

ANDRE

ANDRE

Well... Have a safe journey home.

MURIEL

I'll probably just take a Benadryl over Lisbon and sleep straight through.

ANDRE

I too have often been grateful for the power of the mild antihistamine.

MURIEL

Well, Goodbye.

ANDRE

Goodbye... Maybe some chewing gum for the flight. The pressure on the ears can be quite distressing.

MURIEL

I think I have some in my bag.

ANDRE

Magazine, peanuts, Toblerone?

MURIEL

I'll be fine, thank you.

ANDRE

I could blow up your little neck pillow.

MURIEL

Goodbye.

ANDRE

Goodbye... I'll miss you.

MURIEL

Will you?

ANDRE

Only if you leave.

< OVER >

MURIEL

Ask me. (as he starts to open his mouth:) Yes.

ANDRE

Yes?

MURIEL

I like it here.

ANDRE

But there's no prance.

MURIEL

I know.

ANDRE

No kingdom.

MURIEL

I know.

ANDRE

No fantasy. ...Although there was that one last night –

MURIEL

The Prussian butler?

ANDRE

And the French maid.

MURIEL

And the eskimo pie. (They look at each other and smile.)

ANDRE

Are you certain?

MURIEL

No. Are you?

ANDRE

Not at all.