

CHEERS

"Don't Shoot 'Til You See the Color of Their Money"

by

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FIRST DRAFT
September 2, 1989

CHEERS

"Don't Shoot 'Til You See the Color of Their Money"

CAST

SAM MALONE TED DANSON

REBECCA HOWE KRISTIE ALLEY

CARLA LEBEC RHEA PERLMAN

NORM PETERSON GEORGE WENDT

CLIFF CLAVIN JOHN RATZENBERGER

WOODY BOYD WOODY HARRELSON

FRASIER CRANE KELSEY GRAMMER

PAUL TALLIFERRO

POLICEMAN 1

POLICEMAN 2

ROBBER 1

ROBBER 2

SETS

INT. BAR

INT. OFFICE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

CHEERS - "Don't Shoot 'Til You See the Color of Their Money"

TEASER

Scene A

(1)

INT. BAR - EARLY NIGHT

(Sam, Rebecca, Woody, Norm, Carla,
Cliff, Frasier, Robber 1)

ACT ONE

Scene B

(4)

INT. BAR - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

(Rebecca, Woody, Norm, Carla,
Cliff, Frasier)

Scene C

(9)

INT. BAR, SECONDS LATER

(Rebecca, Woody, Norm, Cliff,
Frasier, Policeman 1, Policeman 2)

Scene D

(14)

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LATE SAME NIGHT

(Cliff, Frasier, Norm, Sam, Carla,
Woody, several nurses, Paul)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene E (25)

INT. BAR - THREE DAYS LATER, NIGHT

(Sam, Woody, Cliff, Norm, Frasier,
Rebecca, Carla)

Scene F (32)

INT. REBECCA'S OFFICE, SECONDS LATER

(Sam, Rebecca)

Scene G (37)

INT. BAR - SAME NIGHT, SECONDS LATER

(Sam, Woody, Norm, Cliff, Carla,
Frasier)

Scene H (40)

INT. BAR - TWO DAYS LATER, EVENING

(Sam, Rebecca, Norm, Cliff, Frasier,
Woody, Robber 2)

END OF ACT TWO

CHEERS

"Don't Shoot 'Til You See the Color of Their Money"

TEASER

A

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - EARLY EVENING

SAM, REBECCA AND WOODY ARE BEHIND THE BAR. CARLA IS WAITING ON TABLES. THE REST OF THE REGULARS ARE SEATED AT THE BAR.

REBECCA

Sam.

SAM

(HE MAKES SENSUAL EYE CONTACT.) You beckoned.

REBECCA

(HOLDING A PIECE OF PAPER IN HER HAND.) Not hardly.

(PAUSE AS SHE GLARES AT HIM.) I wanted to ask you
about Norman's bar tab.

SAM

(LOOKING AT NORMAN.) What's the problem?

NORM NOTICES THE CONVERSATION IS ABOUT HIM, AND HE TURNS HIS HEAD TOWARDS REBECCA.

REBECCA

Well, it's large enough to qualify as a third world
debt.

A WELL DRESSED MAN ENTERS, WEARING AN OVERCOAT.

NORM

(TO REBECCA) Does that mean I can trade some trees
for debt?

CLIFF

(LAUGHING) You mean if 'ol Norm here plants some
beer nuts in his living room, you'll forgive his
bar tab?

REBECCA

(ANGRILY) You guys never take this place seriously!
The only thing that keeps this place open is what
little money you bozos pay up on your tabs.

THE STRANGER APPROACHES THE BAR AND OPENS HIS COAT. CARLA, CARRYING
HER TRAY, ADVANCES TO THE STRANGER.

CARLA

May I help you?

THE STRANGER PULLS OUT A PISTOL AND POINTS IT AT REBECCA.

ROBBER 1

Yeah! (LOOKS AT REBECCA.) Give me all that cash you
was talkin' about.

SAM MOVES SLOWLY OUT FROM BEHIND THE BAR.

REBECCA

(STUNNED) What? What? What? (SHE BEGINS STUTTERING.)

I. I. I. The money?

EVERYONE IN THE BAR IS STUNNED, SILENT, AND FROZEN IN THEIR PLACES. CLIFF
IS NOT ONLY FROZEN WITH FEAR, BUT SHAKING

SO VIOLENTLY THAT HIS TEETH CHATTER AND HIS BAR STOOL BEGINS TO SHAKE

ROBBER 1

(WAVING THE PISTOL AT REBECCA) Move it up, you bimbo!

Just give me all the cash and let me get outta here

before that jerk with the bad haircut does something

stupid.

SAM STRAIGHTENS HIMSELF UP, PATS HIS HAIR WITH ONE HAND, AND LOOKS INDIGNANT.

SAM

My hair has always been one of my best features.

REBECCA

(SPEAKS WITH A FRIGHTEN BURST OF BREATH.) Sam!

Do something! You're responsible, you stop him

now. (SHE PUTS HER HANDS IN FRONT OF HER FACE.)

I don't want to die.

SAM

Sure, babe. (THINKS FOR A NANOSECOND) I guess

I'll do something.

SAM LUNGES TOWARD THE ROBBER. THE STRANGER TURNS THE PISTOL TOWARDS SAM AND FIRES; SAM FALLS TO THE GROUND. CARLA, STILL STANDING NEXT TO THE ROBBER, SMASHES HER TRAY OVER HIS HEAD, KNOCKING THE WOULD BE ROBBER OUT COLD.

DISSOLVE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

B

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - SAME EVENING

ABOUT TWO HOURS LATER. REBECCA AND WOODY ARE SPEAKING WITH THE POLICE NEAR THE FRONT DOOR. CARLA IS NEAR CLIFF, NORM, AND FRAISER.

CARLA

(TO FRASIER, WHILE POINTING AT CLIFF.) Did you get a good look at Superman when the stick-up man was here?

FRASIER

If you were referring to Cliff, yes indeed I couldn't help but notice all the racket he was making on his stool.

NORM

Yeah. I thought the guy had a machine gun and was

blasting everybody in the place.

CLIFF

Very funny, Normy. You want the extra pair of undies,
old pal?

NORM

(EMBARRASSED, AND SUBDUED.) Yeah. Where are they?

CLIFF

(POINTING TO THE OFFICE.) Sam used to keep a pair,
just for emergencies mind you, in the back room in
there.

NORM

Where?

CLIFF

Third shelf up, way back on the right side. (PAUSE.)
Right behind the book of quotes from MS. Magazine.

NORM

(GETTING UP.) Sam always was a sensitive kind of a
guy.

NORM LEAVES

CLIFF

He always said if his charm didn't get'em, his

sensitive quotes from that book would have them
in the sheets for sure.

FRASIER

You guys shouldn't speak of Sam that way. For all
we know he might be in serious condition; ready to
have a near death experience.

CARLA

Hell, I saw Sam when they took him out of here. There
ain't nothing wrong with him. (SMILES.) I'll bet
he's having a near bimbo experience right now.

FRASIER

Well, we can always hope fate has been that kind to
Sam. I for one can tell you that I was scared out
of my wits by that incident.

CARLA

Yeah, and old Norm was scared out of his shorts by it,
and Cliff was scared off his stool by it.

CLIFF

(INSULTED.) I was not scared. I had the situation
completely under control, at all times. I was

pondering what was the best attack in that situation.

I asked myself, with the ballistics of the 38 special,
and the atmospheric condition in the bar at the time,
could I leap to the perpetrator and disarm him before
the bullet could reach Rebecca?

CARLA

(LOOKING DISGUSTEDLY AT CLIFF.) I've only got one
question.

CLIFF

What's that?

CARLA

How come you didn't ,mess up your pants like Norm did?

FRASIER

(LAUGHING.) Ha ha. I guess his mouth wasn't the only
thing that froze up.

CARLA

No, wait a minute! I've got it. Cliff has the way
to save almost any situation.

NORM RETURNS TO HIS STOOL.

FRASIER

How do you figure that?

CLIFF PUFFS UP IN ANTICIPATION OF A COMPLIMENT.

CARLA

Well, just suppose you're in the year, 1906, and you're
in San Francisco.

NORM

Yeah.

CLIFF

(TO NORM.) Welcome back. You get the underwear?

NORM

No. They were a trifle too small. I just decided
to wear nothing.

CARLA

That's disgusting!

NORM

Get back to San Francisco.

CARLA

Right. Well, there's a bank hold-up in progress,
and Cliff's the only bank guard, and he's afraid
of guns, so he don't have any. What do you suppose
old Cliff, the bank guard, is going to do?

FRASIER

Start crying and make the robber take pity on him?

NORM

Ask him for a loan?

CARLA

No, you drunken bozos! He started shaking with fear so hard that it became the 1906 earthquake, and the bank robber fled the bank without even touching the money.

NORM

Hey, that's great!

CLIFF

(DISAPPOINTED.) Yeah, right.

DISSOLVE TO

C

INT. BAR - SECONDS LATER, SAME NIGHT

REBECCA AND WOODY ARE TALKING TO TWO POLICEMEN. WOODY SEEMS EXTRA DAZED FROM THE INCIDENT.

REBECCA

Is he going to be all right?

POLICEMAN 1

Yes, the hospital just radioed us that Mr.

Malone is sore, but resting easy.

REBECCA

No, I was talking about the robber.

POLICEMAN 2

(CONFUSED.) Why would you ask about the man

who wanted to rob you and shoot you in the

process.

WOODY

I don't think he was aiming at her process,

officer.

REBECCA

Thank you, Woody, I can take care of myself.

(TO POLICEMAN 2) Carla hit him pretty hard, and

I don't want the bar to be sued.

POLICEMAN 2

(NODDING) I understand.

POLICEMAN 1

You will testify at the grand jury and the trial, won't you?

REBECCA

I just don't want to be sued. But I will help

put that slime away forever.

POLICEMAN 2

(TO WOODY.) And you, sir?

WOODY

(RAISES HIS HANDS AND LOOKS AT REBECCA.) Please

don't put me away forever; I'll take a cut in

salary.

REBECCA

Woody, he's talking about you testifying against

the man who tried to rob us.

WOODY

Yeah, I'll testify, but, well, now I know what it

feels like to face a life term.

POLICEMAN 1

Sir, that was just a misunderstanding.

WOODY

Sure, just tell that to my mom on visiting day.

POLICEMAN 2

(TO WOODY.) Sir?

REBECCA

(TO POLICEMAN 2.) He's had a bad day, and the robbery was quite a shock.

WOODY

You bet it was, especially since they want to pin it on me now.

POLICEMAN 1

We understand. Thank you both, and good night.

POLICEMEN LEAVE

WOODY

(TO REBECCA.) Boy, those two seemed confused.

REBECCA

(SHAKES HER HEAD.) They did, didn't they.

REBECCA AND WOODY WALK BACK TO THE BAR.

REBECCA

You know, I'm still worried that that creep'll

try to sue Cheers.

WOODY

That doesn't make sense, I mean he was robbing us
with a gun, and he could have killed Sam.

REBECCA

It doesn't have to make sense, that's just the
way the world is run now.

REBECCA AND WOODY GO BEHIND THE BAR.

WOODY

That's a pretty crummy way to run a world.

CARLA

(TO WOODY.) What's eating you?

WOODY

Rebecca's worried about the robber suing the
bar because you hit him too hard with the tray.

CARLA

Well, that scum sucking creep had better be glad
I aimed for his head instead of his...

CARLA PULLS BACK HER FIST AND AIMS FOR FRAISER'S CROTCH.

FRASIER

(INTERRUPTING.) Steady girl, I think we get the idea.

NORM

Hey! Why don't we all go visit Sam after the bar closes?

CLIFF

Yeah, I could tell him the plan I thought of to save the bar the next time it gets robbed.

FRASIER

That's right. We'll issue life lines for the customers, and when Cliff cries so hard he floods the bar, only the robber will be swept away.

CARLA

(LAUGHING.) You know for a smart guy, you think of some good stuff sometimes.

WOODY

I like the idea about visiting Sam better.
(PAUSE.) I'll call him and tell him we're coming.

REBECCA

That's a good idea. I'm actually having good

feelings about Sam.

CARLA

(SARCASTICALLY.) Well, just don't let it go to your head.

CLIFF

I don't think that's where Sam would aim it.

REBECCA

(ROLLING HER EYES.) Even when he's not here, I get disgusted with him. (PAUSE) But, I still like him, and that's scary.

DISSOLVE TO:

D

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE THE SAME NIGHT.

SAM IS IN A HOSPITAL BED, FACE DOWN, SURROUNDED BY NURSES GIVING HIM A RUB DOWN. CARLA, REBECCA, NORM, CLIFF, WOODY AND FRASIER ENTER THROUGH THE DOOR. THE NURSES QUICKLY COVER SAM UP, AND DISPERSE. THEY WAVE AT SAM AND, ONE BY ONE, PASS THROUGH THE DOOR. NORM AND CLIFF MAKE LUSTING FACES TOWARDS THE LAST ONE AS SHE LEAVES THE ROOM.

SAM

Good bye, girls. Come back for the flip side as soon as the guests leave.

SAM TURNS OVER

REBECCA

We could come back later.

SAM

No, now's a good time. (CLEARS HIS THROAT.) I'm expecting some other, uh, friends to stop by later.

WOODY

(CLAPS HIS HANDS TOGETHER.) Well, Sam, old boy, how you been doing?

SAM

(LOOKING AT NORM.) What's wrong with Woody?

NORM

He's a little upset at your being shot, and he's

been a little strange.

REBECCA

A little more than a little.

WOODY LEAPS TO SAM'S BED AND HUGS HIM.

WOODY

I just don't want to lose my best friend in
Boston!

SAM

(LOOKING AROUND AT EVERYBODY, A LITTLE
EMBARRASSED. HE FINALLY PATS WOODY ON THE
BACK.) Just in Boston?

WOODY

(GETTING UP.) Yeah. Back home I have a real good
friend, Carl Albertson. He and I go way back, and
he's the only one who knows I really didn't do
anything with Sally on the Prom night.

CARLA

Not any more, stud.

WOODY

(PAUSES AND THINKS.) Well, maybe you're a better
friend than I thought.

SAM

The thought was enough, Woody.

FRASIER

I hate to be the one to pry, but Lilith expects me home in thirty minutes. (PAUSE.) What damage did the projectile inflict?

SAM

What?

REBECCA

Where'd you get hit?

SAM

Oh. It just passed through the right leg; it went right through and didn't hit anything important.

CLIFF

Thank god for womankind.

SAM

Yeah.

REBECCA

Sam. I have something difficult to say.

SAM

(SMILING.) Great. I can't right now, but maybe in a week or so.

REBECCA

Please, I want to thank you for saving my life.

I know we have had our difficulties in the past, but

I saw an unselfish side to you today, and I am

proud to have you as a friend.

SAM

(SHOCKED.) I don't know what to say.

CARLA

(LEANS OVER TO SAM'S EAR.) Better leave it that

way for now.

SAM

(TO CARLA IN A WHISPER, WITH BRIGHT EYES.) You

think this gives me a chance?

CARLA

(WHISPERS BACK TO SAM.) Play it right, and (LOOKING

AT REBECCA.) whatever it is, can be yours.

SAM

(TO REBECCA.) Could there be a private celebration

for my saving your life?

CARLA

(WINKING AT SAM.) Go, boy.

REBECCA

A date?

SAM

That's what I had in mind.

CLIFF

Ladies and gentlemen, I think we're seeing history
in the making right here.

REBECCA

(SMILING.) I might consider it; after you're out
of the hospital and feeling better.

NORM

Oh, god! I'm getting goose bumps.

CARLA

You sure the cellulite isn't just congealing.

SAM

(TO REBECCA.) That would make my mortal wound
heal overnight.

FRASIER

Old boy, if the wound's mortal, I suggest you
go on your date right now.

SAM

What?

CARLA

Don't pay attention to the wuss; he has to rush
home to the little woman anyway.

FRASIER LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AND ACTS ANXIOUS.

FRASIER

Where has the time gone. This little love
scene has grabbed my attention away from my
own appointed love rounds.

CARLA

Don't sweat it, Frasier, she's asleep now
anyway. (PAUSE.) What the hey! She probably
likes you better that way.

FRASIER

Only you would think of something like that,
you street trollop.

FRASIER LEAVES

CARLA

(SHAKING HER HEAD.) Maybe I should call ahead
and wake her up. (PAUSE) Then she'd have to
tell him the truth after he finished.

NORM

No, let sleeping wives lie.

CLIFF

Does yours?

NORM

No, she snores.

WOODY

Hey, you guys. We came here to see how Sam is getting along, and I for one would like to know.

(LOOKS AT SAM.) How are you getting along?

SAM

(LOOKS CONCERNED AT WOODY.) How are you getting along, Woody.

WOODY

No, I asked first.

SAM

Well, Woody, The doctor says I lost almost no blood, and that there was almost no muscle damage, but that there might be some loss of motion in the injured leg.

NORM

You mean, like you might have a limp.

SAM

(WITH A SAD LOOK.) Yeah, that's right.

CARLA

(LEANING OVER AND WHISPERING TO SAM.) Don't sweat it, women love a man with a limp; it's like a man with an eye patch - you know, mysterious and a sure fire path to bedding behavior.

SAM

(WITH A TEAR IN HIS EYES.) God, Carla. You sure know how to cheer me up. You're the greatest.

REBECCA

What did she say?

CARLA

You'd never understand.

NORM

Maybe we'd better go now. I think Sam might need his rest.

SAM

Well, maybe that might be a good idea.

CARLA

What about your other friend? Didn't you say he was coming soon?

CLIFF

Maybe he's a she, and old Sammy wants to be alone.

SAM

(QUICKLY LOOKING AT REBECCA.) No, it's a he, and
I don't think you'd like him.

REBECCA

Why? What's wrong with him?

WOODY

I think Sam is just trying to tell us that this
person isn't as close a friend as we are. (PAUSE)
Sam, why do you hang around with a loser like
that?

SAM

He's not a loser, but I just don't think he and you
guys would get along.

PAUL TALLIFERRO ENTERS THROUGH THE DOOR.

PAUL

Sam. (HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM AT ALL THE OTHER
PEOPLE.) Who are these people?

SAM

They are my friends.

REBECCA

Who is he. (SHE POINTS AT PAUL.)

PAUL

(LOOKS AT REBECCA.) I know you. You manage Cheers.

REBECCA

(LOOKS HARD AT PAUL.) Don't I know you?

NORM

I recognize you. (LOOKS AT PAUL.) You were there tonight when the place was robbed.

PAUL

I have been coming to Cheers for a few months. I'm getting to like the place.

CARLA

Yeah, I recognize you now. You're even a good tipper.

WOODY

(TO PAUL.) But, why are you here?

PAUL

Sam? Didn't you tell even your supervisor.

SAM

(LOOKING AT REBECCA, AND LOOKING VERY SHEEPISH.)

Oh, you mean her.

PAUL

Yes, her. I don't think you should be talking to her at all.

SAM

(SILLY GRIN.) Well, talking wasn't exactly what
I had in mind anyway.

REBECCA

I don't like the gist of this conversation. Sam, what
is going on?

SAM

You may not like this, but, well, I'm suing Cheers.

REBECCA, WOODY, CARLA, NORM,
AND CLIFF

You what!

SAM

Well, not exactly Cheers, but the corporation that
owns Cheers.

CARLA

That's better.

REBECCA

No! It's not better!

NORM

I think it's better.

SAM

Thank you, Norm.

REBECCA

That's the company that pays my salary!

SAM

Don't take it so hard.

REBECCA

I ought to.. (SHE FUMES, THEN SHE SMASHES HER FIST
AGAINST HER OTHER OPEN HAND.)

REBECCA LEAVES IN A HUFF.

SAM

I suppose there's no date now?

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II

E

INT. BAR - LATE AFTERNOON, THREE DAYS LATER

REBECCA AND WOODY ARE BEHIND THE BAR, NORM, CLIFF AND FRASIER ARE SEATED AT THE BAR. CARLA IS STANDING NEAR THEM. NORM, CLIFF, FRASIER, AND WOODY ARE DEEP IN CONVERSATION, WHEN WOODY NOTICES REBECCA SIGHING, AND LOOKING SAD AND DISTANT.

WOODY

Ms. Howe, you haven't said much in the past few days.

Are you sick?

REBECCA

(ANGRILY.) Damned right I'm sick. I've got

Malone-itis.

WOODY

(SMILES.) Gee, that's great that you still like
Sam. (PAUSE.) If it were me losing my job because
of Sam suing my boss, I'd be a little mad myself.

REBECCA STORMS FROM BEHIND THE BAR AND INTO HER OFFICE.

WOODY

(CONFUSED.) What'd say?

NORM

Women.

FRASIER

Go figure.

CLIFF

Might be her time of the month.

CARLA

(SLAPS CLIFF'S SHOULDER.) You moron, you never
have anything, anytime, including brains.

FRASIER

Don't be too hard on the boy, Carla. He's had a
hard life, and only his mother to share it with.

CARLA

(LOOKS AT THE THREE MEN, THEN SHAKES HER HEAD.)

Words of wisdom from weenie central.

CARLA LEAVES THE BAR AND WAITS ON TABLE.

WOODY

(TO NORM.) What were you saying?

NORM

Well, the next time a stick-up artist enters Cheers,
Old Cliff could become so scared he'd start to wail.

WOODY

(INTERRUPTING.) I know. He's wail so loud the
guy would think there was a cop car right outside
the door.

CLIFF

(INTERRUPTING.) Yeah. I would scare him right out
of here so fast he'd leave his gun.

NORM

(DISAPPOINTED EXPRESSION.) Too obvious, guys;
right?

FRASIER

A little.

CLIFF

I know. How about if I began to shake so violently

with a mouth full of beer that he thought I was
rabid, and...

NORM

No, Cliff, you can do better than that.

SAM ENTERS, WITH ONE LEG BANDAGED, AND ON ONE CRUTCH.

EVERYBODY

Sam!

SAM

Hi, guys.

CARLA

Coming back to the scene of the litigation?

FRASIER

Litigation? Carla, your remarkable reference
on the recent legal matter surprises me.

CARLA

Cut the rude reference to my retarded rhetoric, or
I'll remove your rump in record time.

FRASIER

I love your resilience.

SAM HOBBLER TO THE BAR.

NORM

When you get rich, are the drinks on the house?

SAM

That's not impossible.

CLIFF

What?

SAM

My lawyer just called me, and I cannot believe
the deal he's ready for me to sign.

CARLA

Don't leave us in the dark, what kind of blood
money are we talking about?

SAM

I wish you wouldn't refer to it like that.

FRASIER

She only calls'em like you bleed'em.

SAM

Thanks, guys.

CARLA

Never mind the dipsy doodle over there, just give
us the sum total.

SAM

Cheers.

WOODY

Good, Sam. You know where you are, now if you can just remember what someone asks you, you'll be much better.

SAM

(LOOKING AT WOODY.) Is he serious, or just pissed off?

CARLA

(ANGRILY.) Sam! Answer the question!

SAM

I did. (PAUSE.) The corporation wants to give Cheers back to me instead of a cash settlement. What I was asking for was too much for them to pay, and giving me the bar would be cheaper.

CLIFF

Hey, this is turning out to be all right!

NORM

Hell, yeah! Sam lets me carry a larger tab than Rebecca ever thought of.

SAM

Wait a minute, I haven't decided what to do yet.

CARLA

What! Sammy, I gave you some credit for having a larger brain than a turnip, but, I might have to rethink it.

SAM

Where's Rebecca.

FRASIER

Always the irrepressible man of hormones.

SAM

What?

NORM

Rebecca's in her office.

FRASIER

Be careful, Sam, the sentry of suds in a bit miffed by your legal action.

SAM

What?

CARLA

Rebecca's pissed.

SAM

I know. I have to talk to her before I make up my mind.

SAM GOES TO THE OFFICE DOOR AND KNOCKS.

REBECCA (VOICE THROUGH THE DOOR)

Who is it?

SAM

It's me. I need to speak to you.

REBECCA (VOICE THROUGH THE DOOR)

I have a gun.

SAM

(SMILES NERVOUSLY.) Rebecca, need to talk to you.

REBECCA

It's an AK-47.

SAM

(HE TRY'S THE DOOR KNOB; IT'S LOCKED. HE KNOCKS
AGAIN.) Come on, you have to open the door.

REBECCA (VOICE THROUGH THE DOOR)

(VERY LOUD.) You're trying to get me fired, and you
want to torture me too?

SAM

Please?

THE DOOR OPENS.

REBECCA (VOICE THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR)

All right, come in, but don't plan to take too long.

SAM

(LOOKING IN AMAZEMENT THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.)

You should hold it tighter against your shoulder,

those rifles kick pretty hard.

DISSOLVE TO:

F

INT - REBECCA'S OFFICE, MINUTES LATER

REBECCA WALKS FROM THE DOOR TO HER DESK AND SITS IN THE CHAIR. SHE IS VERY SAD. SAM SITS ON THE SOFA.

REBECCA

Stop clowning around.

SAM

I'm sorry. I have to talk to you about my lawsuit.

REBECCA

What's to talk about. I just got a call from my boss and he told me they would not be needing me any more.

SAM

Yeah, I know.

REBECCA

You know! (SHE STANDS UP, ANGRY.) What do you mean, you know!

SAM

That's what I wanted to talk about.

REBECCA

(MAD AS HELL.) Spill you guts before I spill them for you!

SAM

Okay. Calm down.

REBECCA

(SCREAMING.) I am calm!

SAM

Okay. The company that owns Cheers, the same

company I'm suing...

REBECCA

(INTERRUPTING.) AND, the same damned company that's
going to fire me because of your greed.

SAM

Yeah, that's the one. (PAUSE.) Well, they offered me Cheers instead of a cash settlement.

REBECCA SITS BACK DOWN IN HER CHAIR.

SAM

And, well, what I wanted to talk to you about is (PAUSE.) This is hard for me.

REBECCA

And, it's easy for me?

SAM

I don't know if I'm doing the right thing. (PAUSE.) I mean, I was shot in the leg, and I was trying to help you, and you are the boss, and, uh, well. (PAUSE) The lawyer was there when it happened, and he kind of talked me into suing about it, but now, I'm not sure.

REBECCA

(CALMED DOWN.) Sometimes I like you, even though I hate the very thought of your existence. (SHE LOOKS CONFUSED.) You know what I mean?

SAM

I think so.

REBECCA

So, what are you going to do?

SAM

Why are they going to fire you, I mean if they
dump Cheers, can't they find another job for you?

REBECCA

Look, Sam, you said it; they can save a bundle dumping
Cheers on you. First, they can take the whole thing
as a loss, they can save my salary, and Cheers is
probably worth only half as much as you asked for
in cash.

SAM

(THINKING.) So, it's a good deal all around, right?

REBECCA

(SARCASTICALLY) Right, a special deal for me. I get
dumped, and you get rich.

SAM

I didn't dump you.

REBECCA

You don't count.

SAM

(EXPRESSION BRIGHTENS.) I might.

REBECCA

What are you saying?

SAM

You could still work for me.

REBECCA

What for? Your salary? (PAUSE.) I couldn't
possibly live on your salary.

SAM

Gee, thanks for letting me in on that little
secret. (FROWNING.) I demand a raise.

REBECCA

You know, you are incredible.

SAM

(SMILING) Yeah, they all say that sooner or later.

REBECCA

(SHAKING HER HEAD.) And, you don't understand
them yet.

SAM

What?

REBECCA

If you don't have any good news, please leave.

SAM

I just wanted there not to be any hard feelings,
no matter how I decide to settle.

SAM LEAVES THE OFFICE.

DISSOLVE TO:

G

INT. BAR - SECONDS LATER

SAM HOBBLER TO THE BAR AND SITS ON A STOOL. EVERYONE IS LEANING TOWARDS HIM, WAITING FOR HIM TO TALK.

SAM

Well? What are you guys staring at?

NORM

Maybe the man who'll triple my bar credit.

FRASIER

What did Rebecca say?

SAM

Oh, just something about me being incredible.

CARLA

Sam, I just want to know one thing?

SAM

Shoot.

FRASIER

No! That how we all got into this situation
in the first place.

CARLA

(TO FRASIER.) You've been shot for years, just
shut up and let Sam answer the question.

SAM

What was the question?

CARLA

I haven't asked it yet, you bone head.

SAM

(SHRUGGING HIS SHOULDERS.) Oh.

CARLA

Do you want to own Cheers again? Remember all
those fun times you had with the IRS?

SAM

(INTERRUPTING.) Yeah, yeah, I remember

everything, but that lawyer I got sees everything differently.

CARLA

If all you get is cheers, how're you gonna pay that sleezebag lawyer of yours?

SAM

(LONG PAUSE WHILE HE RACKS HIS BRAINS.) I guess I'll have to sell the place.

CARLA SMILES, PICKS UP HER TRAY, TUCKS IT UNDER HER ARM, AND WALKS AWAY.

SAM

(LOOKING A BIT SAD.) Look, I've got to go back home now, I need to sleep on everything.

CLIFF

(LAUGHING.) All at the same time, Sammy?

NORM

Carla's right about you, Cliff. You are a twit.

DISSOLVE TO:

HINT. BAR - TWO DAYS LATER, EARLY EVENING

SAM AND WOODY ARE BEHIND THE BAR, NORM, CLIFF, AND FRASIER ARE SEATED AT THE BAR. CARLA IS SERVING TABLES. A WELL DRESSED MAN ENTERS, AND SITS AT A TABLE BETWEEN THE BAR AND THE POOL ROOM.

WOODY

I sure am glad you and Ms. Howe made up. I mean she was really pissed at you.

SAM

(CHUCKLING.) Yeah, I know. I thought she really was going to shoot me.

WOODY

She did, don't you remember?

SAM

What I meant was, I thought she had a real gun, not a water pistol.

CLIFF

It sure did look real to me.

NORM

(TO CLIFF) Is that why you wet the floor when she came out of her office chasing Sam with it?

FRASIER

No, Cliff was just trying to test out his theory of getting the gunpowder wet before they can shoot you.

CLIFF

(NODDING HIS HEAD.) You got it, Frasier.

NORM

But I still loved it when you told her that you took a cash settlement instead of Cheers.

SAM

The only thing I hated is that I had to settle for so little to avoid getting Cheers.

NORM

How much did you get?

SAM

After the leach lawyer took his cut, all I got was enough for a big down payment on that little condo in Vermont.

FRASIER

It's better than nothing.

SAM

I suppose.

FRASIER

How did it feel being kissed by the elusive
Ms. Howe?

SAM

I don't know, she shot me with that damned
water gun while she was kissing me.

FRASIER

Yeah, and she had the most awful shade of green
ink in it too.

THE WELL DRESSED MAN GETS UP AND STARTS FOR THE BAR.

NORM

It wouldn't have been so bad, except she aimed
for your pants.

SAM

(SMILING.) It's the thought that counted.

REBECCA'S OFFICE DOOR OPENS, AND SHE STEPS OUT, VERY HAPPY AND SINGING.

CLIFF

Why's she so happy?

SAM

The company thought she talked me into the small

settlement, and they gave her a raise.

THE WELL DRESSED MAN, STANDING RIGHT BEHIND CLIFF, PULLS A PISTOL FROM UNDER HIS COAT, AND POINTS IT AT SAM AND WOODY.

ROBBER 2

Shut up, and hand over all the cash in the
register.

REBECCA LEAPS TOWARDS THE ROBBER.

REBECCA

No! Shoot me!

CLIFF FAINTS BACKWARDS, SMASHING THE ROBBER TO THE FLOOR, KNOCKING HIM OUT COLD.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO