE

Hi, welcome to Cheers. My name is Diane and I'll be your waitress. Right this way please. I might tell you, parenthetically, that you're the first people I've ever served. (SHE SEATS THEM AT A TABLE) In fact, if anyone had told me a week ago I'd be doing this, I'd have thought them insane. When Sam over there offered me the job I laughed in his face. (SITTING NEXT TO THEM) But then it occurred to me, here I am, a student, not just in the academic sense, but a student of life. And what better place is there in which to study life in all its many facets than here? People meet in bars. They part, they rejoice, they suffer. And they come here to be with their kind. (SAM RINGS THE BELL BEHIND THE BAR. DIANE JUMPS UP) What'll it be?

MALE CUSTOMER

(CONSULTING A BERLITZ GUIDE; WITH HEAVY FOREIGN ACCENT) Where is police? We have lost our luggage.

FADE OUT.

THE END