

LOLA: Mr. Castelli? I'm Lola La Mar. It sure is a pleasure to meet you.

She pumps his hand, Oklahoma-style. He brings her hand to his lips and kisses it. WILLY crosses to tell SAM but is headed off by a GOON who discretely sticks a gun in his back and ushers him off.

Music No. 18 DRUNK SCENE

(Lola)

LOLA: (cont'd) Wow. Nobody's done that to me since I played Cinderella in the High School play.

RICO: Delightful. Allow me to introduce you to . . .

LOLA: Holy cow! Conchita Alvarez!!

CONCHITA: Yes, honey.

LOLA: Holy cow! Wait 'til I tell my mother back in Tulsa! Why, she saw you in Havana, on her honeymoon, way back in 19 . . .

CONCHITA: (through a false laugh) Isn't that nice.

RICO: Please join us.

: Oh, I wouldn't want to interrupt any . . .

RICO: No. No. Conchita was just saying how she would like to go to El Morocco with Luis.
(To CONCHITA) Weren't you, darling?

CONCHITA rises and steams off.

LOLA : Nice meetin' ya!

RICO: (to LUIS, the GOON) Luis, take her to El Morocco. And make sure both of you are at the airport by midnight. (To LOLA) There.

LOLA: Now that's a star! (Reading the card) Enrico Castelli. The Tropicana, Havana, Cuba.
Gee. Enrico Castelli. Is that a Cuban name?

RICO: Italian.

LOLA: Why, Tony is Italian too.

RICO: Tony.

LOLA: Yes. So what brings you all the way up here?

RICO: I guess you could say that I'm . . . visiting the family.

LOLA: Do your folks live here?

RICO: My godfather, actually. *(Beat)* You've heard of my club?

LOLA: Heck, yes. Everyone's heard of the Tropicana. They say it's one of the largest night-clubs in the world!

RICO: It's the largest nightclub in the world. And it's all outdoors.

LOLA: Golly.

RICO: Champagne? A toast.

LOLA: *(as she lifts her glass)* Wow. My first taste of Champagne.

RICO: *(toasting)* The first of many firsts. *(Sip)* Lola, - may I call you Lola?

LOLA: Heck, you sprung for all this Champagne, you can call me Daffy Duck.

RICO: Lola, Champagne should never be sipped. It should be . . . consumed with passion . . . like life itself.

LOLA: Fine with me. Well, down the hatch.

RICO: Bottoms up!

LOLA: Up yours!

THEY both laugh.