

MIMI. Wait!

*(She gazes romantically into the distance.)*

You know this does have something timeless about it. Two young lovers, defiant in the face of the old generation that would stand in the way of their innocent desires. It reminds me of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* without the fairies. Embrace me.

*(They embrace.)*

My God, I love you.

YOUNG MAN. I love you too, but I'll love you more if we get the hell out of here.

MIMI. Right! Let's move!

YOUNG MAN. Wait! Don't you have a big audition or something?

MIMI. That's not till five. It's three o'clock.

YOUNG MAN. It's four-thirty.

MIMI. *(scornfully)* It is not.

*(He shows her his watch.)*

*Oh my God! Did we fall asleep?*

YOUNG MAN. I think so.

MIMI. *Oh my God!* This is your fault.

YOUNG MAN. My fault?

MIMI. Yes! You're just like a man –

YOUNG MAN. I'm *like* a man –?

MIMI. You act all lovey-dovey till the chips are down, then you fall asleep, *now where's my dress?!*

YOUNG MAN. *Well I can look for it if I get my pants on first!*

*(He's hopping around on one leg, struggling to get his trousers up – at which moment, MARIA re-enters.)*

MARIA. *(calling back to TITO and closing the door behind her)*  
I think I left my purse in the –



*(back in the living room:)*

MIMI. This comes perilously close to French farce.

YOUNG MAN. I think we should get out of here as quickly as possible.

MIMI. I think that's a very good idea.

*(They spring into action. MIMI grabs a second afghan off the chair and pulls it around her, then they desperately look for their clothes.)*

YOUNG MAN. Where are my pants? They were right here!

MIMI. Shh!

YOUNG MAN. Where are my pants?!

MIMI. I'll tell you after I find my dress!

*(At which moment, the door to the bedroom flies open and we see MARIA calling back into the room, holding the knob, but facing into the bedroom, calling to TITO. MIMI and the YOUNG MAN plaster themselves against the wall and freeze.)*

MARIA. I get a-you pills!

TITO. *(offstage)* I don't want a-pills! And where's a-the luggage?

MARIA. I'll call downstairs.

TITO. *(offstage)* So do it already!

MARIA. Fine!

TITO. *(offstage)* FINE!

*(Bang! MARIA goes back into the bedroom and slams the door, never having seen the two kids.)*

YOUNG MAN. Did I just have a heart attack?

MIMI. Are you still breathing?

YOUNG MAN. Yes.

MIMI. Then no.

YOUNG MAN. Ha! There's my pants! Oh, thank God. Oh they're so beautiful!

*(He starts pulling them on.)*