

Barefoot in the Park

{Both getting ready for bed after a night out. Corie, getting in her pj's, in the bedroom; and Paul, in his dress shirt and pants, brushing his teeth/gargling}

Paul: I just can't understand how you can be so unconcerned about all this. I really can't.

Corie: Unconcerned?

Paul: I really...

Corie: Do you think I'll get one wink of sleep until that phone rings tomorrow? I'm scared to death for my mother. And I'm grateful there's finally something to be scared about. What I'm really concerned about is you.

Paul: (Walking out of the bathroom, speaking with Corie face to face) Me? Me?

Corie: Yeah. I'm beginning to wonder if you're capable of having a good time!

Paul: Why? Because I like to wear my gloves in winter?

Corie: No. Because there isn't the least bit of adventure in you. You know what you are, Paul? You're a watcher. You're a watcher. There watchers in this world, and there are doers. And the watchers sit around watching the doers do. Well, tonight you watched and I did.

Paul: It was a little bit harder to watch what you did than it was for you to do what I was watching.

Corie: You can't even relax for one evening. I don't know, Paul, sometimes you act like a--

Paul: What? Hmm? A stuffed shirt? Is that it?

Corie: I didn't say that.

Paul: That's what you were implying.

Corie: That's what you're anticipating. I didn't say stuffed shirt.

Paul: Mm-hmm.

Corie: But you're extremely proper and dignified.

Paul: Proper and dignified? When was I proper and dignified?

Corie: The other night at Delfino's, you were drunk, right?

Paul: Right. I was stoned.

Corie: Exactly. I didn't even know it until you told me in the morning. Uhh... I mean, you're a funny kind of drunk, Paul. You just sat around looking unhappy, watching your coat.

Paul: I was watching my coat because I saw someone else watching my coat. If you want, I'll get drunk for you some time, make your hair stand on end.

Corie: [brushing her teeth in the bathroom] It isn't necessary.

Paul: You know in Harry's Bar last New Year's Eve, I punched an old woman. Don't tell me about drunk. When else? When else was I proper and dignified?

Corie: All the time. You're always dressed right. You always look right. You always say the right thing. You're very nearly perfect.

Paul: That's a rotten thing to say.

Corie: Before we were married, I thought you slept with a tie.

Paul: No. Just for very formal sleeps.

Corie: You have absolutely no sense of ridiculous. Like last Thursday night, you wouldn't walk barefoot with me in Washington Square Park. Why not?

Paul: Simple answer. It was 17 degrees. [undoing the cuffs of his shirt]

Corie: [walking into the livingroom] Exactly. It's very logical, very sensible, and it's no fun.

Paul: [following Corie, continuing to unbutton his shirt] Maybe you're right. Maybe I am a little too proper and dignified for you. Maybe you would have been happier with somebody a little more colorful and flamboyant... like the geek.

Corie: It'd be a lot more laughs than a stuffed shirt.

Paul: I thought you said I wasn't.

Corie: Well, you are now.

Paul: I'm not gonna listen to this. I'm not gonna listen to this. I have a case in court in the morning. [heading for the bedroom]

Corie: Where are you going?

Paul: To sleep.

Corie: Now? How can you go to sleep now?

Paul: I'm going to close my eyes and count knichis. Good night dear.

Corie: You cannot go to sleep now, Paul. We're having a fight.

Paul: You have the fight. When you're through, would you turn off these lights. Please.

Corie: That gets me absolutely insane! You can even control your emotions!

Paul: [coming back] No, no. I'm just as upset as you are. But when I get hungry, I eat. When I get tired, I sleep. You eat and sleep too, don't deny it, I've seen you.

Corie: Not in the middle of a crisis.

Paul: What crisis? We're just yelling.

Corie: You don't consider this a crisis! Our whole marriage is hanging in the balance.

Paul: It is? When did this happen?

Corie: Just now. It has suddenly become very clear to me that you and I have absolutely nothing in common.

Paul: Because I won't go walking barefoot in the park? You don't have a case, Corie. Adultery, yes, but cold feet, no.

Corie: Don't you over simplify this. I am angry, Paul. Can't you see that?

Paul: It's 2:15. If I can get to sleep in a half an hour, I can get about 5 hours sleep. I'll call you from court tomorrow, and we'll fight over the phone. [trying once again to go to bed]

Corie: You will not go to sleep, Paul! You will stay here and fight to save our marriage!

Paul: If our marriage hinges on those fishbowls and pelmechki, it is not worth saving. Now dear, I'm crawling into our tiny little single bed, if you care to join me. We are sleeping from left to right tonight.

Corie: You won't discuss it! You're afraid to discuss it! I married a—a coward!

Paul: [popping his head out of the bedroom] Would you bring in a pail? The closet's dripping.

Corie: Oh, I hate you! I really, really hate you!

Paul: Listen! [coming out again] Now wait a minute, Corie. There's one thing I've learned in court. Be careful when you're tired and angry. You may say something you will soon regret. I am now tired and angry.

Corie: And a coward!

Paul: [follow Corie around the livingroom] Maybe you're right. Maybe we don't have anything in common. Two people should have more than just a blood test first. Maybe they should be checked first for a little common sense, understanding, and emotional maturity!

Corie: All right! Why don't you get it passed by the Supreme Court? Only those couples bearing a certificate from their psychiatrist proving that they're emotionally mature can be married.

Paul: Oh, listen—[trying to hold her]

Corie: Don't touch me! Don't lay a finger on me! I can't stand to have you near me! I don't want to be in the same room with you!

Paul: What's going on here? You're hysterical.

Corie: I am not hysterical! I know exactly what I'm saying, Paul. It's all over between us. And it's never going to be any good anymore.

Paul: Oh God...--

Corie: I'm sorry. I don't want to cry.

Paul: Cry, please. Go ahead.

Corie: Don't you tell me when to cry! [roaming around cleaning up the apartment] I'll cry when I feel like crying. And I'm not going to have my cry until you're out of this apartment.

Paul: What do you mean "out of this apartment"?

Corie: Well, you certainly don't think we're going to live here anymore, do you? After this?

Paul: Are you serious?

Corie: Of course I'm serious, Paul! I want a divorce!

Paul: Divorce!

Corie: I'm sorry. I can't discuss it anymore.

Paul: Where are you going?

Corie: To bed. [walking into the bedroom and getting under the covers]

Paul: You can't, not now.

Corie: You did before.

Paul: In the middle of a fight. This is in the middle of a divorce.

Corie: I'm sorry, Paul. I can't talk you when you're hysterical.

Paul: I want to know why you want a divorce. [Corie, jumping out of bed, going back into the living room, Paul following her] Huh? Why?

Corie: Because you and I have absolutely nothing in common.

Paul: Nothing in common? What about the six days at the Plaza, Corie?

Corie: Six days does not a week make.

Paul: What does that mean?

Corie: I don't know! I don't know what it means. All I know is that I want a divorce. (They're both now seated on the sofa.)

Paul: You know, I think you mean it. You mean this?

Corie: I do. I really do.

Paul: Let's just... think.

Corie: [hiding her face sobbing]

Paul: I thought you weren't going to cry.

Corie: Well, I am! I'm gonna cry, I'm going to have the biggest cry I've ever had in my whole life, and I'm going to enjoy it! And I'm gonna cry so hard, I'll keep you awake all night. Good night, Paul. I mean goodbye. [storming off into the bedroom]

{Beat}

Paul: [going to the bedroom, only to have Corie throw a pillow and blanket in his face, then mumbling to himself as he sets up his bed on the couch]

Corie: [sobbing loudly into her pillow]

Paul: [mimicking Corie] “Six days does not a week make.”

{The phone rings}

Corie: [hiding her head under the pillow]

Paul: [bringing her the phone] Here. It’s for you. I don’t live here anymore. [trying to bring her the phone, but the cord’s too short, and he ends up ripping it from the wall] Fine. Fine. [turning out the lights] You work and work for a lousy six cents. [angrily getting under the covers, tossing and turning] I don’t even care. I don’t know... why I even bother. It’s just—it’s just nothing.