

Emma, Audrey, Midge and Beryl

MIDGE: Hello. Hello, Audrey.

AUDREY: Midge. Hello, Beryl.

BERYL: Hello. Hello, Emma. Lovely night for a murder.

EMMA: Isn't it. *(SHE takes THEIR coats.)* We're all for strangling.

MIDGE: Good, good.

BERYL: Oh, I was thinking of poisoning.

AUDREY: But that's so overdone.

MIDGE: That's what I told her.

*(EMMA takes THEIR coats and exits out the SL door.)*

BERYL: But poisoning is still just as neat.

MIDGE: Yes, but so detectable. And I don't care what anybody says, you can taste it.

BERYL: Not if you put it in coffee.

AUDREY: And how would you know that?

BERYL: I ... I think I heard it somewhere.

MIDGE: I bet. *(SHE and AUDREY exchange glances and giggle.)*

BERYL: Maybe we could mix up something new?

AUDREY: We don't know anything about poisons. A piece of rope? I can get you that. And no fingerprints.

BERYL: I guess. *(SHE sits, still a bit disappointed.)*

AUDREY: And, get this. We're going to get a politician!

MIDGE: And do what with him, exactly?

AUDREY: As the victim!

MIDGE and BERYL: *(Look at EACH OTHER and shiver in delight.)* Oooh!

MIDGE: Who's car is that out front?

AUDREY: Hmm?

MIDGE: There's a car parked on the curb, and it's not yours or Emma's.

AUDREY: I didn't see it, dear. *(SHE rises, carrying the pamphlets.)* Probably a salesman.

BERYL: Hey, let's murder a salesman.

*(AUDREY and MIDGE look at each other and then both shake their heads.)*

MIDGE: No.

BERYL: Used car salesman!

AUDREY: *(Likes the idea.)* Say ... !

MIDGE: No.

AUDREY: You're right. Killing a politician is much more satisfying.

BERYL: I guess.

AUDREY: Here's a few books that might help us. Got them at the library.

*(EMMA enters through the SL door.)*

MIDGE: It's amazing what you can find at the library these days. *(SHE and BERYL look at two of the books.)*