

# SIDE 8; Corie, Velasco

54 BAREFOOT IN THE PARK ACT II

*(In the dark we hear the splash of WAVES and the melancholy toots of FOG HORNS in the harbor sounding almost as sad as PAUL and the MOTHER must be feeling at this moment.)*

ACT II

SCENE 2

SCENE: *About 2 P.M. The apartment is still dark.*  
AT RISE: *We hear LAUGHTER on the stairs. The door opens and CORIE rushes in. She is breathless, hysterical, and wearing VELASCO's beret and scarf.*

**START**

CORIE. Whoo . . . I beat you . . . I won. *(She turns on the LIGHTS, crosses to the couch and collapses.)*

*(VELASCO rushes in after her, breathless and laughing.)*

VELASCO. *(Sinking to floor in front of couch.)* It wasn't a fair race. You tickled me.

CORIE. Ooh . . . Ooh, I feel good. Except my tongue keeps rolling up. And when I talk it rolls back out like a noisemaker.

VELASCO. That's a good sign. It shows the food was seasoned properly.

CORIE. Hey, tell me how to say it again.

VELASCO. Say what?

CORIE. "Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

VELASCO. Oh. "Poopla . . . sirca al mercoori."

CORIE. That's right. "Sirca . . . poopla al mercoori."

VELASCO. No, no. That's "Fly, I have a waiter in my soup."

CORIE. Well, I did. He put in his hand to take out the fly. *(Rises to her knees.)* Boy, I like that singer . . . *Sways back and forth as she sings.* "Shama . . . shama . . . ela mal kemama" . . . *(Flings her coat onto couch.)*  
VELASCO rises to a sitting position, crosses his legs and

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*plays an imaginary flute.)* Hey, what am I singing, anyway?

VELASCO. *(Stretches prone on the floor.)* It's an old Albanian folk song.

CORIE. *(Impressed with her own virtuosity.)* "Shama shama . . ."? No kidding? What does it mean?

VELASCO. "Jimmy cracked corn and I don't care."

CORIE. Well, I don't. *(Feels her head.)* Oh, boy . . . How many ZuZus did I have? Three or four?

VELASCO. Uzus! . . . Nine or ten.

CORIE. Then it was ten 'cause I thought I had four . . . How is my head going to feel in the morning?

VELASCO. Wonderful.

CORIE. No headaches?

VELASCO. No headache . . . But you won't be able to make a fist for three days. *(He raises his hand and demonstrates by not being able to make a fist.)*

CORIE. *(Holds out both hands and looks at them.)* Yeah. Look at that. Stiff as a board. *(Climbs off couch, onto floor next to VELASCO.)* What do they put in Uzu anyway?

VELASCO. *(Holding up stiff hands.)* I think it's starch.

CORIE. *(Looks at her two stiff hands.)* Hey, how about a game of ping pong? We can play doubles. *(CORIE swings her two stiff hands at an imaginary ball.)*

VELASCO. Not now. *(Sits up.)* We're supposed to do something important. What was it?

CORIE. What was it? *(Ponders, then remembers.)* Oh! . . . We're supposed to make coffee. *(CORIE places the shoes she has taken off under the sofa and moves towards the kitchen.)*

VELASCO. *(Following her.)* I'll make it. What kind do you have?

CORIE. Instant Maxwell House.

VELASCO. *(Crushed.)* Instant coffee?

**END**

*(He holds his brow with his stiff hands. He and CORIE disappear behind the screened kitchen continuing their babbling. Suddenly we hear scuffling in the hall-*