

ELSA. . . . and since we have an early day tomorrow, we'd best have our Ovaltine and go to bed. Oh dear, Helsa has forgotten the sugar.

KELLY. Not on my account.

ELSA. You don't take sugar?

KELLY. I don't take Ovaltine.

ELSA. If it's good enough for Orphan Annie, Sergeant . . . *(Picks up list from desk and crosses to Kelly.)* Here is a list of the people you are picking up in the morning. At nine-thirty a.m. in front of the Brill building a Mr. Eddie McCuen. Mr. McCuen is a struggling young comedian. The Brill building is . . .

KELLY. Yeah, I know where it is.

ELSA. Of course you do. Then Mrs. Baverstock will be at her apartment at 230 East 50th. Oh, . . . Mr. McCuen is, I am given to understand, an incredibly struggling young comedian. Perhaps, to spare Mrs. Baverstock he'd best ride up front with you.

KELLY. Swell.

ELSA. Then at a house on East 92nd Street, you are to pick up an actor named Patrick O'Reilly. Mr. O'Reilly is an Irish tenor.

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.)*

RADIO. *(Voice over.)* . . . NOR THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION WOULD CONFIRM THESE RUMORS. THE NAZI SUBMARINE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE LANDED THESE MEN ON THE SHORE OFF LONG ISLAND EARLIER THIS MONTH. WITH THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF FRANZ BECKER, KNIFED TO DEATH IN THE BACK OF A RESTAURANT IN THE YORKVILLE SECTION OF MANHATTAN, IT IS NOW BELIEVED THAT ONLY ONE, POSSIBLY THE LEADER OF THE SABOTEURS