

ACT TWO

Scene 1

Place: The same.

Time: Opening night, six weeks later.

The apartment has been transformed, into a true medieval lair. All of Andrew's furniture has been replaced by elaborately carved, heavy dark oak pieces. There is a richly upholstered chaise, and an ottoman center stage. An ornate throne sits off to one side, and the glorious fireplace is now fully revealed. A tapestry hangs on one wall, with a chandelier above. A renaissance globe stands near the staircase. The floor is covered with oriental carpets, stacks of antique leather-bound books, and atmospheric mounds of brocade cushions. Various candelabra and sconces are located around the room, as yet unlit. The suit of armor and other appropriately Gothic pieces complete the lavishly theatrical mood.

Several vases of flowers have been placed about; other boxes of flowers are stacked by the front door.

As the curtain rises, Barrymore descends from the roof, singing to himself. He crosses to the globe, which opens to reveal a fully-stocked bar. Barrymore pours himself a drink. He is still dressed as Hamlet.

Felicia enters, very dressed up, from the archway. She cannot see Barrymore. She stares at the apartment's new furnishings, shaking her head.

FELICIA. Oh my God. What got into him? *(Deirdre enters, also from the archway, carrying a vase of flowers. Deirdre is dressed*

in a flowing velvet, medieval-style gown, complete with a lengthy train and trailing sleeves. She is playing one of Ophelia's ladies-in-waiting, and a wreath of flowers has been braided into her hair.)

DEIRDRE. Isn't it incredible? It's Barrymore! Andrew says this is exactly what it used to look like! He says it's been helping him, to get in the mood.

FELICIA. Well I hope he's there — in the mood. It's opening night! *(Deirdre and Felicia shriek with excitement. They are wildly excited; this entire scene should be played with an air of giddy anticipation and suspense.)*

DEIRDRE. Opening night! *Hamlet!*

FELICIA. So where is he? Doesn't he have to get to the theater?

DEIRDRE. He's upstairs, getting ready, on the roof. He's in costume, too, he wears it everywhere. And he talks to Barrymore.

FELICIA. Really? He got through?

DEIRDRE. No, he just imagines. I catch him at it all the time. Do you think he's here? Watching over us?

FELICIA. Barrymore?

DEIRDRE. Yes! Oh John Barrymore, wherever you are! Bless this evening! Bless Andrew! *(As Deirdre invokes Barrymore, she runs through the room, seeking the ghost. Barrymore follows her, skipping along behind her, highly amused. Finally he stretches out on the chaise.)*

FELICIA. Honey, you better calm down. *(Barrymore beckons to Deirdre from the chaise. He opens his arms.)*

DEIRDRE. I know, I've been like this all day, all week, I can't sit still ... *(Deirdre, pulled by unseen forces, sits on the chaise beside Barrymore. She lies down, as he gently strokes her hair. She is unaware of his presence, but he has his effect.)* Felicia, what's it like? Sex? *(Felicia is busily putting finishing touches on her makeup, inspecting herself in the mirror of her compact.)*

FELICIA. Sex? Oh, that's right — you're still on the bench. No wonder you're nervous. Sex is great. With the right guy.

DEIRDRE. Really? But what about with the wrong guy?

FELICIA. *(After a beat.)* Better.

DEIRDRE. Felicia, you're terrible! *(Barrymore kisses Deirdre's*

neck.) Stop it!

FELICIA. What? *(Deirdre leaps up, flustered. Barrymore rises as well, and heads for the staircase.)*

DEIRDRE. *(Unnerved.)* Nothing. Felicia — how do you know? If you're really in ultimate love? If it's ... Shakespeare?

FELICIA. What's to know? Andy's the best. I mean, he's a star, he must have girls coming outta the woodwork. And he's waiting for you.

DEIRDRE. That's true. It's just — sometimes I think I'll never marry anyone. I mean, anyone alive. *(Barrymore, on the staircase, turns and salutes Deirdre's last phrase — "anyone alive." He raises his glass in a toast. Then he heads up the stairs and exits to the roof.)*

FELICIA. Hon?

DEIRDRE. I've always wanted to be Joan of Arc, or Juliet, or Guinevere. And I want to love someone like Hamlet, or King Arthur, or Socrates.

FELICIA. You're rich, right?

DEIRDRE. No — why?

FELICIA. Well, the way you think, I mean I love it, but, you don't have to make a living, right?

DEIRDRE. No, I'm not rich, really. Just my parents. They're so great, they've been married for almost forty years. And that's what I want — eternal love! For the ages! And tonight, Andrew's playing Hamlet. And I'll know. *(Gary enters, from the archway, carrying a glass and a bottle of champagne. He wears a tuxedo, a model both luxurious and trendy.)* Gary, that's bad luck! The champagne is for afterwards, to celebrate!

GARY. Oh, sorry. *(Deirdre grabs the champagne from Gary and exits through the archway, leaving Gary alone with Felicia.)* Hey — big night! Hot stuff!

FELICIA. I can't wait!

GARY. You know, I love Andy, he's a great actor, but — what if he really sucks? *(Deirdre re-enters.)*

DEIRDRE. He won't! He's going to be glorious! Don't even think that!

FELICIA. I hope he's good. Although, you know, with Shakespeare — how can you tell?