

The Burglar

by John Varszegi

Stylish interior of an old house somewhere in the outskirts of a medium sized city. It is a post-war building, with Victorian trimmings around the main door and the frames on the right side of the stage. The split stage shows a small entrance hall, a basement and an attic with all kinds of cardboard boxes, old furniture and junk household ware in great disorder. Left, there is a hospital bed with small night table and a standing lamp. In the far left corner there is the silhouette of an expensive Steinway Grand piano. In the middle there is a coffee table covered with old lace and two lopsided chairs. In the far left corner there is a small kitchen with refrigerator and a tea kettle. Dark and silence in the opening scene. The time is around midnight.

(The BURGLAR (48) takes out a set of lock picks and tries different keys in the keyhole of the main entrance. He wears a black jacket, jeans, gloves and a toque. After a short try the lock clicks and the door opens. Holding a flash light he sneaks into the entrance hall without any noise. He threads lightly through the apartment and with quick movements stuffs his backpack with some antique items. Then he tries to open the bedroom door but it's locked. He works again with the lock picks for a while until the door opens with a sharp click. He slips in but gets startled as he notices an old lady sitting in a wheelchair between the bed and a standing lamp with light on. AGATHE (60), a lonely, old lady with grey hair, sitting in a wheelchair and staring at the intruder without any emotion on her face. The BURGLAR steps back with surprise, keeps thinking for a short while then after a deep sigh slowly takes out a gun from his jacket. He points it at the old WOMAN.)

BURGLAR

Well, wrong time at the wrong place. I think this is bad luck for you, Ma'am.

(AGATHE cheers up but doesn't look at the BURGLAR. While she talks she looks somewhat away. It is obvious that she is blind and has an early stage of dementia.)

AGATHE

Timmy, is that you?

(The BURGLAR is surprised and stops. He doesn't know what to do, he needs time to realize the new situation he is in. He is confused, looks at the gun in his hand, then looks up again.)

BURGLAR

No. I am ...

(He realizes that the woman is blind. He scratches his head with the pistol and slowly puts it away. Then he approaches AGATHE and moves his palm a few times up and down in front of her face. There is no eye reaction from the woman. He quickly searches around and finds a thick wallet with cash and some small antique figurines on the shelves. He takes them all.)

AGATHE

Timmy, why don't you answer your Mom?

(The BURGLAR stops. He turns to the woman but still hesitates.)

AGATHE (CONT'D)

Timmy, please. Look at me. Will you be staying the night? Like, like in the old days? It's late and cold outside. Hot chocolate! Yes, hot chocolate is your favorite. Would you like some? Yes, yes. I'll prepare it right away.

(She starts to drive her wheelchair to the kitchen. The BURGLAR is still confused. He hesitates a while. Finally he decides to play along. He changes his strong voice to a nice, smooth one.)

BURGLAR

Sorry Ma, I can't stay. I have to go. It was nice to see you, though.

(He turns back to the door and is about to leave.)

AGATHE

I am so sorry sweetheart that I denied your request for help to buy that house. Please, forgive me. I've been thinking a lot since then, and I changed my mind. I decided to give you the money.

(The BURGLAR stops and hesitates for a moment. Then he turns back.)

BURGLAR

What? Money? Did you say money?

(Silence for a moment but he makes a dismissive gesture and keeps again towards the exit.)

BURGLAR (CONT'D)

No, no, Ma. It's weekend, the banks are closed and I can't use any cheques.

AGATHE

Of course not, Hon. I want to give you 500 thousand dollars in cash. It's here in my house.

(The BURGLAR stiffens. The air freezes. After he resuscitates from the shock he turns back again. He cannot believe he is having such a lucky day.)

BURGLAR

Really? You really would help me out to buy a house? I mean... buy that little house I mentioned last time?

AGATHE

Certainly, my boy. But you have to stay...and help your vulnerable, old mother.

BURGLAR

Well, maybe for tonight, Ma.

AGATHE

Great!

(AGATHE claps and rushes towards the kitchen. The BURGLAR takes a few steps trying to take a peek and see where she went. AGATHE's head appears in the door way.)

AGATHE (CONT'D)

Don't go anywhere!

BURGLAR

No, no. I am staying right here.

AGATHE

Okay, Hon.

(AGATHE disappears in the kitchen. The BURGLAR overhears AGATHE's humming. He stares away and continues to think. Something is wrong here. It's too good to be true.)

BURGLAR
How long on that hot chocolate, Ma?

(The humming stops. The BURGLAR is suspicious. He steps into the kitchen and finds that AGATHE fell asleep in the wheelchair. He approaches her and shakes her shoulder. AGATHE opens her eyes and stiffly looks ahead.)

BURGLAR
Hey, you're not serious that you keep half a million in cash at home? I don't buy it. Who would be dumb enough to keep a bunch of money at home where it would be easy pickings for any intruder? Why don't you keep it in the bank?

AGATHE
Banks? Those thieves? You give them your money and they lend it out at 20% interest rate. Finally they give you back peanuts, with max 1% for using your wealth to build up their empire. No Son, I am not stupid to feed their greed and usury.

(AGATHE laughs at her own wisdom. The BURGLAR is getting insecure.)

BURGLAR
Well, that makes sense, no doubt...

(He suddenly changes topic and gets firm.)

BURGLAR (CONT'D)
OK, so where is this money?

AGATHE
The money is... the money...I hid...

(She becomes stiff, looks ahead with emptiness in her eyes. She tries hard to remember. The BURGLAR's impatience starts to grow.)

BURGLAR
...the money is...

AGATHE
I put the money...

You put the money... BURGLAR

The BURGLAR gets agitated and yells at her.

BURGLAR (CONT'D)
Where the hell did you put that damn money?

(AGATHE suddenly drops out of her meditation and turns to the direction of the voice.)

AGATHE
Don't yell at me Timothy! Look what you've done. Now I forgot where I put that money. Be nice to your mother and help me remember or you have to find it yourself...

(The BURGLAR is close to exploding in anger but forces himself to calm down.)

BURGLAR
Dear Ma, try to think hard. I don't have time to search the whole house.

(AGATHE is petulant.)

AGATHE
No. You've hurt me. Ask me to forgive you.

(The BURGLAR tries to restrain his temper.)

BURGLAR
OK, Mom, I am sorry.

(AGATHE is still petulant.)

AGATHE
No.

BURGLAR
Please...

AGATHE
No.

(The BURGLAR stops begging.)

SILENCE

(AGATHE turns her head towards the BURGLAR.)

Keep asking... AGATHE (CONT'D)

Please Ma... BURGLAR

(AGATHE cheers up and shows a winner's smile.)

OK. Apologies accepted. AGATHE

(The BURGLAR sighs and eases up. He is over an obstacle.)

BURGLAR
Phew...good. That means we can get back to the original topic. Do you remember where you put the money, Ma'am?

(AGATHE is becoming sensitive.)

AGATHE
Please don't call me Ma'am. I know I wasn't, I... I should have been a better mom. But I was never like her. Was I?

Who do you mean? BURGLAR

You know that very well. AGATHE

(The BURGLAR has no idea but plays along.)

BURGLAR
Oh yes, of course. No Mum, you were never like her. She was a bitch.

AGATHE
See? I always told you not to play with Evelyn but you never listened. I remember once she even bit you so hard, that you had to pay a visit to Dr. Popper.

(The BURGLAR is surprised but still plays along.)

BURGLAR
Bit? Oh yes, she was very passionate.

(The BURGLAR's expression shows he's totally lost.)

BURGLAR (CONT'D)
You were right, Mom. I loved her with all my heart and she left me for a Big Dog. I am happy that we aren't together any more.

AGATHE

Yes. When she became blind a car hit her just in front of the house. She didn't suffer, died right away.

(The BURGLAR is getting really confused as he has no idea who the person is they talk about.)

BURGLAR

Blind? An accident? Oh yes, I remember. She had a nice funeral. The whole town was there. And the priest gave a wonderful speech...

AGATHE

Funeral? What are you talking about, son?

(The BURGLAR is getting ambiguous and confused.)

BURGLAR

Evelyn...the accident ... the funeral...

AGATHE

Timothy! Don't make a joke about her! She was the best trained rottweiler in the neighborhood. She protected the whole family. Be nice to her memories.

(The BURGLAR is relieved.)

BURGLAR

Oh yes, that's what I'm talking about. The dog, of course.

AGATHE

I guess I was... Please forgive me Timmy. Just please stay. If not for me, stay for her. What's her... Evelyn! Stay for Evelyn.

(The BURGLAR decides to continue playing along.)

BURGLAR

Maybe I'll stay, maybe I won't. Why should I?

AGATHE

Really? Well, because you have your whole life ahead of you. You remember your grandfather, right? He went to war and died. For what? For nothing. All they sent me back was a medal.

(AGATHE approaches the BURGLAR and touches his face caressing.)

AGATHE (CONT'D)

What is this on your head?

(AGATHE reaches for 'Timmy's' toque.
'Timmy' allows her to remove it.)

BURGLAR

A toque. It's cold and rainy out there, Ma.

AGATHE

Hmm...doesn't feel wet. Anyway, if you want to marry, it's OK.

(AGATHE hugs 'Timmy', and then mildly slaps his face. Actually it is pretty powerful; the man almost loses his balance.)

AGATHE (CONT'D)

You ungrateful little brat. I put a roof over your head. I took care of you, I raised you. Go! Go find her. Go find that slut.

BURGLAR

I will Mom. Now let's get back to the money. Do you remember where you put it?

AGATHE

Hmm...let me think. Why don't we go back to my bedroom? My thinking is much sharper there.

BURGLAR

Yes. Sure. I'll take you there.

(He pushes the wheelchair back to the bedroom near the standing lamp where he first found her.)

BURGLAR

So, here we are. Now you should think hard to find out where you put that money.

AGATHE

Yes, yes. Hmm...let me think.

(She thinks hard for a while - the BURGLAR doesn't dare to make a move so as not to disturb her recalling. Suddenly she cheers up and begins a totally different topic.)

AGATHE (CONT'D)

Oh, Timmy, do you remember your favorite fable? I told you that story a thousand times before you went to sleep. Whenever I finished, you asked me to tell it again until you finally fell asleep.

(She looks away and tries to recall the story.)

AGATHE (CONT'D)

Ah, I got it. So. Once upon a time, an Indian walked into a big American city with his non-Indian friend. They went to New York Times Square. It was a peak time, so many people were out in the streets. Motorists were honking, taxi drivers getting around street corners, the noise of the city was almost deafening. The Indian spoke: - I hear a cricket. "That can-not be," his friend said. - Isn't there too much noise to hear a cricket? - I'm sure. I heard a cricket, "said the Indian.

"That's crazy," he said again. The Indian, for a while, watched patiently, and then walked to the other side of the street, where a few bushes grew. Between the branches he really found the cricket.

His friend's jaw dropped: "That's impossible. You have supernatural hearing.

"No," the indigenous man replied. "My ear is no different from yours. The thing just depends on what you're paying attention to.

"It's impossible; I would never hear a cricket in such noise. No, no, it is not possible" - his friend was still in doubt.

- "It all depends on what's most important to you. Pay attention! I'll show you."

The Indian took some coins from his pocket and then dropped them on the ground. Within thirty yards, every head turned around to see if the coin that sounded was not theirs.

- "See? It all depends on what's important to you."

SILENCE

(The BURGLAR gets the point, he feels vexation and tries to find the words to fight back. AGATHE is vivacious.)

AGATHE (CONT'D)

So? What do you think? Do you still like this cute story?

BURGLAR

Ma, as far as I remember, I had a story I liked more than this one.

(AGATHE looks ahead petulantly. She doesn't like what she just heard. She expected big support and appreciation from him.)

AGATHE

Well, how does that other story go? Can you tell me?

(The BURGLAR thinks hard, try to find a punchy story to the situation, then after a short hesitation he shines up.)

BURGLAR

Sure, Ma. A Miser had buried his gold in a secret place in his garden. Every day he went to the spot, dug up the

treasure and counted it piece by piece to make sure it was all there. He made so many trips that a Thief, who had been observing him, guessed what it was the Miser had hidden, and one night quietly dug up the treasure and made off with it. When the Miser discovered his loss, he was overcome with grief and despair. He groaned and cried and tore his hair. A passerby heard his cries and asked what had happened. "My gold! O my gold!" cried the Miser, wildly, "someone has robbed me!" "Your gold! There in that hole? Why did you put it there? Why did you not keep it in the house where you could easily get it when you had to buy things?" "Buy!" screamed the Miser angrily. "Why, I never touched the gold. I couldn't think of spending any of it." The stranger picked up a large stone and threw it into the hole. "If that is the case," he said, "cover up that stone. It is worth just as much to you as the treasure you lost!" Ha-ha-ha.

(The BURGLAR bursts into laughter but AGATHE keeps quiet.)

BURGLAR (CONT'D)

Did you get it? Eh? You know, the moral of it: saving, spending wisely and appropriately is a good sign if you do it for a good purpose. Otherwise, a possession is worth no more than the use we make of it. And what could be a better purpose than helping your lovely son? Ha-ha-ha. Good story, isn't it?

AGATHE

(darkly) I don't like it. It's stupid.

SILENCE

(Then the BURGLAR shrugs.)

BURGLAR

Anyway, this was my favorite fable. YOU wanted to hear it.

AGATHE

You know the way out. Just go away!

BURGLAR

Listen, Mom... Is everything OK? Because five minutes ago you were asking me to stay, now you want me to go.

AGATHE

You remind me more and more of your father. Everything is just a joke to you, isn't it? Look at you. You're forty years old and what are you doing with your life?

BURGLAR

I don't know. Why don't you tell me?

AGATHE

You had talent. My own son was the best student I've ever had. I couldn't believe it, you were a genius. But you threw everything away. And why? Because you wanted to be a rapper,

and then you wanted to be a lawyer, and later an undertaker and now you want to marry someone who can give you nothing but trouble.

BURGLAR

Interesting. Are you saying that you actually don't want me to marry?

AGATHE

You could do so much better. I've seen these types before, they want you to feel pity for them and they want you to save them. They see the potential in you and they are right, you are so much better than they could ever have hoped for. But they can't be saved, Timmy. Finally they will use you, they will take your money and then throw you out like garbage.

(The BURGLAR deeply thinks about this scenario.)

BURGLAR

Hmm...you got a point Ma. That's what women usually do these days. (PAUSE) Then I promise, I won't look for marriage for now.

AGATHE

Don't play with me, Timothy.

BURGLAR

Do you care about me, Mom?

AGATHE

More than anything in the world.

BURGLAR

Then can I stay with you to find that damn money?

AGATHE

Well, yes. You can stay as long as you want. Until you get on your own feet. I mean, but that can wait. I am so happy Timmy.

BURGLAR

I am happy too, Mom.

AGATHE

Hug.

(AGATHE approaches 'Timmy'. She holds up her tears.)

AGATHE (CONT'D)

Everything is going to be okay, you know? We are gonna be fine. I believe in you. If you want to be a rapper, it's OK, or lawyer, or an undertaker, whatever you want. Just don't take too long to make up your mind. Right? But for now we both keep our day jobs and life moves on.

(AGATHE gently caresses 'Timmy's face.
The BURGLAR appreciates her act.)

BURGLAR

It's getting late, Mom. Perhaps we should take you to bed.

(Suddenly whistling noise comes from
the kitchen.)

AGATHE

The water for your hot chocolate is boiling in the kitchen.

BURGLAR

Would you like some? Wait here. I'll go get it.

(The BURGLAR makes his way out to the
kitchen and prepares the hot
chocolate.)

AGATHE

Hon, there is a piece of fruit cake in the fridge. Your
favorite. Bring it in with the chocolate.

BURGLAR

OK, Mom.

(The BURGLAR pours out the hot water
over chocolate powder into two old,
stylish china cups and puts them on
saucers. Then he goes to the fridge,
opens it and looks in. Old, expired
food, some milk, etc. On a worn plate
there is a slice of fruit cake,
looking pretty old and dried out -
probably resting there at least a
month.)

AGATHE

Oh, and you can find near the cake a little jar of apple
sauce as well. Bring that in for me, please.

(The BURGLAR finds the apple sauce and
takes it out as well. Then he closes
the fridge and grabs a tray. He
arranges everything: hot chocolates,
slice of cake with a desert fork,
apple sauce jar with a teaspoon. Then
he brings the tray in the bedroom.)

BURGLAR

Here we are, Mom.

(He puts down the tray on the coffee
table and brings a cup to AGATHE. Then
he sits back near the table but he
doesn't touch his chocolate.)

AGATHE
Drink your chocolate, son. Drink.

(The BURGLAR doesn't do anything, not even a move.)

BURGLAR
Mmm... it tastes so good. It's a great hot chocolate, same as in the old days. Do you like it, too, Ma?

(AGATHE smiles as she knows that he doesn't drink at all.)

AGATHE
Oh, wonderful. I drink it every night. Good antioxidant for your health, it sharpens your mind. (beat) Eat the cake, son. It's your favorite fruit cake.

(The BURGLAR tries to fake her out the same way he did with the hot chocolate.)

BURGLAR
Sure, Ma. Hmm...so delicious. I like it.

AGATHE
I don't hear the clinks of the fork and the plate. Eat it. (She becomes angry and yells at him.) Eat it!!!

(The BURGLAR winces, grabs the cake and takes a bite but it tastes terrible. He makes faces of disgust. He carefully puts it down without making any noise and takes the apple sauce jar. He eats a teaspoonful of it. He seems to like it, so with some cutlery noise he eats up the whole little jar. He makes some noise on the plate with the desert fork as well. AGATHE is content hearing that now "her son" eats.)

AGATHE (CONT'D)
See? I know you like my fruit cake.

BURGLAR
So Mom, have the good antioxidants sharpened your mind?

AGATHE
(cheerful) Yes. Definitely.

BURGLAR
Then you can probably find out now where you put the money.

(AGATHE thinks hard, then she is more positive.)

AGATHE

I think I remember now...I hid the money in a briefcase. You know, your late father's old briefcase. All in one hundred dollar bills. Yes! I am positive. See? The chocolate works. I told you it sharpens your mind.

(She smiles happily. The BURGLAR doesn't celebrate with her.)

BURGLAR

(impatiently) OK, OK...but where did you put the briefcase?

AGATHE

(sadly) Oh, I don't know...

(The BURGLAR is angry, close to explosion.)

BURGLAR

Then we don't seem to be getting anywhere with this...Do you want some more hot chocolate?

AGATHE

No, not at all. I don't want to wake up and pee all night. (Suddenly she gets angry.) Do you want to kill your dear, old mother?

BURGLAR

(muttering) An option worth considering...(loudly but nicely) No, of course not, Ma.

(AGATHE seems not to hear that. Suddenly she cheers up.)

AGATHE

I know...I remember now.

(The BURGLAR jumps hopefully.)

BURGLAR

OK, Ma. You are great. So, where did you put the briefcase?

AGATHE

I put it in the basement room. Behind the furniture...or under the cardboard boxes.

(The BURGLAR takes out his flashlight and is about to leave the room. Suddenly he stops and turns back.)

BURGLAR

Where is the entrance to the basement?

AGATHE

(surprisingly) Have you already forgotten your childhood place? This is where you grew up. Your own room was in the

basement. True, but since you have moved out, we use it as a storage room.

BURGLAR

Yes, yes. I am forgetful. Of course, I remember the basement.

(He quickly leaves with the flashlight. AGATHE yells after him.)

AGATHE

(loudly) Sweetheart, if you go down, you should tidy up. Sweep up the floor...might as well. Don't forget the vacuuming!

(AGATHE stays alone. She contentedly leans back and begins to hum a children's song. Then she falls asleep. While she is sleeping, the BURGLAR enters the basement room. Huge disorder, dirt, cardboard boxes and old furniture everywhere. He tries to clean up, removes everything, searches for the briefcase. He looks annoyed and angry. AGATHE suddenly snores so noisy that it wakes her up. She shouts over to 'Timmy'.)

AGATHE

Hey, Timmy! I can't hear the vacuum cleaner!

(The BURGLAR almost explodes but tries to stay calm and sweet.)

BURGLAR

OK Mum! I am just about to do it!

(He unwillingly looks around to find the vacuum cleaner. He finds it and rolls off the cord. He is so ham-fisted that after a while he tightens himself up with the long cable. He starts to choke as he twisted some cord even around his neck. Finally he turns it on and angrily starts to clean the room. AGATHE hears the sound of the vacuum cleaner, she smiles with satisfaction. She nods with her head and continues humming the children's song. After a few minutes the BURGLAR enters the room. He is very angry, almost ready to kill the woman.)

BURGLAR

Mom! I couldn't find anything! Are you fooling with me?

AGATHE

(scared) No, no son. After you left I remembered that I told you wrong. I put it in the attic, not in the basement. I called you many times but you couldn't hear me. Probably the vacuum cleaner was too loud.

(The BURGLAR doesn't say a word but looks very angry. He calculates whether the woman is playing with him or telling the truth. Finally he calms down but still swearing.)

BURGLAR

OK, Mom. I'll go up to the attic now. I suggest you not to play fast and loose with me any more.

(He sweats, so he takes off his jacket and puts it on the chair. Then he leaves the room again. Now he goes up to the attic. While he is out, AGATHE drives to the chair where the BURGLAR put his jacket before. She quickly searches the pockets until she finds the gun. She takes it out and hides it under her gown. Then she positions back where she was. When everything is rearranged, she shouts out to him.)

AGATHE

Hon, if you are there, tidy up the attic, too!

(The BURGLAR enters the attic and finds the same mess like before in the basement. He moves everything, old furniture, cardboard boxes etc. But again, finds nothing. This time he looks for a rope or a piece of cord. He finds a silk scarf. He puts it in his pocket and returns to the woman. Then he comes back to the bedroom. He is angry, brushes the dust off his clothes with his hands.)

BURGLAR

Ma, I really don't have time for this. Don't fool around, just tell me where the hell the money is. (threatening) Tell me or else...

AGATHE

(innocently) Or else what son?

BURGLAR

Or else...

(The BURGLAR takes out the silk scarf from his pocket and stretches a few times with his hands.)

BURGLAR (CONT'D)
...we have to say goodbye to each other.

(He slowly approaches the woman.)

AGATHE
(peacefully) No my dear, I think we don't.

(The BURGLAR stops, gets surprised as he didn't expect this answer at all.)

BURGLAR
Why?

AGATHE
(sweetly) There are two reasons, Hon. One is this.

(She pulls out the BURGLAR's gun and aims at his head. The BURGLAR is shocked. He tosses the scarf, grabs his jacket from the chair and starts to search for the gun. He confirms that it is missing. He looks at the woman calmed down and smiling.)

BURGLAR

That's not a reason for me, Ma'am. I am a skilled fighter.

(He makes some silly jiu-jitsu movements with his arms and legs. After the short performance he stops and looks at the woman.)

So what is the other one?

AGATHE
The other is that I can only sleep with strong sleeping pills but because I have swallowing problems, I have to take them crushed in apple sauce. (PAUSE) And you just ate the whole jar.

(The BURGLAR gets scared and grabs his throat.)

BURGLAR
Oh, shit! You've poisoned me, you witch!

(The strength starts to run out of him, he feels weak. He grabs the arm of the chair.)

BURGLAR (CONT'D)
Wait! How do you know that I ate it all? You're not even blind, are you? You're a liar.

AGATHE
(with a little smile on her face) Did I ever say you I am blind? But I assure you, Dear, that unfortunately the wheelchair is real.

BURGLAR
And what about Timmy, your son?

AGATHE
(sigh) Well, it was my dear late husband's and my deepest sorrow that we never had children.

BURGLAR
(almost falling asleep) Then you don't have money hidden in this house either...

AGATHE
(smiling) Come on, son. (she repeats his earlier line about money to the bank) Who would be dumb enough to keep a bunch of money at home where it would be easy pickings for any intruder?

(The BURGLAR slows down, hardly able to keep his eyes open.)

BURGLAR
What...what are you going to do now?

AGATHE
Hmm...I think I'll call the police. You can have an easy nap until they arrive.

(The BURGLAR collapses and falls asleep. AGATHE claps and sighs like someone who's just finished a long, hard job then she dials 911.)

DISPATCHER WOMAN (V.O.)
Emergency. Where can I direct your call?

AGATHE
Could you give me the police, my dear?

DISPATCHER WOMAN (V.O.)
Certainly.

(Short clicking noise then a male voice answers.)

LIEUTENANT KELLER (V.O.)
Lieutenant Keller, City Police Department. How can I help you?

AGATHE

Lieutenant, I read in the news that you were searching for a big, sturdy serial intruder in town. He is here in my house, you can pick him up.

LIEUTENANT KELLER (V.O.)
(excited) Ma'am, don't approach him, he is dangerous, he has a gun. Try to hide from him until we arrive.

AGATHE
(sweetly) That won't be necessary, Officer. I knocked him out, he is sleeping...and waiting for a pick up.

LIEUTENANT KELLER (V.O.)
(surprised) Wow. How did you manage to catch him, Ma'am?

AGATHE
Oh, never mind, darling. It was a piece of cake.

CURTAIN