

Barefoot in the Park (2)

Neil Simon

CORIE
MAN

Corie has a phone delivered to her brand new apartment.

CORIE. (*Doorbell buzzes*) Hello?

MAN. (*From far away, we hear a voice answer "Bratter?"*)

CORIE. (*Opens the door and yells down*) Yes. Up here! . . . Top floor!

MAN. (*Voice is a little closer this time "Hello?"*)

CORIE. (*Shouting back*) Up here!! You have another floor to go.

MAN. (*Entering the apartment*) Tel — (*Tries to catch his breath*) Telephone Company.

CORIE. Oh, the phone. Good. Come on in.

MAN. (*He steps in, carrying a black leather repair kit.*) That's quite a — (*Breath, breath*) quite a climb.

CORIE. Yes, it's five flights. If you don't count the front stoop.

MAN. I *counted* the front stoop. (*Breath, breath. He looks at his notebook.*) Paul Bratter, right?

CORIE. *Mrs.* Paul Bratter.

MAN. (*Still checking his book*) Princess phone?

CORIE. The little one? That lights up? In beige?

MAN. The little one . . . (*Breath, breath*) That lights up . . . (*Breath, breath*) In beige . . . (*Breath, breath. Swallows hard.*)

CORIE. Would you like a glass of water?

MAN. (*Sucking for air. Nods*) Please!

CORIE. (*Crosses to sink*) I'd offer you soda but we don't have anything yet.

MAN. A glass of water's fine.

CORIE. (*Suddenly embarrassed*) . . . Except I don't have a glass either.

MAN. Oh!

CORIE. Nothing's arrived yet . . . You could put your head under and schlurp.

MAN. No, I'm okay. Just a little out of shape. (*As he stiffly climbs up the last step, he groans with pain and exhaustion. After looking about.*) Where do you want the phone?

CORIE. (*Looks around*) The phone . . . Let me see . . . Gee, I don't know. Do you have any ideas?

MAN. Well, it depends what you're gonna do with the room. You gonna have furniture in here?

CORIE. Yes, it's on its way up.

MAN. *Heavy* furniture? (*Looks back at the stairs*)

CORIE. I'll tell you what. (*She points to the wall*) Just put it over there and give me a long extension cord. If I can't find a place, I'll just hang it out the window.

MAN. Fair enough. (*Crosses, coughing and in pain*) Who!

CORIE. Say, I'm awfully sorry about the stairs.

MAN. You're really gonna live up here, heh? . . . I mean, every day?

CORIE. Every day.

MAN. You don't mind it?

CORIE. Mind it . . . ? I love this apartment . . . Well, it *does* discourage people.

MAN. What people?

CORIE. . . . Mothers, friends, relatives, mothers. I mean, no one just "pops" in on you when they have to climb five flights.

MAN. You're a newlywed, right?

CORIE. Six days. What gave me away?

(Gives her a look)