

GERRY

Ok, round two.

CAROLE

Let's stop. I know it's the 60's but I was born in the 40's which was more of a keep-your-clothes-on kind of decade. How about canasta?

GERRY

Jesus.

*CYNTHIA can see that Carole is uncomfortable.*

CYNTHIA

Yeah, you know, let's stop.

GERRY

No, come on! Don't quit! Damn it! That could've been fun!

*And HE angrily throws the cards down, glares at Carole.*

Sometimes you are such an old lady!

CAROLE

Excuse me but it doesn't make me an old lady just cause I don't want to strip in front of our friends!

GERRY

I tell you. If this - if this is what - sometimes I - sometimes I can't breathe -

*There is a long, tense pause. Then BARRY speaks up.*

BARRY

Hey, guys. We don't care about the game. This whole trip is about getting away from all the pressure and whatever of 1650 Broadway and spending some time with you. I don't know if you know this or not but you're our best friends.

CYNTHIA

And he's not just saying that because you're our only friends.

*THEY all share a relieving laugh.*

BARRY

Also, maybe you feel, I don't know, some stress because you're married and most of the rest of us aren't yet. Anyway, I've got an idea for something that could change the mood for the better. I was going to wait till Cyn and I were alone on the mountain, but - why not?

*(to Cynthia - heartfelt:)*

Will you marry me?

CAROLE

*(touched)*

Oh! How sweet!

CYNTHIA

What?

BARRY

I think we're a great fit.

CYNTHIA

Me, too, but we don't have to get married. We still fit.

BARRY

But think about it: we're perfect wherever we are: office, bedroom. We're good in all the rooms.

CYNTHIA

But if I got married, I'd just be your wife. Now I'm your partner.

BARRY

That's just semantics.

CYNTHIA

It's not! We'll get married, we'll have kids and I'll lose half of what I love in our relationship. Our work, our writing, hearing our song on the radio of a taxi.

BARRY

So you just want to work with me? I thought we had something special.

CYNTHIA

I'm not saying let's break up, just let's keep it this way — it's safe.

BARRY

Really? So how come I feel scared to death? What's going to happen to us if for some reason the writing stops working? Then that's it, you're through with me?

CYNTHIA

No, I—

*HE gets up and walks to the door.*

What're you doing?

BARRY

I can't stay here. I can't believe you don't feel what I feel.

*And HE goes out, slamming the door. Long tense pause. .*

CYNTHIA

Well, You had a fight so we had to have a bigger fight.