

SIDE 4

SCENE 2

Ginger

Agnes

Roberta

ROBERTA.

(To Ginger)

Ginger, we have news! I just got off the phone with the Library of Congress–

GINGER.

The Library of Congress?

AGNES.

The one and only.

ROBERTA.

(With severity)

They offered us a hefty sum for that treasure of ours.

GINGER.

You want to sell it? But it's a treasure.

ROBERTA.

And that's why they offered us *two million*.

GINGER.

Dollars?–

(Grand pause.)

ROBERTA.

No, *sandwiches*.

(Beat.)

That may be just enough money to make some long overdue changes around here.

(Wipes dust off computer screen)

Keyword:... *Sundays?*

MUSIC END.

AGNES.

And *you'd* author the metadata!

GINGER

(GINGER considers her options.)

And you're sure we could afford...*Sundays?*

(GINGER holds out her pinky with conviction. ROBERTA stares at it and responds:)

ROBERTA.

You can't be serious...

(ROBERTA reluctantly hooks pinkies. SHE sprays herself with disinfectant afterward.)

GINGER.

Now, time to get ready–

ROBERTA.

One last thing: the Library of Congress requires all treasures be insured prior to transfer...that manuscript has insurance on it, correct?

GINGER.

Ask the Central Library *Insurance* Agency.

ROBERTA.

At the Federal Bureau of Library Investigation?

AGNES.

(Worried, to Roberta)

The CLIA at the FBI?!

GINGER.

The one and only.

ROBERTA.

How much will they cover?

GINGER.

At least a few hundred thousand?–

AGNES.

(Gleefully ironic)

Sandwiches?!

(Long beat. ROBERTA glares at Agnes.)

GINGER.

(Collecting her belongings)

But now, I've really gotta get ready! I can fax a copy of the insurance to the library's machine when I get home.

ROBERTA.

Just email it—and text us your location when you get to your date! You know how dating is nowadays. You can never truly, deeply, *honestly* trust anyone...other than *us*.

AGNES.

(To Roberta)

Why would we want that?

ROBERTA.

(Trying to shut Agnes up)

To make sure she's safe...

(GINGER turns back. ROBERTA and AGNES wave. GINGER exits.)

SFX: Door Bell.

ROBERTA (CONT'D).

Safely in our trap! Come, Agnes, the scheme is a-brewing.

AGNES.

Insurance? Dates? And text messages? The FBI was *not* part of our scheme...