

BLONDY: Hello, Muriel. I hear you and the Moonbeams are dancing this evening. I am sorry I will not be around to see the show.

MURIEL: What is going on? Why are you both here?

BLONDY: Both?...

(HEINE enters.)

HEINE: Muriel. I thought I see you— (*Realizing they are not alone*) Blondy Swanson?

BLONDY: Hello, Heine. Enjoying the party? (*He scoops up his wrapped presents and heads for the door.*)

HEINE: What are you doing here? You tell me you are going to an old dolls' home.

BLONDY: Well, Mrs Albright is an old doll. (*And he is out the door.*)

MURIEL: I'm surprised to see you again so soon, Heine.

HEINE: You should have told me you were performing here tonight. I could have given you a lift from the club.

MURIEL: What a nice thought. Do you know these people?

HEINE: I hope you are not running away from me just now.

MURIEL: Oh, no, Heine. I see Blondy Swanson come in here, so I step in to say hello. But please excuse me now, I must go change.

HEINE: You have time. (*Blocks the door*)

MURIEL: Well, the show is supposed to start soon and I should make sure that the rest of the girls are—

HEINE: It is Christmas Eve, Muriel.

MURIEL: Yes. It is. December the twenty-fourth.

HEINE: This is not my favorite time of year.

MURIEL: I am sorry to hear that.

HEINE: You are always a sympathetic soul. And you know, Muriel, I have been very blue as of late.

MURIEL: Well, a New Year is just around the corner.

HEINE: My wife is in Miami, spending my money—her alimony—on trinkets such as diamond bracelets and fur coats, though why anyone needs a fur coat in Miami I do not understand.

MURIEL: Heine, I did not know you were divorced.

HEINE: Oh, we will be.

MURIEL: Still, you have your children.

HEINE: No. My children are with her in the Florida sunshine. And then they hate me anyway. My family is little comfort all around. My own sister—do you know Miss Gerta Schmitz Shapiro?

MURIEL: I have not had the pleasure.

HEINE: It is just as well. Gerta—my own sister—puts the heat on me to find out who is it that borrows merchandise from her husband's jewelry store.

MURIEL: Yes, so you said this afternoon.

HEINE: Now my sister makes me come up with a ten-thousand-dollar reward. Out of my own pocket. And no questions asked. Me? I got plenty of questions. So you see how it is, Muriel: I am a man alone. On Christmas Eve.

MURIEL: Well, I'm sure this party will cheer you up.

HEINE: I think it will take more than a party. (*Moves closer*) Besides, I am not here for the festivities. I figure to take my mind off my troubles—not to mention this suckers' day they call Christmas—I will personally make the delivery for this Albright dame.