SKY

Sorry. "No peace unto the wicked." – Isaiah, Chapter 57, Verse 22.

(SARAH crosses to Bible stand, opens it. Behind his back SARAH looks up quotation in Bible. Slams the book shut)

SKY

(Without turning)

Isaiah?

SARAH

Isaiah.

(Sits at desk)

SKY

There are two things been in every hotel room in the country. Sky Masterson, and the Gideon Bible. I must have read the Good Book ten or twelve times

SARAH

You've read the Bible twelve times?

SKY

What's wrong with the Bible? Besides, in my business the strangest information frequently comes in handy. I once won five G's on a parlay, Shadrach, Mischach, and Abednego.

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. This Mission is laying an egg.

(SHE is silent)

Why don't you let me help you? I'll bet I can –

(Crosses R. a few steps)

—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.