*quickly turns off phonograph and waits on sofa L. The outside door opens and Danny Dorgan enters. Danny is 19, carelessly dressed in loose slacks and a polo shirt. He is a New York kid with a rough, rather crude manner which he assumes to hide his sensitivity. He looks around, rechecks the stairs behind him, then crosses quickly toward radio-phonograph. As he reaches liquor cabinet, Mark switches on lamp L. Danny halts abruptly.*

DANNY. Oh!

MARK. *(Rising)* Hello, Danny. What are you doing here?

DANNY. God, Mr. McPherson, you scared the pants off of me. I thought the papers said you were through investigation the place?

MARK. That doesn’t give you any right to be here. What’ve you

got there, the passkey?

DANNY. *(Awkwardly)* Yeh. One advantage of being a superintendent’s son. *(Twirling key)*

MARK. The old man know about it?

DANNY. Why don’t you go and tell him? *(Points to three piles of records stacked up on floor near phonograph. Crosses to phonograph and kneels.)* I been going over her records.

MARK. *(Crosses to U. of Danny)* So I noticed. Cataloguing or lifting?

DANNY. Both. But she left ‘em to me.

MARK. Got it in writing?

DANNY. Verbal promise.

MARK. *(Crosses to Danny.)* Profs at Juilliard know you’re a hepcat?

DANNY. Ever hear of Benny Goodman? He’s terrific with hot or with Mozart. *(Rises, handing record to Mark.)*

MARK. I wouldn’t mind having a few of these items myself. *(Returns record to Danny.)*

DANNY. You mean you like this stuff? *(Puts record down.)*

MARK. *(Crosses behind chair, turning it around.)* Sure.

DANNY. *(Looking in phonograph, starting record.)* What have you been playing?

MARK. *(Behind chair.)* I don’t know.

DANNY. *(As record starts.)* Oh, Muggsy Spanier.

MARK. Somebody left it on.

DANNY. Yeah. She was playing it on Friday.

MARK. *(Crosses to Danny)* You didn’t tell me you were here on Friday?

DANNY. I wasn’t. I heard it from downstairs.

MARK. Three flights down?

DANNY. Go down and listen for yourself.

MARK. Don’t worry. Ill check into it. That’s nice. *(Crosses to chair, sits.)*

DANNY. Why’d I have to go to the Stadium Friday night! If I’d have been here it wouldn’t have happened. My old lady, she bought me a season ticket, so I can’t mis a concert. *(Crosses to below steps C.)*

MARK. I thought you liked music?

DANNY. *(Crosses to D. C.)* Tchaikovsky’s not music.

MARK. Is that what they played?

DANNY. Yeh.

MARK. No Bach?

DANNY. No. Why?

MARK. *(Crosses to liquor cab.)* Nothing. Better put back those records.

DANNY. *(Crosses to records)* Aw, there’s just a couple I picked out. Nobody’d notice if I took ‘em.

MARK. Put ‘em back. The stuff’s in probate. *(Waldo Lydecker stands in the outside door, watching. He is in his late forties, dressed with exaggerated attention to detail. He wears a black Homburg tilted over one eye, carries a thick gold-banded walking stick and a newspaper. He is inclined to indulge his emotions, makes theatrical gestures at every opportunity, shows great gusto for everything he enjoys and grater scorn for everything his meticulous taste rejects.)*

WALDO. *(With theatric deliberateness.)* Do you mind if I intrude upon this raucous memorial? *(Danny rises.)*

MARK. *(Turns)* Hello, Lydecker.

WALDO. The flesh is still warm and they sit here making ghoulish cacophony. *(Crosses phonograph.)*

DANNY. It was the kind of music she liked. *(Sits stool D. L.)*

WALDO. An *unfortunate* aberration in one whose taste was otherwise flawless.  *(Turns off machine)* Those of us who loved her prefer to cherish more felicitous memories.

MARK. What brings you here, Mr. Lydecker?

WALDO. Precisely the question I was about to ask you. Didn’t I

read that the constabulary had evacuated the premises? *(Holds up newspaper.)*

MARK. You haven’t answered my question.

WALDO. *(Tosses paper on chair.)* Ihad hoped for a few moments alone here. Now even that small solace seems to have been denied me. *(Crosses table U. R.)*

MARK. *(Crosses to liquor cab.)* How’d you figure on getting in?

WALDO. *(Puts hat on table, then turns o lamp R.)* Our young friend here’s not above accepting a gratuity. *(Danny looks at him disgustedly, but says nothing.)*  At least nothing’s been changed. *(Puts cane on mantel.)*

MARK. What did you expect?

WALDO. *(Starts to comb hair.)* The devastation which usually follows in the wake of the police. For those five days I’ve sat at home shuddering at the thought of you here. . . reading her letters, poring over her diaries, prying into her wardrobe, laying your heavy hands upon her most intimate possessions. *(Crosses above chair R.)*

MARK.  *(Crosses chair L. sits, carefully stretching R. leg, starts to read paper.)*  In my heavy-handed way I’ve been trying to find the murderer.

WALDO. *(Indicates ottoman.)* Here. This might be easier on that leg.

MARK.  *(Looks at Waldo.)* Observant, aren’t you?

WALDO. *(Crosses to behind chair L.)* Extreme astigmatism makes me more sensitive to the handicaps of others.

MARK. It’s no handicap.

WALDO. I’m sorry. Badge of service? *(Crosses above chair)*

MARK. The Dominick mob.

WALDO. *(Crosses to phonograph.)* Of course! The Siege of Babylon, Long Island. Don’t tell me you’re the one with the solver fibula?

MARK. Tibia.

WALDO. One of my most super stories was based on the historic encounter. It’s appeared in a number of anthologies.

MARK. I’VE NEVER READ IT.

Waldo. Too bad. I made quite a romance of that silver shinbone. It was originally published in *Collier’s.* That’s why I thought you might have. *(Turns away)*

MARK. I don’t read your stuff.

WALDO. Why? Too literate for you? *(Turns back to Mark.)*

MARK. No. Too precious.

WALDO. You’re not by any chance literary critic of the *Police Gazette?*

MARK. Detectives are only illiterate in detective stories.

WALDO. *(Crosses to Mark, smiling.)* My, if you only were as quick at your work, we might have the murderer now.

MARK. I might – if her friends were more helpful – and less witty. *(Rises, tosses paper on chair. Crosses between ottoman and chair R.)*

WALDO. *(Sitting D. S. armchair L.)*  Frankly, I was distressed by your first approach to the case. You seemed to regard it as an irksome chore which kept you, as you so quaintly put it, from seeing the Dodgers mop up the Cards.

MARK. *(Drily)* you’re not a Dodgers fan.

WALDO. I think you underestimate the complexity of this case.

MARK. I’ve handled tougher ones. *(Crosses to coffee table, put out cigarette there.)*

WALDO. *(Crosses to C.)*  My dear young man, you’re dealing here with the enigma of a modern woman. To solve the puzzle of Laura’s death you must first resolve the mystery of her life.

MARK. *(Crosses to fireplace.)*  That’s pretty elementary, Watson.