

MARTHA. Hello?

DARIA. What do *you* want?

MARTHA. I thought you might like a cup of tea to help you calm down.

DARIA. I am perfectly calm, so please don't bother.

MARTHA. Oh it's no bother at all. And I'm sure that everyone feels sorry for hurting your feelings. It was entirely unintentional, you know.

DARIA. It was not unintentional at all. Your son knew exactly what he was doing, which was using the séance for his own ends!

MARTHA. But my son is in danger! Someone is trying to kill him! You will admit he has to do *something* about it.

DARIA. I admit no such thing, thank you very much. The police are handling the investigation, quite competently, I'm sure, and just because your son has neurotic delusions of being Sherlock Holmes is no reason to make the rest of us suffer.

MARTHA. He has no delusions at all!

DARIA. Oh, please. With his little gadgets and his laboratory and his railroad...Do you know, I think he's actually insane, no, really, insane, a madman, and should be *put away!*

MARTHA. (*seething*) How dare you say that?! How dare you!! It's *you* that should be put away! With your rudeness and your mediums and your séances.

DARIA. Oh shut up!

MARTHA. I knew girls like you when I was growing up. The bad girls, we called them. The malicious ones. They pretended they knew things because they were insecure.

DARIA. *Insecure?!*

MARTHA. They bullied people who were afraid of them. They spread rumors and lies because they were unpopular –

DARIA. *GET OUT, GET OUT, GET OUT OF MY SIGHT, YOU OLD HAG!!...And just remember, I'm going to ruin your son. He'll be the laughingstock of the entire profession, NOW LEAVE ME ALONE!!!*