ALAN and CYNTHIA seated on sofa.

CYNTHIA

I don't want you to think this is something permanent.

ALAN

I don't.

CYNTHIA

Because it's not.

ALAN

I know.

CYNTHIA

You do?

ALAN

Yes.

CYNTHIA

We're together now. We may get together again, we may not.

ALAN

Why wouldn't we?

CYNTHIA

I'm not saying we won't. But my freedom is very important to me. And I can't be encumbered by attachments.

I just don't want you to think of us as attached.

ALAN

I don't.

CYNTHIA

That's good. (PAUSE) That's good.

SFX: A knock at the door. ALAN looks at his watch.

ALAN

Clarissa!

CYNTHIA

Pardon?

ALAN

Uh, tharissa. Tharissa knocka adda door ... I'll hava to open it ... Ana you'll hava to hide.

CYNTHIA

What?

ALAN

Hide. Quick. Please?

CYNTHIA

Are you out of your mind.

KNOCK AGAIN

ALAN

Yes. Please? Just this once. Hide now and I'll never ask you to hide again.

CYNTHIA

This is the 1980's and you're asking me to hide. (incredulous) Where - in the closet?

ALAN

Yes. Closet's good. Closet's very good.

CYNTHIA

Imagine my disbelief.

CYNTHIA fuming, walks to the closet, steps in and glares at ALAN, and closes the door.

ALAN opens the apartment door. Standing there is ADELAIDE with a bottle of champagne in her hand. She looks at him, his shirt unbuttoned, his pants unbuckled, and his hair tousled.

ALAN

Adelaide! What a surprise!

ADELAIDE

What have you been up to?

ALAN

Vacuuming.

ADELAIDE

I think I'll just let that one pass.

ADELAIDE strides in, jamming the bottle of champagne into ALAN'S gut.

ALAN (eyeing the champagne)
Ah, what's the occasion?

ADELAIDE

A little celebration I've cooked up. Where's Hirsch?

ALAN

He's out.

ADELAIDE

Well, c'mon. Get that bottle open.
I've got some news for you.

ALAN hurries toward the KITCHEN. ADELAIDE quickly takes off her coat and opens the closet door. Too late, ALAN freezes.

ADELAIDE & CYNTHIA stare at each other. CYNTHIA flashes a wry smile and takes ADELAIDE'S coat and pulls the door closed.

ADELAIDE

So, what's new?