

—fill this place with sinners.

SARAH

I don't bet.

SKY

I'll make you a proposition.

(Picks up cardboard from chair, writes marker) †

When is this big meeting of yours — Thursday? I will guarantee to fill that meeting with one dozen genuine sinners. I will also guarantee that they will sit still and listen to you.

SARAH

And what's my end of the bargain?

SKY

Have dinner with me.

SARAH

Why do you want to have dinner with *me*?

SKY

I'm hungry — Here!

(Gives her marker — SHE takes it)

SARAH

What's this?

SKY

Sky Masterson's marker for twelve sinners. If you don't think it's good, ask anybody in town. I-0-U. — one dozen sinners.

(He hands her red cardboard marker)

I'll pick you up at noon tomorrow, for dinner.

SARAH

At noon?

SKY

It'll take us some time to get there.

SARAH

To get where?

SKY

(Picks up hat from single chair)

To my favorite restaurant.

SARAH

Where is that?

SKY

El Café Cubana, in Havana.

SARAH

(Rises)

El Café Cubana, Havana?

SKY

Where do you want to eat? Howard Johnson's!

SARAH

Havana!

SKY

(Crosses to her)

Why not? The plane gets us there in five hours and back the same night. And the food is great.

SARAH

(Crosses to cabinet R. with sheet of paper)

I now realize, Mr. Gambler, when you were describing the blackness of your heart, you didn't do yourself justice.

(She opens drawer of cabinet, takes out typewritten sheet of paper. SKY goes to her and as he does he drops his hat on armchair)

SKY

And I now realize, Sister Sarah, that no matter how beautiful a Sergeant is, she's still a Sergeant.

SARAH

Please go away.

SKY

Why don't you change your pitch, Sarge — Come to the Mission one and all, except Guys. I hate Guys!

SARAH

I don't hate anybody.

SKY

Except me.

(SHE looks at him)

(SKY)

I am relieved to know that it's just me personally and not all guys in general. It is nice to know that somewhere in the world there's a guy who might appeal to the Sergeant. I wonder what this guy will be like?

SARAH

(Slams drawer. Crosses to D.C.)

He will *not* be a gambler.

SKY

(Crosses to her)

I am not interested in what he will not be—I am interested in what he will be.

SARAH

Don't worry, I'll know—

LIGHT CUE

#6 — I'll Know

SARAH

FOR I'VE IMAGINED EV'RY BIT OF HIM,
FROM HIS STRONG MORAL FIBRE
TO THE WISDOM IN HIS HEAD,
TO THE HOMEY AROMA OF HIS PIPE

SKY

YOU HAVE WISHED YOURSELF A SCARSDALE GALAHAD
THE BREAKFAST-EATING BROOKS BROTHERS TYPE

SARAH

Yes.

AND I SHALL MEET HIM WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE.

SKY

You've got the guy all figured out.

SARAH

I have.

SKY

Including what he smokes. All figured out, huh?

SARAH

All figured out.

(SARAH)

I'LL KNOW WHEN MY LOVE COMES ALONG
I WON'T TAKE A CHANCE
FOR OH, HE'LL BE JUST WHAT I NEED
NOT SOME FLY BY NIGHT BROADWAY ROMANCE

SKY

(Crosses to her)

AND YOU'LL KNOW AT A GLANCE
BY THE TWO PAIR OF PANTS

SARAH

(Crosses to R., passes him)

I'LL KNOW BY THE CALM STEADY VOICE
THOSE FEET ON THE GROUND

(HE sits in single chair)

I'LL KNOW, AS I RUN TO HIS ARMS
THAT AT LAST I'VE COME HOME SAFE AND SOUND
AND TILL THEN I SHALL WAIT
AND TILL THEN I'LL BE STRONG
FOR, I'LL KNOW WHEN MY LOVE COMES ALONG.

SKY

(Rises, crosses to her R.C. Shaking his head, spoken)

No, no—no—you're talking about love. You can't dope it like that. What are you picking, a guy or a horse?

SARAH

(Spoken)

I wouldn't expect a gambler to understand.

SKY

Would you like to hear how a gambler feels about the big heart throb?

SARAH

No!

SKY

Well, I'll tell you—