

JENNY. But I don't even know the Boss. When am I going to get introduced? Who signs my W-2 form?

RANDOLPH. Pigeon, this is not declarable income.

JENNY. Gee, that's great. But I like to know who I'm workin' for.

RANDOLPH. (*Pushes her up.*) Get us the bottle, huh?

JENNY. (*Gets bottle from desk.*) Hadn't you better start lookin' for the ice? (*Starts for front door.*) They'll be here—they'll be here soon.

RANDOLPH. In a minute. Sure a lucky thing I sat next to you at the movies. I mean, out of all the girls in Birchville, I should have slipped my arm around the one who works in this house.

JENNY. (*Comes down to his Right.*) I don't usually let strangers do that in the picture shows, you know. But I could tell you was a gentleman. (*Hands him the bottle.*)

RANDOLPH. (*Pours a drink.*) My mother brung me up right. She trained me to go crooked just like other kid's moms train them to go straight. When I was only a little kid, she ran a hot dog stand on the beach and she taught me how to go up behind little girls after they'd bought a hot dog and reach over their shoulder and pull the hot dog out of the bun. Then I'd give it back to Mom. It was great. All summer we only used three dozen hot dogs and twenty-five hundred buns. (*Rises and drinks.*) I tried it with hamburgers but they come apart. (*Crosses and puts the bottle down on the bar.*)

JENNY. What's your mother doing now?

RANDOLPH. (*Turns at the bar.*) Ten years.

JENNY. Why?

RANDOLPH. (*Sits on the Center side of desk, on the top.*) She lifted an emerald necklace off a dame at the opera. Mother loves Bizet. (*He pronounces it with a hard "t."*) She took the necklace just as Carmen was tryin' to sell her cigarettes.

JENNY. (*Moves to RANDOLPH.*) But they caught her?

RANDOLPH. Yeah—she couldn't resist wearin' the emeralds. They picked her up at the Automat on 46th Street. (*Pulls JENNY in to him.*) You know the last thing

Mother said to me as they took her away? She said, "Randolph, by the time I come out, I hope you're wanted!" Really had faith in me.

JENNY. I guess she must be proud of you now.

RANDOLPH. (*Rises and crosses to the Left of the desk and rummages through the drawers during the next speeches.*) I ain't done so well lately. When I met up with the Boss, I was smuggling Mexicans across the border at Tijuana. Used to drive them right by the customs inspectors. I had them stuffed inside a big wicker hamper.

JENNY. And the authorities never looked in?

RANDOLPH. I said I was a snake charmer. But one of them Mexicans was a louse. Instead of paying me off, he mugged me and stole my car. But then I ran into the Boss and I said, "Any time you want a job done, give me a ring." (*Crosses below desk and sits on Downstage side of it.*) So here I am relaxing in New England about to grab a fistful of diamonds and retire.

JENNY. (*Moves down to RANDOLPH.*) Nothing exciting's ever happened to me. I worked downstate around home and then finally my Ma said I ought to see something of the world. So this summer I come up here. But it's the same upstate as it is downstate except the sap runs later.

RANDOLPH. I'll show you the world, pigeon. I may even take you to Boston.

JENNY. (*Pulls him up.*) Gee, let's look for the diamonds right now.

RANDOLPH. Plenty of time. (*Pulls her in to him.*) Just you and me here like this is pretty nice.

JENNY. (*Just as he starts to kiss her.*) I hear a car! (*Runs to the front door.*)

RANDOLPH. We can come back when they're asleep. (*Crosses Upright between sofa and chair.*)

JENNY. (*Peeks out door.*) It's them. (*Closes door.*)

RANDOLPH. Out this way. (*Hands for French doors.*)

JENNY. (*As she runs to him.*) Go to the left and they won't see us. (*They are almost out when JENNY speaks.*) Oh, your glass! (*Runs back to pick it up on the desk.*)

RANDOLPH. Bring it with you. (*Waits for her by windows.*)

JENNY. Run! (*They are out of sight just as the front door opens.* HELEN O'TOOLE backs into the room talking to people outside. HELEN is a very efficient real estate saleswoman, perhaps a trifle too folksy and straight-laced at times but she means well. She carries a purse and wears a rather severe summer dress with an almost peculiar hat perched on her head.)

HELEN. I knew you'd just love every little bit of it, Mrs. Hammond. Wait until you see the inside. It's a dream.

CRANE. (*Offstage.*) Look, Kate, a garden. Don't you adore flowers?

KATE. (*Offstage.*) Only four roses. I pray we have a bar.

HELEN. (*Hurt, she turns and crosses to the Right of the arch, speaking almost to herself.*) The house is fully equipped.

CRANE. (*Offstage.*) Oh, Kate, this is heavenly. Just look at the view.

KATE. I'm still car-sick. (*On this line, KATE BIRLEY has entered and leans against the door jamb. KATE is slightly older than CRANE and, being a secretary, she is dressed in a more tailored outfit. She has an irrepressible sense of humor that often borders on the sarcastic, but she doesn't really mean it. KATE and CRANE have a wonderful relationship, more that of friends than boss and secretary. KATE is wearing sun glasses, a traveling outfit, hat, and she carries a purse and jancy briefcase.*) I never thought we'd get here. I'm just a secretary. Miss O'Toole. A good, honest, New York secretary. Trees scare me.

HELEN. You'll get used to them, Miss—what was it again?

KATE. BIRLEY. (*She removes her sun glasses and crosses to the desk where she places the briefcase on the floor, the glasses in the purse, and her hat in a desk drawer.*) But you might as well call me Kate. Everyone does.

HELEN. (*Crosses to KATE and speaks barely above a*

*whisper.*) I'm so upset and nervous. I do hope Mrs. Hammond will like the house. It's a real estate agent's nightmare a client will hate what she hasn't seen.

KATE. Don't worry, she'll love it. She needs a place to rest up awhile and then write. This'll do just fine.

HELEN. (*With a glance to the door.*) I wish she'd come in and look at it.

KATE. (*Crosses to front door and calls Off Left.*) Crane, we're going to be living indoors. Aren't you curious? (*She moves to Right of arch.*)

CRANE. Coming, Kate. (*CRANE HAMMOND enters. She is the type of woman one likes immediately. She is attractive and possesses charm to the highest degree. She is bright, gay, and witty, an altogether likeable person. She is dressed in a smart traveling outfit with a coat over her shoulders. At the moment she is bubbling over with enthusiasm.*) I haven't seen so much green since St. Patrick's Day. I adore it, Kate. Isn't it heaven?

KATE. What happens at night? I don't see any street-lights.

CRANE. (*Crosses to HELEN.*) Kate, you'll learn to love the country. Imagine, Miss O'Toole, she's spent her whole life in New York and has never ever been to New England.

KATE. I've never ever been to Grant's Tomb.

CRANE. New Yorkers hate to travel.

HELEN. (*Moves to KATE and CRANE puts her bag on the desk.*) I bet you enjoyed the plane trip today, though—going through all those clouds.

KATE. (*One arm leaning on the arch.*) I was miserable. I even get sick at the Hayden Planetarium.

CRANE. (*Moves to HELEN.*) You're not going to kill my vacation. Miss O'Toole, I think it's perfect—the whole place. It's ideal.

HELEN. Well, I don't mind saying, Mrs. Hammond, it's a relief. I've never rented to anyone famous before and I thought you'd be—you know, finicky. I've only been in the business since June. As a matter of fact, Miss Seymour's house was the first commission I got.