

C: CORA, WALTER

[Walter has recently become both Cora's lover and her helper at her diner. He is much younger than she is, and a stranger in town.]

WALTER: Where do you want the pie?

CORA: On the rack that says pies.

WALTER: And the coffee in the jar that says coffee and they typed up menus in the menu covers? I'll catch on.

CORA: You're doing fine.

WALTER: Well, for only a week.

CORA: You'll catch on.

WALTER: And you have to consider that we spend more time upstairs than down, or I'd know a lot more about the restaurant business and a lot less about you.

CORA: Now you just clam up before somebody comes in.

WALTER: Ashamed, are you?

CORA: No, I most certainly am not and you know it, but I don't intend to bother someone else's business with my own.

WALTER: Wonder what they think?

CORA: You do, do you?

WALTER: "No I most certainly do not and you know it." --I like the way you people talk. You're looking good.

CORA: I'm feeling good.

WALTER: What would you think about putting an awning over the door so a fellow doesn't get soaking wet as soon as he steps out the door.

CORA: Hm. What'd I care if he's going out?

WALTER: Oh, it might be that on the way out is when he decides to come back.

CORA: You think, do you?

WALTER: "You think, do you?" It's something to consider.