

True Romance -Dir. Quentin Tarantino, 1993. M/F

INT. CLARENCE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alabama's wearing one of Clarence's old shirts. She's curled up in a chair crying. Clarence approaches her. She tries to compose herself.

CLARENCE

What's wrong, sweetheart? Did I do something? What did I do?

ALABAMA

You didn't do nothing.

CLARENCE

Did you hurt yourself?

(he takes her foot)

Whatd'ya do? Step on a thumbtack?

ALABAMA

Clarence, I've got something to tell you. I didn't just happen to be at the theater. I was paid to be there.

CLARENCE

What are you, a theater checker? You check up on the box office girls. Make sure they're not rippin' the place off.

ALABAMA

I'm not a theater checker. I'm a call girl.

Pause.

CLARENCE

You're a whore?

ALABAMA

I'm a call girl. There's a difference, ya know.

(pause)

I don't know. Maybe there's not. That place you took me to last night, that comic book place.

CLARENCE

"Heroes For Sale"?

ALABAMA

Yeah, that one. Somebody who works there arranged to have me meet you.

CLARENCE

Who?

ALABAMA

I don't know. I didn't talk with them. The plan was for me to bump into you, pick you up, spend the night, and skip out after you fell asleep. I was gonna write you a note and say that this was my last day in America. That I was leaving on a plane this morning up to Ukraine to marry a rich millionaire, and thank you for making my last day in America my best day.

CLARENCE

That dazzling imagination.

ALABAMA

It's over on the TV. All it says is: "Dear Clarence." I couldn't write anymore. I didn't not want to ever see you again. In fact, it's stupid not to ever see you again. Last night... I don't know... I felt... I hadn't had that much fun since Girl Scouts. So I just said, "Alabama, come clean, Let him know what's what, and if he tells you to go fuck yourself then go back to Drexel and fuck yourself."

CLARENCE

Who and what is a Drexel?

ALABAMA

My pimp.

CLARENCE

You have a pimp?

ALABAMA

Uh-huh.

CLARENCE

A real live pimp?

ALABAMA

Uh-huh.

CLARENCE

Is he black?

ALABAMA

He thinks he is. He says his mother was Apache, but I suspect he's lying.

CLARENCE

Is he nice?

ALABAMA

Well, I wouldn't go so far as to call him nice, but he's treated me pretty decent. But I've only been there about four days. He got a little rough with Arlene the other day.

CLARENCE

What did he do to Arlene?

ALABAMA

Slapped her around a little. Punched her in the stomch. It was pretty scary.

CLARENCE

This motherfucker sounds charming!

Clarence is on his feet, furious.

CLARENCE

Goddamn it, Alabama, you gotta get the fuck outta there! How much longer before he's slappin' you around? Punchin' you in the stomach? How the fuck did you get hooked up with a douche-bag like this in the first place?

ALABAMA

At the bus station. He said I'd be a perfect call girl. And that he knew an agency in California that, on his recommendation, would handle me. They have a very exclusive clientele: movie stars, big businessmen, total white-collar. And all the girls in the agency get a grand a night. At least five hundred. They drive Porsches, live in condos, have stockbrokers, carry beepers, you know, like Nancy Allen in "Dressed to Kill". And when I was ready he'd call 'em, give me a plane ticket, and send me on my way. He says he makes a nice finder's fee for finding them hot prospects. But no one's gonna pay a grand a night for a girl who doesn't know whether to shit or wind her watch. So what I'm doin' for Drexl now is just sorta learnin' the ropes. It seemed like a lotta fun, but I don't really like it much, till last night. You were only my third trick, but you didn't feel like a trick. Since it was a secret, I just pretended I was on a date. An, um, I guess I want a second date.

CLARENCE

Thank you. I wanna see you again too. And again, and again, and again. Bama, I know we haven't known each other long, but my parents went together all throughout high school, and they still got a divorce. So, fuck it, you

wanna marry me?

ALABAMA

What?

CLARENCE

Will you be my wife?

When Alabama gives her answer, her voice cracks.

ALABAMA

Yes.

CLARENCE

(a little surprised)

You will?

ALABAMA

You better not be fucking teasing me.

CLARENCE

You better not be fuckin' teasin' me.

They seal it with a kiss.