



SARAH

SKY

Sarah: Tell me, Mr. Masterson, why are you here.

Sky: I told you. I'm a sinner.

Sarah: You're lying.

Sky: Well, lying's a sin. Look, I'm a *big* sinner. If you get me, it's eight to five the others'll follow. You need sinners, don't you?

Sarah: We're managing.

Sky: Let's be honest. The Mission is laying an egg. Why don't you let me help you? I'll bet I can fill this place with sinners.

Sarah: I don't bet.

Sky: I'll make you a proposition. (*picks up cardboard and writes marker*). When is this big meeting of yours...Thursday? I will guarantee to fill that meeting with one doze 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 the marker*)

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-O-U - one dozen sinners. 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: To my favorite restaurant.

Sarah: Where is that?

Sky: El Café Cubana, in Havana.

Sarah: El Café Cubana, Havana?

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

Sarah: Havanah!

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