MYRA
WILLA
SHERIFF
CORA
PINEY
REBA

REBA. The poor woman was driven out of her mind. Quick! We'll have to get the sheriff. It's our Christian duty. (*They all start for the door.*)
CORA. Right in her own backyard.
REBA. Piney—you stay here.
PINEY. Not me. (*Dashes out.*)
WILLA. Very unusual for Gemini. (*Runs out. Cora gulps the last of her drink.*)
REBA. Hurry, Cora—it may be you next! We don't want you chopped up in little pieces.
CORA. (*As she flees.*) You can say that again. (*Slams door.*)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE 2

PLACE: *The same*
TIME: *Half hour later*
AT RISE: *Myra sits at the table dictating into the recorder.*

MYRA. At eighteen I married Hugh Hendricks, the actor. He had been married five times before but he was a very tidy man and wanted to make it an even half dozen. His other wives all sent me their calling cards, hoping they would reach me in time. But he believed in sharing everything. When we were married, he sent me a bill for my half of the wedding flowers. Actually, all we ever shared was closet space and The New York *Times*—(*At this point the doors swing open and Piney, the Three Women, and the Sheriff tumble in.*)
START → WILLA. (*Points.*) That's her!
SHERIFF. (*Crosses to her.*) You Myrtle Durdle?
WILLA. Blood dripping from her fingers! "Out—damned spot!"
MYRA. What are you talking about?
SHERIFF. Where's your sister?
WILLA. Dead. In little pieces.
MYRA. What do you mean? Why are you asking?
SHERIFF. Just answer my question. Where's she at?

MYRA. Where is she? Why—she's down in—Boston.
SHERIFF. Where?
MYRA. Oh, at a place.
SHERIFF. What's its name?
MYRA. What's its name? Well, isn't that funny. I can't remember at the moment. Oh. Yes. Lotusland.
SHERIFF. (*To Reba.*) Get me Boston on the phone.
MYRA. Oh, they don't have a phone. What's this all about?
SHERIFF. Mrs. Durdle, I'm afraid you'll have to come down to the jail with me.
MYRA. What for?
SHERIFF. Suspicion of murder.
MYRA. Who?
SHERIFF. Your sister.
CORA. Poor little bird with a broken wing.
PINEY. Purdy, too.
MYRA. Oh, this is absurd. I can explain everything easily. You see, I wanted privacy here so I invented this crazy sister to keep people away. She doesn't exist.
PINEY. Don't *now.*
REBA. Officer—we all saw her. She was real enough.
MYRA. That was me. I was playing a role I played as a girl. You never saw us together.
REBA. We heard her voice upstairs while you were down here.
MYRA. That was my own voice—recorded on tape.
SHERIFF. Let's hear it.
MYRA. Unfortunately, I erased it this morning after I had gotten rid of this sister character.
WILLA. She confessed!
REBA. And destroyed the evidence.
MYRA. Look—I might as well tell you the whole truth. I am really Myra Marlowe—the TV actress.
WILLA. Mad as a hatter.
MYRA. I moved up here to be alone and write my autobiography. Haven't any of you ever seen "Moonlight Mountain"?
SHERIFF. I seen it. And you don't look no more like Myra Marlowe than I do. – STOP
MYRA. I'm grateful for that but, nevertheless, I am me. You don't recognize me because I played Granny Gurton. Look. (*Hobbles and cackles like an old crone.*) "Git outta my cabin—you rap-