VOICE FROM BELOW. It's me!

CORIE. (Unhappily.) Oh, hi, Paul. (She turns into room.) Well, I guess he sees the apartment without the furniture. (Takes remaining package and places it with others on landing under the windows.)

MAN. (Gathering up his tools.) How long d'ja say you were married?

CORIE. Six days.

MAN. He won't notice the place is empty until June. (He crosses to door.) Well, Eldorado 5-8191... Have a nice marriage... (Turns back into room.) And may you soon have many extensions. (He turns and looks at the climb down he has to make and moans.) Ooohh! (He is gone.)

(CORIE quickly starts to prepare the room for PAUL's initial entrance. She gathers up the canvas drop cloth and throws it into the closet.)

PAUL'S VOICE. Corie? ...Where are you?

CORIE. (Rushes back to door and yells down.) Up here, hon... Top floor... (The phone rings.) Oh, my goodness. The phone. (She rushes to it and answers it.) Hello? ...Yes? ...Oh, yes, he is... I mean he's on his way up... Can you hold on for two more floors? (She puts down receiver and yells.) Paul. Hurry up, darling!

PAUL'S VOICE. Okay. Okay.

CORIE. (Into phone.) Hello. He'll be with you in one more flight. Thank you.

(She puts phone on floor and continues to get the apartment ready. Rushing up the stairs she closes the bedroom and the bathroom doors. Surveying the room, she sees the wrapping from the flowers on the floor of the kitchen and the wadded-up newspapers on top of the stove. Quickly gathering them up, she stuffs them into the nearest hiding place, the refrigerator. Then dashing into the hall and closing the door behind her, she re-enters to make one more survey of her apartment. Satisfied
with what she sees, she turns back to the open door,
and yells down.

CORIE. Now honey, don’t expect too much. The furniture
didn’t get here yet and the paint didn’t come out
exactly right, but I think it’s going to be beautiful...
Paul? ... Paul, are you all right?

PAUL’S VOICE. I’m coming. I’m coming.

CORIE. (Into phone.) He’s coming. He’s coming.

(She puts down phone and looks at door. PAUL
falls in through doorway and hangs on the rail
at the entrance of the apartment. PAUL is 26 but
breathes and dresses like 56. He carries a heavy
suitcase and an attaché case and all the dignity he
can bear. He drops the attaché case at the railing.)

CORIE. Hi, sweetheart. (She smother him with kisses but all
he can do is fight for air.) Oh, Paul, darling. (He sucks for
oxygen.) Well? (She steps back.) Say something.

PAUL. (Breathing with great difficulty, looks back down the stairs.)
It’s six flights... Did you know it’s six flights?

CORIE. It isn’t. It’s five.

PAUL. (Staggers up the step into the room, and collapses on the
suitcase.) What about that big thing hanging outside the
building?

CORIE. That’s not a flight. It’s a stoop.

PAUL. It may look like a stoop but it climbs like a flight.
(Breathe, breath.)

CORIE. Is that all you have to say?

PAUL. (Gasp o.) I didn’t think I’d get that much out. (He
breathes heavily.) It didn’t seem like six flights when I
first saw the apartment. (Breath.) Why is that?

CORIE. You didn’t see the apartment. Don’t you remember,
the woman wasn’t home. You saw the third floor
apartment.

PAUL. Then that’s why.

CORIE. (Crossing above PAUL.) You don’t like it. You really
don’t like it.
PAUL. I do like it. *(He squints around.*) I'm just waiting for my eyes to clear first.

CORIE. I expected you to walk in here and say, "Wow."
   *(Takes his hand.)*

PAUL. I will. *(He takes a deep breath.)* Okay. *(He looks around then says without enthusiasm.)* "Wow."

CORIE. Oh, Paul. *(She throws herself onto PAUL's knee.)* It'll be beautiful, I promise you. You just came home too soon.
   *(Nuzzles PAUL.)*

PAUL. You know I missed you.

CORIE. Did you really?

PAUL. Right in the middle of the Monday morning conference I began to feel sexy.

CORIE. That's marvelous. *(They kiss.)* Oh, boy. Let's take a cab back to the Plaza. We still have an hour before check-out time.

PAUL. We can't. We took a towel and two ash trays. We're hot. *(He kisses her.)*

CORIE. My gosh, you still love me.

PAUL. After six days at the Plaza? What's the trick?

CORIE. *(Gets up and moves away.)* But that was a honeymoon. Now we're on a regular schedule. I thought you'd come home tonight, and we'd shake hands and start the marriage. *(She extends her hand to him.)*

PAUL. *(Rises.)* "How do you do...?"

   *(They shake hands. Then CORIE throws herself into his arms and kisses him.)*

CORIE. My turn to say, "Wow" ...For a lawyer you're some good kisser.

PAUL. *(With hidden import.)* For a kisser I'm some good lawyer.

CORIE. What does that mean? ...Something's happened? ...Something wonderful? ...Well, for Pete's sakes, what?

PAUL. It's not positive yet. The office is supposed to call and let me know in five minutes.
CORIE. (Then she remembers.) Oh! They called!
PAUL. What—?
CORIE. I mean they’re calling.
PAUL. When—?
CORIE. Now—They’re on the phone now.
PAUL. (Looking around.) Where—?
CORIE. (Points to phone.) There—
PAUL. (Rushes to phone.) Why didn’t you tell me?
CORIE. I forgot. You kissed me and got me all crazy.
PAUL. (Into phone.) Frank? ...Yeah! ...Listen, what did— Oh, very funny. (Looks to CORIE.) “For a lawyer, I’m some good kisser” ...Come on, come, tell me... Well?... (A big grin. CORIE feeling left out, sneaks over and tries to tickle him.) You’re kidding? The whole thing? Oh, Frank, baby, I love you... What do you mean, nervous? ...I passed the bar, didn’t I? ...Yes, I’ll go over everything tonight. (CORIE reacts to “tonight” and slowly moves to the ladder.) I’ll meet you in Schrafft’s at eight o’clock in the morning. We’ll go over the briefs... Hey, what kind of a tie do I wear? I don’t know. I thought maybe something flowing like Oliver Wendell Holmes’...Right. (He stands up. He is bubbling with joy. CORIE has now climbed up the ladder.) Did you hear? ...Did you hear? (Moves up ladder to CORIE.)
CORIE. What about tonight?
PAUL. I’ve got to be in court tomorrow morning... I’ve got my first case!
CORIE. What about tonight?
PAUL. I’ll have to go over the briefs. Marshall has to be in Washington tomorrow and he wants me to take over... with Frank...but it’s really my case. (He hugs CORIE.) Oh, Corie, baby, I’m going to be a lawyer.
CORIE. That’s wonderful... I just thought we were going to spend tonight together.
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK

PAUL. We'll spend tomorrow night together. \( \textit{Crosses to railing and gets attaché case.} \) I hope I brought those affidavits.

CORIE. I brought a black nightgown.

\( \textit{She crosses up to small suitcase.} \)

PAUL. \( \textit{Looking through affidavits from case; his mind has now turned completely legal.} \) Marshall had everything laid out when I was at the office... It looks simple enough. A furrier is suing a woman for non-payment of bills.

CORIE. \( \textit{Taking nightgown out of suitcase.} \) I was going to cook you spaghetti with the white clam sauce...in a bikini.

PAUL. We're representing the furrier. He made four specially tailored coats for this woman on Park Avenue. Now she doesn't want the coats.

CORIE. \( \textit{Takes off blouse, and slipping her arms through the nightgown straps, she drapes it over her.} \) Then I found this great thing on Eighth Street. It's a crossword puzzle with dirty words.

PAUL. But the furrier can't get rid of the coats. She's only four foot eight. He'd have to sell them to a rich little girl.

CORIE. Then I was going to put on a record and do an authentic Cambodian fertility dance.

PAUL. The only trouble is, he didn't have a signed contract... \( \textit{CORIE begins her “fertility dance” and ends up collapsing on the bottom step of the ladder.} \) What are you doing?

CORIE. I'm trying to get you all hot and bothered and you're summing up for the jury. The whole marriage is over.

PAUL. \( \textit{Moves to CORIE.} \) Oh, Corie, honey, I'm sorry. \( \textit{Puts his arms around her.} \) I guess I'm pretty excited. You want me to be rich and famous, don't you?

CORIE. During the day. At night I want you to be here and sexy.