# Act l Scene Vl

Apartment ll -

The table with glasses, a bottle of liquor, and a briefcase. Swing music in the background.

McCann: Barr, did you ever think when they dissolved our old unit at the OSS…. General Donovan, may he rest in peace, he wouldn't have assigned us to this cockamamie mission. I mean I feel like my aunt Maeve, meddling, when my cousin Aidan got engaged to a protestant girl. What she didn't do to bust up that engagement.

West: Will you stop talking nonsense. They assigned us because they know Daisy trusts us. There's not going to be a wedding.

McCann: Let's say she does get married. I know Daisy's not being sensible now. But she's patriotic, and she's the original daddy's girl. She won't let Generalissimo Trujillo get anywhere near Duke Power. That company will remain American as her daddy would have wanted.

West: You don't know any such thing. Right now Daisy can't be counted on to tie her shoelaces; the Ambassador has her mesmerized.

McCann: Don't you miss the old days when we had real assignments. Do you remember those boys from Chicago, who passed as doctors in a German hospital?

West: Course, they were from my hometown. Spoke perfect German. They found out how many troops Hitler had on the ground.

McCann: Now, that's the kind of work I wish we were still dealing with. Not meddling in Daisy's messy love life.

West: That kind of work takes some otherworldly guts. What am I talking about? So does dealing with these gangster dictators. They say the Generalissimo and the Ambassador are into witchcraft. That's how the Generalissimo solidified his power. Deal with the devil. And the Ambassador uses his sorcery to hypnotize women.

McCann: Ah, he's just a smooth talker. Rich women like Daisy are lonely. These smooth-talking gigolos find their weak spots. The average Joe from Philly is afraid of a woman with millions. (Shakes his head, pours a drink, hands the glass to West, then pours a drink for himself). Witchcraft? Next, I'll be hearing about the night you heard the banshee.

West: I don't believe any of it. But it may affect someone who believes, like, Daisy. McCann: Daisy?

West: She's always running to witches, fortune tellers, and quacks.

McCann: Yeah, that's right. She is. Wait a minute….What if we get Doris to agree to have her lawyers make an arrangement? You know, where the Ambassador can't get her assets.

West: Well, well, that addled brain of yours is working after all.

McCann: Yes, let's see what they can do. Then we have to have a tete-a-tete with the Ambassador. He won't like it.

West: I bet he won't. (West and McCann Exit)