

side world. So take off that skunk and tell me everything. How are you, my dear?

LORRAINE. (*Crossing L. to sofa.*) (*Removing a cascade of silver fox from her shoulders.*) Darling, I'm so relieved. You look perfectly wonderful—I never saw you look better. My dear, do I look a wreck? I just dashed through New York. Didn't do a thing about Christmas. Hattie Carnegie and had my hair done, and got right on the train. (*Sits arm of couch. Uses her compact.*) And the Normandie coming back was simply hectic. Fun, you know, but simply exhausting. Jock Whitney, and Cary Grant, and Dorothy di Frasso—it was *too* exhausting. And of course London before that was so magnificent, my dear—well, I simply never got to bed at all. (*Rises. Crosses to C.*) Darling, I've so much to tell you I don't know where to start.

WHITESIDE. Well, start with the dirt first, dear—that's what I want to hear.

LORRAINE. (*Sits on stool.*) Let me see. Sybil Cartwright was thrown right out of Ciro's—it was the night before I left. She was wearing one of those new cellophane dresses, and you could absolutely see Trafalgar Square. And Sir Harry Montross—the painter, you know—is suing his mother for disorderly conduct. It's just shocked *everyone*. And oh! before I forget: Anthony Eden told me he's going to be on your New Year's broadcast, Sherry, and Beatrice Lillie gave me a message for you. She says for you to take off twenty-five pounds right away and send them to her by parcel post. She needs them.

WHITESIDE. I'll pack 'em in ice . . . Now come, dear, what about you? What about your love life? I don't believe for one moment you never got to bed at all, if you'll pardon the expression.

LORRAINE. Sherry dear, you're dreadful.

WHITESIDE. What about that splendid bit of English mutton, Lord Bottomley? Haven't you hooked him yet?

LORRAINE. Sherry, please. Cedric is a very dear friend of mine.

WHITESIDE. Now, Blossom Girl, this is Sherry. Don't try to puff the bedclothes over my eyes. Don't tell *me* you wouldn't like to be Lady Bottomley, with a hundred thousand pounds a year and twelve castles. By the way, has he had his teeth fixed yet? Every time I order Roquefort cheese I think of those teeth.

LORRAINE. Sherry, really! . . . Cedric may not be brilliant, but he's rather sweet, poor lamb, and he's very fond of me, and he does represent a kind of English way of living that I like. Surrey, and

cables. If only Cosette hasn't—Cosette! Cosette! Did you send those cables? . . . Oh, God! Oh, God! . . . Now listen, Cosette, I want you to send another cable to every one of those people, and tell them somebody has been using my name, and to disregard anything and everything they hear from me—except this, of course . . . Don't ask questions—do as you're told . . . Don't argue with me, you French bitch—God damn it, do as you're told . . . And unpack, we're not going! (*She hangs up and crosses U.L.*)

WHITESIDE. Now steady, my blossom. Take it easy.

LORRAINE. (*Crossing back to C.*) What do you mean take it easy? Do you realize I'll be the laughing stock of England? Why, I won't dare show my face! I always knew Beverly Carlton was low, but not this low. Why? WHY? It isn't even funny. Why would he do it, that's what I'd like to know. Why would he do it! Why would anyone in the world want to play a silly trick like this? I can't understand it. Do you, Sherry? Do you, Maggie? You both saw him this afternoon. Why would he walk out of here, (*Crosses to MAGGIE, then back to C.*) go right to a phone booth, and try to ship me over to England on a fool's errand! There must have been some reason—there must have. It doesn't make sense otherwise. Why would Beverly Carlton, or anybody else for that matter, want me to—? (*She stops as a dim light begins to dawn.*)

(*MAGGIE hand to hair.*) Oh! Oh! (*Her eye, which has been on MAGGIE, goes momentarily to dining-room, where BERT has disappeared. Then her gaze returns to MAGGIE again.*) I—I think I begin to—of course! Of course! That's it. Of course that's it. Yes, and that's a very charming bracelet that Mr. Jefferson gave you—isn't it, Maggie, dear? Of course. It makes complete sense now. And to think that I nearly—well! Wild horses couldn't get me out of here now, (*Crossing to MAGGIE L.*) Maggie, and if I were you I'd hang onto that bracelet, dear. It'll be something to remember him by. (*Crosses to front of sofa.*) (*Out of dining-room comes WESTCOTT, his hands full of papers. At same time the two TECHNICIANS emerge, 1st man goes to control board, the other sets two standing mikes D.C. and L.C. of wheelchair.*)

WESTCOTT. (*His eyes on his watch. Crosses to R. of wheelchair.*) All right, Mr. Whiteside. Almost time. Hook her up boys, start testing. Here's your new copy, Mr. Whiteside. (*Hands typed copy to him.*)

WHITESIDE. How much time?

WESTCOTT. Couple of minutes.