

FAIR WARNING
A play by Terry Kroenung
(C) 2003

SCENE: *An exclusive auction house.*

Reverso

So you think this one is worth having?

Ropera *(stroking her neck)*

I would never waste my time with something not worth...having.

Reverso

You recommend I spend my money on it then?

Ropera

I do.

Reverso

Those are two words I never hoped to hear from your lips.

Ropera

You and a few dozen other beautiful women, cara mia.

Reverso

Oh, now I'm beautiful? Last night I was merely "an exotic jungle cat".

Ropera *(kissing her hand)*

You could never be "merely" anything, my tigress. I still ache from your caresses.

Reverso

I think I will purchase the bastard sword. And tonight, I may also purchase a sore bastard.

Ropera *(kissing her neck)*

Does the velvet scabbard come with that?

Reverso *(giggling)*

You're horrible.

Ropera

So it has been said.

Tang *(standing; Asian, 40's; elegant)*

I hope they speed things up. I have reservations at Capo Ferro's.

Foible

I have reservations *about* Capo Ferro's.

Tang

You do not respect their cuisine?

Foible

Do not misunderstand me. I find their sushi shish kebob fricassee flambe to be both picturesque and piquant. I also enjoy their signature dessert of pan-blackened earthworms smothered in a succulent caraway caramel sauce and topped with a circumcised radish. But they dress their staff like Ethiopian farmhands.

Tang

You are a slave to your unfailing fashion sense, Madame.

Foible

All too true. I make a tremendous effort to be forgiving to my benighted inferiors, but it is—how do you say?—a curse, and I must speak out.

Ropera

I believe this is the weapon you lust after, my lady.

Reverso (*eyeing him*)

And will you give it to me?

Ropera (*standing*)

I shall do my best to give satisfaction. (*crosses to cabinet, selects a sword*) \$150,000 maximum, you said?

Reverso

That is my limit today.

Ropera

You may have to raise it later.

Reverso

I was hoping you'd say that.

Ropera (*for her ears only*)

The night is still young. Perhaps you will prevail later.

Fleche

You have a mighty thrust, sir.

Ropera

You have no idea.

Ropera (*standing*)

Well, then...

Reverso (*pushing him back down and standing*)

I think not. No more sending a boy to do a woman's job. (*takes his rapier*) May I borrow your weapon?

Ropera

That would depend on where you plan to stick it.

Reverso

In your Fleche.