

ACT 1 – Scene 10

Cliff's Room

(It is rather dark in CLIFF's room. SALLY is sitting alone – drinking. A bottle of gin is nearby. CLIFF enters, opening a letter.)

CLIFF

I got the letter... all seven pages. Are you all right? ...Sally?

SALLY *(nods)*

I'm just not speaking today.

CLIFF *(Affably)*

Okay. *(Looking at the letter)* My mother says, "Tell Sally to lay off the gin."

SALLY

She does not!

CLIFF

And here's the check!!

(HE pulls out a check.)

SALLY

Hurray!!! Fifty dollars? How much is that in real money?

CLIFF

More than enough to pay the rent...

SALLY *(hopefully)*

And dinner at the Adlon? With a bottle of champagne? Oh, Cliff!

(HE looks at her as if she's off her rocker.)

A glass of champagne?

CLIFF

All right.

(SALLY kisses him.)

Why so gloomy?

SALLY *(evading the question)*

Because we never have dinner at the Adlon anymore.

CLIFF

We never did. (*Reading the letter*) "I'm so excited you've finished your novel, Clifford darling." What a liar I am.

SALLY

Poor Cliff. It's my fault – If I weren't always dragging you off to party after party...

CLIFF

But I love those parties. I like this whole town. It's so tawdry and terrible and everyone's having such a great time. Like a bunch of kids playing in their room – getting wilder and wilder-- and knowing any minute their parents are going to come home.

SALLY

Maybe you should write about your childhood.

CLIFF

That was my first novel.

SALLY

There must be something else to write about...

(SALLY beams a smile.)

CLIFF

Sally Bowles?

SALLY

Of course! I told you I'd inspire you. "Les Amores du Sally." But make me ravishing and sublimely seductive – so no man can resist me. Not even a rather strange, handsome young American, who allows me to share his room – and his bed – and falls desperately in love with me...

(HE turns his head away from her.)

Don't worry! It's only fiction!

CLIFF (*nods*)

Now all I've got to do is write it.

SALLY

I wish I were less distracting.

CLIFF

It's true. Nobody could work with you around. Not Hemingway – not Tolstoy – not even Proust...

(SHE starts packing her suitcase.)

CLIFF (*continued*)

Oh, no – Sally – I didn't mean...

SALLY

But it's time, Cliff. I've never stayed with anyone so long. One must keep mobile, mustn't one?

CLIFF

What's the matter? Got a better offer?

SALLY

Dozens. I've never stayed so long with anyone. I'm sure you've offers, too.

CLIFF

Oh, dozens.

(A game)

A couple.

(SALLY gives him a look.)

Not one.

SALLY

Not even Bobby? He phoned today, by the way.

(SHE picks up her suitcase and starts to exit.)

CLIFF (*Suddenly*)

Don't go.

SALLY

What?

CLIFF

Please, don't go.

SALLY

Are you serious?

CLIFF

The hell with Bobby. Maybe I like you here. I need you. I need... The truth is, Sally – when you're out all night, I can't sleep. Our little bed suddenly seems so empty. I've never felt this way before about – anyone – anyone at all.

SALLY

You truly mean this?

CLIFF
More than I've ever meant anything.

SALLY
Oh, darling...

CLIFF
You want to tell me what's wrong?

SALLY
Nothing. Not a thing. *(SHE sits.)* I'm pregnant.

CLIFF
Are you sure?

(SALLY nods.)

Well, what are we going to do?

SALLY
What am I going to do? The usual thing, I suppose.

CLIFF
You've done it before?

SALLY
Thousands of times.

CLIFF
Don't you think you ought to check with the father?

SALLY
Why?

CLIFF
Well, to help pay for the doctor – for one thing.

SALLY
I do so hate it, Cliff. That awful doctor.

CLIFF
Then maybe...

SALLY
And – anyway – who is the father? *(Laughing)* Could be anyone!

CLIFF (dawning realization)
Could be me. Sally, it could be me.