

RODNEY. (*Rises and goes to BRAD.*) What about you, Benedict? We don't know what you're thinking.

BRAD. Well, I—it's just that—

RODNEY. Come on. Speak up.

BRAD. (*Crosses below desk.*) If I were to say what's on my mind, I'm sure no one would agree. I've been trained to think in a different era of time than you have. (*Room LIGHTS DIM to SPOT area D. R. He crosses into it.*) If I were like my heroes with their electronic equipment, I'd go back to just before we all went to search the island, before Jane was killed. (*Takes button like he used before from under his lapel.*) This innocent-looking thing is a honing device. I'd have hidden one on each person and then, with this innocent-seeming pen, I could have listened in to any conversation they might have had. (*Holds up ball-point pen.*) That's what I'd have done . . . then, when they went to search . . . (*Imagination LIGHT wash comes up and they are all in same positions as they were before the search began.*) Ready and go.

(*They all turn to go and it is seen that all of them have the gold button honing devices pinned in the middle of their backs. In the long speech of BRAD's JESS and WHIT have gotten theirs from the back of the sofa, JESS has pinned one on RODNEY, and MILDRED put one on her last time offstage.*)

RODNEY. (*Turns back to BRAD.*) Which way is north again?

BRAD. That way.

MILDRED. (*As she exits to kitchen as before.*) I wish someone would move this body.

BRAD. (*After they have completed exits as before.*) Now to use this innocent-seeming device. (*Takes out pen. Each click of it brings in another station.*)

ANNOUNCER. ". . . for that peppy feeling, use Blood-pep every morning. It's time to stop being dead."

BRAD. Wrong channel. (*Clicks pen again.*)

JANE. (*Over microphone.*) . . . I thought I'd never get you alone.

BRAD. That's Jane's voice.

JANE. (*Over microphone.*) I've got the plans, but we'd better not be seen talking out here. Even those stupid authors might suspect something.

BRAD. Who's she talking to?

JANE. (*Over microphone.*) Meet me in the living room. I've got the plans hidden away in a book . . . no, not here. Save the romance for later. . . . Oh, all right, if you insist. . . . (*Sound of a very noisy kiss.*)

BRAD. Those spies are all the same. (*Puts pen away.*) The living room? That's here. I'd better conceal myself and find out who the Master Spy is. (*He ducks down D. of the desk.*)

JANE. (*Comes from kitchen, looks around. Takes book from bookcase U. R., brings it down to desk. Calls.*) Come on, hurry up before the others get back.

(*Footsteps are heard coming to door from kitchen.*)

RODNEY. (*Enters.*) Where are the plans? (*In this imagination sequence, RODNEY is a smooth but hard villain and JANE a rather sexy agent.*)

JANE. Keep your shirt on. I'm getting them. (*Takes paper out of book. These are the plans and they are actually on flash paper which can be obtained at any magic supply shop.*)

RODNEY. (*Crosses D. to her.*) Chaotic will pay millions for those. Millions.

JANE. (*Holding up the plans.*) Here they are.

RODNEY. Perfect. (*Reaches for them, but she holds them back.*) Every missile site on the eastern seaboard. How did you get them?

JANE. The usual way. No one can resist my body.

RODNEY. The entire eastern seaboard?

JANE. In six days. I was slowed down in Jacksonville.

RODNEY. Incredible.

JANE. (*Waving paper in front of him.*) Now I want what's coming to me.

RODNEY. And that's just what you're going to get. (*Takes pocket comb from his pocket.*)

JANE. I want the dough. This is no time to fix your hair with that innocent-seeming comb.

RODNEY. Your usefulness is over, my dear. (*Slides*