

# Cliff Sally

CLIFF  
I was in a little fight last night. Didn't you hear about it? You should see the other three guys. Not a mark on them. It's about time to leave for the station.

Begin  
T  
SALLY  
The thing is, Cliff ...

CLIFF  
Don't say it. Whatever it is. Let's just forget the last twelve hours. Forget what I said at the Klub. Forget you've gotten even with me staying out all night.  
(He takes her hand)  
You're so cold.

SALLY  
You know what I'd love? A spot of gin.

CLIFF  
First thing in the morning? How about a Prairie Oyster?

SALLY  
No Gin!  
(She pours herself a drink)

CLIFF  
That can't be good for expectant mothers. Where's your coat? Your fur coat?  
Did you leave it at the Klub?

SALLY  
I left it at the doctor's office.

CLIFF  
Were you sick last night? Is that why you didn't come home?

SALLY  
(Drinking)  
Oh, darling -- you're such an innocent. Really! My one regret is I honestly believe you'd have been a wonderful father. And, I think someday, perhaps you will be. Oh yes, and I've another regret: That greedy doctor! I'm going to miss my fur coat.

(CLIFF slaps her)  
Isn't it funny -- it always ends this way? Even when I do finally love someone quite terribly -- for the first time. But it's still not -- quite -- enough. I'd spoil it, Cliff. I'd run away with the first exciting thing that came along ... or you would.

CLIFF

But that's not true. I'd never have run away from you -- for any reason -- not if there was a baby ...

SALLY

To hold us together, you mean? Oh, Cliff -- what a terrible burden for an infant -- don't you think?

(CLIFF starts getting his things together -- preparing to leave)

CLIFF

It's time for the train. Sally -- I could go tomorrow -- the next day -- This is your ticket to Paris.

(With deep feeling)

-- if for any reason -- you decide to use it ... You can reach me at the American Express Office. I'll be there till Friday ....

SALLY

But -- the truth is, Cliff: I've always rather hated Paris.

CLIFF

Oh, Sally.

(He starts to exit)

SALLY

Oh, Cliff!

(CLIFF turns in the doorway)

Dedicate your book to me.

(CLIFF exits. The lights fade)

End