

Corie: I'm beginning to wonder if you're capable of *having* a good time.

Paul: Why? Because I like to wear my gloves in the winter?

Corie: No. Because there isn't the least bit of adventure in you. Do you know what you are? You're a watcher. There are Watchers in this world and there are Do-ers. And the Watchers sit around watching the Do-ers do. Well, tonight you watched and I did.

Paul: Yeah . . . Well, it was harder to watch what you did than it was for you to *do* what I was watching.

Corie: You won't let your hair down for a minute. You couldn't even relax for one night. Boy, Paul, sometimes you act like a . . . a . . .

Paul: What . . . ? A stuffed shirt?

Corie: I didn't say that.

Paul: That's what you're implying.

Corie: That's what you're anticipating. I didn't say you're a stuffed shirt. But you are extremely proper and dignified.

Paul: I'm proper and dignified? When . . . ? When was I proper and dignified?

Corie: All right. The other night. At Delfino's . . . you were drunk, right?

Paul: Right. I was stoned.

Corie: There you are. I didn't know it until you told me in the morning. You're a funny kind of drunk. You just sat there looking unhappy and watching your coat.

Paul: I was watching my coat because I saw someone else watching my coat . . . Look, if you want, I'll get drunk for you sometime. I'll show you a slob, make your hair stand on end.

Corie: It isn't necessary.

Paul: Do you know . . . Do you know, in P.J. Clarke's last New Year's Eve, I punched an old woman? . . . Don't tell me about drunks.

Corie: All right, Paul.

Paul: When else? When else was I proper and dignified?

Corie: Always. You're always dressed right, you always look right, you always say the right things. You're very close to being perfect.

Paul: That's . . . that's a *rotten* thing to say.

Corie: I have never seen you without a jacket. I always feel like such a slob compared to you. Before we were married I was sure you slept with a tie.

Paul: That's ridiculous.

Corie: And you're not. That's just the trouble. Like Thursday night. You wouldn't walk barefoot in the park with me in Washington Square Park. Why not?

Paul: Very simple answer. It was seventeen degrees.

Corie: Exactly. That's very sensible and logical. Except it isn't any fun.

Paul: You know, maybe I *am* too proper and dignified for you. Maybe you would have been happier with someone a little more colorful and flamboyant . . . like the Geek!

Corie: Well, he'd be a lot more laughs than a stuffed shirt.

Paul: Oh, oh . . . I thought you said I wasn't.

Corie: Well, you are now.

Paul: I'm not going to listen to this . . . I'm not going to listen . . . I've got a case in court in the morning.

Corie: Where are you going?

Paul: To sleep.

Corie: *Now?* How can you sleep now?

Paul: I'm going to close my eyes and count knichis. Good night!

Corie: You can't go to sleep now. We're having a fight.

Paul: *You* have the fight. When you're through, turn off the lights.

Corie: Ooh, that gets me insane. You can even control your emotions.

Paul: Look, I'm just as upset as you are . . . but when I get hungry I eat. And when I get tired I sleep. You eat and sleep too. Don't deny it, I've seen you . . .

Corie: Not in the middle of a crisis.

Paul: What crisis? We're just yelling a little.

Corie: You don't consider this a crisis? Our whole marriage hangs in the balance.

Paul: It does? When did that happen?

Corie: Just now. It's suddenly very clear that you and I have absolutely *nothing* in common.

Paul: Why. Because I won't walk barefoot in the park in winter? You haven't got a case, Corie. Adultery, yes. Cold feet, no.

Corie: Don't oversimplify this. I'm angry. Can't you see that?

Paul: Corie, it's two-fifteen. If I can fall asleep in about half-an-hour, I can get about five hours' sleep. I'll call you from court tomorrow and we can fight over the phone.

Corie: You will *not* go to sleep. You will stay here and fight to save our marriage.

Paul: If our marriage hinges on breathing fish balls and poofla-poo pie, it's not worth saving . . . I am now going to crawl into our tiny, little, single bed. If you care to join me, we will be sleeping from left to right tonight.

Corie: You won't discuss it . . . You're *afraid* to discuss it . . . I married a coward . . .!

Paul: Corie, would you bring in a pail? The closet's dripping.

Corie: Ohh, I hate you! I hate you! I really, really hate you!

Paul: Corie, there is one thing I learned in court. Be careful when you're tired and angry. You might say something you will soon regret. I-am-now-tired-and-angry.

Corie: And a coward.

Paul: And I will now say something I will soon regret . . . Okay, Corie, maybe you're right. Maybe we have nothing in common. Maybe we rushed into this marriage a little too fast. Maybe Love isn't enough. Maybe two people should have to take more than a blood test. Maybe they should be checked for common sense, understanding and emotional maturity.

Corie: All right . . . Why don't you get it passed in the Supreme Court? Only those couples bearing a letter from their psychiatrists proving they're well adjusted will be permitted to be married.

Paul: You're impossible.

Corie: You're unbearable.

Paul: You belong in a nursery school.

Corie: It's a lot more fun than the Home for the Fuddy Duddies.

Paul: All right, Corie, let's not get –

Corie: Don't you touch me . . . Don't you touch me . . . I don't want you near me. Ever again.

Paul: Now wait a minute, Corie –

Corie: No. I can't look at you. I can't even be in the same room with you now.

Paul: Why?

Corie: I just can't, that's all. Not when you feel this way.

Paul: When I feel what way?

Corie: The way you feel about me.

Paul: Corie, you're hysterical.

Corie: I am not hysterical. I know exactly what I'm saying. It's no good between us, Paul. It never will be again.

Paul: Holy cow.

Corie: I'm sorry, I – I don't want to cry.

Paul: Oh, for pete's sakes, cry. Go ahead and cry.

Corie: Don't you tell me when to cry. I'll cry when I want to cry. And I'm not going to have my cry until you're out of this apartment.

Paul: What do you mean, out of this apartment?

Corie: Well, you certainly don't think we're going to live here together, do you? After tonight?

Paul: Are you serious?

Corie: Of course I'm serious. *I want a divorce!*

Paul: A *divorce*? What?

Corie: I'm sorry, Paul, I can't discuss it any more. Good night.

Paul: Where are you going?

Corie: To bed.

Paul: You can't. Not now.

Corie: You did before.

Paul: That was in the middle of a fight. This is in the middle of a divorce.

Corie: I can't talk to you when you're hysterical. Good night.

Paul: Will you come here . . .? I want to know why you want a divorce.

Corie: I told you why. Because you and I have absolutely nothing in common.

Paul: What about those six days at the Plaza?

Corie: Six days does not a week make.

Paul: What does *that* mean?

Corie: I don't know what it means. I just want a divorce.