

MARTY and FRENCHY (FRENCHY READS 'GIRL')

MARTY: Jeez, it's getting 'kinda chilly. I think I'll put my new robe on. [She pulls out a gaudy kimono and makes a big show of putting it on.]

GIRL: Hey, Marty, where'dja get that thing? MARTY: Oh, you like it? It's from Japan.

GIRL: Yeah, everything's made in Japan these days.

MARTY: No, this guy I know sent it to me.

GIRL: No kiddin'! You goin 'with a Jap?

MARTY: He ain't a Jap, stupid. He's a Marine. And, a real doll, too.

GIRL: You never told us you knew any Marines. How long you known this guy?

MARTY: Oh . . . just a couple of months. I met him on a blind date at the roller rink . . . and the next thing I know, he joins up. Anyway, right off the bat he starts sendin 'me things – and then today I got this kimono. (Trying to be cool.) Oh yeah, look what else! (She pulls a ring out of her cleavage.)

GIRL: Oh, neat!

MARTY: It's just a tiny bit too big. So I gotta get some angora for it.

GIRL: Jeez! Engaged to a Marine! What's this guy look like, Marty? You got a picture?

MARTY: Yeah, but it's not too good. He ain't in uniform. (She produces a big, bulging wallet, opens it, and an accordion picture folder opens to the floor.) Oh, here it is . . . next to Paul Anka.

GIRL: How come it's ripped in half.

MARTY: Oh, his old girlfriend was in the picture.

GIRL: What's the guy's name, anyway?

MARTY: Oh! It's Freddy. Freddy Strulka.

GIRL: He's a Polack!?

MARTY: Nah, I think he's Irish.