

(SIDNEY goes into the kitchen. A beat. CORBAN's bedroom door opens -- and CORBAN appears wide-eyed and groggy. HE heads for the kitchen but stops when HE sees the carton on the table. HE stares at it puzzled, worried. Finally, as HE takes a step toward the kitchen, the kitchen door flies open and SIDNEY appears holding a long carving knife. CORBAN gasps, and leaps backward)

#4

characters

Corban  
Sidney

CORBAN

Who the hell are you?!!

SIDNEY

Good morning. I'm Sidney.

(Xs to L of Coffee Table. Takes four coffees, sets them USR on Coffee Table)

(SIDNEY goes to table, cuts the twine, lays the knife down and starts removing sandwiches and coffee containers. CORBAN watches for a moment ... then races to the kitchen, looks in ... looks into the guest room; then races to the front door and looks out. SIDNEY eyes him curiously)

SIDNEY (Continued)

What're you doing, Mister, morning calisthenics?

CORBAN

(Closes door)

She's gone!

SIDNEY

Don't get excited, she'll be back soon.

CORBAN

What are you doing here?

SIDNEY

Delivering.

CORBAN

Delivering what?

SIDNEY

(X USC of Coffee Table, puts box R side of Coffee Table)

What does it look like I'm delivering -- the Gettysburg Address? I'm bringing a brunch -- personally, myself.

CORBAN

(Xs to SIDNEY)

Damn it! Who the hell sent you here?

2-2-19

SIDNEY

Again with the profanity. That's not nice, especially from a newlywed.

CORBAN

How do you know I'm a newlywed?

SIDNEY

How do you not know I know?

(Defensively)

(CORBAN is exasperated. A beat)

O.K. Your wife told me you're newlyweds.

CORBAN

(Snarls)

My wife!

SIDNEY

You had a fight already? Don't worry. She's not mad at you. She left you a note.

(Hands him note)

Danny Darling!

CORBAN

Big Brother! So -- you're another member of the Mountain Mafia.

SIDNEY

Huh?

CORBAN

(Xs up to R of door)

The Catskill Cosa Nostra. Out, Buster! And take that poison with you.

SIDNEY

(Xs to Bar, picks up two glasses --  
X back to Coffee Table -- puts down  
glasses, X USC)

Listen, Mister, you don't hafta be so rude. World famous celebrities have eaten by me ... and not one ever opened a mouth like that to me. You should also know I have three delivery boys ... and me -- the boss -- is delivering in person. Why? Because your wife is such a sweetheart.

(Shoves a sandwich at CORBAN)

(Starts to leave)

CORBAN

So my "wife" sent you here.

SIDNEY

What then? My wife?

(CORBAN throws the sandwich on the table)

CORBAN

(Xs to R of Coffee Table)

You'll never get me!

SIDNEY

Who said I wanted you? Have a cuppa coffee -- it'll wake you up.

(Hands CORBAN a container)

CORBAN

This'll take care of me, huh?

SIDNEY

Absolutely. My own secret blend.

CORBAN

I'll bet.

(HE spills the coffee into one of the plants DSL)

SIDNEY

Are you crazy? That coffee's too good to waste on plants.

CORBAN

(X SL of Coffee Table)

All right, little man ... you can go back and report that Mr. Corban didn't go for your deadly delicacies.

SIDNEY

(Taken aback)

Listen, mister, when LBJ ate by me, he even took sandwiches home for Lady Bird. If it's good enough for a president, it's good enough for you. Come on, have a cup of coffee.

(X SL of Coffee Table)

CORBAN

(Xs USC of Coffee Table. An idea)

All right ... if you have some, too.

(CORBAN Xs DSC of Coffee Table)

SIDNEY

(Pouring from container into two glasses)

A pleasure. Nobody turns down Sidney's coffee. Why didn't you say you don't like to drink alone?

(Takes one for himself; hands other to CORBAN. CORBAN switches glasses. SIDNEY is confused)

(Takes a sip)

Marvelous! Sidney, compared to you, Juan Valdez is a bum.

(CORBAN, who has watched SIDNEY drink, now switches glasses back again)

What are we playing -- musical glasses?

CORBAN

I'm a very careful man.

SIDNEY

Mashugeh is maybe a better word.

CORBAN

(Drinks coffee)

You know, it's good. It's very good.

SIDNEY

Your wife asked me for the recipe.

CORBAN

(On stool R)

I couldn't care less.

SIDNEY

(On stool L of Coffee Table)

How could you say such a thing? She's crazy about you, that woman. You don't know how lucky you are. Such a classy lady. Your wife is no Miss Clairol from a bottle. How often nowadays do you see a real Red Head?

CORBAN

(Struck by lightning)

What did you say?

SIDNEY

(Weakly)

I said something wrong?

CORBAN

(Grabs him by the shirt)

Repeat what you said!

SIDNEY

(Weakly, Xs around table US of CORBAN)

You mean she is Miss Clairol from a bottle? I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

CORBAN

My wife is a Red Head.

SIDNEY

So who's giving you an argument!!!

CORBAN

(Overjoyed)

You saw my wife!

SIDNEY

(To the moose)

What else have I been saying?

(US of Coffee Table)

CORBAN

Sidney, you're my boy!  
(HE embraces him)

SIDNEY

Oh, boy! These newlyweds are some emotional bunch!

CORBAN

Tell me -- when did you see my wife?

SIDNEY

When?

CORBAN

When? When?

SIDNEY

When she ordered the brunch, of course -- about five days ago.

CORBAN

(Dancing with glee. Leaps on sofa  
then to phone)

Five days ago -- five days ago! You said five days ago.  
Wow-ee!

SIDNEY

(X USR of Coffee Table)

What a honeymoon he must be having ...

CORBAN

Sidney, baby -- you just saved my life! Wait -- how did you  
know she was my wife?

SIDNEY

(Exasperated with him)

I remembered her from the first night. Fifty-seven dollars  
and twelve cents.

CORBAN

But she stayed in the car.

SIDNEY

But did I stay in the store? You forgot already who shlepped  
the three cartons to the trunk? Listen, mister, a beautiful  
Red Head in the front seat, I notice! I'm not dead yet.

CORBAN

Oh, God bless you!

SIDNEY

You, too.

(CORBAN rushes to phone, starts dialing)