

LOVE WITH A PROPER STRANGER

The doorbell rings. ANGIE hurriedly prepares herself, rummaging through some old music albums that might suit the moment. She puts them away and runs to adjust herself in the mirror, fluffing her hair and realizing that her cleavage is apparent. She tries to conceal it to no avail. She puts a necklace on, hoping it will distract from the showy dress. Then she hears the knock on the door.

ANGIE: Just a minute

She puts an apron on and checks the pots and pans on the stove. She opens the door. ROCKY is there with flowers.

ANGIE: Hi, come on in.

He immediately looks at her chest area, she notices. He comes in.

ROCKY: Hi, man do you look wild!

ANGIE: Thank you.

ROCKY: No, I mean it, I really mean it.

ANGIE: Look how surprised you sound.

ROCKY: You look so...what am I going to tell you...you look like a woman.

ANGIE: How can you manage to make even a complement sound like a slap in the face.

ROCKY: What did I say? You look like a woman. I apologize, excuse me. You look like a man.

ANGIE: You wanna fight all day?

ROCKY: Who's fight? I don't want to fight.

ANGIE: All right then, sit down. I'll make you a drink.

She removes his coat and puts it in the other room.

ROCKY: I don't know what it is. First time I come to see a girl and I feel like I'm 14 years old. Hell even when I was 14 I didn't feel like that.

He hands her the flowers.

ANGIE: They are beautiful, thank you.
She puts them in a cup of water.

ANGIE: What would you like to drink?

ROCKY: Uh, scotch. I don't know. What do you got?

ANGIE: Scotch, gin, burben, vodka.

ROCKY: What are you, on the sauce now? I thought you didn't drink.

ANGIE: I don't.

ROCKY: Well what are you running here? The USO?

ANGIE: Would you like a drink?!

ROCKY: Thank you.

ANGIE: Scotch?

ROCKY: Thank you.

ANGIE: Water, soda, or tonic?

ROCKY: Scotch and tonic? Uh, very good. Gin and tonic, yes. Vodka and tonic, yes. Scotch and tonic, noooo.

He takes the bottle from her.

ROCKY: Water.

ANGIE: Thank you.

ROCKY: Hey, you gotta know these things if you're going to run a respectable joint.

ANGIE: Well I'll learn, in my own little way.

She hands him the glass and moves back to the kitchen.

ROCKY: You know something, I'll tell you the truth. You're kind of okay, I mean that.

ANGIE: Look, will you do me a favor? Don't pay me any more complements.

ROCKY: All I'm trying to tell you is that I think you're pretty great, that's all. You didn't ask anybody for anything and you didn't sit around feeling sorry for yourself.

I think you're something. I mean that, and I just wanted to tell you. She smiles. He enters kitchen.

ANGIE: Thank you.

He leans over to smell her cooking. He tastes a bit with a spoon.

ANGIE: Is it all right? The way you like it?

ROCKY: Delicious.

ANGIE: This is kind of a test run for me. The man I'm going out with is in the restaurant business, and so before I cook for him...

ROCKY looks up in disappointment and throws the spoon back in the pot.

ROCKY: Anything I can do to help, lady.

He goes to sit down. She offers him some our d'eurves.

ANGIE: Would you like some?

He waves her away. She sits. There is an awkward silence between them. She tries to smile but he just sits there, fuming.

ANGIE: So tell me, how have you been?

ROCKY: Who me? Great, just great.

ANGIE: That's wonderful.

ROCKY: Yeah I fill in for a friend of mine every once in a while over in Radio City. He's quitting the business and gonna open up a used car lot in Jersey. Said I could have a job there if I wanted to, permanently.

ANGIE: Really, that's wonderful!

ROCKY: Wonderful?! Five days a week, rain or shine, in sickness or in health, who needs it? I go where the wind blows me. If I don't want to go to work, I can stay in bed all the day long if I want to.

He slams the cup on the table.

ANGIE: So wonderful, you're happy.

ROCKY: I am, I really am.

She goes to fix him another drink as he positions himself on her couch.

ROCKY: It's a nice place you got here, it really is. I can see you put a lot of yourself in it. Little things here and there, very nice.

He lays down on the couch. She comes over to him with the drink.

ROCKY: And you made it very nice.

ANGIE: You know something, if you didn't try so hard to play against it, you could be a pretty decent kind of person.

ROCKY: Well, well, look how surprised she sounds.

She hands him the drink but he pulls her close next to him on the couch.

ANGIE: What do you think you're doing? Cause If I didn't know any better...

ROCKY: Come here, Louie. I got a new kind of experiment.

They embrace. She tries to resist but he draws her back in.

ANGIE: You better understand something here and now...

He moves her back in.

ANGIE: What we did before, that was just something that happened. It's not going to happen again.

ROCKY: Well why not?

He kisses her again. She give in, but moves off the couch.

ANGIE: Don't you understand?! I didn't know you then, I didn't care about you! But I know you now...I like you!

He gets up.

ROCKY: Man, the ones I end up with...

ANGIE: Look, why don't you sit down? I invited you for dinner, lets have dinner!

He aggressively sits on the table. She brings out servings. He pours loudly. She tries to open a bottle.

ROCKY: Tell me something, that cook—the one you're going out with now. Do you like him the way you like me now, or do you not care about him the way you used to not care about me?

She puts bottle down and takes food off table, spilling some on him.

ROCKY: What are you, some kind of a nut?

She gets his coat.

ANGIE: Thank you so much for dropping by. I'm sorry you had to leave so early.

ROCKY: Oh look, I'm sorry. I made a bad joke.

ANGIE: Dead, dead,

ROCKY: I didn't mean it, I made a bad joke, listen.

ANGIE: You're dead.

ROCKY: Wait a minute, will you just listen,

ANGIE: Look, look, I've got a man who wants to get married, and he wants to get married to me! And even though I don't hear the bells and the banjos ringing when I look at him, I can just live without them because I don't hear them when I look at you either.

Rocky tries to hold her. She rejects his advances.

ANGIE: Just get away from me please, and stay away from me.

She pushes him out the door.

ANGIE: I don't want to see you again, ever.

ROCKY: Now listen, we need to talk.

ANGIE: Just go, go where the wind blows you.

She shoves him out of the apartment and slams the door.

ROCKY: Hey, Angie!

ANGIE: And you think you're such a big time player and the world is here to trap you.

ROCKY: Well wait a minute!

Angie starts sobbing at the door.

ROCKY: Hey, come on Angie. Let me in will you, come on. Angie...

She continues crying.