

Scene Six

(INTERIOR - CUNNINGHAM KITCHEN - EVE-
NING)

(RICHIE is at kitchen table taking his jacket off.)

RICHIE. (wells) Mom!

HOWARD. Marion!

RICHIE. Mom!

HOWARD. Marion!

(We hear a crash offstage. JOANIE comes out on a skate-
board. HOWARD is reading the mail as JOANIE almost
crashes into HOWARD.)

RICHIE. Joanie, stop making so much racket.

JOANIE. Oh, sit on it, Richie!

HOWARD. (automatically) Don't sass your brother.

JOANIE. Look, Dad. Pinky got me a present... I got wheels!
It's the newest hot thing. It's called a skateboard. Pinky
said someday, it'll be in the Olympics.

HOWARD. Fine. But not in the house.

RICHIE. Where's Mom?

JOANIE. She's not home. I have to go get ready for the
dance contest tonight. I hope Chachi asks me to
dance.

(gasps)

What if he does?

(JOANIE exits carrying skateboard. HOWARD dials
phone.)

RICHIE. Not home? It's supper time. She always makes
supper for us. You think she quit?

HOWARD. Moms don't quit.

RICHIE. No? Well, Mrs. McGillicuddy left home in slacks,
moved to Florida, remarried a man named Miguel and
now makes custom piñatas.

HOWARD. That's terrible. Your mother wouldn't be caught
dead in slacks.

(into phone)

HOWARD. (cont.) Arnold. Fonzie gave me a "maybe" about
wrestling at the picnic. Yeah. I'll keep you posted.

RICHIE. Wrestle?... Fonzie said he'd wrestle? But he can't
do that to his -

HOWARD. To his what?

RICHIE. He just shouldn't because his...

HOWARD. Richard, what are you trying to tell me?

RICHIE. Dad, a reporter never reveals his source.

(RICHIE exits with his jacket.)

HOWARD. Then I may not reveal your allowance!

(MARION enters breathlessly, carrying a sack of groceries
- Three oversized mayonnaise jars and a loaf of Wonder
Bread - then says calmly.)

MARION. I'm home.

HOWARD. There you are, dear.

(He kisses her on the cheek.)

When's dinner?

MARION. Coming right up.

HOWARD. Have you seen my address book?

MARION. (as MARION automatically hands him his book) How
was your day at the hardware store, Howard?

HOWARD. (looking at his address book) Okay. I had a sale on
toilet plungers and sold two. Two more than I sold yes-
terday.

MARION. You know, Howard, I have a lot of ideas how you
could appeal more to women.

HOWARD. That's nice, sweetheart.

MARION. But think... women would buy hammers and
hacksaws and even toilet plungers if -

HOWARD. (still looking at book) Please don't worry about
business, dear. You keep making those delicious pies.
I have to find Manny's number.

(HOWARD kisses her and exits.)