

*the room's drabness and coldness, there is great promise here. Someone with taste, imagination and perfect love nest we*

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he door, buzzes  
the door and shouts down:)*

START ↓

**CORIE.** Hello?

*(From the depths, possibly from the bottom of the earth, we hear a VOICE shout up.)*

**VOICE.** Bratter?

**CORIE.** *(Yelling back.)* Yes. Up here! ...Top floor!

*(She crosses to the suitcases, opens the medium-sized one and takes out a large bottle of champagne which she puts into the refrigerator.)*

*(From below, the VOICE again, this time a little closer.)*

**VOICE.** Hello?

*(CORIE rushes to the door again and shouts down.)*

**CORIE.** Up here! You have another floor to go.

*(Crossing back to the open suitcase she takes out three small logs and carries them to the stove.*

*As she drops them in front of the stove, the voice appears at the door. A tall, heavy-set MAN in his mid-thirties, in a plaid wool jacket and baseball cap and breathing very, very hard.)*

**MAN.** Tel— *(He tries to catch his breath.)* Telephone Company.

**CORIE.** Oh, the phone. Good. Come on in.

*(He steps in, carrying a black leather repair kit.)*

**MAN.** That's quite a— *(Breath, breath.)* quite a climb.

**CORIE.** Yes, it's five flights. If you don't count the front stoop.

**MAN.** I counted the front stoop. *(Breath, breath. He looks at his notebook.)* Paul Bratter, right?

**CORIE.** Mrs. Paul Bratter.

**MAN.** *(Still checking book.)* Princess phone?

**CORIE.** The little one? That lights up? In beige?

**MAN.** The little one... *(Breath, breath.)* That lights up... *(Breath, breath.)* In beige... *(Breath, breath. Swallows hard.)*

**CORIE.** Would you like a glass of water?

**MAN.** *(Sucking for air, nods.)* Please!

**CORIE.** *(Crosses to sink.)* I'd offer you soda or a beer but we don't have anything yet.

**MAN.** A glass of water's fine.

**CORIE.** *(Suddenly embarrassed.)* ...Except I don't have a glass either.

**MAN.** Oh!

**CORIE.** Nothing's arrived yet... You could put your head under and just schlurp.

**MAN.** No, I'm okay. Just a little out of shape. *(As he stiffly climbs up the step out of the well, he groans with pain. After looking about.)* Where do you want the phone?

**CORIE.** *(Looks around.)* The phone... Let me see... Gee, I don't know. Do you have any ideas?

**MAN.** Well, it depends what you're gonna do with the room. You gonna have furniture in here?

**CORIE.** Yes, it's on its way up.

MAN. (He looks back at the stairs.) Heavy furniture?

CORIE. I'll tell you what. (She points to telephone junction box on the wall downstage left of the stairs to the bedroom.) Just put it over there and give me a long extension cord. If I can't find a place, I'll just hang it out the window.

MAN. Fair enough. (He crosses to the junction box, coughing and in pain.) Whoo!

CORIE. Say, I'm awfully sorry about the stairs. (Taking the large suitcase, she starts to drag it into the bedroom.)

MAN. (On his knees, opens tool box.) You're really gonna live up here, heh? ...I mean, every day?

CORIE. Every day.

MAN. You don't mind it?

CORIE. (Stopping on the stairs.) Mind it...? I love this apartment... (Continues into bedroom.) Well, it does discourage people.

MAN. What people?

CORIE. (Comes out of bedroom and starts for other suitcases.) Mothers, friends, relatives, mothers. I mean no one just "pops" in on you when they have to climb five flights.

MAN. You're a newlywed, right?

CORIE. Six days. What gave me away?

MAN. I watch *What's My Line* a lot.

(The doorbell buzzes.)

CORIE. OH! I hope that's the furniture.

MAN. I don't want to see this.

CORIE. (Presses buzzer and yells down the stairs.) Helloooo! Bloomingdale's?

(From below, a VOICE.)

VOICE. Lord and Taylor.

CORIE. Lord and Taylor? (Shrugs and takes the now-empty suitcase and puts it into the closet downstage right.) Probably another wedding gift... From my mother. She sends me wedding gifts twice a day...

MAN. I hope it's an electric heater. (He blows on his hands.)

CORIE. (Worried, she feels the steam pipe next to the closet.) Really? Is it cold in here?

MAN. I can't grip the screw driver. Maybe the steam is off.

CORIE. Maybe that's it.

(She gets up on stairs and tests the radiator.)

MAN. Just turn it on. It'll come right up.

CORIE. It is on. It's just not coming up.

MAN. Oh! ...Well, that's these old brownstones for you. (Zips up his jacket.)

CORIE. I prefer it this way. It's a medical fact, you know, that steam is very bad for you.

MAN. Yeah? In February?

END ↑

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CORIE.)

MAN. I think he wants you to sign it.

CORIE. Oh, yes. (She signs it quickly.) Wait, just a minute. (She picks up her bag from where she had left it in the kitchen area and takes out some change.) Here you go... (She puts it in his hand. He nods weakly and turns to go.) Will you be all right...? (And for the first time he gets out some words.