

~~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 Gorman, 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 LA. 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 pointy, 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 Brontë 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...?

ANDREW. *(With amused patience.)* Yes, Deirdre?

DEIRDRE. Andrew ... am I ... here?

ANDREW. This is it. *(Deirdre steps into the apartment and opens her eyes. She gasps. As she tours the premises she removes her cape and hands Andrew the roses and her velvet shoulderbag.)*

DEIRDRE. Oh, Andrew ... his walls ... his floor ... the staircase to his roof ... the air he breathed ... oh Andrew, just being here makes you a part of history!

FELICIA. And I'm the broker!

DEIRDRE. *(To Felicia.)* I worship you! *(The doorbell buzzes again.)*

ANDREW. I'll get it.

FELICIA. *(Handing Deirdre her business card.)* Hi. Felicia Dantine.

ANDREW. *(Into the intercom receiver.)* Hello? Come on up.

FELICIA. Isn't this place amazing? The Barrymore thing? The morning it comes on the market, I get Andrew's call.

DEIRDRE. *(Impressed.)* No.

FELICIA. Two famous actors! It's freaky. Are you in the business? *(There is a knock on the door. Andrew opens the door; Lillian Troy is outside. Lillian is a striking, silver-haired woman in her seventies; she wears an elegant mink coat over a simple navy dress, and carries a bottle of champagne. She is smoking an unfiltered Camel cigarette. Lillian speaks with a regal German accent, and has a no-nonsense manner, combined with a delight at any sort of high-jinks. Lillian is Andrew's agent. As the door opens, Lillian is coughing, a real smoker's hack.)*

ANDREW. Lillian, Lillian, are you okay?

LILLIAN. *(Finishing her coughing.)* I am fine. *(Passing Andrew the champagne.)* Take it. *(Surveying the premises.)* This is it. As I remember.

ANDREW. What?

LILLIAN. I have been here before. But I had to be certain. *(As Deirdre curtsies.)* Deirdre, you I know. *(To Felicia.)* Hello. I am Lillian Troy. I am Andrew's agent. The scum of the earth.

FELICIA. Hi. Felicia Dantine. Real estate. I win.

~~ANDREW. *(To Lillian.)* What do you mean, you've been here before?~~