

Mildred

32

DONE TO DEATH

ACT I

~~MILDRED. All right, then, the wife is a "bad woman." She is tired of the husband and is about to divorce him. He'll be left with nothing so, naturally, this being a murder story, he decides to kill her. (*Ad-lib's from the authors showing disapproval of the usual plot.*) I realize all this is very usual so far, but Mildred Z. Maxwell always has surprises up her typewriter. This husband . . . Oh, dear, I can't tell stories well. I wish you could see the characters as I do.~~

~~JASON. (*Rises and comes to corner of desk.*) Oh but they can, Miss Maxwell. Just use your imagination. Describe them and we shall see them. (*Sits again.*)~~

~~(*LIGHTS fade to a spot on MILDRED at the podium.*)~~

Start →

MILDRED. I'll try. The husband plots out the murder most ingeniously. He has gotten hold of a third cousin or an old ne'er-do-well classmate or someone like that and is paying him to be an accomplice. (*GEORGE enters through arch and stands above desk.*) This middle scene I have worked out is between the two men. The husband, we'll call him George, should be good-looking in a way, dressed in a nice suit, and— (*AREA LIGHT above desk comes up on GEORGE. Since this is typical of one of MILDRED's earlier stories, the characters are dressed in the period of the thirties. GEORGE is in a bright pin-stripe suit, an overcoat slung over his shoulder. He wears a wide-brimmed slouch hat, sunglasses, and smokes with a cigarette holder. He speaks in a very smooth, oily voice.*) That's it. That's exactly what he should look like. Isn't imagination wonderful? (*Crosses up to him and examines him. He is frozen. The authors are intensely interested.*)

~~WHIT. That's an appallingly bad suit. The one~~

~~JESS. So this is her story.~~

~~WHIT. Sorry.~~

MILDRED. He is nice looking. Oh, I forgot. He has broken his arm. (*Indicates his left arm which is in a cast and sling. To audience.*) That's a most important

STOP