

*the closet door and taken a few steps Downstage trying to figure it out. The door opens and RANDOLPH gets right behind her. JENNY starts walking to kitchen and RANDOLPH walks behind her in lock step. They exit. The others are talking and not noticing all this.)* You know, Verne, they could make a television series out of you rural keepers of justice. "Just Plain Verne," the story of a man who knows no fear.

*(From the kitchen JENNY lets out a piercing shriek.)*

CRANE. That's Jenny.

KATE. Probably tasted the coffee.

JENNY. *(Pops out of kitchen.)* Sorry, Ma'am. I was frightened by a mouse. I'll be leavin' now.

CRANE. Did you lock the back door?

JENNY. Yes'm, after I chased out the mouse.

VERNON. I'm goin' down past your place, Jenny. I'll give you a lift.

JENNY. All righty-right. *(Crosses to front door. VERNON goes out.)*

VERNON. See you ladies later.

KATE. Can't wait.

CRANE. And my husband will be here, won't he, Kate?

KATE. He sure will.

JENNY. Night, everyone.

*(JENNY exits and CRANE closes the door and leans against it. KATE staggers to chair Center and sits.)*

CRANE. Is it time for a commercial? I feel like we're on "The Untouchables."

KATE. This sort of thing doesn't happen in the city, you know. Just traffic, robberies, muggings, simple things that one can cope with.

CRANE. *(Crosses to above KATE.)* You have no love of adventure, Kate. This has been a wonderfully exciting day.

KATE. Why didn't Lillian say Lyle was my husband?

Then I would have had Verne stand guard outside our room all night.

CRANE. *(Sits on the left arm of the sofa.)* Say, if you want a husband, how about Vernon?

KATE. He has pork chops for breakfast.

CRANE. I don't know whether to try and write all this to Richard and Kathy or not. A daughter might understand, but a husband—never.

KATE. Kathy! I forgot. You have a letter from her—it's in the top desk drawer.

CRANE. *(Gets letter.)* I hope she's liking camp better.

It's very important to have your first job a pleasant one.

KATE. This is my first. Straight from Katherine Gibbs to you. *(As CRANE scans the letter.)* Let's see, how many years has it been? *(Counts on her fingers.)* It can't be!

CRANE. Poor kid. She got poison ivy. *(Goes to bar and mixes a highball for herself and Kate.)*

KATE. I wonder how Kathy would like having two fathers.

CRANE. She'd love it, but the Camp would fire her. She loves tennis, so what do they put her in charge of? Sunday nature walks. And she's cheerleader, too. *(Hands Kate her drink.)* But that's Kinni-Killi-Wock-Nock.

KATE. I beg your pardon.

CRANE. Kinni-Killi-Wock-Nock. That's the name of the camp. *(Returns to bar for her drink.)* Indian and all that.

KATE. If they ever do a locomotive cheer, it'll run past taps.

CRANE. How about a murder story in a summer camp?

Good gimmick. Who put the Killi in Kinni-Killi-Wock-Nock?

KATE. It'd be banned in Boston.

CRANE. *(Crosses to doors.)* I'm going to hate getting down to work next week.

KATE. If I had notes on the last two hours, you wouldn't have to.

CRANE. Do you suppose those diamonds really are