

GILBERT (17-20) Dorothy's brother, an amateur psychologist

GILBERT

You know, you're wrong about all of your children being murderers... I've studied the Mendelian Law of inheritance and their experiments with sweet peas, and according to their findings... and they've been pretty conclusive... only one out of four of your children will be a murderer. So the thing for you to do would be to have just three children...

(then as a thought comes to him)

... no, no. That might not work. The first one might be the bad one. I'll have to look that up.

MIMI (40-60) formerly Mrs. Clyde Wynant. She is a slightly faded, but still very pretty woman. She distrusts all women, even her daughter Dorothy, and treats all men with a flirtatious condescension, as if they were children.

MIMI

Clyde Wynant's crazy... absolutely crazy to stay away at a time like this. No wonder the police think he has something to do with it.

NICK

What do you think?

MIMI

Oh, I know he didn't, but I wish I could find him... I have something very important to tell him. Macaulay won't help at all. He thinks I just want money.

NICK

(smiling at her)

Well, don't you?

MIMI

(choosing to regard
this as a joke)
You're always teasing.

MIMI
Nick, you will help me find Clyde --
won't you?

NICK
Now, Mimi, there are a thousand
detectives in New York. Hire one
of them.

MIMI
(persuasively)
But he knows you. All you have to
do is get in touch with him, and
tell him that Mimi says everything
is all right... but that I've got
to see him.

NICK
I tell you again, I don't want any
part of it.

Now you take Dorothy home and...

MIMI
(furious)
Dorothy! Is she here?

NICK
(startled by her
tone)
Yes...

NORA
If you finish this, you'll feel
better.

MIMI
What did you tell him? What did
you tell him?

NICK
She didn't tell me a thing.

NORA
(drily to Mimi)

Too bad you didn't bring your whip.

MIMI

(recovering herself)

I'm so excited I didn't know what
I was doing. Come on, Dorothy,
we'll go home.