

# Deirdre/Andrew

LILLIAN. Oh Rally, where is your sense of adventure? Television has ruined you. *(The sound of thunder and rainfall is heard, increasingly heavy.)* I must go. I only wanted a look at the place.

FELICIA. I'd better split too. Before it starts pouring.

LILLIAN. *(Gazing around.)* It is ... as I recall. Perhaps smaller. But still a jewel. The elevator is new. *(She starts coughing.)*

ANDREW. Lillian, are you okay? Have you been to the doctor?

LILLIAN. *(Cutting him off.)* Doctors. I have seen too many doctors. Mostly played by you. Enough. Rally, when do rehearsals begin?

ANDREW. I'm not discussing it.

LILLIAN. But I need to negotiate, on your behalf. It is Shakespeare in the Park. It is non-profit. I will make them bleed. *(Felicia and Lillian now have their coats on.)*

FELICIA. *(Taking a last look at the apartment.)* It's a great space. Don't listen to me, I say that in cabs. Someday they're gonna say, Andrew Rally lived here!

DEIRDRE. A great Hamlet!

LILLIAN. And an anytime snack.

ANDREW. Out!

FELICIA. Bye, kids!

LILLIAN. Wait. *(Lillian pauses, feeling an emanation. She goes to the mantel, and finds an object. She gleefully holds the object aloft.)* My hairpin! *(A chord of ghostly music is heard. Felicia and Lillian exit. Andrew and Deirdre face each other, both excited at being alone together.)*

DEIRDRE. Andrew ... *(Deirdre runs into Andrew's arms, and they embrace.)* Hamlet! Why didn't you tell me?

ANDREW. Because I knew you would be the most excited. And I knew you would tell me I have to do it.

DEIRDRE. Of course you have to!

ANDREW. But why? Just because it's supposed to be this ultimate challenge? Because everyone's supposed to dream of playing Hamlet?

DEIRDRE. No — because it's the most beautiful play ever

written. It's about how awful life is, and how everything gets betrayed. But then Hamlet tries to make things better. And he dies!

ANDREW. Which tells us ...

DEIRDRE. At least he tried!

ANDREW. But why do I have to be Hamlet? I can get another show, maybe even movies. I don't need Hamlet.

DEIRDRE. But Andrew — you went to drama school.

ANDREW. Only for two years.

DEIRDRE. But wasn't it wonderful? The great plays — Ibsen, O'Neill — nothing under four hours. And Shakespeare — didn't you love it?

ANDREW. Sometimes. But I left.

DEIRDRE. Why?

ANDREW. *(Thrilled by the memory.)* LA Medical! The bucks! TV Guide. My face a every supermarket check-out in America, right next to the gum. I felt like — every day was my Bar Mitzvah. Everyone I saw was smiling, with an envelope with a check. That's what California is, it's one big hug — it's Aunt Sophie without the pinch.

DEIRDRE. Andrew, Jim Corman was terrific, but now you're back.

ANDREW. On a whim. The show was dead. I thought, okay, try New York, why not? Take some classes, maybe do a new play, ease back in. But now — this place. *(He gestures to the apartment.)* Hamlet. That's not the plan.

DEIRDRE. Of course it is! It's your old plan, your real one! You know the only thing that would be better? Better than Hamlet?

ANDREW. The Cliff notes?

DEIRDRE. Romeo and Juliet. Remember, when we did that scene in class? *(Deirdre runs up the stairs to the roof, stopping at the landing which she will use as Juliet's balcony. Her acting should be long on eagerness, if somewhat lacking in technique. She is very big on expressive hand gestures. As Juliet.)*

O, swear not by the moon,

*(She points to the moon.)*

the inconstant moon