

(DUNLAP moves to the Claudia's bedroom door.)

DUNLAP. Claudia McFadden is behind this door.

(DUNLAP moves to the Athena's bedroom door.)

DUNLAP. Athena Sinclair is behind this door.

PIPPET. (With rising horror, points to the closet:) And what's behind door number three, the press?

DUNLAP. (Beat.) Actually yes.

(Without a word PIPPET collapses in a dead faint.)

DUNLAP. No, no, no, there's no time for that.

(DUNLAP moves to PIPPET, revives him and helps him back onto his feet.)

PIPPET. I think I'm going to jump off the balcony. That's what I think I'm going to do.

(He moves to the balcony, opening the French doors.)

DUNLAP. Mr. Pippit, you're not going to jump off the balcony.

PIPPET. I'm not?

DUNLAP. No. This is what you're going to do...

(DUNLAP continues to talk as he moves around the room placing all the photographs of ATHENA face down.)

DUNLAP. You're going to go in there and make sure she doesn't come out. Under any circumstance.

PIPPET. Are you insane? If Claudia McFadden wants to leave a room, you don't try to stop her. You don't! You just get out of the way and hope you don't get crushed in the process.

(Suddenly, the door opens and CLAUDIA sweeps out with MR. BOODLES.)

CLAUDIA. PIPPET!

(PIPPET screams and jumps into DUNLAP's arms.)

CLAUDIA. What the hell is wrong with you?

PIPPET. I, I, I, I—

CLAUDIA. You what?

PIPPET. I saw a mouse.

(Indignant, DUNLAP drops him to the floor.)

DUNLAP. There are no mice in the Palm Beach Royale.

CLAUDIA. Of course there aren't. Now then, where was I?

PIPPET. I've got Mr. Boodles' aspirins right here.

CLAUDIA. He doesn't need them anymore.

PIPPET. He doesn't?

CLAUDIA. I gave him gin instead.

PIPPET. Ah.

CLAUDIA. Now he needs walkies.

(She hands MR. BOODLES to PIPPET.)

PIPPET. Of course he does.

CLAUDIA. And I'm going to need another pitcher of martinis.

PIPPET. Yes Miss McFadden.

(She starts back to the bedroom, when suddenly she stops and spins around to face them.)

CLAUDIA. WAIT A MINUTE!

(PIPPET gasps.)

CLAUDIA. What's going on here?

DUNLAP. What do you mean?

CLAUDIA. *Where the hell are my white roses?*

DUNLAP. Oh Yes! That! Of course.

(He moves to the closet door and opens it.)

DUNLAP. They're right here in the--

(He slams the closet door shut.)

CLAUDIA. They're in the closet?

DUNLAP. Of course not. Don't be silly. Why would they be in the closet?

CLAUDIA. Where are they?

DUNLAP. They're out by the pool.

CLAUDIA. *What?*

DUNLAP. I thought that they looked like they needed some fresh air. Isn't that right Mr. Pippet?

PIPPET. *(Completely lost:) What?*

DUNLAP. Not to worry. I'll have them brought back right now.

(He picks up the phone to call the front desk.)

(CLAUDIA looks at him with disdain.)

CLAUDIA. And then you'll go away?

DUNLAP. If that's what you'd like.

CLAUDIA. That's what I'd like.

DUNLAP. Then, consider me gone.

CLAUDIA. PIPPET!

PIPPET. Yes, Miss McFadden?

CLAUDIA. *(Pointing to the dog:)* Walkies.

(She turns and exits back into her bedroom.)

PIPPET. Yes, Miss Mc—

(The bedroom door shuts.)

PIPPET. I can't do this, I'm going to have a heart attack.

DUNLAP. Yes, fine, whatever.

(He opens the closet door to reveal the unconscious DORA.)

DUNLAP. But before you do, help me with these bloody roses.

(He reaches around DORA, takes out the four dozen white roses and shuts the closet door. As he speaks, he places the white roses around the suite.)

DUNLAP. Now then, this is what we're going to do—

PIPPET. Mr. Dunlap.

DUNLAP. What is it?

PIPPET. Why is there an unconscious woman in the closet?

DUNLAP. Mr. Pippet, we don't have the time *to begin* to answer that question. Now then, this is what we are going to do—

DORA. *(From inside the closet:)* Where am I?

(They both freeze.)

DUNLAP. Oh good God.

DORA. *(From inside the closet:)* What is this?

DUNLAP. Will this day never end?

(Suddenly, the closet door bursts open and a disoriented DORA steps out.)

DORA. *How the hell did I end up back in the closet?*

DUNLAP. Miss del Rio, how nice to see you.

DORA. My head is throbbing. What did you do, club me with a bottle?

DUNLAP. Don't be ridiculous.

(DUNLAP looks around the room.)

PIPPET. What are you doing?

DUNLAP. (Quietly.) Looking for a bottle.

DORA. (Moving into the suite.) Well, while you're doing that, I'll just have a chat with Claudia McFadden.

DUNLAP. She's not here.

DORA. So you've said.

DUNLAP. Miss del Rio I swear to you, Claudia McFadden is not in this suite.

CLAUDIA. (Offstage:) PIPPET!

(Beat. They all look towards Claudia's bedroom door.)

DORA. Aha!

(DORA moves to Claudia's door.)

DUNLAP. Miss del Rio, you can't go in that room!

DORA. Who's going to stop me?

(As if on cue, Claudia's door opens – upstage – smack into DORA's face. Once again, we hear the "thunk" of it making contact. PIPPET yelps. CLAUDIA, oblivious to the fact that DORA is behind the door, stands in the doorway.)

CLAUDIA. (To PIPPET:) Oh good, you're still here. Why didn't you answer me?

PIPPET. I, I, I, I...

CLAUDIA. You really do need to see to that stutter.

PIPPET. Yes, Miss McFadden.

CLAUDIA. (To DUNLAP, sarcastic:) And you're still here. What a surprise.

DUNLAP. (Indicating the roses:) Your long stem white roses.

CLAUDIA. Splendid. Get out.

PIPPET. Miss McFadden, you needed something?

CLAUDIA. Yes. When Mr. Boodles goes out for walkies, make sure you don't watch him while he's doing his business, you know how sensitive he is.

PIPPET. *(Beat.)* Yes, Miss McFadden.

CLAUDIA. And I'm still waiting for that new pitcher of martinis.

PIPPET. Of course, I'll bring one right in.

CLAUDIA. Splendid. *(To DUNLAP:)* And as for you...

DUNLAP. I'm out the door.

CLAUDIA. If only.

(She moves back into the bedroom, closing the door behind her to reveal DORA standing there. Once again, little birds are floating around her head. She stands there, completely dazed.)

(DUNLAP and PIPPET stare at her.)

(She spits out a tooth.)

(Beat.)

PIPPET. Closet?

DUNLAP. Closet.

(They get to her just as she collapses into their arms. They carry her to the closet, and stand her inside.)

DUNLAP. You see Mr. Pippet, the trick is to not panic. Not panicking is the key. As long as one doesn't panic, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—that can't be handled.

(The hall door suddenly opens and MRS. OSGOOD pops into the suite.)

MRS. OSGOOD. I'm back!

(DUNLAP jumps out of his skin.)

PIPPET. *The FU lady!*

(DUNLAP shoves PIPPET into the closet and slams the door shut. He turns to MRS. OSGOOD, desperately casual.)

MRS. OSGOOD. You said to let you know if I needed anything.

DUNLAP. And you thought I was serious.

MRS. OSGOOD. *(Still oblivious:)* Actually, it's not so much me as it is the Navy.

DUNLAP. What about them?