

DORA. If you lay a finger on me I'll give the show away to this idiotic friend of yours.

ANNERLY (*pleadingly*). Look here, Dora, I must have the money. My sticks'll be chucked into the street if I don't pay. You had the first fifty. Give me the second and we'll call it square.

DORA. I'll make a bargain with you. Listen!

ANNERLY. Look out. Here he comes.

(GNOOF *enters from R. walking elaborately on tiptoe with his eyes bandaged.*)

GNOOF (*in a hushed whisper*). I heard voices. Are you there, Annerly?

ANNERLY. Yes, Gnoof. Just here. I believe Q is still in the room. (*He is hustling DORA behind the screen.*) Perhaps we had better not uncover for the moment.

GNOOF. Certainly not. Let us give the phanogram plenty of scope.

ANNERLY (*after hiding DORA safely*). The sounds are gone. I think we may safely uncover.

(GNOOF *snatches off his bandage and gives a wild yell of delight when he sees that the notes are gone.*)

GNOOF. It is wonderful! Wonderful! We have succeeded again. I must report this extraordinary happening to the Society for Psychological Research.

ANNERLY. Oh no, no! You mustn't dream of doing such a thing. I am almost certain that it would break off our relations with Q. In fact, he as good as told me so. There is no harm in telling you now that the sounds you heard to-night were the voices of Q and me. Q wishes us to gather together all the capital that we can and to send it across to him in order that he may be able to organize a corporate association of phanograms.

GNOOF. If only it were possible to-night. But alas! I only had that paltry hundred on me.