

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT.

Frank enters. The chair in front of the mirror is empty. A cigarette burns in the ashtray. Frank glances at a standing screen in the corner. April's costume is draped over the top. He goes towards it, deciding what to say.

FRANK

(heartfelt)

April, sweetheart. You were great.

I mean it.

The door to the bathroom opens. April enters in street clothes. Frank's been talking to an empty room.

APRIL

Hi. You about ready to leave?

I've just got to get this makeup off, then we can go.

She sits in front of the mirror, too embarrassed to look at him. FRANK can see that her face is blotchy from crying. He puts his hand on her shoulder.

FRANK

Well... I guess it wasn't a triumph or anything, was it?

APRIL looks at him in the mirror. She holds his look just a second. And from her expression, he knows he said exactly the wrong thing.

APRIL

I guess not. I'll be ready in a minute.

FRANK

Take your time.

He removes his hands and lights a cigarette. APRIL begins to take off her makeup.

APRIL

Will you do me a favor? Milly and

Shep wanted us to go out with them afterwards. Will you say we can't? Say it's because of the baby sitter or something?

FRANK

Well, the thing is, I already said that we could. I mean, I just saw them out there and I said we would.

APRIL

(tense)

Oh. Then would you mind going out again and saying you were mistaken? That should be simple enough.

FRANK

Don't you think that's a little bit rude, April?

APRIL

Well I'll tell them myself.

FRANK

Okay. Okay. Take it easy. I'll tell them.