

# True Romance

*Clarence, in bed, wakes to find Alabama crying...*

Clarence: What is it. You're crying. What I do. Did I do something.

Alabama: You didn't do nothing.

Clarence: What is it.

Alabama: I have something I gotta tell ya. I didn't just happen to be at that theatre.

I was paid to be there.

Clarence: You were paid to be there. What are ya, a theatre checker. You're paid to check up on the box office girl to make sure they're not ripping the place off.

Alabama: I'm not a theatre checker. I'm a call girl.

Clarence: You're a whore.

Alabama: No, I'm a call girl and there's a difference you know. Okay, here it goes.

You know that place you took me to last night, the place you work.

Clarence: Heroes For Sale.

Alabama: You got a boss right.

Clarence: Yeah.

Alabama: Well what's his name.

Clarence: Lance.

Alabama: That's him. He called the place where I work. He ordered a girl for you, said he wanted you to get laid, said you didn't get out much, and it was your birthday and all. He wanted me to act like I just showed up. Now how did he know you were gonna be at that theatre.

Clarence: I go to the movies every year on my birthday. In fact, he called me up this week to find out when my birthday was gonna be.

Alabama: You're not mad.

Clarence: Oh man, I can't tell ya, it was one of the best times I ever had. It was. You know I knew something must have been rotten in Denmark. There was no way you could have liked me that much. I can't tell you how relieved I was when you took off that dress, and you didn't have a dick.

Alabama: Stop being so fucking calm about all this. Go look in your house. There's a note on your TV, and all it says is, 'Dear Clarence'. It's cuz I couldn't write anymore. So I just said, 'Alabama, come clean, and just tell him what's what', and if he tells you to go back to Drexel and fuck yourself. Then go back to Drexel and fuck yourself.

Clarence: Drexel, what's in Drexel.

Alabama: Just shut up. I'm trying to come clean. I've been a call girl for exactly four days, and you're my third customer. I want you to know that I'm not damaged goods. I'm not what they call Florida white trash. I'm a really good person. And when it comes to relationships, I'm one hundred percent.... I'm one hundred percent monogomous.

Clarence: You stay with one guy.

Alabama: Exactly. If I'm with you, then I'm with you. I don't want anybody else. Now I gotta tell you something else. When you said last night was one of the best times of your life. Did you mean physically.

Clarence: Well, Yeah. Yeah. But I'm talking about the whole night. I mean, I've never had as much fun with a girl as I had with you my whole life. It's true, you like Elvis, you like Janis, you like Kung-fu movies, you like the partridge family.... (star trek)

Alabama: Actually, I don't like the partridge family. That was part of the act. Clarence, and I feel really goofy saying this, after only knowing you one night, and me being a call girl and all. But, I think I love you.

Clarence: Wait a second. Look, I've been trying to keep this whole thing in perspective. I mean, you just said you love me. Now, If I just say, I love you, and throw caution to the wind and let the chips fall where they may, and you're lying to me, I'm gonna fucking dye.

Alabama: I'm not lying to you. And I swear from this moment forth. I'll never lie to you again.