

ATHENA. You're just the man I wanted to see. To whom do I speak about running a few songs before the show tonight?

DUNLAP. Oh, I'd be happy to set that up for you.

ATHENA. Lovely. When would be—?

DUNLAP. (*Rushing her towards the door:*) Why don't we go now?

ATHENA. What?

DUNLAP. The orchestra is just downstairs.

MURPHY. Yes! That's a terrific idea!

DUNLAP. We'll just pop downstairs and run those songs!

ATHENA. Whoa! What's the rush?

DUNLAP. Rush? What rush? There's no rush. I just thought—

ATHENA. I just got here. I want to unwind. I want to relax. I'm not about to go running downstairs and run my songs at this particular moment.

DUNLAP. Yes Madam, of course, it's just—

*(There is a knock on the hall door.)*

*(Nobody moves.)*

*(Another knock.)*

ATHENA. Is anyone planning on answering the door?

DUNLAP. Yes...um...of course.

*(He hesitantly opens the front door.)*

*(OTIS enters carrying the roses. As he speaks, he places them around the room.)*

OTIS. Here are your roses Mr. Dunlap. Good as new. Although I must say the lady at the florist shop isn't very happy with you right now.

ATHENA. (*To DUNLAP:*) Why are these back?

DUNLAP. (*To OTIS:*) Why are these back?

OTIS. (*Completely confused:*) What?

DUNLAP. You heard me, man. Why are these bloody flowers back?

OTIS. Because you told me—

DUNLAP. To get rid of those roses once and for all. *And I meant it!* We don't want to be bothering Miss Sinclair with them again.

OTIS. (*Noticing ATHENA:*) *Hey!* You're Athena Sinclair.

ATHENA. Why, yes I am.

OTIS. I'm your biggest fan. I've seen all your movies.

ATHENA. How sweet.

*(He produces the autograph book and pen.)*

OTIS. Can I have your autograph?

*(He glances over at DUNLAP.)*

OTIS. *(Before DUNLAP can speak.)* It's for my mother. She's really sick. Her name is Otis.

ATHENA. *(Beat.)* I see. *(She takes the book.)* Is Otis with one "T" or two?

OTIS. One.

*(She signs and hands it back to him.)*

ATHENA. And there you go.

OTIS. Thanks Miss Sinclair, you're the tops. By the way, what are you doing here?

ATHENA. Well dear, I'm performing at the benefit tonight.

OTIS. No, I know that. I mean *here*, in Miss—

DUNLAP. *(Cutting him off.)* Thank you Francis, that'll be all.

*(DUNLAP literally picks him up and throws him through the open hall door. OTIS hits the opposite wall and collapses. DUNLAP closes the doors behind him.)*

DUNLAP. *(To ATHENA.)* Why don't you go into your bedroom and relax and I'll get rid of these pesky flowers for you.

*(ATHENA looks at DUNLAP like he's out of his mind. She turns and moves towards her bedroom.)*

ATHENA. *(To MURPHY.)* Darling, why don't you come with me. I don't think I want to leave you alone with this man.

*(ATHENA takes MURPHY by the arm and moves towards the bedroom. MURPHY weakly smiles and hands the bouquet of red roses back to DUNLAP, as the two women exit into bedroom.)*

DUNLAP. Alright.

*(He sets the bouquet of red roses back into the empty vase and surveys the room.)*

DUNLAP. Don't panic. Don't panic.

*(He moves around the room, collecting all of the white roses, and moves to the closet door.)*