

Faye Drummond

a comic tragedy
by Tom Rowan

with apologies to Euripides and Racine

[OPENING SCENE ONLY]

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FAYE DRUMMOND was presented as part of the UnFringed Festival at The Secret Theatre in Long Island City, New York, August 17-21, 2016. It was produced by Stefano Fuchs Productions and directed by Tom Rowan, with costume design by Heather Carey and stage management and lighting design by Ryan Keller. The cast was as follows:

THEODORE LETOS	Peter Reznikoff
FAYE DRUMMOND	Renée Bang Allen
PAUL LETOS	Andrew Gelles
OLGA	Geena Quintos
VENUS	JeVon Blackwell
ARTHUR	Caleb Schaaf
FRANK PESCIPELLI	Bob Angelini

The play was previously presented in a workshop production by the Overtime Theater in San Antonio, Texas, in 2013.

Characters:

THEODORE LETOS, a real estate tycoon, fifties

FAYE DRUMMOND, his third wife, thirties

PAUL LETOS, Theodore's son, early twenties

OLGA, Faye's maid, Latina, thirties

THE VENUS DE SOHO, a drag queen/performance artist, African-American, thirties

ARTHUR, Faye's stylist, twenties

FRANK PESCIPELLI, Theodore's flunky, forties

SETTING: The penthouse of Theodore Letos Tower, an exclusive high rise on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, overlooking Central Park

TIME: Summer

(An opulent penthouse. The upstage wall is mostly glass, with sliding doors opening to a swimming pool and a view of Central Park beyond. The furniture is sleek and expensive; a large sectional couch is centrally placed.)

Late morning sunlight streams in through the windows. A doorbell chimes and OLGA enters from the bedroom; she opens the front door, revealing the trendily dressed, bespectacled ARTHUR.)

OLGA
You're ten minutes late.

ARTHUR
Please; is she even up?

OLGA
Nah; it'll probably be noon.

ARTHUR
Help me with this?

(They wheel a brass clothes rack, laden with garments, into the room from the hall.)

OLGA
What now?

ARTHUR
Outfits for all the luncheons and benefits on her calendar this week--provided she deigns to attend any of them. With multiple options; I'm taking no chances after the Philharmonic fiasco.

OLGA
Remind me?

ARTHUR
"I just don't know, Arthur, none of these is really me. Come back tomorrow with something *tasteful*."

OLGA
You got the easy job, *amigo*. Try finding something she's willing to *eat*.

ARTHUR
Not the anorexia bit again. She's thirty-eight years old!

OLGA
She's thirty-*five*.

ARTHUR

Not according to *Vanity Fair*.

OLGA

And it's not anorexia. I think she really is trying to starve herself dead.

ARTHUR

Ooh, drama.

OLGA

No, this time she means it.

ARTHUR

Like she meant she was going to become a singer?

OLGA

Her CD is coming out Tuesday, yo. You want some lox or some Eggs Benedict?

ARTHUR

I got Starbucks on the way. (*Looks over his shoulder, out the window*) Who's in the pool at this hour?

OLGA

Mister Paul. The scion.

ARTHUR

"Scion." I love that word! The way it sounds. The way it feels in my mouth. (*He mouths the word "scion" again.*)

OLGA

He's been in there for an hour.

ARTHUR

Skinny-dipping again?

OLGA

Wouldn't you like to know? I don't pay attention. Some of us work for a living.

ARTHUR

I work my ass off! Just the research to try and stay on top of who's wearing what to which events...

OLGA

You can borrow my *People* when I'm done. (*She sits down to read the magazine.*)

ARTHUR

By then it's too late, *amiga*. Faye Drummond needs to know what the other society bitches are gonna be wearing before *they* even know.

OLGA

It must be nice to have a job where you're really making a difference.

ARTHUR

Wouldn't it have to be? So who's Theodore boffing *this* month?

OLGA

According to this? (*Referring to the magazine*) Some supermodel from Malta. Remind me to shred this before she sees it.

ARTHUR

'Cause that's what it's about, right? Faye's tantrums and hunger strikes?

OLGA

I wish. I'm afraid it's something worse this time.

ARTHUR

Don't worry; I'll pry it out of her. With clippers. She can never resist opening up to me when I'm doing her nails.

(FAYE DRUMMOND hobbles in from the bedroom, a cast on her right foot. She wears a flowing silk dressing gown over a clingy negligee.)

FAYE

(Squinting painfully) Who turned the sun up so high? Somebody get me an aspirin.

ARTHUR

Good morning, Faye.

FAYE

What time is it?

OLGA

Eleven-thirty.

FAYE

Is that all?! I was counting on those new pills keeping me comatose till at least the cocktail hour.

OLGA

There's Eggs Benedict or bagels with cream cheese and Nova.

FAYE

I'm not eating this week; I ate last week.

OLGA

At least try a piece of fresh fruit?

FAYE

Please, just take it away! Even the smell unsettles my stomach.

ARTHUR

We can't have you losing any more weight, darling. Mitsuko just finished the alterations on your dress for the MTV Music Awards. The fabric's too sheer to handle any more adjustments.

FAYE

Didn't I tell you I'm not going to that? We're sending regrets.

ARTHUR

I thought you were presenting!

FAYE

Which is always my absolute least favorite thing to do. Everybody's all: "Why is she even famous? Oh, right, she's that home wrecker who broke up Ted Letos's marriage. Serves her right that he's screwing around behind *her* back now."

ARTHUR

I think the point is that you gotta be *seen* there. Everybody who's anybody goes.

FAYE

Which category does not include *me*. Faye Drummond is not Anyone. Faye Drummond is Nobody.

ARTHUR

A former Miss Kentucky!

FAYE

Runner-up. *Miss Congeniality*.

ARTHUR

And recording artist! With a CD coming out Tuesday, for which I cannot wait.

FAYE

Theodore paid for the whole dubious enterprise. Don't tell Cindy Adams. He paid the recording studio to distract me for several weeks while he was in the Alps skiing with that Norwegian so-called actress. He thought if I was working every day I wouldn't see Page Six! Can you imagine?

ARTHUR

Well we'll show him, then, right? When people find out you can really sing. *And.* You are going to look simply luscious at the release party. *(He grandly removes a dress from the rack.)* A Mirabeau original! There are fresh flower petals woven directly into the fibers; it had to be specially packed in ice for the flight from Paris. The ultimate "You Can Only Wear it Once" dress: it'll be all brown and wilted by the end of the week.

FAYE

But how is something that flimsy supposed to conceal my *injury*?? *(She shows him the cast on her foot.)* It'd take a hoopskirt to cover this up.

ARTHUR

I don't know; hoopskirts are so... two centuries ago. *(He grabs another dress from the rack.)* Which leads us to Choice B. From Vera's fall collection; nobody's even seen the drawings yet! *(Displaying the dress)* Slit up the left side to display your good leg, long and drapey on the right to disguise what we *don't* want them to see. Brilliant, *n'est-ce pas*?

FAYE

Oh, it's genius. Now tell me how I'm supposed to *walk*. Do they make designer crutches too?

ARTHUR

You know, that's an amazing idea! I could talk to--

FAYE

Honey, stop trying so hard; I'm exhausted already. Just wheel away your little toys and leave me alone to mope and whine in peace.

ARTHUR

As the lady wishes. *(As he starts to re-hang the dresses)* Can I do your hair or your nails or anything before I go?

FAYE

Are you implying they look like they need it?

ARTHUR

Never! You roll out of bed every morning looking like a goddess. Which I adore; it makes me feel like we're in a Jean Harlow movie.

FAYE

Who pays you to talk like that?

ARTHUR

Your husband. *(Smiles)* Which doesn't mean it's not all true.

FAYE

There is something you could do for me. Find me the perfect funeral dress. Something gauzy and

Gothic.

(PAUL LETOS, gleaming wet in a skimpy bathing suit, with a towel over his shoulder, has come in through the sliding doors.)

PAUL

Who died? Or are you plotting to do away with someone?

FAYE

It's for me. I am not long for this world.

OLGA

Oh, stop talking that way. You gotta eat something. Empty stomach'll make you *loca*.

FAYE

Are you deaf? I told you I'm not hungry! I'll never be hungry again. *(She flops down on the couch and buries her head in a pillow.)*

PAUL

She pulling the Scarlett O'Hara bit again?

ARTHUR

(Nods) I only just talked her out of wearing a hoopskirt to her CD release party.

FAYE

Just because I have a pillow over my head does not mean I can't hear you! Go ahead; talk about me as if I wasn't even in the room. I'm merely a stick of bric-a-brac! A conversation piece, for the amusement of the guests!

PAUL

I hate to remind you, but I live here.

FAYE

And I suppose that gives you the right to stand there dripping chlorinated water all over the rug, not to mention the furniture? *(PAUL sits on an armchair.)* Are you aware that that chair is silk?!

PAUL

Well the whole room's gotta be redone anyway, right? This look is so last year.

OLGA

There's breakfast if you're hungry, Mister Paul. The eggs are cold by now, but there's Nova Lox with cream cheese and capers.

PAUL

(Towelng himself dry slowly like a Greek statue.) I don't eat junk like that. I've got a granola bar and some supplements in my gym bag.

ARTHUR

His body is a temple.

FAYE

Well forgive us for not falling down and worshipping at the Altar of your Abs. Would it kill you to put on some clothes while we have company?

ARTHUR

Oh, don't bother on my account. *(Beat)* I'm just the help.

OLGA

I'm the help. You're the Stylist to the Stars. *(To PAUL)* What time did you get home? I didn't hear you come in.

PAUL

I think it was after three. *(Suddenly worried)* Which reminds me... You guys haven't seen...?

FAYE

What?

PAUL

(A bit sheepishly) The goddess of love? *(Beat)* I was out dancing last night and ran into a... an acquaintance. She got so wasted I was afraid to let her go home alone, so I let her crash here.

FAYE

Are you telling me there's some drunken floozy in my guest room?

PAUL

I don't think she made it that far.

(A long-nailed hand appears over the back of the couch, and THE VENUS DE SOHO, a somewhat disheveled drag queen, slowly and unsteadily pulls herself up into a standing position behind it, then looks around while cautiously adjusting her long blonde wig.)

VENUS

Are we there yet?

PAUL

We are there. You sleep well?

VENUS

I do not think "sleep" would be precisely the word. But I had dreams; I had such dreams.

FAYE

Paul? Are you going to introduce us?

PAUL

Where are my manners? Faye, this is Venus. A respected hostess and performance artist in the downtown community--

ARTHUR

The Venus de Soho! I loved your piece at Dixon Place!

VENUS

Please, my friends call me Aphrodite. With the accent on the "Afro."

PAUL

(A bit apologetically) And this is, well, Faye Drummond.

VENUS

How do you do?

FAYE

Charmed, I'm sure.

VENUS

(Shaking FAYE's hand) It's all coming back to me! The Halloween Dance last year at the Hammerstein Ballroom...!

FAYE

(Shakes her head) I wasn't there.

VENUS

No; you misunderstand. I *went* as you. And honey, you looked good.

FAYE

Oh good gracious. *(Mostly to OLGA and ARTHUR)* What do you think that says?

VENUS

It means you've become a legend much. You've attained the status of a myth, and the rest of us can but flatter with imitation. *(She is staring a bit too hard at FAYE.)*

FAYE

What're you looking at? Am I losing an eyelash?

VENUS

Honey, no; it's all too perfect. I've just never seen you before when you weren't Photoshopped.

ARTHUR

Venus, I'm liking that skirt. Is that a Susan LaBreque?

VENUS

If somebody dropped one off at the thrift shop on Eighth and MacDougal it sure could be. Forgive me, I should get out of y'all's hair. The Venus isn't usually seen before sunset.

PAUL

Use the shower if you want to.

VENUS

I'd take you up on that invitation, but it looks like you already had yours.

PAUL

(Shakes his head) I took a swim.

VENUS

(Intimately to PAUL) I'm afraid my substances have conspired to block my recollection of last evening. They heighten the experience but blur the memories. May I call on your services to help fill in the gaps?

PAUL

Um, I don't think you want to do that.

VENUS

Au contraire. The night the Venus finally succeeds in getting this exquisite specimen to bring her home is a milestone to be cherished. And of course, to blog about to excess! As soon as I can remember what actually happened... *(Touches PAUL's chest)*

PAUL

(He flinches and tries to move away) Nothing happened! What do you think you're talking about? You were throwing up and falling off your spike heels and it didn't look like there was any way you were going to make it all the way out to Williamsburg or wherever the hell your lair is. So I brought you here to sleep it off, end of story. You're welcome, by the way.

VENUS

Always the gentleman. *(Winks)* We'll discuss this privately.

PAUL

(Embarrassed that the others are hearing this) There's nothing to discuss!

VENUS

Am I supposed to believe you had me vulnerable and naked and at your mercy and weren't even tempted--

PAUL

Did you wake up naked? Did you wake up in my bed? Do you really think I'd screw you and then dump you on the floor behind the couch?

VENUS

Honey, it's the story of my life. (*Beat*) My memories of the early evening are relatively intact. We talked, we laughed, we danced...

PAUL

...you barfed, I held your head, I called the limo. End of story!

VENUS

Perhaps *you're* the one with the faulty memory.

PAUL

Except I wasn't drinking. Or snorting. Or popping.

ARTHUR

He never does.

FAYE

His body is a temple.

VENUS

So true. The Taj Mahal of bodies.

PAUL

Yeah, well, look but don't touch.

VENUS

You can't avoid Love forever.

PAUL

You mean cheap drunken sex?

VENUS

You disrespectin' me? Dis not the charms of Aphrodite till of them thou hast tasted!

PAUL

Tasted you? (*Lightly*) If I was looking for a woman I'd pick one with the real--

VENUS

Just want *somebody*. Okay?

PAUL

Don't you have to be someplace?

VENUS

Well. Forget what I said about your being a gentleman.

PAUL

Okay; next time I'll leave you passed out in the parking lot.

VENUS

You know what I don't get? Why do you even go to bars if you won't partake? Why go out dancing if you're going to deny yourself, and the rest of us, the pleasures of the flesh?

PAUL

I'm saving my body for art.

VENUS

Which means what, exactly?

FAYE

He's a dancer. He's part of a Dance Collection down in Chelsea.

PAUL

(*Correcting her*) A Dance "Collective."

VENUS

There can be no Art without Love.

PAUL

Didn't you say you were leaving?

ARTHUR

I can drop you, Aphrodite. I'm headed downtown.

VENUS

Honey, I been dropped one too many times already today.

ARTHUR

Well I'll *escort* you then. That is if Miss Drummond does not require my services...

FAYE

I'm never going out again, so why would I need a stylist?

ARTHUR

(*To VENUS*) Shall we?

VENUS

Glad someone around here is a gentleman.

PAUL

Feel free to use the service entrance.

(VENUS gives him a look.)

FAYE

It might be simpler. Mr. Letos is due home this morning.

VENUS

(To PAUL) So is *that* what we're dealing with here? You don't want your famous daddy to see the kind of goddess you hang with?

PAUL

I didn't say that.

VENUS

Well honey, that's the thing. You never *say* nothin'. I can't even tell for sure which team you play for, because the only person you appear to love is yourself and *you're* not even a man. Because a *man* knows who he is and tells it like it is and isn't afraid of *passion*, and you're just biding your time and hiding out and saving yourself for who the fuck knows *what* the fuck.

PAUL

I don't have to listen to this.

VENUS

So *don't*. See what the fuck I care. I'm over you. I don't *need* you gettin' all up in my face and being all Miss Priss on me because you think you're so high and mighty. Because you are not high and mighty; *I* am high and mighty, because I am Aphrodite, Venus, the Goddess Cyprus, and *all* you got is looks and a trust fund and that don't add up to being a person. I hope you die. I hope the next person you bring home and don't fuck like they deserve to be fucked gets up in your face and gives you what for. I hope you get trampled by one of those old-fangled horse and buggies down there on Central Park! I hope they drag you for blocks and your six-pack rips open and your entrails smear a path half way to the Sheep Meadow! Because you ain't nothin' but some empty-head prettyboy white-bread party-ass teetotalling self-satisfied celibate little daddy's boy wimp who don't know who the fuck he wants to be when he grows up or what the fuck he is now.

FAYE

Are you through?

VENUS

Oh, I'm through with him. As for you, Miss Photoshop, you can rot too. With women like you around, women like me'll be all out of a job. I say who needs any of y'all. (Over her shoulder to ARTHUR as she exits:) Call me.

(And she's gone. Pause.)

FAYE

She seems fun.

PAUL

I'm sorry you guys had to hear that. *(To ARTHUR)* Weren't you giving him a ride?

ARTHUR

Oh, I get the feeling she's already climbed into a chariot drawn by gargoyles.

OLGA

Mister Paul, you shouldn't bring people like that around. It's too hilarious.

PAUL

She's harmless. All bark and no bite.

ARTHUR

You hope.

FAYE

Olga, come help me with my nails. I need to look presentable when Theodore gets home.

ARTHUR

Can't I be of service?

FAYE

Don't you have one of your little rehearsals to go to or something?

ARTHUR

In fact, yes. *(Looks at his watch)* I'll leave the dresses for now; we'll try again tomorrow.

FAYE

There's no harm in trying. Bring tissues, Olga. I feel a cry coming on.

(FAYE exits into the bedroom, followed by OLGA. Pause. ARTHUR looks at PAUL.)

PAUL

I should get dressed too.

ARTHUR

No rush. *(Beat)* So. Did you mean what you said to Venus? About saving your body for Art?

PAUL

(Playfully) You know I did, Artie. *(Holds him around the waist. Affectionately)* Hiya, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Hi, Paul Letos. Nobody's called me Artie since junior high.

PAUL

I wish I'd known you then!

ARTHUR

No you don't. I was fat and geeky.

PAUL

You weren't really worried, were you? I mean, Aphrodite's totally full of it. I hope you don't think I'd actually...

ARTHUR

(Laughs and shakes his head) Oh, please. She wishes!

PAUL

So you trust me?

ARTHUR

Well I guess! It took me two weeks to get you to even kiss me! I can't exactly picture you and some random drag queen--

PAUL

Yeah yeah yeah. *(He kisses ARTHUR)* So how's that?

ARTHUR

You're definitely learning. *(Beat)* Your dad will so fire me if he finds out.

PAUL

He'll fire *me* if he finds out.

ARTHUR

You can't fire someone from being your son.

PAUL

Theodore Letos has his own set of rules.

ARTHUR

(Putting on his jacket) Do you think Faye's gonna be okay?

PAUL

Was she ever?

ARTHUR

(Smiles) She is a train wreck, isn't she?

PAUL

If I don't move out of here soon, it's gonna be me who goes "loco."

ARTHUR

Oh, I can sympathize. A sixtieth floor penthouse with its own swimming pool and *helipad*, and a

view half way to Pennsylvania! You couldn't *pay* me to live in such conditions.

PAUL

I don't know. I think it might be time for me to look for my own place.

ARTHUR

(Hopeful) You mean "our" own place??

PAUL

(Frustrated sigh) Artie, we've talked about this. Haven't we?

ARTHUR

Let's talk about it again.

PAUL

Why mess up a good thing by...

ARTHUR

By what?

PAUL

I don't know. Going all domestic. I'm just afraid we'd--

ARTHUR

(Smiling ruefully) Yeah, you're afraid of a lot of things. Doesn't take a goddess to point that one out.

PAUL

Can you be patient with me?

ARTHUR

(Smiles sweetly) Aren't I always? *(Making sure he has his things)* Okay, I'm headed for the Lower East Side.

PAUL

What are you rehearsing now?

ARTHUR

It's a *Trojan Women* set in Kosovo. We're staging it in the empty shell of a building that used to be a record store. Back when there were record stores.

PAUL

Sounds bold.

ARTHUR

My costume budget is three hundred dollars, for a cast of twenty.

PAUL

Ouch. I thought you'd be getting better gigs, now that you're Faye Drummond's personal stylist.

ARTHUR

Yeah; she's such an icon in the theatre community, I've learned not to put that on my résumé. Call me on my cell later.

(ARTHUR leaves via the front door. PAUL checks himself out briefly in the mirror, then exits down the hall to the bathroom. After a moment, FAYE comes hobbling in from her bedroom, as fast as she can go on her bad foot, followed by OLGA.)

FAYE

Will you please stop interrogating me?! I said I do not wish to talk about it.

OLGA

Please, cielita. Refusing to eat is a what-you-call-it? A "cry for attention." I read the articles, yo!

FAYE

Spare me the Doctor Laura. I'm beyond helping. *(She flings herself down petulantly on the couch.)*

OLGA

Missus, who can you trust if you can't trust Olga?

FAYE

I can't trust anyone! Anyone at all! *(She turns and glances at the rack of dresses.)* Do you think there's anything here I could wear to church Sunday?

OLGA

You haven't gone to church all year.

FAYE

Because of the paparazzi! But why should I let them come between me and my Lord Jesus Christ? *(Beat, as she looks through the clothes.)* He'll forgive me, won't He? Since I haven't done anything? I've sinned in my heart, which is nearly as bad. But I have exercised self-control from day one.

OLGA

Day one of what?

FAYE

Stop asking me questions!! I told you I do not wish to discuss it!

OLGA

Everything looks better when you get it out in the open. I won't repeat anything; I swear on my life.

FAYE

Olga, do you know why I married Theodore?

OLGA

(*Cautiously*) I can think of some possible reasons...

FAYE

Everybody thinks I married him for his money! Even that lady who wrote the paperback about me.

OLGA

Stranger things have occurred.

FAYE

Or for my career. People said I was using him because I wanted him to help me become an actress. Or a singer or a model.

OLGA

And he did, yo!

FAYE

But that wasn't why!

OLGA

I know, Miss Faye. You love him, you "really really do."

FAYE

I believed I did. But do you know what, Olga?

OLGA

Please tell me.

FAYE

I really only married him for one reason. And that reason was: (*She takes a deep breath.*) because I had intercourse with him. On our second date, when he flew me to Aspen? That was the first time we had relations. (*OLGA nods.*) It was the first time I had ever had relations! With anybody. And Mama and Grandma and Aunt Hazel and Reverend Buddy always told me you're supposed to *abstain*. "No matter what happens, you don't have intercourse except with the man you marry." So if I didn't marry him after that--I mean, I should have married him *before* that of course, but "Better Late than Never" and so on, right?--If I hadn't married him that would have made me a bad person forever and always in the eyes of Reverend Buddy and Jesus. So I had to get good with the Lord. Least that's what they told me back in Kentucky.

OLGA

I know, mami.

FAYE

But up here in New York it seems like nobody cares about any of that foolishness! But I'm old fashioned, Olga, and my family's old fashioned, and we have old-fashioned morals and ways of thinking about things, and that's why I married the fifth richest man in America.

OLGA

Miss Faye.

FAYE

And now he doesn't even love me anymore! And why should he? I've made such a mess of everything! I'm a bad person! I want to die right now.

OLGA

You're not making sense, Miss. You're still young. You're beautiful. Your hair is so big. It's not too late to have everything you want.

FAYE

Yes it is! It is, it is, it is!

(FAYE weeps and buries her head in OLGA's lap, like a little girl. PAUL, freshly showered, with blow-dried hair, enters quietly from the bathroom. He is still shirtless, but is wearing sandals and designer jeans. OLGA sees him and holds up a warning hand.)

PAUL

Sorry...

(FAYE hears him and jumps up in a rage.)

FAYE

Didn't your mother teach you any manners?! Like how to knock when you come into a room where two people are having a private conversation and someone is *weeping*??

PAUL

I said I was sorry--

FAYE

You *are* sorry. You are one sorry excuse for a stepson, Paul Letos! Because, do you know what? This is *not* your home. This is *my* home. The home I share with your father. Because your mother did not *get* the penthouse, did you not know that? Were you unaware? Brigitta got the estate in Connecticut and the yacht and one of the helicopters and the boutique in the atrium downstairs, but *she did not get this penthouse*, which belongs to *me*. I have tried to make this a *home*, for decent Christian people. For my *daughter*, who is only five and a half years old, and I do not *appreciate* you walking around naked and getting everything wet and bringing home your inebriated female friends who yell and scream and insult everyone! You think you're so holier-than-thou with your "I don't drink or smoke" and your "I don't have sex" and your "I only eat granola" or whatever, and I am tired of it! Do you hear me? I'm exhausted by you!! You are a

disruptive influence. And when your father gets back I'm going to talk to him about taking away your keys to *our home*, until which time you learn how to behave like an adult and conduct yourself with some basic, human... *etiquette!*

(Pause)

PAUL

People are giving me a hard time today. *(Beat)* I said I was sorry about the Venus thing. I'll just... I have a dance class anyway. I'll get out of your hair.

(PAUL exits quickly via the front door. FAYE turns to OLGA.)

OLGA

Jeez. Can't you cut the kid some slack?

FAYE

I love him.

OLGA

You *wha--???* *(She has a coughing spasm.)* I'm sorry: what? I must've heard you wrong.

FAYE

I love Paul Letos. I'm in love with him, hopelessly. My own husband's son. *(Beat)* There!! I told you! Are you satisfied now??

END OF EXCERPT