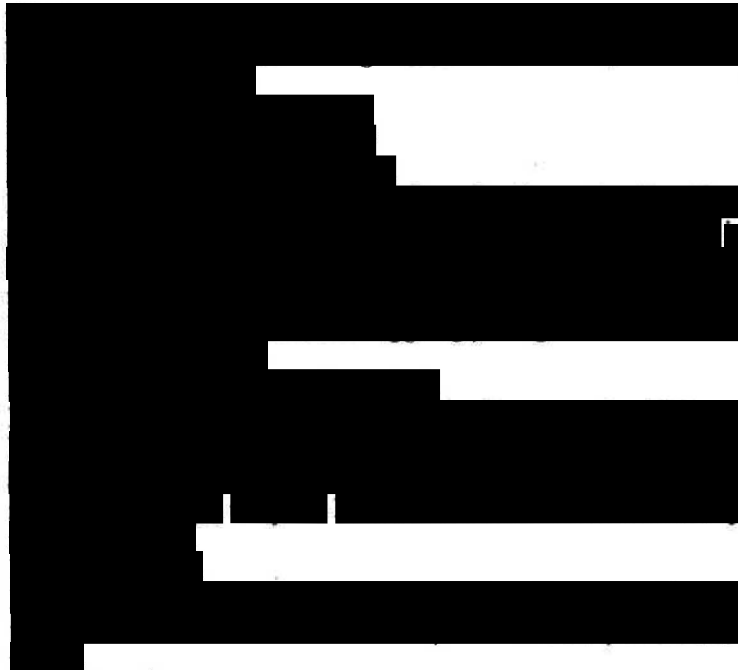


Elsa/Kelly



KELLY. You told this Mrs. Baverstock you had a new chauffeur?

ELSA. I made up some story, yes. The others arrive by car and train. I do hope they make their connections. *(She crosses toward radio.)*

KELLY. Snow's supposed to stop by midnight. *(Elsa has turned on the radio. We hear "Jeannie With The Light Brown Hair.")**

ELSA. I wish they'd settle whatever it is they're striking about. I'm sick of Stephen Foster. *(She dials a weather report.)*

RADIO. *(voice over)* . . . AND STILL FALLING ALL ALONG THE EASTERN SEABOARD. WHAT HAD BEEN ORIGINALLY ESTIMATED AS TWO INCHES HAS ALREADY DOUBLED THAT WITH NO END IN SIGHT . . .

KELLY. I hope this won't scare off our people.

*See Special Note on copyright page.

ELSA. What? *(She turns radio down.)*

KELLY. I said, I hope this won't scare off our people.

ELSA. My dear, these are actors, producer, director, composer, lyricist, coming to get my money for their Broadway show. Nothing short of the end of the world will stop them.

KELLY. If this is gonna' work, you've got to say the speech exactly like we rehearsed it. You're going to be able to pull off your end of this okay?

ELSA. *(Pointing to portrait over doorway.)* Espionage is in my blood, Sergeant. I won't fail you. *(She has crossed to desk and picked up make-up kit.)* Poor dead Bebe's Deco make-up kit. Being au courant was so important to her. And now . . . she is anything but.

KELLY. *(Handing her a small notebook.)* Here.

ELSA. Ahh yes. That which may reveal a murderer. *(Puts notebook in make-up kit.)* Oh Sergeant, this is going to be a grand adventure, isn't it? *(Puts kit in desk drawer, and picks up a list.)* And I've planned a perfectly grand menu for the occasion. To begin . . . a tureen of December fruit, followed by lobster on dill, and . . .

KELLY. Yeah, well since my first adventure will be drivin' through a snow storm tomorrow, I better get some sleep.

ELSA. Come, I'll show you to your room. *(She turns off lamp on desk. As they go to door . . .)* I must admit, you are something of a surprise to me, Sergeant. I had thought all New York City policemen to be Irish.

KELLY. We are. *(She turns off the lights in the room. They exit. The Figure steps out from behind the drapes, begins to cross the stage, hears something on the radio, goes back, turns it up and listens.)*

