

(She pauses, blows CORIE a kiss, and exits. CORIE thinks a moment, wipes her eyes, and then rushes to the closet for her coat. Without stopping to put it on, she rushes to the door and opens it. As the door opens, PAUL is revealed at the doorway. He greets CORIE with a loud sneeze. His clothes are disheveled, his overcoat is gone, and he is obviously drunk, but he still is carrying his suitcase)

18 START

lected Plays
Neil Simon

CORIE Paul . . . Paul, are you all right? . . .
PAUL (Very carefully crossing to the coffee table) Fine . . . Fine, thank you . . .
(He giggles)
CORIE (Moves to him) I was just going out to look for you.
PAUL (Puts the suitcase on the floor and starts to take out his clothes) Oh . . . ? Where were you going to look? . . .
CORIE I don't know. I was just going to look.
PAUL (Confidentially) Oh . . . ! Well, you'll never find me.
(He throws a handful of clothes into the closet. He is apparently amused by some secret joke)
CORIE Paul, I've got so much to say to you, darling.
PAUL (Taking more clothes out of the suitcase) So, have I, Corie . . . I got all the way downstairs and suddenly it hit me. I saw everything clearly for the first time. (He moves up left to behind the couch) I said to myself, this is crazy . . . Crazy! . . . It's all wrong for me to run like this . . . (He turns to CORIE) And there's only one right thing to do, Corie.
CORIE (Moving to him) Really, Paul? . . . What? . . .
PAUL (Jubilantly) You get out!
(He breaks into hysterical laughter)

CORIE What? . . .
PAUL Why should I get out? I'm paying a hundred twenty-five a month . . . (He looks about the apartment) . . . for this . . . You get out.
(He stuffs clothes into the dictionary)
CORIE But I don't want to get out!
PAUL (Crossing back to the suitcase and getting another handful of clothes) I'm afraid you'll have to . . . The lease is in my name . . . (He moves to the stairs) I'll give you ten minutes to pack your goulash.
CORIE (Moves to him) Paul, your coat! . . . Where is your coat?
PAUL (Draws himself up in indignation) Coat? . . . I don't need a coat . . . It's only two degrees . . .
(He starts to go up the stairs, slips and falls)
CORIE (Rushing to him) Paul, are you all right? . . .
PAUL (Struggling up) You're dawdling, Corie . . . I want you out of here in exactly ten minutes . . .
CORIE (Holding him) Paul, you're ice cold . . . You're freezing! . . . What have you been doing?
PAUL (Pulls away from her and moves to a chair) What do you think I've been doing? (He puts his foot up on the seat) I've been walking barefoot in the God-damn park.
CORIE (Pulls up his pants leg, revealing his stockingless foot) Where's your socks? . . . Are you crazy?
PAUL No . . . No . . . But guess what I am.
CORIE (Looks at him) You're drunk!
PAUL (In great triumph, he moves right) Ah . . . ! You finally noticed!!

BAREFOOT IN
THE PARK

CORIE Lousy, stinkin' drunk!

PAUL Ah, gee . . . Thanks . . .

CORIE (*Moves to him and feels his forehead*) You're burning up with fever.

PAUL How about that?

CORIE You'll get pneumonia!

PAUL If that's what you want, that is what I'll get.

CORIE (*Leads him to the couch*) I want you to get those shoes off . . . They're soaking wet . . .
(*She pushes him down onto the couch*)

PAUL I can't . . . My feet have swelled . . .

CORIE (*Pulling his shoes off*) I never should have let you out of here. I knew you had a cold.
(*She puts the shoes on the side table*)

PAUL (*Getting up and moving to the doorway*) Hey! Hey, Corie . . . Let's do that thing you said before . . . Let's wake up the police and see if all the rooms come out of the crazy neighbors . . . (*He opens the door and shouts into the hall*) All right, everybody up . . .

CORIE (*Runs to him and pulls him back into the room*) Will you shut up and get into bed . . . (*As she struggles with him, she tickles him, and PAUL falls to the floor behind the couch. CORIE closes the door behind her*) Get into bed . . .

PAUL You get in first.

CORIE You're sick.

PAUL Not *that* sick . . .
(*He lunges for her and she backs away against the door*)

CORIE Stop it, Paul . . .

PAUL Come on, Corie. Let's break my fever . . .
(*He grabs her*)

CORIE I said stop it! (*Struggling to get away*) I mean it, damn you . . . Stop it!
(*She gives him an elbow in the stomach and dodges away through the kitchen*)

PAUL Gee, you're pretty when you're mean and rotten.

CORIE Keep away from me, Paul . . . (*PAUL moves toward her*) I'm warning you . . . I'll scream.
(*CORIE keeps the couch between her and PAUL*)

PAUL (*Stops*) Shh . . . ! There's snow on the roof. We'll have an avalanche! . . .

CORIE (*Dodging behind the chair*) You shouldn't be walking around like this. You've got a fever . . .

PAUL (*Moving to the chair*) Stand still! The both of you!

CORIE (*Running up the stairs to the bathroom*) No, Paul . . . ! I don't like you when you're like this.
(*She barricades herself in the bathroom*)

PAUL (*Chasing her and pounding on the door*) Open this door!

CORIE (*From the bathroom*) I can't . . . I'm scared.

PAUL Of me?

CORIE Yes.

PAUL Why?

CORIE Because it's not you anymore . . . I want the old Paul back.

END