

CORIE All right, Aunt Harriet, don't get excited . . . Yes . . . Yes, I'll call as soon as I hear.
(She hangs up)

PAUL (Moves to CORIE) What happened to your mother?

CORIE She didn't come home last night. Her bed wasn't slept in. Maybe I should call the police.
(She starts to pick up the phone)

PAUL All right, take it easy, Corie . . .

CORIE (Turns back to PAUL) Don't you understand? Jessie looked. She was not in her bedroom this morning.
(She picks up the phone)

PAUL (Groping) Well . . . well, maybe her back was bothering her and she went to sleep on the ironing board.

CORIE You stupid idiot, didn't you hear what I said? My mother's been missing all night! . . . My mother!

PAUL (The Chief of Police) All right, let's not crack up.

CORIE (Seething) Will you go 'way. Get out of my life and go away! (She slams the receiver down and crosses to the door) I don't want to see you here when I get back.

PAUL Where are you going?

CORIE Upstairs to find out what happened to my mother.
(She opens the door) And don't be here when I get back!

(She goes out and slams the door. PAUL goes to the door)

PAUL Oh, yeah? . . . Well, I've got a big surprise for you . . . (He opens the door and yells after her) I'm not going to be here when you get back . . . (Crossing to the dictionary on the side table) Let's see how you like living alone . . . (He pulls ties out of the dictionary

and throws them in the suitcase) A dog . . . Ha! That's a laugh . . . Wait till she tries to take him out for a walk . . . He'll get one look at those stairs and he'll go right for her throat. (Crossing into the bedroom) You might as well get a parakeet, too . . . So you can talk to him all night. (Mimicking CORIE) "How much can I spend for bird seeds, Polly? Is a nickel too much?" (He comes out of the bedroom with shirts and pajamas) Well, fortunately, I don't need anyone to protect me. (Putting the clothes in the suitcase) Because I am a man, sweetheart . . . An independent, mature, self-sufficient man. (He sneezes as he closes the suitcase) God bless me! (Feeling sorry for himself, he feels his head) I probably got the flu. (Crossing to the bar, he takes a bottle and glass) Yeah, I'm hot, cold, sweating, freezing. It's probably a twenty-four-hour virus. I'll be all right . . . (He looks at his watch) . . . tomorrow at a quarter to five. (He pours another drink, puts down the bottle, and drinks. As he drinks, he notices the hole in the skylight. Stepping up onto the black leather armchair) Oh! . . . Oh, thanks a lot, pal. (He holds the glass up in toast fashion) "And thus it was written, some shall die by pestilence, some by the plague . . . and one poor schnook is gonna get it from a hole in the ceiling." (Getting down, he puts the drink on the side table) Well, I guess that's it. (He gets the bottle of Scotch from the bar, and glances at the bedroom) Good-bye, leaky closet . . . (To the bathroom) Good-bye, no bathtub . . . (Taking the attaché case from the coffee table, he looks up at the hole) Good-bye, hole . . . (Getting his suitcase) Good-bye, six flights . . . (As PAUL moves to the door, CORIE comes in. She holds her apron to her mouth, and is very disturbed) Good-bye, Corie . . . (PAUL stops in the doorway as CORIE wordlessly goes right by him and starts to go up the stairs to the bedroom) Don't I get a good-bye? . . . According to law, I'm entitled to a good-bye!

CORIE (Stops on the stairs and slowly turns back to PAUL, in a heart-rending wail) Good-bye . . .

(She goes into the bedroom and collapses on the bed)

PAUL Corie . . . Now what is it? (Alarmed, he drops the

PAUL

197

BAREFOOT IN
THE PARK

END

ed Plays
/ Simon

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