

Side F

Oscar, Charity 2

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OSCAR and CHARITY are sitting back-to-back in separate booths, not looking at one another.

CHARITY

Oscar ... I had to see you to tell you ... I can't see you anymore.

OSCAR

What?

CHARITY

Don't look at me. Don't look at me. Aren't you going to ask me why? Aren't you going to ask me why I can't see you anymore?

OSCAR

Why can't you see me anymore?

CHARITY

Never mind. I'll tell you. Because we're not getting anywhere, that's why. And we're not going to get anywhere either because you don't even know where I've been ... Oscar ... I don't, never have, and probably never will work in a bank.

OSCAR

Oh?

CHARITY

I don't even have a bank account. I keep my money in an empty can of Chase and Sanborn coffee.

OSCAR

Charity --

CHARITY

And do you have any idea of how I earn that money? Do you? Heh?

OSCAR

You're a dance hall hostess.

CHARITY

I'm a dance hall hostess. I work in a dance hall. I dance with strange men and talk to them and drink with them and --

(SHE suddenly realizes what HE said.)

That's right. How did you know?

OSCAR

... I've known it for a week now. I was riding a bus one night, saw you, jumped off and before I could catch you I saw you go into this dance hall. I went in and stood in the corner. You were sitting in a booth with some man. You were laughing and giggling. I didn't stay very long an hour or so That night when I went home, I tried very, very hard to hate you, Charity ... but I couldn't do it. I just couldn't hate you.

CHARITY

Maybe you'll have better luck tonight. Do you know what other business some of the girls are in?

OSCAR

I'm not interested.

CHARITY

Don't you want to ask me if I am, too?

OSCAR

It's not important.

CHARITY

(Indignant)

Not important? Well, it is to me. I'm in love with you, Oscar, and I'm not going to waste being in love with some jerk who isn't interested enough to find out if I really am what I'm hinting I might be. Don't look at me.

OSCAR

Charity, I don't care what you are or what you did. All I know is I want to marry you.

CHARITY

Let's settle one thing at a time, heh? I am not in any other business. All I sell is my time ... But just to keep the record straight, I am not a poetical virgin!

(SHE suddenly bursts into tears)

OSCAR

Charity ... Charity, please don't cry. I believe you.

CHARITY

I know you believe me. I'm crying about that other part.

OSCAR

What other part?

CHARITY

That marrying part! I didn't hear it the first time.

OSCAR

Marry me!

CHARITY

(Still crying)

Oh, Oscar, you're not making fun of me, are you? Because asking a girl to marry her is one of her most sensitive areas ... And you shouldn't say it unless you really mean it ... Because you can seriously hurt people kidding around like that ... And I'll tell you the truth, Oscar ... I don't really think I can stand another injury of that nature.

OSCAR

Charity, for the first time I'm happy "inside"... really happy ... and it's all because of you.

CHARITY

Oh, Oscar --

OSCAR

Don't look at me! I can get pretty emotional too, you know! Give me your hand.

(SHE puts her hand down. HE gropes backwards, feels it and clasps it into his.)

OSCAR (CONT.)

... You know what we're gonna do, Charity? We're gonna get out of this city.

CHARITY

Oh, I'd like that.

OSCAR

Get a little place in the country.

CHARITY

You'd like that.

OSCAR

What really counts is that we'll be together. Forget your past. Forget what you did before. Some men could never do that, Charity. But not me. I promise I'll never mention it again as long as I live. Because I need you, Charity ... I need you and I love you.