

GODDESS OF THE HUNT

A light comedy about dark people leading private lives in public places

By Doug DeVita

Contact:

917.584.2907

doug.devita@gmail.com

www.dougdevitaplays.com



CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
Charlie Windsor	A naive, grieving, independently wealthy widower	53	M
Diana Black-White	A charming Interior Designer	55	F
Ed McGrath*	A Broadway performer, and Charlie's best friend	53	M
Percy Shelley Tanenbaum	A Hotel Bar Pianist/Singer	35	M
Jeff White**	Diana's current husband	70	M
Jordan	A bartender at Joe Allen, NYC	60-ish	M
Jean Louis	A bartender at The Ritz, Paris	60-ish	M
The Detective...	A Detective who looks like Ed	50-ish	M
The Flight Attendant...	A Flight Attendant who looks like Ed	50-ish	M
The Conductor...	A Conductor who looks like Ed	50-ish	M

*Also plays The Conductor Who Looks Like Ed But Isn't, The Detective Who Looks Like Ed But Isn't, and The Flight Attendant Who Looks Like Ed But Isn't.

**Also plays Jordan and Jean-Louis.

SYNOPSIS

Just how well do you know all your "friends" on social media? In this fast-moving comedy, when the grieving Charlie Windsor meets the gregarious Diana Black-White in a New York Theater District bar, they become instant BFFs. Much to the consternation of his closest friend since childhood, Broadway actor Ed McGrath, Charlie is almost immediately hurled into an overwhelming whirl of dark secrets, questionable loyalties, and highly dysfunctional family dynamics; a world for which Charlie is completely unprepared. Especially when Diana's secret life is revealed and she goes full-on, batshit crazy. Despite the mounting body count, *GODDESS OF THE HUNT* is a gleefully silly homage to those romantic comedy thrillers of the 1960s, updated to the creepy, contemporary world of social media and information sharing.

LOG LINE

A light comedy about dark people leading private lives in public places.

SET REQUIREMENTS

The play's many locales can, and should be represented simply by projections, lighting and sound effects, and a few pieces of all-purpose furniture that can be moved around as needed.

DOUG DEVITA BIO

Doug is a two-time O'Neill Semi-Finalist (*Fable* and *Just A Rumor*), Semi-Finalist for Barrington Stage Company's Burman New Play Award, Normal Avenue's New American Play Series, and Campfire Theatre Festival (*Phillie's Trilogy*), Semi-Finalist for B Street Theatre's New Comedy Festival (*Goddess Of The Hunt* and *Upper Division*), and Semi-Finalist for We

Screenplay's Diverse Voices Competition (*The Fierce Urgency Of Now*).

In addition, he has won Fresh Fruit Awards of Distinction for Outstanding Play (*The Fierce Urgency Of Now*) and Outstanding Production (*Fierce...* and *Phillie's Trilogy*) as well as the Inaugural (and so far only) Scrap Mettle Arts Emerging Playwrights Competition (*Phillie's Trilogy*).

Doug is currently an advisory board member for All Out Arts, and formerly an Artistic Director for Westside Repertory Theater. His work has been seen in New York, Los Angeles, Seattle, New Jersey, Connecticut, and London, and has been developed at the Kennedy Center in Washington DC (Mark Bly, Gary Garrison, Jacqueline Goldfinger, and Caleen Jennings), and at ESPA/Primary Stages in New York (Robert Askins, Rogelio Martinez, Winter Miller, and Michael Walkup). He has also studied with Karen Hartman, Jeffrey Sweet, and Eric Webb.

A member of the Dramatists Guild, he has had work published by Next Stage Press, and Smith Scripts UK.

RECOGNITION

SEMI-FINALIST

New Comedy Festival 2020

B Street Theatre

An Information Bar like the one on a computer/laptop screen runs across the top of the stage. It reads: Friday April 13, 11:05 PM EST.

A projection of Diana Black-White's Facebook page fills the back wall. She has checked-in to Joe Allen, New York City. The image is a map of the West 40s in Manhattan, a red dot indicating the location. Her comment is "Looking forward to a nice, relaxing Kir Royale after seeing "Crazy For Abe" again tonight. Always too exciting to watch Mary Todd Lincoln go nuts singing Sondheim." Throughout the play, we will hear the comments being read out-loud as they are typed.

In the soft white and brick-red light of Joe Allen's, we see Charlie and Ed. They are both 53, and seated at a table across from the bar. Ed has a glass of Red Wine, Charlie has a Gibson. Diana, 56, sits at the bar, sipping a Kir Royale. Seemingly engrossed in her iPad, in reality she is listening to Charlie and Ed's conversation. All three are attractive and well-heeled.

CHARLIE

Benny un-friended me.

ED

He un-friended you?

CHARLIE

He un-friended me.

ED

And you're upset because...

CHARLIE

HE UN-FRIENDED ME!

ED

What are you, thirteen?

CHARLIE

Excuse me?

ED

It's not like you really knew each other, Charlie.

CHARLIE

I slept with him, Ed.

ED

25 years ago.

CHARLIE

He found me on Growlr, then sent a Facebook friend request.

ED

Charlie! It's barely 6 months since Mark...

CHARLIE

I was lonely. And horny.

ED

You've been horny since you were 12.

CHARLIE

Don't judge me. Okay, so maybe I rushed into the Facebook-friending thing again. But does anyone really know *all* their Facebook friends?

ED

What's so fascinating about all the boring, insignificant details that someone you barely know shares with the world?

CHARLIE

I don't know, it's fun? Makes me feel better about the boring, insignificant details of my own pathetic life?

ED

I know it was a shock, Charlie, but spending all your time trolling Facebook and Growlr, watching old sit-coms you've seen hundreds of times, only leaving that dusty wreck of an apartment for a butt-fuck with an old flame...

CHARLIE

Mark and I were supposed to fix up that wreck together, and we never did. And now we never will... I don't know if I can go to Paris by myself. Come with me, Ed.

ED

You know I can't just take off on a whim like you can.

CHARLIE

C'mon, you haven't missed a performance in over two years. Give your stand-by a shot at Lincoln.

ED

(Mimicking a rim-shot.)

Ba dum bum.

CHARLIE

(Wheedling.)

April... in Paris...

ED

Shut up.

CHARLIE

The Eiffel Tower... The smell of the rain on the chestnut trees... The Ritz...

ED

And... you lost me.

CHARLIE

Why? What's your excuse this time?

ED

I don't want to spend that much.

CHARLIE

You're so damn cheap! I'll pay. It's only a few nights, just so I can say goodbye to Mark by visiting some of our favorite places.

ED

Yeah, see... Charlie... I really don't want to be part of "The Mark Memorial Tour."

CHARLIE

Ouch.

ED

That was harsh. I'm sorry. I would love to go to Paris with you.

CHARLIE

I wish I could believe that.

ED

No, really I would. But you need to make this trip alone.

CHARLIE

Alone. What a horrible word. I'm 53, Ed. What if I never find someone again?

Diana comes over and taps Ed on the shoulder.

DIANA

I'm so sorry for interrupting, but you're Ed McGrath, aren't you?

ED

You know who I am?

DIANA

Of course. I saw *Crazy For Abe* tonight. Eighth time.

ED

Oh. Wow. Eight times. That's... flattering?

DIANA

Nothing against you, you're wonderful of course, you totally deserved that Tony no matter what those nasty little children say on BroadwayWorld, but I wanted to see Rosie O'Donnell one more time before Roseanne Barr takes over next month.

(She chuckles and shakes her head.)

Roseanne Barr as Mary Todd Lincoln singing Stephen Sondheim. I hope she doesn't kill it.

ED

We're all hoping that. Thank you for stopping by, uhm...

DIANA

(Extending her hand.)

Diana. Diana Black-White.

Diana clearly expects some recognition. Finally:

CHARLIE

You're kidding!

DIANA

Swear to God.

CHARLIE

Have you thought of changing it to Gray?

DIANA

That would also be a great name for a designer. That's what I do: I own an interior design firm in Boston.

CHARLIE

You could have your own show on HGTV: "Diana Gray: She's Not Just Black and White." Friday nights at 9:00, right after "Billion Dollar Shit Shacks."

DIANA

I do have my own show on HGTV. "Diana Black-White: Goddess Of The Hunt." I travel around looking for stuff for my wealthiest clients. That's why I'm in New York, actually; I'm shooting intros for next season all day tomorrow.

CHARLIE

I don't really watch HGTV that much.

DIANA

(She laughs.)

No worries. They've got me in the death spot: Saturday mornings at 7:00, right after "Suzanne Somers' Perfect Abs."

CHARLIE

That sucks. Who's gonna watch HGTV at 7:00 in the morning?

ED

(To Charlie.)

That was rude.

(To Diana.)

Excuse me while I help him pull his foot out of his mouth. Again.

CHARLIE

Sorry. I just meant who's up that early on a Saturday morning? Neither one of us are.

DIANA

No worries. You two aren't a couple, are you?

CHARLIE

Who, Mr. Married-To-His-Career-Here? We've only been best friends since kindergarten.

ED

Sometimes it seems longer.

CHARLIE

I'm usually up all night, and I go to sleep around 6:00. He sleeps late every morning. He's old and needs his rest, especially during 5 show weekends.

ED

Fuck you too, Charlie.

DIANA

Oh, is that your name? Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yes. Charlie Windsor. Charles Philip Arthur George to be exact. I took George as my confirmation name at Her Majesty My Mother's request.

DIANA

Now you're kidding!

CHARLIE

Swear to God. My mother had a Queen fixation. I think she only married my father because his last name was Windsor. Her name is Elizabeth.

DIANA

Of course it is. Don't tell me: your father's name is Philip?

CHARLIE

No.

DIANA

Edward?

CHARLIE

No.

DIANA

George?

CHARLIE

No. Herman.

DIANA

Herman?

CHARLIE

Herman!

They both laugh.

DIANA

Can I buy you both a drink?

CHARLIE

Sure!

ED

One is my limit these days.

CHARLIE

Since when?

ED

Since I have two shows tomorrow and two on Sunday. I'm old, remember?

DIANA

Just one more?

(She signals the bartender.)

Jordan? Another round.

(To Charlie.)

So what do you do, Charlie?

ED

(To Diana.)

Nothing. He does nothing.

(To Charlie.)

I keep telling you: take a class. Join a gym. Volunteer!

CHARLIE

I used to work in advertising, but my 30-something supervisor had the hots for a 6-foot-4 20-something Gaysian, so... I don't really need to work now, but the job would have been someplace to go now that Mark's passed away.

DIANA

Oh, your husband died.

(Whispering.)

Cancer?

CHARLIE

Stray bullet in Bloomingdale's. The White Sale.

DIANA

Oh, my God! The Bloomingdale's Silk Sheet Shooting? I heard about that up in Boston!

CHARLIE

Mark and some bull-dyke both grabbed for the last Calvin Klein King-sized Silk Sheet Set, they got into a fight, she pushed him, there was a shot, and the dyke walked away with the sheets.

DIANA

They still don't know who did it, do they?

CHARLIE

No.

DIANA

I'm so sorry that happened. So tragique. I've lost a husband or two myself, so I understand the pain. Ed's right, you know; you really should shake up your routine a bit.

(She starts scrolling through her iPad.)

The other day I read this, hold on, let me find it, I've got it somewhere... Here it is: "If you think adventure is dangerous, try routine. It is lethal."

CHARLIE

Paulo Coelho.

DIANA

Yes! I saw it as a meme on Instagram.

ED

Paulo Coelho reduced to a social media meme? I'm going to take a whiz. Start saying your goodnights, Charlie.

CHARLIE

You're not the boss of me, Ed.

ED

(As he exits.)

Whatever. I'm leaving after I pee.

An awkward silence, while Charlie and Diana each wait for the other to say something.

CHARLIE

Don't mind him, he's always a little grumpy right before a major cast change.

DIANA

No worries, I totally get it. Changes like that are always stressful.

CHARLIE

So... Uhm... You're from Boston?

DIANA

New York originally. Well, Long Island. Huntington. But we don't talk about that.

CHARLIE

You're kidding! I'm from Deer Park!

DIANA

You're kidding!

CHARLIE

Diana. From Huntington.

DIANA

Charlie. From Deer Park.

CHARLIE

There's something almost mythic about that, like we were destined to meet.

DIANA

Serendipitous, even.

CHARLIE

But you live in Boston, now?

DIANA

For about 2 years now, yes.

CHARLIE

"Cheers."

DIANA

(Toasting Charlie.)

Cheers.

CHARLIE

I meant the show, "Cheers." I watch the reruns every morning. 4:00 – 6:00. See? Pathetic.

DIANA

You're going to Paris and staying at the Ritz. There's *nothing* pathetic about that.

Diana's phone rings. She looks at it.

CHARLIE

Do you need to take that?

DIANA

No, it's just Jeff. My husband.

CHARLIE

I'd give anything to ignore a phone call from my husband again.

Ed comes back.

ED

You coming, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I think I'll stay a bit longer, Ed. You go on.

DIANA

Good night, Ed. Perhaps we'll see each other again soon?

ED

I'm at the Shubert 8 times a week for the foreseeable future. Goodnight, Charlie. Have a good trip. See you next Friday.

Ed slaps a 20 on the bar and exits, rolling his eyes at Charlie and indicating "Call me!" Jordan enters with a new round of drinks.

JORDAN

We're closing in 20 minutes. Would you like to settle up now?

DIANA

Put it on my house account, Jordan. Their drinks, too.

CHARLIE

That's not necessary, Diana.

DIANA

But I insist.

Jordan exits. She waits until he's gone, then takes a bottle of Cassis from her bag and mixes up a Kir Royale.

CHARLIE

Thank you... What are you doing?

DIANA

I like this brand of Cassis better than the one they use, and anyway, it's cheaper to just buy a glass of Champagne and make my own.

(As she puts the bottle back in her purse.)

So, how long were you and... Mark, was it?

CHARLIE

Yes. Mark.

DIANA

How long were you and Mark together, Charlie?

CHARLIE

20 years. That's 200 in gay time. How long have you and Jeff been married?

DIANA

2 years. That's 200 in Jeff time. We don't have as much in common as I initially thought. He has his interests, I have mine, and they rarely intersect anymore. If you get my drift.

CHARLIE

Oh. OH! You mean he cheats on you?

DIANA

It's not really cheating when your husband is bisexual.

CHARLIE

How did you two meet?

DIANA

Christian Mingle.com. We both joined as a goof. That made me think "This guy is FUN!" He's not. He's rich. But he's not fun. I like having fun. I like surrounding myself with happy people. I like you!

CHARLIE

But I'm sad, Diana.

DIANA

Not deep down, you're not. Not to sound insensitive, but you'll grieve, you'll move on, and you'll be happy again, I know you will. I have a sixth sense about these things.

Charlie tears up.

CHARLIE

Oh, shit. This is so embarrassing. A middle-aged gay man sobbing in a theater bar.

DIANA

Have you ever been here on Tony night? Charlie, do you know who Adriana Ivancich* WAS? (*Pronounced Ah-DREE-ahna Ee-VON-chitch.)

CHARLIE

Who?

DIANA

Adriana Ivancich. She was one of Hemingway's muses, supposedly the model for the girl in "Across The River."

CHARLIE

I've never read that. I've been meaning to.

DIANA

No you haven't.

CHARLIE

No, I haven't.

DIANA

It's a piece of crap. But for some reason, I have never forgotten a People Magazine interview where she talked about the last time she and Hemingway saw each other. He started to cry, and said "Look – now you can tell everyone you've seen Papa cry." So you see, even Ernest Hemingway cried over a lost love.

Jordan comes with the receipt, eyeing the Kir Royale.

JORDAN

One of these days, Diana, I'm not going to be here, and you're going to get caught.

DIANA

(Laughing as she signs the bill.)

Jordan, you're adorable. Too bad you're not single.

JORDAN

Or straight.

DIANA

Or rich.

CHARLIE

You two know each other?

JORDAN

She knows everybody, Charlie.

Taking the signed receipt, Jordan exits.

DIANA

(Toasting Charlie again.)

Here's to new friends, and a new life with a new man for you, soon.

CHARLIE

I don't know about that, Diana.

DIANA

I do. And now I must go. I have to be at the studio early for my shoot. Have a wonderful time in Paris, Charlie. Go to the Hemingway bar for a drink, and tell Jean-Louis to put it on my account. And remember what I told you about Papa.

CHARLIE

I enjoyed talking with you, Diana.

DIANA

Same here. Maybe I'll send you a friend request.

CHARLIE

Maybe I'll accept it.

Kissing Charlie on both cheeks, she exits. Charlie finishes his drink, looks at Ed's glass of wine, downs it in one gulp, and exits.

The Information Bar changes to read: Saturday April 14, 11:40 PM EST. The projection of HGTV's Facebook Page. The image is of a rather masculine looking young woman holding a clipboard in front of a camera on set. The caption reads "HGTV mourns the sudden loss of one of our best and brightest Production Assistants, Tonia Lee Rathburn, in a tragic on-set accident earlier this evening. Her work for "Flipping Your AirBNB," "Goddess Of The Hunt," and "Wreck Site Flea Markets" was extraordinary, and she will be sorely missed. From all of us at HGTV, R.I.P. Tonia Lee." We hear Diana as she leaves a reply: "Thank you, Tonia Lee Rathburn for all of the work you did on my show. You will be missed. Rest in peace, darling."

The Information Bar changes to read: Sunday April 15, 10:15 AM EST. A projection of Percy Shelley Tanenbaum's Facebook page. He has checked-in to a Starbucks on Park Avenue and 29th St., New York City. The image is of the Murray Hill area of Manhattan, a red dot indicating the location the Starbucks. His comment is "Iced Hazelnut Mocha and Morning Buns before church."

In the bright morning light pouring through the huge windows, we see Percy Shelley Tanenbaum, 35, at a table, staring at a smart phone in a red leather case, and giggling. A bike helmet and backpack are on a chair next to him. Jeff White, 70, enters with drinks and pastries.

JEFF

I waited for you last night.

PERCY

Sorry, I had an emergency at work and had to stay a little later than usual.

JEFF

An emergency? At a hotel piano bar? Like what? You spilled your gin and your sheet music got sticky?

PERCY

Sheet music? Join the 21st century, Jeff. They had to refocus the lights. My spot was off.

JEFF

I was worried, the way you race around Manhattan on that bike of yours.

Jeff moves the helmet and backpack to the table and sits.

PERCY

Oh, Jeff, you do care. I'm a very good, very careful cyclist. I'm fast, but agile. I need to be, because of self-involved jaywalkers like you.

JEFF

Yeah I know, but a lot of other cyclists aren't.

PERCY

You should know. You're going to get decimated one of these days.

JEFF

So are you, Perce.

PERCY

I've told you, Jeff: don't ever call me "Perce." Percy, or Shelley, but never "Perce."

JEFF

Percy Shelley. It's like your mother was trying to make you gay from the start.

PERCY

My mother is crazy.

JEFF

Yes, I've met her once or twice.

A Scruff alert beeps. Percy looks at the phone.

PERCY

Ha! Look at this one!

JEFF

Scruff, Percy? I'm buying your breakfast and you're looking at a gay hookup app?

PERCY

(Handing the phone to Jeff.)

It's your phone. Why would I have Scruff?

(Showing him the screen.)

He's right over there. Look.

JEFF

(He looks at the screen, at the guy, and at the screen again.)

Forty-five!?! Ten years ago. Maybe.

PERCY

I'll never understand why any man thinks a profile pic of himself wearing underwear embroidered with ram horns around his crotch is even remotely attractive. It's just so desperately gay.

JEFF

Speaking of desperately gay – here's your Iced Venti Skim No Whip Fat Free Hazelnut Mocha *and* your Morning Bun. Undoubtedly one of the most embarrassing things I've ever had to order.

PERCY

Don't take this the wrong way, Jeff, but when the hell are you leaving?

JEFF

All those years at Miss Vera's Finishing School for Boys Who Want To Be Girls, and tactful charm still eludes you.

PERCY

Vexing, isn't it? You know what's also vexing: When are you leaving? Not that I don't enjoy a few hours with you every now and then, but I do have a boyfriend, you know. And you have a wife. In Boston.

JEFF

Or shopping somewhere. I'm never quite sure where she is. I should check her Facebook page. Or Instagram. Or Twitter, or...

PERCY

Does she ever know where you are?

The Scruff alert beeps again.

JEFF

Good point.

(Picking up his phone.)

It's the ram horns.

PERCY

Persistent little bugger, isn't he?

JEFF

(Shouting across the store.)

Sorry, not interested.

(To Percy.)

Happy?

PERCY

Yes, as long as my rent's paid, daddy.

JEFF

I've told you, Percy: call me Jeff, or Sir. But never "daddy." I am not your father.

PERCY

Thank God for that. Otherwise this would be really, really icky.

(Finishing his drink and taking the pastry.)

I've got to go. I'm late for church. My rent check, Sir Jeff?

Jeff takes out his checkbook and writes a check.

JEFF

“Church.” I’m surprised the whole place doesn’t spontaneously combust the minute you flounce in.

PERCY

Ha. Ha. Ha. You’re very funny. For a lawyer. I’m paid to play the organ.

JEFF

You certainly are.

PERCY

Will you be staying in New York tonight, or are you leaving on the next train?

JEFF

I think I’ll fly back tomorrow morning, if that’s alright with you?

PERCY

Suit yourself.

Jeff hands Percy the check.

JEFF

Am I ever going to see this apartment I’m paying for?

PERCY

You know Phillie is a writer and works from home. He never leaves.

(He kisses the back of Jeff’s neck and
whispers in his ear.)

Besides, hotel sex is hot.

JEFF

Don’t make any plans for this afternoon. There’s a hymn I’d like you to play on the organ. Every verse.

The Scruff alert beeps yet again.

PERCY

You’re awfully popular this morning. Must be a refreshing change, huh?

JEFF

It’s a good thing you’re such a good fuck.

PERCY

Thank you. You too.

Picking up his bicycle helmet and backpack, he leaves.

The Information Bar reads: Sunday April 15, 7:00 PM EST. We see a projection of Charlie's Facebook Page. He has checked-in to the Delta Sky Lounge, John F. Kennedy International Airport. The image is of a dotted line going from NYC to Paris, France. His comment is: "Off to Paris, for the first time without Mark. (Sad Face and Broken Heart Emojis.)" We hear a jet taking off.

The Information Bar reads: Tuesday April 17, 7:45 PM CET. Projection of Diana's Facebook Page. She has checked in to "The Hemingway Bar, Hotel Ritz, Paris France." The image is a map of Paris, the location of The Ritz Hotel indicated by a red dot. Her comment is: "At The Hemingway Bar in Paris, finding new treasures and hopefully meeting for drinks with a new friend."

Looking particularly chic in the flattering pink-white light of the Hemingway Bar, Diana is seated in a plush chair, her phone in one hand and a Kir Royale in the other.

DIANA

... Don't start, Jeff. I decided at the last minute to take the late flight from JFK Saturday night, and I was jet-lagged on Sunday. ... I was at a bunch of auctions all day yesterday and I had the phone turned off. ... Oh, for Christ's sake, so you found out I'm in Paris from a tweet! It's not the first time, and it won't be the last. ... You know our deal, and so far I'm keeping up my end...

Charlie enters. Diana waves at him.

CHARLIE

Diana?

DIANA

I've got to go. ... I'm meeting a new friend for drinks at the Ritz. ... Yes, he's gay. ... No, not that one. I met him at Joe Allen. ... No, not the London Joe Allen, the New York Joe Allen. ... Can this wait until I get back? ... I don't know when I'm coming home!... Check my Twitter, that's when! ... I'm disconnecting, Jeff!

(To Charlie.)

Surprise!

CHARLIE

When the concierge called and told me a friend was waiting at the bar, I was hoping Ed had changed his mind. What are you doing here?

DIANA

I found some auctions I should attend for one of my clients, and I thought why not spend a few days tearing up the town with my new friend Charlie?

CHARLIE

I'm flattered, Diana, but I'm flying home tomorrow night.

DIANA

Flying home to what? As your friend Ed said: Spending all your time watching old sitcoms you've seen hundreds of times, only leaving your apartment to hook up with an old flame? You know that isn't the answer, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Yesterday morning, as the plane was descending, I could see the Eiffel Tower. I've never been to the top. I'd never even been to Paris before meeting Mark, and he had vertigo, so we never went. I almost cried, but I didn't. When I checked into the hotel, and the concierge asked why I was here without Mark, I almost cried as I told her what happened, but I didn't. I went for a walk along the Seine as I waited for my room to be ready, like Mark and I always did on our first morning here, I stopped for a cafe au lait at Deux Magots – Mark's favorite café – and I didn't cry once. And this afternoon, I finally went to the top of the Eiffel Tower. It was breathtaking. And I threw a few rose petals over the railing. Most of them got caught in the suicide netting. But one or two fluttered down, slowly, gently drifting in the breeze... I said goodbye, and it wasn't healing. It was worse than I imagined. Everywhere I go I'm reminded of him. Paris was our city. We shared it, and it will never be the same for me again. Perhaps it will hurt going back to our apartment, alone, but it hurts so much more being here without Mark that I can't even let myself cry. I want to go home. And cry.

DIANA

Charlie? I'm so sorry. I want to make it up to you.

CHARLIE

Why? You hardly know me.

DIANA

You've touched me. I want you to have a little fun. I think you need it.

CHARLIE

That's so... unexpectedly kind.

Jean-Louis enters with two cocktails on a tray.

JEAN-LOUIS

We would like to celebrate the return of Madame Noir-Blanc to the Hemingway bar with two of our signature cocktails, le Serendipity.

DIANA

Oh, how sweet. Merci, Jean-Louis.

JEAN-LOUIS

De rien. No film crew?

DIANA

Not this time.

(Looking at Charlie, thoughtfully.)

I wish I'd thought this through! This would have been a marvelous episode for the show!

JEAN-LOUIS

A votre santé, Madame Noir-Blanc.

Jean-Louis exits.

DIANA

A votre santé, Jean-Louis. See, Charlie. Like we said at Joe Allen the other night: Serendipity.

She raises her glass, and they toast.

CHARLIE

Serendipity.

DIANA

Charlie? What would you think about me working with you to fix up that wreck of an apartment? We could film it for my show!

CHARLIE

I don't know, Diana. Let me think about it?