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BAREFOOT IN THE PARK

ACT III

MAN, *appears at the door. He is breathing as hard as ever. She sees him.*) Oh, hi!

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Not too thrilled.*) Hello, again.

CORIE. How have you been?

TELEPHONE MAN. Fine. Fine, thanks.

CORIE. Good . . . The telephone's out of order.

TELEPHONE MAN. I know. I wouldn't be here for a social call.

CORIE. Come on in . . .

(*He steps up into apartment. CORIE closes the door behind him, and goes up into kitchen to fill her glass with water.*)

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Looking around.*) Hey! . . . Not bad . . . Not bad at all . . . You did a very nice job.

CORIE. (*Speaking from kitchen.*) Thanks. You know anyone who might want to rent it?

TELEPHONE MAN. You movin' already?

CORIE. (*Picking up salt and pepper shaker.*) I'm looking for a smaller place.

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Looks around with disbelief.*) Smaller than this? . . . They're not easy to find.

CORIE. (*Coming out of kitchen.*) I'll find one. (*Places glass of water and shakers on end table.*)

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Moves to phone.*) Well, let's see what the trouble is. (*TELEPHONE MAN picks up receiver, jiggles the buttons and listens. CORIE moves straight-back bentwood chair from D. R. to above the end table. Putting down receiver.*) It's dead.

CORIE. I know. My husband killed it. (*Crosses to side table under radiator, and takes candlestick and candle, and a small vase with a yellow rose.*)

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Puzzled.*) Oh! (*Looks down and notices the wire has been pulled from the wall. Kneels down, opens tool case, and cheerfully begins to replace the wire.*) So how do you like married life?

CORIE. (*Puts candlestick and vase down on her table; blandly.*) Very interesting. (*Goes up into kitchen.*)

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TELEPHONE MAN. Well, after a couple of weeks, what's not interesting? Yeah, it's always nice to see two young kids getting started. With all the trouble today, you see a couple of newlyweds, you figure there's still hope for the world. (*As CORIE comes out of the kitchen with a pot of food, a ladle and a pot holder, PAUL, still in his overcoat and with his case and newspaper, comes out of the bedroom and slams the door behind him. Both CORIE and the TELEPHONE MAN stop. PAUL goes into the bathroom and slams that door hard. CORIE grimaces and the TELEPHONE MAN is shocked. Puzzled.*) Who's that?

CORIE. (*Rising above it.*) Him!

TELEPHONE MAN. Your husband?

CORIE. (*Crossing up to bathroom door.*) I suppose so. I wasn't looking. (*Pounds on the door with the ladle, and yells.*) Dinnah—is served! (*Crosses to side table and begins to ladle food onto plate.*)

(*The bathroom door opens. PAUL comes out.*)

PAUL. (*Nods at TELEPHONE MAN and then moves down stairs to the couch.*) I have my own dinner, thank you. (*Sits on couch, puts attaché case on table and opens it.*)

CORIE. (*Ignoring PAUL, crosses to TELEPHONE MAN and offers him plate.*) Would you like some goulash?

TELEPHONE MAN. (*Embarrassed, looks at PAUL.*) Er, no, thanks. We're not allowed to accept tips. (*He laughs at his small joke. CORIE takes the plate to kitchen and drops goulash, plate and all, into the garbage can. She then moves to her table and ladles goulash onto her plate. PAUL, in the meantime, has taken a small bag out of his attaché case. It contains a small bunch of grapes which he carefully places on top of his case. CORIE places the pot on the floor and, taking a book of matches from her apron pocket, lights the candle. While she does this she sings to herself . . . "Shama Shama . . ." PAUL buries himself in his paper and begins to eat his grapes. Taking all this in.*) I'll be out of here as fast as I can. (*Dives back to his work.*)