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START ↓

CORIE. Hi, sweetheart. *(She smothers him with kisses but all he can do is fight for air.)* Oh, Paul, darling. *(He sucks for oxygen.)* Well? *(She steps back.)* Say something.

PAUL. *(Breathing with great difficulty, looks back down the stairs.)* It's six flights... Did you know it's six flights?

CORIE. It isn't. It's five.

PAUL. *(Staggers up the step into the room, and collapses on the suitcase.)* What about that big thing hanging outside the building?

CORIE. That's not a flight. It's a stoop.

PAUL. It may look like a stoop but it climbs like a flight. *(Breath, breath.)*

CORIE. Is that all you have to say?

PAUL. *(Gasping.)* I didn't think I'd get that much out. *(He breathes heavily.)* It didn't seem like six flights when I first saw the apartment. *(Breath.)* Why is that?

CORIE. You didn't see the apartment. Don't you remember, the woman wasn't home. You saw the third floor apartment.

PAUL. Then that's why.

CORIE. *(Crossing above PAUL.)* You don't like it. You really don't like it.

PAUL. I do like it. *(He squints around.)* I'm just waiting for my eyes to clear first.

CORIE. I expected you to walk in here and say, "Wow." *(Takes his hand.)*

PAUL. I will. *(He takes a deep breath.)* Okay. *(He looks around then says without enthusiasm.)* "Wow."

CORIE. Oh, Paul. *(She throws herself onto PAUL's knee.)* It'll be beautiful, I promise you. You just came home too soon. *(Nuzzles PAUL.)*

PAUL. You know I missed you.

CORIE. Did you really?

PAUL. Right in the middle of the Monday morning conference I began to feel sexy.

CORIE. That's marvelous. *(They kiss.)* Oh, boy. Let's take a cab back to the Plaza. We still have an hour before check-out time.

PAUL. We can't. We took a towel and two ash trays. We're hot. *(He kisses her.)*

CORIE. My gosh, you still love me.

PAUL. After six days at the Plaza? What's the trick?

CORIE. *(Gets up and moves away.)* But that was a honeymoon. Now we're on a regular schedule. I thought you'd come home tonight, and we'd shake hands and start the marriage. *(She extends her hand to him.)*

PAUL. *(Rises.)* "How do you do...?"

(They shake hands. Then CORIE throws herself into his arms and kisses him.)

CORIE. My turn to say, "Wow" ...For a lawyer you're some good kisser.

PAUL. *(With hidden import.)* For a kisser I'm some good lawyer.

CORIE. What does that mean? ...Something's happened? ...Something wonderful? ...Well, for pete's sakes, what?

PAUL. It's not positive yet. The office is supposed to call and let me know in five minutes.

CORIE. *(Then she remembers.)* Oh! They called!

PAUL. What—?

CORIE. I mean they're calling.

PAUL. When—?

CORIE. Now—They're on the phone now.

PAUL. *(Looking around.)* Where—?

CORIE. *(Points to phone.)* There—

PAUL. *(Rushes to phone.)* Why didn't you tell me?

CORIE. I forgot. You kissed me and got me all crazy.

PAUL. *(Into phone.)* Frank? ...Yeah! ...Listen, what did— Oh, very funny. *(Looks to CORIE.)* "For a lawyer, I'm some good kisser" ...Come on, come, tell me... Well?... *(A big grin. CORIE feeling left out, sneaks over and tries to tickle him.)* You're kidding? The whole thing? Oh, Frank, baby. I love you... What do you mean, nervous? ...I passed the bar, didn't I? ...Yes, I'll go over everything tonight. *(CORIE reacts to "tonight" and slowly moves to the ladder.)* I'll meet you in Schraffts at eight o'clock in the morning. We'll go over the briefs... Hey, what kind of a tie do I wear? I don't know. I thought maybe something flowing like Oliver Wendell Holmes'...Right. *(He stands up. He is bubbling with joy. CORIE has now climbed up the ladder.)* Did you hear? ...Did you hear? *(Moves up ladder to CORIE.)*

CORIE. What about tonight?

PAUL. I've got to be in court tomorrow morning... *I've got my first case!*

CORIE. What about tonight?

PAUL. I'll have to go over the briefs. Marshall has to be in Washington tomorrow and he wants me to take over... with Frank...but it's really my case. *(He hugs CORIE.)* Oh, Corie, baby, I'm going to be a lawyer.

CORIE. That's wonderful... I just thought we were going to spend tonight together.

PAUL. We'll spend tomorrow night together. *(Crosses to railing and gets attaché case.)* I hope I brought those affidavits.

CORIE. *I brought a black nightgown.*

END

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CORIE. Then I was going to put on a record and do an authentic Cambodian fertility dance.

PAUL. The only trouble is, he didn't have a signed contract... *(CORIE begins her "fertility dance" and ends up collapsing on the bottom step of the ladder.)* What are you doing?

CORIE. I'm trying to get you all hot and bothered and you're summing up for the jury. The whole marriage is over.

PAUL. *(Moves to CORIE.)* Oh, Corie, honey, I'm sorry. *(Puts his arms around her.)* I guess I'm pretty excited. You want me to be rich and famous, don't you?

CORIE. During the day. At night I want you to be here and sexy.