

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

POE B

Helen.

SARAH

They call me Sarah.

POE B

I call you Helen. Helen of Troy. The most radiant beauty who ever lived.

SARAH

You've adequately demonstrated the breadth of your reading, but I can do without the flattery. I'm forty-five, I've heard every variety of silver-tongued approbation, and from men far less disheveled than you, Mr. Allan.

POE B

I don't use "Allan".

SARAH

I don't use "Helen".

POE B

Touche'!

SARAH

Je t'ai tue', Mr. Poe. ["I have killed you"]

They stand in silence for a moment. He tries to kiss her. She allows it for a brief moment, then pulls back.

POE B

Are lady poets forbidden to indulge their desires?

SARAH

(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)

Of course not. The implication that you are the *object* of my desire, however, is both baseless and irrational.

POE B

It begs the question--Why are you here?

SARAH

You piqued my curiosity. An average man invites a lady to a salon or a tea, Mr. Poe. Not to a graveyard.