

SIDE 6; Corie, Mother, Paul, Velasco

START

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BAREFOOT IN THE PARK

ACT II

CORIE. Well, are we ready to go out to dinner?
MOTHER. (*Nervously.*) You mean we're going out?
CORIE. We had a fire in our stove.
MOTHER. What happened?
PAUL. Nothing. We just turned it on.
CORIE. Mother, are you hungry?
MOTHER. Not terribly . . . no.
CORIE. Paul, you're the host. Suggest someplace.
PAUL. Well . . . er . . . how about Marty's on 47th St.?
CORIE. Marty's? That barn? You get a cow and a baked potato. What kind of a suggestion was that?
PAUL. I'm sorry. I didn't know it was a trick question.
CORIE. Tonight has to be something special. Mr. Velasco, you must know someplace different and unusual . . .
VELASCO. (*Leaning against end table.*) Unusual? Yes, I know a very unusual place. It's the best food in New York. But I'm somewhat hesitant to suggest . . .
CORIE. Oh, please. (*To MOTHER.*) What do you say, Mother? Do you feel adventurous?
MOTHER. You know me, one of the fellows.
CORIE. (*To VELASCO.*) There you are. We place the evening in your hands.
VELASCO. A delightful proposition . . . For dinner, we go to the Four Winds.
PAUL. Oh! The Chinese Restaurant? On Fifty-third Street?
VELASCO. No . . . The Albanian restaurant on Staten Island.
MOTHER. (*Holds stomach.*) Staten Island?
CORIE. Doesn't it sound wild, Mother?
MOTHER. Yes . . . wild.
CORIE. I love it already. (*As she sweeps past PAUL, on her way to bedroom, she punches him on the shoulder.*)
VELASCO. (*Sitting next to MOTHER.*) Don't expect anything lavish in the way of decor. But Uzu will take care of the atmosphere.
MOTHER. Who's Uzu?

ACT II

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53

VELASCO. It's a Greek liquor . . . Deceptively powerful. I'll only allow you one.
MOTHER. Oh . . . thank you.
CORIE. (*Coming out of bedroom with coat and purse.*) It sounds perfect . . . Let's go.
PAUL. It'll be murder getting a cab now.
VELASCO. I'll worry about the transportation. All you have to do is pick up the check.
CORIE. (*Above couch.*) Mother has her car.
VELASCO. (*Rises, to PAUL.*) You see? My job is done. Mrs. Banks . . . (*Holds up her coat.*)

(PAUL crosses to closet and gets overcoat.)

MOTHER. (*Putting on coat.*) Mr. Velasco, don't you wear a coat?

VELASCO. Only in the winter.

MOTHER. It's thirty-five.

VELASCO. (*Taking beret out of pocket.*) For 25 I wear a coat . . . For 35 . . . (*Puts beret on. Crosses to door taking scarf out of pocket with a great flair. PAUL watches with great distaste and then crosses into bedroom. Opens door.*) Ready? . . . My group stay close to me. If anyone gets lost, we'll meet at the United States Embassy. (*Flings scarf about his neck and exits.*)

(MOTHER desperately clutches CORIE's arm, but CORIE manages to push her out the door.)

CORIE. (*Turning back for PAUL.*) What are you looking for?

PAUL. (*Comes out of bedroom.*) My gloves . . .

CORIE. (*With disdain.*) You don't need gloves. It's only thirty-five. (*She sweeps out.*)

PAUL. That's right. I forgot. (*Mimicking VELASCO, he flings his scarf around his neck as he crosses to the door.*) We're having a heat wave. (*He turns off the LIGHTS and slams the door shut.*)

END

CURTAIN