

Barefoot in the Park

Neil Simon

CORIE

PAUL

Paul and Corie, newlyweds, move into their new one-room apartment on a cold February afternoon in New York City.

CORIE. The furniture will be here by five. They promised.

PAUL. (Looks at his watch) Five? . . . It's five-thirty. (Crosses to bedroom stairs) What do we do, sleep in Bloomingdale's tonight?

CORIE. They'll be here, Paul. There probably stuck in traffic.

PAUL. (Crossing to bedroom) And what about tonight? I've got a case in court tomorrow. Maybe we should check into a hotel?

CORIE. (Moving toward PAUL) We just checked *out* of a hotel. I don't care if the furniture *doesn't* come. I'm sleeping in my apartment *tonight*.

PAUL. Where? WHERE? (Looks into bathroom, closes door, and starts to come back down the steps) There's only room for one in the bathtub. (He suddenly turns, goes back up steps and opens the door to the bathroom) Where's the bathtub?

CORIE. (Hesitantly) There is no bathtub.

PAUL. No bathtub?

CORIE. There's a shower . . .

PAUL. How am I going to take a bath?

CORIE. You won't take a bath. You'll take a shower.

PAUL. I don't like showers. I like baths. Corie, how am I going to take a bath? Boy, of all the nights . . . (He suddenly shivers) It's freezing in here. (He rubs his hands) Isn't there any heat?

CORIE. Of course there's heat. We have a radiator.

PAUL. (Gets up and feels the radiator) The *radiator* is the coldest thing in the room.

CORIE. It's probably the boiler. It's probably off in the whole building. It'll be all right once I get a fire going.

PAUL. (Goes to the phone) A fire? You'd have to keep the flame going night and day . . . I'll call the landlord.

CORIE. (Putting logs into the stove) He's not home.

PAUL. Where is he?

CORIE. In Florida! . . . There's a handy man that comes Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

PAUL. You mean we freeze on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays?

CORIE. He'll be here in the morning.

PAUL. And what'll we do tonight? (Gets up and starts moving around the apartment)

CORIE. What are you doing?

PAUL. I'm checking to see if the windows are closed.

CORIE. They're closed. I looked.

PAUL. Then why is it windy in here?

CORIE. (Moves to Paul) I don't feel a draft.

PAUL. I didn't say a draft. I said wind . . . There's a brisk, northeasterly wind blowing in this room.

CORIE. You don't have to get sarcastic.

PAUL. (Moving to the kitchen area) I'm not getting sarcastic, I'm getting chapped lips. (Looking up, he glimpses a hole in the skylight.)

CORIE. How could there be wind in a closed room?

PAUL. How's this for an answer? There's a hole in the skylight.

CORIE. (She looks up and is obviously embarrassed by it) Gee, I didn't see that before. All right, Paul, don't get upset. I'm sure it'll be fixed. We could plug it up with something for tonight.

PAUL. How? How? That's twenty feet high. You'd have to fly over in a plane and *drop* something in.

CORIE. (Putting on her coat) It's only for one night. And it's not that cold.

PAUL. In February? Do you know what it's like at three o'clock in the morning? In February? Ice-cold freezing.

CORIE. It's not going to be freezing. I called the weather bureau. It's going to be cloudy with light s— (She catches herself and looks up.)

PAUL. What? (CORIE turns away.) What? . . . A light what?

CORIE. Snow!

PAUL. *Snow??* . . . It's going to snow tonight? . . . In here?

CORIE. They're wrong as often as they're right.

PAUL. I'm going to be shoveling snow in my own living room.

CORIE. It's a little hole.

PAUL. With that wind it could blow six-foot drifts in the bathroom. Honestly, Corie, I don't see how you can be so calm about about all of this.

CORIE. Well, what would you like me to do?

PAUL. Go to pieces, like me. It's only natural.