

*(As MISS ERIKSON moves toward cigarettes on table center, GARRY jumps.)*

MISS ERIKSON. *(Taking several.)* I smoke so much and I am always running out. It is most silly.

GARRY. Where are you going now, for instance?

MISS ERIKSON. I am going to my friend in Hammersmith. She is a German.

GARRY. Is she a spy?

MISS ERIKSON. Yes, I think so but she is very kind.

GARRY. I understand from Fred that she is a medium as well?

MISS ERIKSON. Oh dear, yes. Sometimes she makes a trance and it is very surprising. She will lie on the ground for many hours making noises.

GARRY. What kind of noises?

MISS ERIKSON. They are different. Sometimes she will sing high up like a bird and at other times she may make a little bark. Often she is very ill.

GARRY. I'm not at all surprised.

MISS ERIKSON. *(Takes cigarettes. Crossing up to exit.)* Well, I must be pushing off now.

GARRY. Thank you very much, Miss Erikson, it's been most interesting.

MISS ERIKSON. Not at all – Good night.

GARRY. Good night.

