

Felix / Gillette

GILLETTE. Good. Now I want you to go upstairs and take one of your pills, it'll make you sleepy. No, take two.

MARTHA. When I take two I can't even see straight.

GILLETTE. Good, and then go to bed. We'll discuss it in the morning.

MARTHA. Oh, Willie, I'm so sorry for doing such a terrible thing, but I couldn't let her hurt you, I just couldn't.

GILLETTE. I understand. Now up you go. Straight to bed. You promised.

MARTHA. *(drying her tears)* Oh, all right. Nighty-night.

GILLETTE. Sleep tight.

MARTHA. Don't let the bed bugs bite.

(She hugs her son.)

Oh, Willie, I love you so much.

GILLETTE. And I love you.

MARTHA. Incidentally, that taxi Daria ordered before she died? I cancelled it. I took the view that she wouldn't need it once she was dead. Good-night, dear.

(She exits.)

GILLETTE. Oh my God...

(At this moment, FELIX appears at the top of the stairs and begins descending. He's angry and he doesn't look up - so he doesn't see the body at first.)

Oh, Felix, thank God. Come here, quickly.

FELIX. Don't speak to me, you reprobate.

GILLETTE. Yes, yes, I know, I was stupid, I apologize, I'm groveling, but I need your help!

FELIX. Oh I'm sure you do because you had to stage a séance, you had to pretend my wife was murdered, and you certainly had to what the hell is that?

(GILLETTE lifts up the blanket a bit.)

It's Daria.

GILLETTE. She's dead.

FELIX. ...What's the joke?

start

GILLETTE. There is no joke. She's dead.

(FELIX chuckles appreciatively. He's sure this is a Gillette Special. He bends down and pokes the body.)

FELIX. Badabadabada. Bidabidabida. Boodaboodaaaaah!
Oh my God! What happened?!

GILLETTE. Knife to the back.

FELIX. Holy God! Who did this?!

GILLETTE. You're not going to believe it.

FELIX. Who?!

GILLETTE. Mother.

FELIX. My mother did this?

GILLETTE. Not *your* mother. *My* mother.

FELIX. Martha?

(GILLETTE nods.)

Dear sweet Martha?

GILLETTE. She was furious because Daria threatened to ruin me. Now I need to protect her. Will you help me?

FELIX. Well of course I'll help you, she's like my own mother. But what are you thinking?

GILLETTE. I'm not sure. I suppose we should hide the body somewhere in the house. Then we'll claim that Daria left here right after the séance and we have *no idea at all where she was going*. Then, when things cool down, we'll get rid of the body.

FELIX. It does make us accessories to murder, you know.

GILLETTE. Well, if you don't want to help your dear sweet Martha who's been like a m -

FELIX. Oh shut up. We can't let her go to prison. Poor old thing, what kind of life has she had? She's been stuck with you for most of it....What are you doing?!

GILLETTE. Getting rid of the evidence.

end

(GILLETTE is kneeling over the body. He pulls the knife from DARIA's back, and it comes out with a hideous pop, spurting blood from the wound.)