

## Sophie 1

brandy right between the eyes. (*Andy moves and Norman starts to the door as the telephone rings.*)

ANDY. (*Calls after Norman.*) Norman, you've got three minutes to deliver your Care package. (*Picks up the phone. Into phone.*) United Nations Gourmet Shoppe . . . Oh, hello, Mrs. Mackininee . . . How are you? . . . The beach this weekend? Gee, I don't know. I've developed this awful cough . . . Yes, I'm disappointed too.

NORMAN. (*Rushes in.*) She's got it! She's got the basket! (*Runs back to door.*)

ANDY. (*Into phone.*) Yes, I agree it would be a lot more fun than staying home and collecting rents. What time do you want to go?

NORMAN. (*Holding the door open and peeking through the crack.*) She's reading the note.

ANDY. (*Into phone.*) How?

NORMAN. She's moving her gorgeous lips and reading the note.

ANDY. (*Into phone.*) You mean I hold onto you and the surfboard at the same time? Won't that be a problem going through tunnels?

NORMAN. She's looking over here . . . Here she comes! (*Closes door and runs screaming to the c. table.*) Clean the apartment! Hurry up! (*He takes the grocery bag to u. of bar.*) Clean the apartment! (*Andy hangs up the phone.*) I'm shaking. (*Rushes L. to Andy.*) Look at that hand shaking. Andy, I'm scared to death.

ANDY. *You're* scared? I'm going surfing tomorrow with a daredevil landlady. They'll find me washed up in Hawaii. (*The doorbell rings.*)

NORMAN. Open the door! Open the door! (*The doorbell rings again. Andy turns to go.*) *Where are you going?*

ANDY. To open the door.

NORMAN. Don't open the door. I'm not ready yet. (*Norman putes his jacket around his shoulders and gets a pipe from the slanting desk, which he puts in his mouth—upside down. Then he sits above the desk and poses.*) Open it! Open it! (*Andy opens the door and Sophie enters carrying the basket. She seems quite upset.*)

**Start** SOPHIE. (*To Andy.*) Excuse me. (*To Norman.*) Mr. Cornell, ah have tried to be neighborly, ah have tried to be friendly and ah

have tried to be cordial . . . Ah don't know what it is that you're tryin' to be . . . That first night ah was appreciative that you carried mah trunk up the stairs . . . The fact that it slipped and fell five flights and smashed to pieces was not your fault . . . Ah didn't even mind that personal message you painted on the stairs. Ah thought it was crazy, but sorta sweet . . . However, things have now gone too far . . . (*Goes down to pole table.*) Ah cannot accept gifts from a man ah hardly know . . . (*Puts basket on pole table.*) . . . Especially canned goods . . . And ah read your little note. Ah can guess the gist of it even though I don't speak Italian. (*Andy sits on stool below kitchen bar.*) This has got to stop, Mr. Cornell . . . Ah can do very well without you leavin' little chocolate almond Hershey bars in mah mail box . . . They melted yesterday, and now ah got three gooey letters from home with nuts in 'em . . . And ah can do without you sneakin' into mah room after ah go to work and paintin' mah balcony without tellin' me about it. Ah stepped out there yesterday and mah slippers are still glued to the floor . . . And ah can do without you tying big bottles of Eau de Cologne to mah cat's tail. The poor thing kept swishin' it yesterday and nearly beat herself to death . . . And most of all, ah can certainly do without you watchin' me get on the bus every day through that high-powered telescope. You got me so nervous the other day ah got on the wrong bus. In short, Mr. Cornell, and I don't want to have to say this again, *leave me ay-lone!* (*She turns and starts to go.*)

**Stop**

NORMAN. Aside from that, is there any chance of your falling in love with me? (*Sophie turns.*)

SOPHIE. You are crackers, you know that, don't you? (*To Andy.*) Did you know your roommate is crackers? (*Andy crosses D. R.*)

ANDY. Yes, but I didn't know the exact medical term.

SOPHIE. (*To Norman.*) Didn't you listen to one solitary word ah said to yew?

NORMAN. Yes, I'm listening . . . (*Jacket off his shoulders as he rises and goes above pole table to Sophie.*) I'm listening, I'm looking and I'm smelling. (*Sniffs.*)

SOPHIE. (*Yells and backs R.*) Ah don't want to be smelled! (*Norman follows and sniffs again. She moves R. to Andy.*) Tell him to stop smelling me.