ROBERT: —Is she??

SAMIRA: Is she what?

ROBERT: Paul's daughter

SAMIRA: (Confused) Of course she is

ROBERT: How do you know?

SAMIRA: She...she said she was, how would...what?

ROBERT: And we are supposed to just believe her?

SAMIRA: What the hell are you saying?

ROBERT: Ask her!

SAMIRA: What?

ROBERT: Ask her if she is Paul's daughter

(SAMIRA looks at DAVID.)

DAVID: (Calmly) Ask her

SAMIRA: This is crazy and you are scaring me

ROBERT: When the phone rang earlier, do you want to know who it was?

SAMIRA: Who

ROBERT: Eve Morris

SAMIRA: What?

ROBERT: Eve Morris, Paul's daughter, calling from Vancouver

SAMIRA: I...

ROBERT: Her flight was cancelled

SAMIRA: Cancelled...

ROBERT: Yes

SAMIRA: (*To EVE*) You need to start...you need to explain...

(EVE sits quietly, almost smiling.)

SAMIRA: Why aren't you explaining this? Why are you just sitting there?

DAVID: Because she *isn't* Eve Morris...so she can't explain it

(Beat.)

EVE: (Playfully) Oops

SAMIRA: What...Then who the hell are you?

EVE: I've read *Black Frost* three times, and I cry each time the husband cries out frantically for his wife who just...disappeared while on a picnic...and they never find her, I mean why would they? He yells and yells for her while people stare at him like he's a crazy person...much like you are staring at me right now

ROBERT: Who the hell are you?

EVE: The book ends the way you would think it would end, but not how you *want* it to end. Much like life when you think about it. I'm sure Paul realized *how* his life was going to end, but it wasn't how he *wanted* it to

ROBERT: I asked you a question

EVE: The book ends with no conclusion...only more questions. The door doesn't swing open with the wife running into her husband's arms, or the phone doesn't ring with the husband answering it and breaking into sobs of joy...(*To ROBERT, who is about to speak*) I'm answering your question...I'm answering your question. (*Pause*) I'm the daughter of your oldest friend...

DAVID: But you—

EVE: I'm also the granddaughter of a lonely old hermit

ROBERT: You can't—

EVE: —I'm your wife's *biggest* fan. (*To DAVID*) I'm someone you met in a dark room at a club in New York. (*To SAMIRA*) I'm the daughter you gave up for adoption (*EVE puts her thumb in her mouth like a baby*)

SAMIRA: (To herself) Jesus Christ

DAVID: What the hell?

SAMIRA: (Still stunned) Call the police

EVE: The police? Absolutely call the police. I bet they love a good story

SAMIRA: *Robert call the police!*

ROBERT: Wait

SAMIRA: Wait? For what?

EVE: Yes for what, Robert?

SAMIRA: David?

(DAVID makes a move for the phone.)

ROBERT: David no

(DAVID stops.)

EVE: Didn't you say your father is still living in the same small town he was so respected in?

ROBERT: You're sick, you know—

EVE: —He must be up there in age, it would be such a shame for him to live out his last few years under investigation, under scrutiny, being judged and finding out that the dark secret he has been keeping all these years...the horrible thing he did...was based on a lie

SAMIRA: This is insane

DAVID: I think we know what or who is insane

ROBERT: Who are you? I'm asking you for the last time

EVE: Or what Robert? Am I going to mysteriously disappear?

SAMIRA: My God what rock did you crawl out from under?

EVE: I am really feeling the love

ROBERT: You are taking something that happened years ago, something that was an accident

EVE: (Laughs) An accident?

SAMIRA: (*Stands*) Robert is she telling the truth?? The story she told…is it true?

ROBERT: It's not as easy as...it was years ago

SAMIRA: Robert? She's lying right? She made it up...tell me she made it up!

ROBERT: We were young, scared...we didn't know...what we said would cause...

SAMIRA: Cause what? What did you say that poor old man did?