MARK. *(Above steps c.)* I happen to be on a job. Joyce Madden's still dead-remember?

WALDO. *(Crosses to D. L. with drink.)* Ah, yes. How inconvenient.

LAURA. *(Crosses to back chair L.)* Waldo, please.

SHELBY. *(u. s. of chair L.)* That's in questionable taste.

= WALDO. Then perhaps we should drink a more respectful toast- to the memory of Miss Madden. Suppose you propose it, Shelby?

SHELBY. *(Moving toward Waldo.)* Now look, Waldo

LAURA. *(Holding his arm.)* Shelby. *(Shelby starts to move to- ward Waldo again when doorbell interrupts him. Mark opens door. Mrs. Dorgan enters.)*

MARK. Oh, Mrs. Dorgan.

MRS. DORGAN. *(Looking at glasses of liquor.)* I hope I'm not intruding?

LAURA. *(Crosses to below steps c.)* Come in, Mrs. Dorgan.

WALDO. You're just in time to join us in a toast.

MRS. DORGAN. I don't drink, thank you. *(Crosses to L.)* I just came up to tell you that you'll have to vacate the first of the month.

LAURA. But why?

MRS. DORGAN. I'm afraid we've made other arrangements. After all, we thought you'd passed on.

LAURA. *(Looking at Waldo.)* But I have a lease. *(Mark drifts back sofa R.)*

WALDO. What! No resurrection clause?

MRS. DORGAN. (Disregarding Waldo.) You'll have to take it up with the owner. But I intend to tell him that if you stay, we're leaving. *(Crosses to door, stops when Laura speaks.)*

LAURA. *(Crosses to above steps.)* I'm sorry. I had no idea you disapproved of Danny's coming here.

MRS. DORGAN. (Turns to Laura.) I tolerated it as long as could. . . he threatened to leave home. That's how infatuate you got him. A boy his age...

LAURA. (Crosses a step toward her.) Believe me, Mrs. Dorgan Danny's more interested in my records than he is in me. We never talked about anything but music.

MRS. DORGAN. You've ruined a fine talent with your music. He would have been a great pianist

LAURA. That's not quite fair, Mrs. Dorgan.

MRS. DORGAN. Not fair! You think it's fair to me? I've sacrificed my whole life for that boy. I gave up my own career. We have a musical tradition in our family. You see me as a janitor's wife, someone who cleans the halls and scrubs the steps…

LAURA. I'm sorry you feel that way, but…

MRS. DORGAN. I don't know how I feel any more.... I thought I'd seen the last of you and now you've come back --- *(Shelby puts down glass, crosses to Mrs. Dorgan.)*

SHELBY. *(Gently taking her arm.)* Let me take you down to your apartment.

MRS. DORGAN. *(Turning.)* I'm going. You don't have to take me. *(She goes to door, stops.)* Excuse me. *(Closes door after her.)*

LAURA. Poor soul, I never dreamed --- *(Crosses to front of*

*sofa R.)*

MARK. You'd better have that drink. How long has Danny been

coming up here? *(Shelby crosses to liquor cabinet, gets her drink.)* LAURA. Two years. *(Sinks wearily into sofa.)* That was all I needed. *(Shelby brings her drink, sits sofa, pulling her back in bis arms.)*

SHELBY. Here you are, dear.

LAURA. Thanks, darling.

MARK. I think we'd all better clear out and let Miss Hunt get some sleep.

LAURA. Would you?

SHELBY. *(Bends over, kisses her. Waldo sits chair L.)* Have a good rest, dear. *(Rises, starts across to door, stops at L. sofa as Waldo speaks.)*

WALDO. *(Sitting tight.)* Do you mind if I finish my drink? *(Laura sits up. Shelby crosses back sofa.)*

LAURA. Of course not.

MARK. *(Crosses to fireplace.)* Look, Lydecker, she's been up all night.

WALDO. If you're so concerned about her, why did you keep her up?

LAURA. Because I was afraid of being alone, and he was kind enough to stay up with me.

WALDO. Very touching.

LAURA. *(Puts glass down, reclines.)* I am tired, Waldo.

WALDO. *(Rises, crosses to back chair R.)* Of course you are, my lamb. And there'll be no surcease until you're free of this bull-dog of the law. What you need is to get away, to cut yourself off from the harrowing reminders… Let's fly to Mexico! *(Crosses to Laura.)*

LAURA. Are you mad? You seem to forget I have a job.

WALDO. The very least they can do for you… after your death … is to give you a holiday.

MARK. Except that I'm holding her for questioning.

WALDO. Why? Wasn't one night enough? *(Both Mark and Shelby react to this.)*

LAURA. Don't mind him. He's just being naughty*. (To Waldo.)* I'm sure Mr. McPherson knows what he's doing.

WALDO. Does he? Has he found the murderer yet?

MARK. No.

WALDO. *(Crosses to liquor cabinet, puts glass down.)* Perhaps you'll be more successful, now that you know the victim.

MARK. Perhaps. Did you know Miss Madden?

WALDO. Slightly. I found her dull. I refer you to Carpenter- who didn't. *(Crosses to C.)*

SHELBY. What does that mean?

WALDO. *(Blandly.)* Wasn't she a good friend of yours?

LAURA. *(Sits up.)* She was my friend. Shelby met her, as you did, through me. I asked him to be nice to her.

WALDO. *(Crosses to chair R.)* De mortuis nil nisi bonum. It's like you to be so generous to her ill-starred memory.

MARK. You didn't like her, I gather?

WALDO. I had no feeling about her one way or the other. She was a cipher, a walking magazine cover, wired for sound.

LAURA. You're being very unjust, Waldo. She was a sensitive girl and self-conscious. That's why I tried to make it easy for her. Actually she was shy and retiring.

WALDO. Did you find her shy and retiring, Shelby?

LAURA. *(Quickly.)* Shelby was always courteous to my friends, which is more than I can say about you, Waldo dear.

WALDO. Why do you insist upon defending Shelby?

LAURA. Why do you persist in attacking him?