

HANNAH
Lunch time! Anyone hungry?

All glare at HANNAH.

HANNAH
Something wrong?

ADLEY
Did you reach a decision? I need to get the hell out of here.

HANNAH
Holds up manilla envelope.
I have it right here!

JOY
Really?

ADLEY
Go ahead, tell us. I can take it. I'm used to rejection.

JOY
(Excited)
Oh my god! I'm freaking out.

HANNAH
Pulls back envelope.
I'm sorry, but I promised I would not divulge. Not quite yet.

ADLEY
Why?

HANNAH
Not till after lunch.

JOY
Come on! We won't tell...

HANNAH
They'll kill me.

JOY
Give us a hint.

HANNAH
I can't. But here are your meal vouchers for downstairs.

Pulls vouchers from stacks of
papers in her arms.

The dining hall is on the main floor concourse, however, part of it's closed off for...renovations.

ADLEY, JOY and Z-JONES take their vouchers and stare at them uncomfortably.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Sorry I can't say anything now. How's Ms. Jones doing?

Z-JONES

Fine.

HANNAH stares longingly at Z-JONES, then turns her attention to ADLEY.

HANNAH

But...I can tell you about an exciting decision we just made, since you were asking earlier...it's Bob Ross.

ADLEY

What?

HANNAH

We decided on an exhibit of his work. Think of the crowds, all the merchandizing opps for the gift shop, like bobbleheads, t-shirts. We may even have the staff wear perm wigs. How fun!

ADLEY

This is the death of art.

ADLEY exits. Z-JONES soon follows, then JOY. HANNAH exits and we soon hear the copier being battered again.

Lights fade.

BOB ROSS enters on one end of the stage, DALI on the other. BOB ROSS crosses his arms and gives DALI a told-you-so up-nod.

LIGHTS FADE.