

signs again. (ANNERLY *does so.*) How do you interpret them?

ANNERLY. I suspect, in fact I may say that I am confident that Q, for some reason which we cannot fathom, wishes us to leave another fifty pounds for him.

GNOOF. By Jove, I believe you've hit it.

ANNERLY. I think I have. At any rate let us try. We can but fail. . . . Now place the notes on the table as before. (GNOOF *does so.*) Let me see. We have all the furniture correctly adjusted. It only remains for us to perform the psychic exercises, put on our eye-bandages and leave the room for sixty seconds.

(*He makes similar gestures as before, GNOOF doing them concurrently. They then tiptoe R. and L.*)

GNOOF (*stopping*). Annerly, my dear, dear friend, I feel sure we shan't succeed again.

ANNERLY. You are too modest. All will be well as long as you keep your mind so poised as to readily offer a mark for any astral disturbance.

(*Exit GNOOF R. ANNERLY, who is determined this time to see what really does happen to the money, pulls off his bandages and waits by the door L.C. DORA DNIEPER runs out from behind the screen and goes down to the table. ANNERLY hears her and comes out just as she grabs the notes.*)

ANNERLY (*hissing under his breath*). So it was you, you little devil, was it? How the dickens did you get here? Hand over those notes.

DORA. Not likely.

ANNERLY. Oh yes, you shall, you little thief!

DORA. That's the pot calling the kettle black, isn't it, Jack?

ANNERLY. You're an impudent little hussy. Hand over those notes or I'll take them by force.