

Grabbed your mop but not your coat!
You're going to freeze to death, you are
unless Mr. Jones goes back to the warehouse quickly!

(Hattie stops and looks around.)

Where is he?

(Offstage, George whistles to himself again. Hattie jumps when she hears him. She peers offstage in the direction of the whistle.)

(Watching him.) What in the devil is he doing out here?

(Pause.) Roaming the hills?

Hmmm ...

Maybe he's having a change of heart, he is
and came out here to have a think on it.

(George enters suddenly and sees Hattie.)

GEORGE.

Hattie?

(Hattie runs, trying to hide.)

Hattie!

(George catches her.)

What are you doing out here!

(Pause. Hattie starts to furiously mop the grass.)

HATTIE.

Just cleaning up a bit, Mr. Jones.

GEORGE.

Hattie, you're mopping the grass.

HATTIE.

Aye, it's gotten muddy, sir.

From the rains.

I thought if I attacked the problem at the source

I could cut down on the mud

gettin' tracked across your office floor.

GEORGE.

You followed me out here didn't you.

HATTIE.

Why, Mr. Jones, I would never think of doing such a thing!

GEORGE.

You've been spying on me ever since I got here.
Always swishing your mop outside my door
listening to my conversations!

HATTIE.

I swish my mop to clean the mud you track on the floors, sir!

GEORGE.

Do you remember the oath you signed with the American
government?

HATTIE.

Oath, sir?

GEORGE.

The paper you signed. When you took this job.

HATTIE.

Aye, sir, I seem to recall some paper.

GEORGE.

In that paper, there was a provision for spying.
Do you remember that provision, Hattie?

HATTIE.

I'm sorry, sir, but I don't.
You see, I don't read.

GEORGE.

You don't read, huh?

HATTIE.

No. I'm just a cleaning woman, sir.
The only thing I know how to do is mop floors.

GEORGE.

Then what are those *books* you've always got in your pocket?

HATTIE.

Books, sir?

GEORGE.

Yes, *books*.

HATTIE.

Oh, the books!
They're ... picture books, full of pictures.

GEORGE.

They're not picture books.
They're *romance* novels.

I see you sneak into the broom closet to read them.
And I hear you *sighing* in there when you do.

HATTIE.

I don't *sigh*, sir!

GEORGE.

You *sigh*.
You *sigh* for the *romance* when you *read* those books.

HATTIE.

No, sir. You're wrong.
I *weep*.
And not for the *romance*,
but for the *lack* of it.

GEORGE.

Weep, sigh, it's all the same to me.
But you *read*.
And you read that oath before signing it
because I saw you read it!

HATTIE.

No sir! I didn't! I was just moving my eyes!

GEORGE.

Do you know what Washington does to spies, Hattie?