

## THE DEERHUNTER

LINDA:

It's open ! Forget something-- Michael ? Oh, Michael ! Oh !  
Oh, Michael! Oh, Michael ! Tsk ! Oh, my God. Oh, gee.

MICHAEL:

Gee, you look beautiful.

LINDA:

Oh, uh, let me take your coat. Oh ! Everybody was here. You missed them all. Oh. They're gonna be so mad when they find out they missed you.

Welcome home. You know, I was hopin'-- I was hopin' somehow, Michael, maybe you had... Nick with you.

MICHAEL:

No. No. You hear anything on Nick ?

LINDA:

No. Nothing. He's A.W.O.L. That's all we know. Tsk.

MICHAEL:

He'll be back.

LINDA:

He never wrote to me. He never called me.

MICHAEL:

Maybe you were out.

LINDA:

Yeah. Maybe. So how are you anyway?

MICHAEL:

I'm fine. Okay. How are you ?

LINDA:

Uh, me ? I'm okay. I'm fine. I go along, you know. Still workin' at the market there. There's a million things to do.

Y-You sure you're all right, huh ?

MICHAEL:

Yeah, I'm all right.

LINDA:  
What about your wounds ?

MICHAEL:  
It was nothin'. Just the usual complications. That's all.

LINDA:  
We heard.

MICHAEL:  
No, that's not true. A lot of guys go through it.

LINDA:  
Hmm. Tsk.  
I made Nick that sweater. I couldn't remember the exact size, but--I think he's about the same size as you, huh ?  
No. Too big. Whoops. Well, I could fix that, though. I mean--One thing about wool, it's really a cinch...to fix.  
Oh, Christ.

MICHAEL:  
It's okay. It's okay. It's okay. How's your job ?

LINDA:  
Great. Fine. Yeah. Once or twice we almost had to close. I gotta go to work now.

MICHAEL:  
Gotta go now ?

LINDA:  
Yeah.

MICHAEL:  
Uh, would you mind if I walked you to work ?

LINDA:  
Mikie, you're so... weird. You're always such a gentleman.  
Tsk. Well--

MICHAEL:  
It's cold out there.

LINDA:  
Yeah.

MICHAEL:

I'm not used to it.

LINDA:

Oh, I'm so glad you're alive. I'm so happy. I really don't know what I feel.