

KATE. My God! She giggles!

JENNY. What time do you want dinner? I had the store deliver supplies.

CRANE. How thoughtful of you, Jenny. Isn't she thoughtful, Kate?

KATE. Or hungry.

CRANE. (*To Jenny.*) Oh, seven o'clock is fine, but first bring in some ice. I'm expecting company. Miss Seymour—

KATE. And the sheriff.

JENNY. Yes'm. (*Starts for the kitchen but turns back at the door.*) Mrs. Hammond, did you really write all those books you're supposed to?

CRANE. Yes, nine so far.

JENNY. Gee—I had such a crush on your detective, Spike Wrench, you know the hero in "Blood is for Children." I thought he was real. I wrote him a fan letter.

CRANE. Then Miss Bixley probably answered you.

JENNY. You weren't very friendly.

KATE. My typewriter gets away from me.

JENNY. Mrs. Hammond, you sure write tough.

CRANE. Thank you—I think. (*Takes a cigarette from table by chair.*)

JENNY. You sure know a lot about sex. How'd you find out?

CRANE. I read. (*Lights cigarette.*) Jenny, hadn't you better get to the kitchen?

JENNY. Yes'm. Maybe sometime we can sit down and you'll tell me how to be a femme fatale.

CRANE. Fatale.

JENNY. I don't care, just so I kill them. (*She giggles and goes into the kitchen.*)

KATE. (*Looking after her.*) Better and better. The maid is probably the taxi driver's mistress.

CRANE. (*Crosses to below sofa.*) She's a sweet, poor country child. Probably walked two miles to school through snow with her dear little feet swathed in burlap.

KATE. That was Valley Forge!

CRANE. You can be as sarcastic as you want. I love it

here and I think the people are very friendly. Now I am going to look at the upstairs and start unpacking.

KATE. Keep out of the closets.

CRANE. (*Stopping at foot of stairs.*) Very funny. I tell you there was a dead man in there. Now we have to worry about a thief as well as a murderer. (*She goes up-stairs.*)

(*Kate gets up and looks at the closet. She goes over to it and is just about to open it when she is startled by Jenny coming in from the kitchen. She carries an ice tray straight from the refrigerator.*)

JENNY. Where you want this?

KATE. (*Crosses to below chair.*) What is it?

JENNY. Ice!

KATE. (*Patently, smiling sweetly.*) We're having company. Don't you think it would be nice to put it in a bucket?

JENNY. O.K., it's your ice. (*Starts to exit to kitchen but swings around at the door.*) And speaking of ice, I guess you want to hear all about the diamonds, huh? Maybe Mrs. Hammond could write it in a book.

KATE. Diamonds are out this season. Atomic plans are in.

JENNY. I worked for him—that Marco Redfax. He weren't no good. He smoked cigars. That's one way you can tell.

KATE. (*As she sits in the chair.*) I hope you never work for Winston Churchill!

JENNY. (*Moves in close to Kate and gestures with the ice tray.*) And there was police all over the place after he died in the accident. They looked everywhere for the diamonds. And they said probably his accomplice was looking, too, and a fence and everything. Then the police took everything of Mr. Redfax's to headquarters.

KATE. Did they check the closet?

JENNY. Huh?

KATE. I just thought he might have left something hanging up.

JENNY. (*As she continues washing the ice tray, KATE looks at the carpet and she gets some water in the eye.*) They looked everywhere. They was police from Boston—not just the local sheriff.

KATE. Jenny, the ice is melting on the carpet.

JENNY. Yeah—you talk so much you keep me from my work. (*And she is out in the kitchen.*)

(LILLIAN enters through French doors. She is dressed the same except that she now carries a purse and wears gloves. She sees KATE and throws her arms out to her.)

LILLIAN. Kate, how are you?

KATE. (*Rises.*) Lillian, it's time you showed up. This place is a madhouse.

LILLIAN. (*After they embrace.*) Don't you like it?

KATE. I should get overtime.

LILLIAN. What's the matter?

KATE. The real estate lady is nuts, the taxi driver is out of Farmer's Almanac, and now the maid is a young Thelma Ritter. On top of everything Crane has hallucinations.

LILLIAN. (*As she crosses Left to the desk and looks towards stairs.*) Where is she?

KATE. Upstairs looking in closets, I imagine.

CRANE. (*Comes running Downstairs. She and LILLIAN embrace.*) Lillian, darling.

LILLIAN. Crane, I can't believe it. You're actually here.

CRANE. You look marvelous. (*KATE fades to look out windows.*)

LILLIAN. The air agrees with me.

CRANE. I'm mad about the house. Everywhere you look there's a view. Of course, Kate isn't quite as excited.

KATE. There are so many birds. If they ever get a leader, we're undone.

CRANE. Just think of it, a whole month with nothing to do.

KATE. One week then work. There certainly won't be anything to interrupt us.

LILLIAN. (*As she sits in chair Center.*) I was asked up for a drink.

CRANE. Didn't Jenny bring the ice?

KATE. I'm working on it. We have discussed the problem and I am holding out for an ice bucket.

CRANE. (*Crosses above desk and to Left of it.*) It's so wonderful to just move into a place like this and have everything in it—ash trays, magazines, cards—even liquor.

LILLIAN. You're paying for it, but it's worth it. One of my customers told me about Birchville. She couldn't come this year, had to go to Europe.

KATE. Why didn't we?

CRANE. (*Moves below desk.*) Europe. All those crowds and museums. This is better—just relaxing.

KATE. I could relax very easily on the beach at Cannes. (*She sits on the sofa.*)

CRANE. You'll love it as soon as you unwind. (*Sits back on the Downstage edge of the desk.*) Lillian, how's business getting along without you?

LILLIAN. Beautifully. (*She removes her gloves and puts them in her purse.*) Seems I have less and less to do every year. I make the designs and they carry them out. What I design the wealthy will wear. Personally, I wouldn't be caught dead in half the stuff—too expensive. Tell me, Crane, have you looked all through the house?

CRANE. I adore every inch of it.

LILLIAN. You're luckier than I am. My house is smaller and there's not enough room to store things. (*She rises and crosses to the closet.*) You have such wonderful closet space. (*Starts to open door.*)

CRANE. (*Rises.*) Don't! (*KATE rises.*)

LILLIAN. Don't what?

CRANE. Stay away from there, Lillian. That closet is peculiar. Oh, you might as well know. It seems we had