Barefoot in the Park
By Neil Simon (1963)

Characters:

Corie- She is young and optimistic.

Paul- He is conservatively dressed, serious young lawyer.

Situation: Paul and Corie are newlyweds. The scene occurs in a large, unfurnished, one-room apartment on the top floor of an old brownstone in Manhattan. It is a cold February afternoon and Paul has just climbed five flights of stairs to the apartment Corie has rented for them.

Corie: The furniture will be here by five. They promised.

Paul: (dropping affidavits into case, 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. They’re probably stuck in traffic.

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

Corie: 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 the steps and opens the door to the bathroom) Where’s the bathtub?

Corie: 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?

Corie: You’ll lie down in the shower and hang your feet over the sink. . . I’m sorry there’s no bathtub, Paul.

Paul: (Closes door and crosses down into the room) Hmmm. . . 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 on the steps and feels radiator) The radiator’s the coldest thing in the room.

Corie: It’s probably the boiler. It’s probably off in the whole building.

Paul: (Putting on gloves) No, it was warm coming up the stairs. (Goes out into hall) See . . . It’s nice and warm out here.

Corie: Maybe it’s because the apartment is empty.

Paul: The hall is empty too but it’s warm out here.

Corie: (Moves to the stove) It’ll be all right once I get a fire going.

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

Corie: (Putting a log into the stove) He’s not home.

Paul: Where is he?

Corie: In Florida! . . . There’s a hand man that comes Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Paul: You mean we freeze on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays?

Corie: He’ll be here in the morning.

Paul: And what’ll we do tonight? I’ve got a case in court in the morning.

Corie: Will you stop saying it like you always have a case in court in the morning. This is your first one.

Paul: Well, what’ll we do?

Corie: The furniture will be here. In the meantime I can light the stove and you can sit over the fire with your law books and a shawl like Abraham Lincoln. (Cross to the stove and gets matches from the top of the stove)

Paul: Is that supposed to be funny? (Begins to investigate small windows)

Corie: No. It was supposed to be nasty. It just came out funny. (She strikes a match and attempts to light the log in stove. Paul tries the windows) What are you doing? (Gives up attempting to light log)

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: I don’t feel a draft.
Paul: (Moves away from windows) I didn’t say draft. I said wind. . . There’s a brisk northeasterly wind blowing in this room.

Corie: You don’t have to get sarcastic.

Paul: (Moving into the kitchen area) I’m not getting sarcastic, I’m getting chapped lips. (Looking up, he glimpses the 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. (He points up)

Corie: (She looks up, sees it and is obviously embarrassed) Gee, I didn’t see that before, did you?

Paul: I didn’t see the apartment before!

Corie: (Defensively. Crosses to railing and gets her coat) 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 coat) It’s only for one night. And it’s not that’s cold.

Paul: In February? Do you know what’s 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)


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 all this.

Corie: Well, what is it you want me to do?

Paul: Go to pieces, like me. It’s only natural.

Typed by Laurie Reese