

ACT TWO

Scene Seven

(Muriel's balcony. The romantic strings of 'Love Sneaks In' continue over, as bright sunlight fills the stage. The balcony doors open, and MURIEL and ANDRE enter. They react to the sunlight with a harmonized 'Arrggh' of pain, shield their eyes and immediately exit back into the room. A moment, and they re-emerge now both in oversized sunglasses. ANDRE'S dress shirt is completely misbuttoned. MURIEL perhaps wears an oversized t-shirt that reads 'Property of BsMPD.' Bathrobes are also fine.)

MURIEL

You know, I'm starting to think someone put alcohol in that champagne.

ANDRE

I fear you may be right.

MURIEL

I'm sorry, I don't speak French.

(They remove their sunglasses, shyly look at each other.)

ANDRE

...Well, I should...

MURIEL

Me too.

(stands and formally offers her hand)

I'd like to thank you for a lovely time. I'll never forget the generous hospitality of you showing me the sights of your little town or the heat of you riding me cross-eyed like some glorious, bucking French stallion.

ANDRE

Excuse me?

MURIEL

It really is a charming place.

ANDRE

Yes, well, perhaps next time you pass this way I can show you the countryside. There is the most delightful little vineyard where you can once again wrap your legs around my head and squeeze it like a grape until the wine of your lust flows from my eyes.

MURIEL

What?

ANDRE

They make cheese too.

MURIEL

Ah. Well. I doubt I'll be back this way again.

ANDRE

You are quite the woman of the world.

MURIEL

Not really, I've just seen so much of it. You know how it is. You open a map and close your eyes and point and think maybe there. So you pack your bags full of dreams and go, only... Those bags can get awfully heavy after awhile.

ANDRE

Perhaps it's time to leave them behind.

MURIEL

My bags?

ANDRE

Yes.

MURIEL

They're Louis Vuitton.

ANDRE

Oh.

(beat)

Someone to help carry them then.

MURIEL

That might be nice.

ANDRE

Perhaps I could...

MURIEL

Yes?

ANDRE

That is we might always...

MURIEL

Yes...?

ANDRE

I'll call the porter.