

*and have engaging personalities. They speak with Castillian accents. They are, of course, MANOLO and JESUS.)*

OLIVE. Well, hello there. Or should I say, "Buenas Días"?

MANOLO. You can, but ees wrong. Say "Buenas tardes."

JESUS. *Días* ees morning.

MANOLO. *Tardes* ees evening.

OLIVE. Got it. I capeesh.

MANOLO. No. You "comprendo."

JESUS. Capeesh ees Italian.

MANOLO. *Comprendo* ees Spanish.

OLIVE. I understand.

MANOLO. I understand is English.

*(The boys and OLIVE laugh.)*

OLIVE. Well, come on in, "amigos."

MANOLO. Amigos! Very good! *(They come in.)* Jesus? You have something to say?

JESUS. *Sí*. With our deep felicitations, Manolo and I have brought you fresh flowers and fresh candy.

MANOLO. And red roses for your red hair.

OLIVE. Oh, how sweet.

JESUS. And the candy. I hope you like them. They are no good.

OLIVE. They're no good?

JESUS. *Sí*.

OLIVE. The candy is no good?

MANOLO. *Sí*. Very chewy.

OLIVE. Do you mean *nougat*?

MANOLO. Ah, yes! *Nou-gat!* *(To JESUS.)* Not no good. *Nougat!*

JESUS. I'm sorry... We are still new at English.

OLIVE. But very thoughtful. I'll put them in water.

MANOLO. Just the flowers. Candy in water is no good.

JESUS. *(To MANOLO.)* I thought it was *nougat*.

MANOLO. No, this time I meant no good was no good.

OLIVE. (*Holding two bunches of flowers and two boxes of candy.*)  
Well, they certainly are beautiful. I feel like Miss America.

JESUS. I feel the same. I miss Spain sometimes.

MANOLO. (*To JESUS.*) No. She means the girl in the bathing suit. We'll talk later, (*To OLIVE.*) Are you alone tonight?

OLIVE. No. Where is she? ...Manolo! Jesus! I'd like you to meet my roommate and chef for the evening, Florence Unger.

FLORENCE. Mrs. (*Extends her hand.*) How do you do?

MANOLO. My pleasure is most extreme. (*He bows and kisses her hand.*) I am Manolo Costazuela. (*He bows and kisses her hand again.*) And thees ees my very dear brother, Hayzoos Costazuela.

FLORENCE. (*Extends her hand.*) How do you do?

JESUS. I am filled with much gratification to meet you. (*He kisses her hand, bows. Her foot automatically bends up behind her.*)

OLIVE. (*Extends her hand.*) And one for me.

JESUS. Always a pleasure. (*Bows, kisses OLIVE's hand.*)

MANOLO. And I double the pleasure. (*Bows, kisses her hand.*)  
Thees ees a charming surprise for me, Mrs. Unger.

OLIVE. Why don't we all sit down, boys?

MANOLO. *Gracias.* You like me een thees chair?

OLIVE. I don't know. Park it anywhere.

JESUS. We did. The car is outside.

MANOLO. No. No. She means park yourself.

*(The boys laugh.)*

OLIVE. Hayzoos, why don't you sit on the sofa?

JESUS. Of course, eef eet's not too much trouble.

OLIVE. Well, do it the easiest way you can.

*(The boys laugh.)*

And, Florence, why don't you sit on the sofa next to Hayzoos? ...or the chair.

(FLORENCE sits in the single club chair, JESUS sits.)

OLIVE. Manolo, aren't you going to sit?

MANOLO. After you, Olivia.

JESUS. (*Gets up.*) Oh, excuse me.

OLIVE. (*To JESUS.*) You don't like that chair?

JESUS. No, I love this chair. Perhaps you like this chair.

OLIVE. No, no. I gave you that chair. Please sit.

JESUS. Of course. (*He sits.*)

MANOLO. (*To JESUS.*) Not until Olivia sits.

JESUS. (*He gets up.*) I'm so stupid. Forgive me.

MANOLO. (*To OLIVE.*) Now you sit, Olivia.

OLIVE. Good. It's my turn. (*She sits.*)

MANOLO. Now I sit. (*He sits. To JESUS.*) Now you sit.

(*He sits. FLORENCE gets up.*)

FLORENCE. Would anyone like anything?

(*MANOLO and JESUS get up.*)

OLIVE. Why don't we just see if we can all sit at the same time?

MANOLO. Of course. (*He sits.*)

OLIVE. (*Snaps fingers.*) Florence, sit!

(*FLORENCE sits as MANOLO and JESUS rise in deference.*)

Down, boys, down.

(*The boys sit.*)

MANOLO. Thees happens all the time een Spain. That's why we have to take *siestas*... Olivia! I am so much impressed with your home.

OLIVE. Oh? You like it?

MANOLO. Like it? No. *Love* it! (*Kisses his fingers.*) Beautiful, like an El Greco.

OLIVE. Who?

MANOLO. El Greco. The painter, no?