

Emma and Audrey

EMMA: Well, it's about time. *(The FIGURE frantically looks around and then disappears back into the kitchen, unseen by EMMA. She blithely rises and moves to the door.)* Just a moment. *(SHE opens the door and AUDREY enters, carrying a few pamphlets.)*

AUDREY: Good evening, Emma. And how are you this blustery evening?

EMMA: How am I always? You know me. Nothing much ever happens around here. Did you get the books? Oh, I see you did. *(THEY move to the couch.)*

AUDREY: This is going to be a bit harder than we had first thought.

EMMA: Is it? Well, let's see. *(SHE picks a pamphlet and thumbs through it.)*

AUDREY: Well, you know we've never tried anything like this before.

EMMA: Yes, but I don't think that's any excuse. We only learn by doing. That's what my father always used to say.

AUDREY: Yes, but did he ever try to murder anyone?

EMMA: Not as far as I remember. But you know him. He never talked much at the dinner table.

AUDREY: I like the idea of a government official.

EMMA: As what?

AUDREY: The victim. We snuff out a politician.

EMMA: "Snuff out?" Where do you get your phrases?

AUDREY: Excuse me, murder a politician. Now that's something I think everyone would enjoy.

EMMA: Certainly has mass appeal.

AUDREY: Right. How many of us have always wanted to do that?

EMMA: Still, how can we eat with something like that going on?

AUDREY: We eat before. Then we do the murder.

EMMA: I suppose.

*(The hooded FIGURE appears again through the UPS door and looks at the couch.)*

AUDREY: We'll have to figure out some way to creep up behind him, though.

EMMA: Without him seeing what's going on.

AUDREY: That would help.

*(The FIGURE looks at the LADIES, holds up two fingers and shrugs. It then stretches out the rope again.)*

EMMA: They're not as stupid as they seem, you know.

AUDREY: I've heard that. Also, I think we should avoid bloodletting if at all possible. *(The FIGURE creeps up behind THEM.)*

EMMA: Mm, that goes without saying. Now here. *(SHE holds out a pamphlet.)* This one seems relatively neat. Someone strangles someone else with a piece of rope. *(The FIGURE nods.)*

AUDREY: Oh, that would never work. *(The FIGURE stops and drops its arms as if listening.)*

EMMA: Why not? *(The FIGURE nods in agreement with HER.)*

AUDREY: Because then you have the old problem of having to move the body. *(The FIGURE silently snaps its fingers and then puts both hands on its hips.)*

EMMA: Well, maybe the victim won't be very fat.

AUDREY: A politician? Well, we can always try, but the odds are against us.