

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?

LILLIAN. It was in, oh, the forties I imagine. I had just come to America. (*Looking around.*) It was magical. This great window. The cottage on the roof. Fresh flowers everywhere. I had a little fling. Andrew, perhaps you have found my hairpins.

ANDREW. Lillian — you had a fling here?

FELICIA. In this apartment?

DEIRDRE. With who?

LILLIAN. Whom do you think?

ANDREW. Barrymore?

DEIRDRE. (*Awestruck.*) Lillian — you and ... Barrymore?

FELICIA. Here?

LILLIAN. I am an old lady. The elderly should not discuss romance, it is distasteful. And creates jealousy. And Andrew has such marvelous news — does everyone know?

DEIRDRE. What? What news?

ANDREW. I haven't told because ... I'm not sure how I feel about it.

DEIRDRE. What? Andrew, what haven't you told me?

ANDREW. Well ... you know Shakespeare in the Park, right? The open-air theater, by the lake?

FELICIA. I went once. It poured. Right on Coriolanus. Didn't help. They kept going.

DEIRDRE. (*To Andrew.*) What? Tell us!

ANDREW. Well, this summer they're doing *All's Well*, and ... another one.

DEIRDRE. Which one?

ANDREW. (*Taking a deep breath.*) *Hamlet*.

DEIRDRE. Oh my God. Wait. Laertes?

ANDREW. *Hamlet*.

DEIRDRE. The *lead*?

ANDREW. Yeah, *Hamlet*.

LILLIAN. Ya! Isn't that extraordinary? (*Deirdre is starting to hyperventilate again. She holds up her hands, and backs away from Andrew.*)

DEIRDRE. You ... are ... playing ... *Hamlet*? My boyfriend is playing *Hamlet*?

ANDREW. I don't know why they cast me.

LILLIAN. Because you are talented. You auditioned five times. They saw something.

FELICIA. Dr. Jim Corman! You'll pack the place! I'll even come. Is it the real *Hamlet*? Or like, a musical?

ANDREW. The real one. And she's right, of course, I'm sure they only asked me because of the TV show. I'm a gimmick. I don't know why I said yes.

LILLIAN. Schnookie — we are talking about *Hamlet*.

DEIRDRE. Wouldn't it be great if we could like, go back in time and tell Barrymore?

FELICIA. Why?

DEIRDRE. I mean, he was the greatest Hamlet of all time — isn't that what people say?

LILLIAN. That is true. And Andrew, you know — he lived here for many years. Perhaps when he played Hamlet.

DEIRDRE. And now you're here — I bet this is all happening for a reason.

FELICIA. 'Cause you were cancelled! (*Looking around, sniffing the air.*) I get this feeling sometimes, in special apartments. About the people who lived there. (*Felicia climbs the staircase to the first landing. She raises her arms. Intoning.*) Barrymore. Barrymore! (*In the distance, a bell tolls, from a belltower. Everyone looks up.*)

LILLIAN. What was that?

FELICIA. The church, down the street. The clock in the belltower.

ANDREW. But ... it's six o'clock. It only struck once.

DEIRDRE. Oh my God. Just like in *Hamlet*. Right before the ghost of Hamlet's father appears. He comes when the clock strikes one.

FELICIA. Which means...?

ANDREW. That we live in New York. Where everything's broken.

DEIRDRE. But what if it's an omen?

FELICIA. Right. Barrymore. Hamlet. The connection. Maybe he's trying to contact us.

ANDREW. (*Pointing to the messy batch of menus which have been slipped under the front door.*) Yeah. Maybe he's the one who's