

Eddie/Nikki

EDDIE. Ken De La Maize? He's here too? He's the director? Hot dog!

NIKKI. Yes. You didn't know that?

EDDIE. I don't know anything except I'm getting twenty-five bucks to do a backer's audition for some dame named Von Grossen-somethin'.

NIKKI. Knueten.

EDDIE. No, thanks. I just had a Danish. *(He does his finger snap.)*

NIKKI. That's her name, Von Grossenknueten.

EDDIE. Hey, that was joke. I'm a comic, remember?

NIKKI. I'll try.

EDDIE. Boy, this is the opportunity of a lifetime. To be in at the start of a hit show. I guess they're looking for a producer.

NIKKI. As I understand it, they've got a producer. They want an angel.

EDDIE. Who's the producer?

NIKKI. Marjorie Baverstock.

EDDIE. Hot dog! Marjorie Baverstock! Oh my Gosh! *(A look of horror on his face, he runs out.)*

NIKKI. She was probably the woman in your car. Was she wearing mink? *(But Eddie has dashed out of the room. In a moment he runs back in carrying hat, coat, scarf, and galoshes, and struggling to get them on as he moves to the French doors.)* You're going back out?

EDDIE. I'm going back, period. To New York City.

NIKKI. What?

EDDIE. C'mon, grab your coat. *(Stops to explain to her.)* It's the same people . . . "Manhattan Holiday." The same creative team.

NIKKI. So they had a dud. That scares you back to New York?

EDDIE. No, the "Stage Door Slasher" scares me back to New York. Get your coat!

NIKKI. The who?

EDDIE. Where ya' been? The "Stage Door Slasher"! Two years ago? Three women murdered. All chorus girls. All in "Manhattan Holiday."

NIKKI. Oh, yeah, now I remember reading something. See, I was on the road and . . .

EDDIE. They had to close the show. The chorus wouldn't come to work until they caught the Slasher. And lady, they never caught him. So let's hit the breeze!

NIKKI. If he only killed women what are you so worried about?

EDDIE. How do I know he hasn't changed his preferences? C'mon!

NIKKI. What makes you think the killer would be here? There are no chorus girls here . . . *(They look at each other.)* . . . wait a minute, I'll get my coat. *(She crosses to door . . . stops.)*