

## Daria

SIMON. Four weeks, two days, and six hours. I'm especially proud of the six hours. It shows I can really stick with it.

DARIA. The truth is, I do know about it, and I plan to put it in my column on Monday morning. I mean, just look at the two of you. You're headline news! One minute you're character actors, the next minute you've inherited half of the Pacific Northwest.

SIMON. What do you mean?

DARIA. What do I - ? Darling, you've just married the Merry Widow of Manhattan for God's sake.

SIMON. Sorry, but you've got it wrong. Hugo didn't leave her anything.

DARIA. Excuse me, but I am a reporter. When I found the records on your marriage, I happened to see Hugo's will and testament.

(to AGGIE:.) He left you everything, didn't he? All his millions.

AGGIE. .... Yes, he did.

(The room erupts.)

FELIX, MARTHA & MADGE. Oh my God! / That's amazing! /

Oh, Aggie! / Simon!

GILLETTE. Why didn't you tell us?

AGGIE. I-I don't know. I-I didn't want it to affect my relationship with anyone. They'd treat me differently, you know they would.

SIMON. Does this mean I'm rich?

(AGGIE nods.)

Very rich?

(Nod.)

Hahaaaaaahaaaaaa! I'm rich, I'm rich, I'm rich. How do you do? I'm rich. You may touch me.

(He rushes to AGGIE, but stops abruptly:.)

You just made my day.

(He embraces her and they all laugh.)

DARIA. I must say, this cast of yours gives me endless things to write about. It's like I invented you just for the purpose.

**Start**

MADGE. We'd rather you wrote about the play and not us.

DARIA. Oh, nonsense. Of course you wouldn't. Everyone wants publicity. It's magic, and it's changing the world. Look at me, I'm a sorceress. A wave of the pen and I can make you a star. Poof. Publicity equals fame equals money. It's like a drug, but it never stops. And I must say, you've all been hogging the limelight beautifully, haven't you. First the shooting, which in itself must have doubled my readership, then the inheritance and now the murder -

FELIX. Murder?

AGGIE. What murder?

SIMON. You mean the shooting.

DARIA. No, I mean the murder this morning.

(Dead silence.)

Don't tell me you don't...

(to GILLETTE.) Do you know about it?

GILLETTE. I'm afraid I do. I was going to tell everyone after dinner.

DARIA. Oops.

AGGIE. Who was murdered?

GILLETTE. Noggis.

(Shocked silence.)

SIMON. Stage doorman Noggis?

GILLETTE. I'm afraid so.

AGGIE. Oh no.

GILLETTE. The police asked me to identify the body this morning. It happened late last night, apparently.

DARIA. I was there.

GILLETTE. Excuse me?