

Inside of a restaurant. LORETTA, late 30's with MR JOHNNY, late 30's whom she knows well.

BOBO IS CLEARING THE REMAINS OF MR. JOHNNY'S DINNER. He's already cleared Loretta's.

BOBO
How's things?

LORETTA
Fine, Bobo. We'll take the check.

MR. JOHNNY
No, I want to see the dessert cart.

BOBO
Very good.

Bobo goes. Loretta is surprised.

LORETTA
You never have dessert.

MR. JOHNNY
Never is a long time.

Mr. Johnny is uneasy. He massages his head.

LORETTA
What's the matter?

MR. JOHNNY
My scalp is not getting enough
blood sometimes.

Loretta looks at him strangely. Bobo rolls up the dessert cart. WE SEE Loretta and Mr. Johnny through the frame of the dessert cart. They turn and look at the desserts.

MR. JOHNNY
Have Something.

LORETTA
I shouldn't.

MR. JOHNNY
Will you marry me?

LORETTA
What?

MR. JOHNNY
Will you marry me?

LORETTA
Bobo, take the cart away.

He does.

LORETTA
(continuing)
Are you proposing marriage to me?

MR. JOHNNY
Yes?

LORETTA
You know I was married and that my
husband died. But what you don't
know is I think he and I had Bad
Luck.

MR. JOHNNY
What do you mean?

LORETTA
We got married at the City Hall and
I think it gave bad luck the whole
marriage.

MR. JOHNNY
I don't understand.

LORETTA
Right from the start we didn't do
it right. Could you kneel down?

MR. JOHNNY
On the floor?

LORETTA
Yes, on the floor.

MR. JOHNNY
This is a good suit.

LORETTA
I helped you buy it. It came with
two pairs of pants. It's for luck,
Johnny. When you propose marriage
to a woman, you should kneel down.

MR. JOHNNY
Alright.

Mr. Johnny slowly gets out of his chair.