

63/4 Edited Version

Murray: Oh God, I've been attacked by the Ladies Home Journal.

Sandra: Murray. What a nice suit you brought. How is everything, which job did — ?

Murray: Hey, look at this...

Sandra: Don't you like it?

Murray: Sure. Sure. Lotta work. Place has an unusual quality now. Kind of Fun Gothic.

Sandra: Well, of course. I'm really not done yet, the curtains aren't all up and this chair won't look so bad if we re-upholster --- Come on, Murray, don't keep me in suspense, which one of the jobs did you —?

Murray: I shall now leave you breathless with this strange and wondrous tale of this sturdy lad's adventures today in downtown Oz. Picture, if you will, me. I am walking on East 51st Street an hour ago and I decided to construct and develop a really decorative, a general-all-purpose apology. Not complicated, just the words: "I'm sorry", said with a little style.

Sandra: Sorry for what?

Murray: Anything. For being late, early, stupid, asleep, silly, alive...

Sandra: That's certainly...that's very interesting, Murray.

Murray: Sandy, I could run up the roof right now and holler "I'm sorry" and a half a million people would holler right back. "That's okay. Just see that you don't do it again!"

Sandra: Murray, you didn't take any of the jobs.

Murray: Sandy, I took whatever I am and put a suit on it and gave it a haircut and took it outside and that's what happened. I know what I said this morning, what I promised, and Sandra, I'm sorry, I'm very sorry. Dammit, lady. That was a beautiful apology. You gotta love a guy who can apologize so nice. I rehearsed for over an hour.

Sandra: Murray. I don't understand. What happens to Nick? What about the Welfare Board —?

Murray: Sandra—

Sandra: I mean, if you don't like the jobs your brother found for you, then take any job—

Murray: Oh, Sandy...Nick. He's a wonderful kid, but he has brought the goddamn world in on me. Don't you understand, Sandy, they'd be checking up on me every week; being judged by people I don't know and who don't know me, a committee of ghosts, gimme a month of that and I'll turn it into an ashtray, a bowl of cornflakes.

Sandra: I've had no effect on you at all. I made no difference.

Murray: Oh, Sandy, you are a fine and jolly lady... please understand.

Sandra: When you left this morning, I was so sure...

Murray: This morning — Oh Sandy. I saw the most beautiful sailing this morning. It's a great thing to do when you're about to start something new. You see a boat off. It's always wonderful. It gives you a genuine feeling of the beginning of things. There's another one Friday, a big French ship, two stacker

Sandra: Murray, Nick will have to go away now. I bought new bedspreads at Altman's, I haven't spoken to my mother in two days, and you went to see a boat off — My goodness; I'm a list maker. I have to have enough sense to leave you, Murray. I can see why Nick liked it here. I would like it here too if I was 12 years old.

Murray: Come on, stick with me, Dr. Markowitz, anything can happen above an abandoned Chinese restaurant—

Sandra: Maybe you're wonderfully independent, Murray, or maybe you're the most extraordinarily selfish person I've ever met.

Murray: What're you gonna do now, go back and live in a closet? That's really going to be quite thrilling — you and Albert, guarding the Lincoln Tunnel together.

Sandra: There are so many... so many really attractive things you can do with a one-room apartment if you're willing to use your imagination. Good-bye, Murray.

Murray: Hey, damn it, you forgot your files! The management is not responsible for personal property!