

HELGA

(Helga, a Dutch psychic staying with the McBains next door, arrives at Sydney and Myra's house to share a concerning premonition.)

I am your neighbor – I stay in house of McBains. Please will you let me come in?
Is most urgent I speak to you. I call the information, but the lady will tell me not
your number. Please, will you let me come in. I am a friend of Paul Wyman. Is
most urgent. I apologize for so late I come but you will forgive when I make
explaining.

(She comes into the study and surveys the area),

Ja, ja, is room I see. Beams and window like so . . .

(Holds her forehead, wincing.)

And the pain! Such Pain!

(Helga sees Myra and recognizes her as the source of it; approaches her.)

Pain. Pain. Pain. Pain...

(She moves her hands about Myra, as if she wants to touch and comfort her, but is unable to.)

Pain. Pain. Pain!

(Helga turns, sees the weapons on the wall.)

Ei! Just as I see them! *Uuuch!* Why keep you such pain-covered things?

(Helga goes back to Myra.)

What gives you such pain, dear lady? Something you see pains you.

(To both of them.)

Paul tells you of *me*? I am Helga ten Dorp. I am psychic. For hours now I feel the pain from here. And more than pain. Since eight-thirty, which begins the *Merv Griffin Show*. I am on it next week; you will watch? Thursday night. The amazing Kreskin also. What they want *him* for, I do not know, I call the information but the lady will tell me not your number. I call Paul, but he is not at home; he is in place with red walls, eating with chopsticks. I call the information again. I say, "Is urgent, you *must* tell me number; I am Helga ten Dorp, I am psychic." She says, "*Guess number.*" I try but only I see the two-two-six, which is everybody, ja? So I come here now.

(Looking sympathetically at Myra.)

Because the pain gets worse. And more than pain . . .

(She moves away and wanders the room, a hand to her forehead. Sidney and Myra look anxiously at each other.)

Ja, is something else here, something frightening.

(She goes close to the weapons; one hand to her forehead, the other hand passing back and forth. Sidney and Myra stand motionless as Helga's hand passes over the garrote. She takes up the dagger, turns with it, closes her eyes.)

Was used many times by beautiful dark-haired woman. But only pretending . . . like in play. Will be used again. By another woman. Not in play. But . . . *because* of play . . .

(Opens her eyes)

Because of play, another woman uses this knife.

(Sidney and Myra stare at her. She replaces the dagger.)

You should put away these things.