

off to one side, upholstered in white canvas. Folding chairs and the stacks of cartons provide additional seating.

As the curtain rises, the stage is in darkness. Mystic music, and a supernatural lighting effect might precede the action.

The doorman on the front door rattles, and the door is flung open. Felicia Danine bursts into the room, and immediately bustles around the apartment, switching on lights. Felicia is a tall, imposing woman with a mane of boldly streaked hair. She wears high suede boots, and a long vest of ragged purple leather and fur. Felicia is a real estate agent, with an almost carnal passion for Manhattan apartments. She speaks in a hoarse, buoyant voice, with a hint of Queens nasality, a jubilant New York honk.

Andrew Rally, the apartment's new tenant, follows Felicia into the apartment. Andrew is an actor, in his late twenties or early thirties; he is handsome and charming, possessing the polished ease of a television star. Andrew could easily glide through life, wafting on a cloud of good looks and affability. He is not without ego, however; he is more than accustomed to being the center of attention.

This is Andrew's first moment in the apartment; he carries a box of personal belongings. He stares at his new surroundings, with a mixture of awe and uneasiness.

ANDREW. (Looking around.) Oh my God.

FELICIA. Isn't it fabulous? I'm so glad you took it sight unseen. I just knew it was perfect.

ANDREW. It's amazing, but ... gee, I'm sorry. This isn't what we talked about. I was thinking of, you know, something ... less.

FELICIA. But it's a landmark! John Barrymore, the legendary star! And now you, Andrew Rally, from LA Medical! I loved that show! You were adorable! Why did they cancel it? ANDREW. Bad time slot, shaky network — I don't think I

Felicia/Andrew

can live here, this isn't what we discussed. FELICIA. I know, I know — but honey, I'm not just a broker. I want you to be happy! You belong here.

ANDREW. Don't worry, it's my mistake, I'll move back to my hotel, it's fine.

FELICIA. (Gesturing to the cartons.) But your things are here! It's a match! You and Barrymore!

ANDREW. (Flattered.) Please, I'm no Barrymore.

FELICIA. Of course you are, Dr. Jim Corman, rookie surgeon! I even love those commercials you do! What is it — Tomboy Chocolate?

ANDREW. Trailburst Nuggets. It's a breakfast cereal.

FELICIA. (Delighted.) And...?

ANDREW and FELICIA. (Singing the jingle.) "An anytime snack!" (The doorbell buzzes.)

FELICIA. An anytime snack! I love it! I love that ad! (Felicia goes to the intercom, which is located in a niche beside the front door. Into the intercom.) Hello? He sure is! (Passing the receiver to Andrew.) For you! Your first guest!

ANDREW. (Into the receiver.) Hello? Sure ... come on up. Please! (To Felicia.) It's my girlfriend. She can't wait to see the place.

FELICIA. (Excited.) Do I know her? Was she on your show? ANDREW. No, I met Deirdre in New York. But I'm from L.A. I like modern things. High tech. Look at this place — I mean, is there a moat? (There is a knock on the front door. Andrew opens it. Deirdre McDavey is standing outside, clutching a bouquet of roses. Deirdre wears a green wool cape, a long challis skirt, a lacy antique blouse and pointed, lace-up Victorian boots. Her hair streams down her back, Alice-in-Wonderland style. Deirdre is Andrew's girlfriend; she is twenty-nine years old, but appears much younger. Deirdre is the breathless soul of romantic enthusiasm. She is always on the verge of a swoon; to Deirdre, life is a miracle a minute. Deirdre is irresistibly appealing, a Valley girl imagining herself a Bronie heroine. Deirdre stands in the doorway, trembling and on the verge of tears. Her eyes are clenched shut. She is practically hyperventilating; she speaks in a passionate, strangled whisper.) DEIRDRE. Andrew...?