

BLOOD ON THE KNOCKERS

A bloody farce

By Brock D. Vickers

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146 W Rose Valley Rd.
Rose Valley, PA 19086
912-281-2422
vickersbrock@gmail.com

CHARACTERS

NOTE: There are only two actors in this production: Actor 1 plays LUCY, and Actor 2 plays all other parts in ACT 1. In ACT 2, Actor 2 plays DETECTIVE and Actor 1 plays all the other parts. To produce, multiple stage hands are needed for quick changes and to stand in as body doubles.

ACT 1

LUCY	An attractive young woman of 20
HARPER	A bombastic young man in love...with himself.
DR. STEWARD	LUCY's father and a renowned medical doctor.
MAID	LUCY's ward and keeper of the house.
DETECTIVE	Bumbling fool assigned to the case.

ACT 2

DETECTIVE	Same as ACT 1
ENID	A stout German ward of the asylum.
MISS GRIMM,	A reporter
PR. UTTERSON	An old lawyer

SETTING

A Victorian mansion just outside of London that doubles as an asylum for Dr. Steward's patients. In the room there are five doors: three closets, an entrance, and a servants entrance.

TIME

Act 1 Mid-day, 1888.

Act 2 The same, following day.

ACT 1

LUCY's room in a Victorian mansion. There is an elegant couch, a fine bed, coffee table, drawers, powder desk, etc. Throughout the monologue the closets pop open and HARPER mindlessly shuts them as if nothing happened. LUCY keeps trying to sneak something out a drawer but HARPER stops her. Finally, she pulls out a glass bottle and takes a big swig at the end of the speech.

HARPER

Thank you Detective Richard. We will be sure and keep our eyes peeled for anything suspicious. (*Closes Door.*) Idiot! That man will never catch the killer. What has happened to this great country of ours? If that is what London's finest has come to then this country is in deep trouble, Lucy. Although, who's surprised anymore with all this garbage in the Times. Murder this and murder that. You can't open a paper today with reading something about Jack the Ripper murdering prostitutes...They deserved it. They knew what they were getting themselves into. They made their choice long ago. But poor Elizabeth? Honestly, who could do that to her? Slit her throat from ear to ear, and leave her body for every man to see...in her nightgown, soaked in blood, chest exposed so you could see her perfectly shaped—yet, somehow tastefully elegant--she was a fine woman Elizabeth. We were lucky to know such a graceful woman. It's amazing how she carried that magical aura about her...so few women can these days. Good breeding, that's what it is. That's what this country needs. More upright citizens to combat these

deplorable reprobates. But, oh damn, here now, Lucy, I've upset you. I forget that you women carry a much softer heart than we men—I'm afraid my time here as a doctor has stunted my ability to feel emotions the way you feeble creatures do. I almost envy you, to be so in touch with your softer side. No! No need for words, my dear. I understand you. It's a gift I have developed over the years from working with psychopaths. I'm an empath you see, I can read other people's emotions better than my own. It's a blessing and a curse. Come here, my girl: my Lucy: my darling, and feel the embrace of a man. There. Feel better? Of course you do. I'd take you now if it wasn't an abominable, dreadful, common act of lust. No, Lucy! I musn't. Your father, Dr. Steward, has taken me in as if I were his own blood--but thank God I'm not because then we couldn't consummate our vows--soon, my dearest, but here now, what was I saying? Damn Lucy, I lost my train of thought thinking about you and I and the wonderful life we will have once we are married. But not until then! I must show restraint! You see, there is a certain bond between a man and another man when that first man is to be married to that second man's daughter. A code! A code that no woman can understand—

She plunges a knife into Harper's neck. He screams in pain, but is frozen. LUCY pulls the knife out of his neck, grabs Harper by the hair, and then pulls the knife across his throat. Blood sprays all over the audience.

LUCY

AHHHHHHHHHH! Damn that felt good. Oh, God, yes! This must be what sex is like. Would you ever shut up? On and on and on, as if I were some kind of blank page for

you to yank on! Elizabeth, Elizabeth, Elizabeth! Elizabeth was hard...but you...you were: fun. Sh! Listen.

Beat.

It's as if the muse of stillness has just shat upon this room.

A knock at the door

Shit! Not one moment to myself in this place. Just a minute! Even in death you're a bother...

She drags the body across the stage to a closet. The knocking continues. Luckily, there is not trail of blood.

Just a second. I'm just, I'm just, putting away some...dirty...laundry. God you're heavy.

There! Now, honey, don't go anywhere. Alright, now for the blood. No? But where did all the blood go? Coming!

Enter, the MAID.

MAID

Dear, if you 'ad dirty laundry, you should 'ave left it to me. No proper bride-to-be should be grabbing 'er own soiled garments. We've got to keep you healthy for all the babies!

LUCY

What?

MAID

Oh, don't mind me my dear, I'm just planning ahead for you. I can't wait to have little hellions running around this place again. The sane kind, that is.

LUCY

I can clean after myself, Beatrice.

MAID

I know, dear, but if you do then there'd be no reason for me, would there? And Lord knows its 'ard enough these days. All this suspicion round the 'elp. As if we 'ad anything to do with poor Miss Elizabeth's death, God rest 'er soul. Sorry dear, I know the two of you were close.

LUCY

Not really. If you knew her the way I did, you wouldn't be calling her "poor" Miss Elizabeth...

MAID

Miss Lucy! It's not good to speak of the dead....you never know if they're still lingering about the place.

She looks around.

Stress, that's what it is. I know, I'll go and fix you a nice cup of tea: Lapsang Souchong.

LUCY

No, dear I don't need any tea.

MAID

I'm telling you dear, I know what you need. it will cheer you right up!

LUCY

Me? No.You.

MAID

Me?

LUCY

Yes, you dear. You need someone to take care of you.

MAID

I do?

LUCY

Yes. You need a good lie down. You need a night off, you need...

She puts her hands on MAID's face.

A shave.

MAID

What?

LUCY

How 'bout that tea?

MAID

Coming right up.

Exit, the MAID. LUCY goes to the potion.

LUCY

Oh God. This stuff is strong. Maybe just a little bit more...Oohhh...sweet euphoria.

John? Harper? Still there, dearest? Honey? Sweetie? Love of my life!

Enter STEWARD

STEWARD

Lucy, what are you doing?

LUCY

Daddy! Nothing.

STEWARD

Who were you talking to?

LUCY

No one. Myself. I was rehearsing a monologue for the--

STEWARD

Have you seen Harper? I can't find him anywhere.

LUCY

Yes, yes I have.

STEWARD

Really? Where is he?

LUCY

Oh, you know. Around.

STEWARD

Where has that boy has gotten off to? It's not like him to miss one of my lectures. I don't like anyone going anywhere alone, not with a raving lunatic about.

LUCY

We do live in an asylum, father.

STEWARD

It's not my patients, we can be sure of that. These people are simply troubled souls: women with hysteria, men with uncontrollable lusts. We can help these people Lucy.

LUCY

Do you love them father?

STEWARD

I suppose I do. As if they were my own children. It's the only way we can help these poor bastards, unconditional love--

LUCY

--Father, what if, and this is hypothetical of course, I...

STEWARD

--and if that doesn't work, then a heavy dose of ephemeral will do the trick. I'm sorry, were you saying something. Damn! Look at the time. Hold that thought. I must go, sweetheart. I'm overdue in the theatre. We're cutting into the cadaver of a woman who died of insatiable sexual pains...they tried to subdue her, but the disease conquered her in her sleep.

Kisses LUCY, Exit STEWARD. LUCY goes to the knife and picks it up staring it.

LUCY

Why did I let you talk me into this?

Enter, the MAID. LUCY hides the knife behind her back.

MAID

Sorry, miss. Tea's almost ready. Just remembered what I came in here for the first time: don't get old Miss Lucy. The first thing to go is your— well, the first thing to go are your, you know, but the second thing to go, the second thing to go is your memory. Here it is—oh! Would you look at this mess? Mr. Harper's been here hasn't he? And what's

this? Wine all over the wall? At this hour of the day? Better watch yourself Miss Lucy.
 These men, one minute they're one person, the next: poof, they totally change.

Exit, the MAID. LUCY goes to the closet and opens it. Harper falls out. After struggling with the body, she uses her whole body to push it up, and Harper ends up on her back. She drags the body on her back towards the chair, trips, and the dead body mounts her. She pushes him backwards to the wall with her butt. The door flies open, Dr. Steward stands there face away from the audience. Note: cover Harper's mouth and use a double.

STEWARD

Lucy have you seen my, OH! Dear god!

Exit STEWARD shutting door. LUCY reaches with her foot to open the closet door. She presses Harper's body into the closet. Takes a sigh, door opens and the MAID enters. LUCY slams the door.

LUCY

Ah!

MAID

Here's your tea mum. And I'll get to work on this wine. Oh! I didn't bring a rag. I'll just grab one from the closet.

LUCY

It's not there.

MAID

I beg your pardon, mum?

LUCY

You're mistaken. It's in the other closet.

MAID

Mum?

LUCY

The thing you are looking for is in the closet.

MAID

The rag? No offense, mum, but I believe I know where that sort of thing is in this house.

LUCY

And I beg your pardon, but this is my room and I am quite familiar where things are and where they are not!

MAID

Yes mum. I'll check that closet.

LUCY

Look deeply...

MAID

Well, I'll be. You were right Miss Lucy. I told you, memory's the first thing to go. Miss?

What's that?

LUCY

What?

MAID

That. On your dress?

LUCY

Nothing!

MAID

Why it looks like--Oh, I see...stains on the floor...on your dress...

LUCY

He made me do it! I couldn't take it anymore!

MAID

I bet you couldn't.

LUCY

It was torture!

MAID

Oh I bet it was.

LUCY

Day after day, having to sit silently...not being able to act on my impulse.

MAID

(fanning herself) Please, miss—

LUCY

I finally snapped! I had to do it...I just had to.

MAID

It's all right Miss Lucy. I understand. I am a woman after all.

LUCY

You do?

MAID

I may be old, Miss Lucy, but I still have my impulses.

LUCY

You do?

MAID

I do. We all do.

LUCY

We do?

MAID

Absolutely. It's only natural.

LUCY

I didn't know it was that natural.

MAID

Just don't let your father catch you.

LUCY

Well, of course not. Wait, what? Oh, no. God, no!

MAID

Miss?

LUCY

I mean, yes. Yes. That Jonathan...

MAID

If it's not to forward, Miss, what's he like?

LUCY

Oh, good.

MAID

Don't be coy...

LUCY

Very good.

MAID

I bet he's ravishing...

LUCY

You know he is....Now, I don't mean to be rude but he is coming back...

MAID

Oh! Right. Sorry Miss. I best be going.

LUCY

Thank you Beatrice. Goodnight.

MAID

I bet he takes you abruptly doesn't he?

LUCY

He does. Goodbye....

MAID

Like one of them Hollywood idols...

LUCY

Umhm...Goodbye!

Pushing MAID out the door

MAID

You could cut glass on those cheekbones--

MAID out.

LUCY

Now, to take care of you...

MAID

(Entering abruptly) And damn well hung too!

LUCY

All right, that's it!

LUCY throws the knife. It hits the MAID in the chest. She dies instantly.

Wait! Ah! Why? Shit. I liked you, you were annoying, but I liked you. Damnit! First things first.

She locks the door.

Now you go back in there. And you, go in here.

As LUCY drags the body to a closet, she reaches the couch when a knock is heard at the door.

STEWARD

Lucy? Lucy Why is this door locked? I thought I heard a scream.

LUCY

Sorry daddy! I'm, um, changing.

LUCY drags the body into the closet. She fixes herself up and lets her Father in.

STEWARD

You know I don't like locked doors in this house.

LUCY

Come now daddy, we both know—

Harper's body falls out of the closet.

STEWARD

What was that?

LUCY

Nothing! I didn't hear anything? Did you?

STEWARD

Did something fall out of your closet?

LUCY

No. Yes. Yes, something did. I'll just go an, uh, prop it back up in there.

STEWARD

Here I'll help you.

LUCY

No!

STEWARD

What? Why not?

LUCY

Because...it's...lady stuff.

STEWARD

Lucy, I'm a doctor and your father. I think I can handle—oh dear God! Harper? He's dead. His throat—Lucy we must get help--

She brandishes the knife.

Lucy, why do you have my knife? What are you doing? No. No, it can't be.

LUCY

Why not?

STEWARD

Because—

LUCY

Because I'm a woman?

STEWARD

Listen to me. I can help you. I can be your Doctor, we can keep you here, you'll be safe—

LUCY

Just another case of hysteria, aye, daddy?

STEWARD

Whatever it is Lucy, we can get you the help you need—

LUCY

I don't need help daddy!

STEWARD

Then, we can talk about it!

LUCY

No more talk!

STEWARD

Lucy, put down that knife.

LUCY

It's beautiful. Sharp. Precise. You could take apart a whole body with this knife, Daddy.

In fact, you have.

STEWARD

Lucy, please put down that knife.

LUCY

I wonder if the skill runs in the family? Come on, Daddy, let's operate.

STEWARD

Lucy, as your father, I'm ordering you to—

LUCY

Hehahaha!

Steward trips and falls to the ground. LUCY charges and plunges the knife into him. Blood squirts all over LUCY. A knock at the door.

LUCY

Oh who the fuck is it now? Yes? Who is it?

DETECTIVE

Detective Richard, Madame, I was wondering if I could come in if you don't mind.

LUCY

Shit! Just a minute! I need to...freshen up a bit. Fuck, shit, fuck, shit, fuck, shit, shit, shit, shit!

LUCY drags her father's body to an empty closet. She throws the MAID's body into another closet. Opens the door.

LUCY

What can I do for you, Detective?

DETECTIVE

Miss Lucy are you alright?

LUCY

Never better. Why do you ask?

DETECTIVE

You're covered in blood!

LUCY

Blood? Yes! Yes, I suppose I am. It's the maid's! I mean, the maid, she brought it to me.

To wear. Is that strange?

DETECTIVE

Well, yes. Yes it is.

LUCY

Oh don't cause such a fuss, Detective, it's only pig's blood.

DETECTIVE

Pig's blood?

LUCY

Yes, all the rage in the States. Farm girls do it to stay young. They bathe in the stuff.

Would you care for some?

DETECTIVE

No. Quite alright, thank you.

LUCY

So, Detective, why are you here?

DETECTIVE

What?

LUCY

You're here. Why?

DETECTIVE

I wanted to ask you a few questions...about the murders...

LUCY

Murders?

DETECTIVE

Miss Elizabeth and the others...

LUCY

Why ever would you do that to me? I'm afraid it would upset me. You don't want to upset me, do you detective? (*LUCY turns on the sex*)

DETECTIVE

Oh, my—no. No I would not madam—call of duty, you understand. I promise I won't be long.

LUCY

Most men aren't. I expected more from a Dick.

DETECTIVE

What?

LUCY

Detective.

DETECTIVE

Right. Well, Miss Lucy, I was wondering if you could tell me your whereabouts two nights ago—

A body begins to fall out of a closet. LUCY rushes and closes it

Everything alright?

LUCY

Yes! Damn faulty doors. You don't mind if I slip out of this do you? I've tracked enough of the pig's blood around here. The Maid is going to kill me. Ha!

DETECTIVE

Such a lovely lady.

LUCY

Who?

DETECTIVE

The MAID, don't think I know her name actually. Such a striking woman, broad shouldered, fit, and fine specimen of a—

MAID's body begins to fall out of a closet. LUCY, in her underwear, rushes and closes it.

Jesus! Miss LUCY, I—You're—

LUCY

What?

DETECTIVE

You're—nuddy!

LUCY

What! Oh, I mean, oh—I prefer to be, comfortable, in my own quarters.

DETECTIVE

I...I, uh, well, you see Miss Lucy, I hate to be—what are you doing?

LUCY

I'm cold. Keep me warm.

DETECTIVE

What about Harper, Lucy?

LUCY

It's Miss Lucy.

DETECTIVE

What about Harper, Miss Lucy?

She slaps him.

LUCY

Say it again...

DETECTIVE

Miss Lucy!

LUCY

Again!

DETECTIVE

Miss Lucy Aw! Stop that! Aw! Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy!

Steward's body begins to fall out, LUCY rushes and slams the door.

LUCY

Damn doors.

DETECTIVE

What's in that closet Miss Lucy?

LUCY

Nothing. Wouldn't you rather inspect the bed, Lieutenant?

DETECTIVE

Detective.

LUCY

I just thought I'd raise your rank a little...

HARPER's door pops open.

Ah!

DETECTIVE

What's going on?

LUCY

Nothing!

DETECTIVE

Is someone else in here?

MAID's door pops open. She slams it.

LUCY

No one alive! I mean, just us!

STEWARD's door pops open.

Shit! No, no, no, no no!

All the doors start popping open, and bodies fall out.

DETECTIVE

Dear God!

LUCY

I didn't do it! Fuck it. Yes I did.

ACT 2

Same as before. Throughout the scene GRIMM meanders about taking notes. DETECTIVE tries to play it cool and sit on desks and what not but keeps missing.

DETECTIVE

Thank you Enid. That'll be all for now.

He shudders and shuts the door.

That woman looks like gollum. Damnable thing, Mrs. Grimes—

GRIMM

Grimm, like the stories, and its Miss, not Mrs.

DETECTIVE

Ah. Yes. Miss Grimm. It's the most damnable thing. She claimed some gypsy woman sold her some magic potion--

Almost trips on a stool

GRIMM

Magic potion?

DETECTIVE

Three to be exact.

Moves the stool

GRIMM

Three?

DETECTIVE

What, don't believe in fairy tales Miss Grimm?

GRIMM

What, believe you're the first person to make that joke detective? It's alright, I find it charming. Why three?

DETECTIVE

She claimed she needed them. One was a potion to make her fall in love with her fiancé—

GRIMM

She wasn't?

DETECTIVE

Her father loved him, wanted him to take over the asylum.

GRIMM

Pity.

Tries to sit on the desk, misses, recovers.

DETECTIVE

Quite. Anyway, it was supposed to be stimulant, increase her excitement.

GRIMM

How much more excitement did she need?

DETECTIVE

My sentiments exactly, but she claims her father had her on some sort of depressant.

GRIMM

Abuse?

DETECTIVE

No, it appears she was suffering from anxiety attacks. He thought it would calm her down.

GRIMM

Mission failed.

DETECTIVE

Quite. It's all documented. He even had her admitted to the asylum, although she didn't know it, and now its boxed up our investigation.

GRIMM

Why would he do that?

DETECTIVE

To protect her, it seems.

GRIMM

So what do these potions have to do with anything?

DETECTIVE

She claims it brings your inner most desires to life. Apparently she held some seriously repressed feelings. It does have the most unusual side effect.

GRIMM

Oh?

DETECTIVE

According to her, it not only makes you aroused but apparently it made her tell the truth.

GRIMM

Interesting.

She pockets the one of the potions.

DETECTIVE

The second was a powerful sedative.

GRIMM

Wouldn't the depressant do that?

DETECTIVE

No. It merely calmed her nerves.

GRIMM

Why not just ask her father?

DETECTIVE

And that, is a very good question.

Beat.

GRIMM

And the third?

DETECTIVE

The third?

GRIMM

Potion?

DETECTIVE

She didn't say. Apparently, it was buy two get one free. Gypsies. They're Right here if you want—well, I'll be damned—

GRIMM

What detective?

DETECTIVE

I could have sworn—

GRIMM

Where is Ms. Steward now?

Looking for the potion.

DETECTIVE

Um, currently locked in one of the rooms here at the asylum.

GRIMM

Why not take her into custody?

DETECTIVE

We will, but her father's foresight to admit her has made it quite difficult, all this damnable paperwork. Their lawyer is floating around here somewhere, Professor Utterson. Hasn't left me alone all day, pestering me with questions. Have you enough for your story Miss Grimm?

GRIMM

Perhaps. Do you mind if I look around the house?

DETECTIVE

Be my guest. Nothing here now but looneys, I'm afraid.

GRIMM

Thank you Detective.

DETECTIVE

Always glad to help the Times.

She starts to exit.

GRIMM

Detective, do you believe any of this?

DETECTIVE

it a word of it. It's all guilty balderdash, love potions and the lot. I've heard some tall tales in my life, Miss Grimm, but when it comes down to it, she's as crazy as the rest of the lot. Good day.

She exits. He jingles a bell.

Where the devil did that potion run off to?

He starts looking under the table. Enter UTTERSON.

UTTERSON

Oh, Detective!

Detective hits his head on the table.

DETECTIVE

Blasted!

UTTERSON

I have been looking through some of the files, and—

DETECTIVE

Professor, I'm afraid I cannot make any statement to you at this time.

UTTERSON

That's perfectly fine, but I thought you should know—

DETECTIVE

I have everything I need at the moment.

UTTERSON

Well, good, but I really think you ought to read—

DETECTIVE

I will take a look at these files, but until Lucy Seward is transferred to Scotland Yard, there is nothing I can do to help her here.

UTTERSON

But I—

DETECTIVE

Goodday!

He pushes him out and shuts the door

Stupid old git. Now, where is that bloody potion?

He tosses the portfolio on the desk. Some papers fall out. He looks next to the desk. There is a loud knock, he jumps, bangs his head again

Damnit! Alright old timer, you want to talk, let's talk!

He opens the door. ENID stands there, wide eyed and terrifyingly hideous. There is a lightning strike.

Jesus! Oh, God--it's just you Enid.

ENID

You rang?

DETECTIVE

I what?

ENID

The bell. You rang it.

DETECTIVE

I did? Oh, yes I did. Have you seen the three potions I left sitting there.

ENID

They are there now.

DETECTIVE

Ah, yes. But there are only two, you see.

ENID

Da.

DETECTIVE

And there were...there were three.

ENID

Da.

DETECTIVE

Did you...did you move it?

ENID

Nein.

DETECTIVE

Right! Well then. Thank you. That'll be all!

She turns to go.

Actually, would you mind getting me a spot of tea?

She death stares him.

ENID

I am nurse, not maid.

DETECTIVE

Yes, but the maid, is, dead, you know. Perhaps not the best joke to make at a time like this...

ENID

Da.

DETECTIVE

So...(He holds the o for a long time trying to get her to understand. Seriously, a loooong time with different inflections until it's not funny, then it's funny again.)

ENID

Very well.

DETECTIVE

Right-o.

ENID

But after that you leave.

DETECTIVE

Naturally.

ENID exits.

Yeash. Now to find that stupid--

He passes the portfolio and does a double take.

What in the bloody hell? I will be damned. She had an--

Enter ENID with tea. She stops in the doorway.

ENID

Your tea!

Lightning strike. DETECTIVE jumps hitting his head. ENID sets down the tea.

DETECTIVE

DAMN! That was fast.

ENID

Tea was preset.

DETECTIVE

What?

ENID

The tea, we preset it every day in case one of the doctors want it. Drink, and leave.

DETECTIVE

Enid, will you call for Miss Grimm. I'd like to speak with her.

She death stares him.

Please.

ENID

Ich bin ein Berliner.

She exits speaking in German under her breath. The DETECTIVE rests against the desk and knocks one of the potions. He puts them back up and goes for his tea. He gets an idea. He picks up one of the potions and goes for the tea, he starts to pour it into a cup when GRIMM enters.

GRIMM

You sent for me?

He hides the potion

DETECTIVE

I--yes. Care for some tea?

GRIMM

how thoughtful. I'd love some. What kind is it?

DETECTIVE

Lapsang souchong I believe.

GRIMM

My favorite.

DETECTIVE

Mine too. Like drinking a fire pit. Have a seat.

GRIMM

Thank you.

He sits. Then pours the tea.

DETECTIVE

Sugar?

Putting sugar into his own tea.

GRIMM

No. Actually, Detective, I have a few more questions--

DETECTIVE

Fire away—Oh, is that Enid!

GRIMM spins around. DETECTIVE puts a drop of the potion in his own tea. She turns back around.

Nope. I was wrong. She forgot the cream.

GRIMM

No she didn't it's right there.

DETECTIVE

Is it? Oh, I believe you are right. Silly me.

GRIMM

As I was saying detective--Oh my God--

He turns. She pours the Knockout Potion that she stole from before into her own cup.

DETECTIVE

What what is it?

GRIMM

I'm sorry, this storm is playing tricks on me. I thought I saw--it doesn't matter. Given the nature of my visit...

DETECTIVE

You were saying Miss Grimm--Oh there's Enid, could you grab her?

GRIMM

What?

She turns. He switches the cups.

DETECTIVE

Damn. Just missed her.

GRIMM

Would you like me to go get her?

DETECTIVE

No! No, no trouble. Less I see of that woman the better. The Lord wept when he made that one. I was just hoping, I was just hoping, for some more sugar.

GRIMM

More?

DETECTIVE

Yes.

He puts more sugar into his cup.

I like the spoon to stand up. Got to keep my wits about me. Cheers?

He reaches for his cup--GRIMM screams.

What!

He stands turning to look out the window. She switches the cups.

GRIMM

Oh, I'm sorry. I thought I saw--a bat.

DETECTIVE

A bat?

GRIMM

A bat, yes.

DETECTIVE

At this time of day?

GRIMM

I'm allergic to them.

DETECTIVE

To bats?

GRIMM

Yes. Cheers?

DETECTIVE

Cheers. Ah.

GRIMM

Ah.

DETECTIVE

Ahhhhhhh.

GRIMM

Mmmmmmmm.

DETECTIVE

How is yours?

GRIMM

Fine. And yours?

DETECTIVE

Fine. Too much sugar.

GRIMM

Too much?

DETECTIVE

Yes, I rarely take it.

He looks puzzled. Why did he say that?

GRIMM

Oh? Oh. Oh!

DETECTIVE

Are you alright?

GRIMM

Me? Yes. Fine. Why do you ask?

DETECTIVE

Because you are beautiful woman who suddenly looks flushed.

GRIMM

What did you say?

DETECTIVE

I don't know! I just said...because...and then I stopped talking!

GRIMM

Did you...did you just call...call me...beautiful....

DETECTIVE

N-Yes. I don't know. No. That's a lie! Ah! WHY AM I STILL TALKING?

GRIMM

I...hushfhf

She passes out behind the couch.

DETECTIVE

Oh GOD! I killed her. I must of used the wrong potion. Why don't gypsies label these things!

he throws the potion down. It breaks.

Damnit! Now I've destroyed evidence!

There is a knock at the door.

AH! Blasted! Who--who is it?

ENID

Enid.

DETECTIVE

Enid?

ENID

ENID!

DETECTIVE

Enid.

ENID

Da.

DETECTIVE

And?

ENID

You called me?

DETECTIVE

(Trying to say no) Yeeeeeees---I did.

ENID

And?

DETECTIVE

(Trying to stop himself from talking) I was using you!

ENID

Using me?

DETECTIVE

(Still trying and failing) As a distraction!

ENID

Detective, should I come in?

DETECTIVE

NO! *(sotto voce)* For the love of God no...

ENID

Are you all right?

DETECTIVE

(Realizing it as he says it) I've never felt better...

ENID

Is there anything you would like me to do for you?

DETECTIVE

No. *(To himself)* It feels like euphoria is raining down all over my body. *(To Enid)* I mean, yes!

Goes to the door and put his head close to the door.

ENID

And?

DETECTIVE

Bring Lucy here!

ENID

WHAT!

Too loud.

DETECTIVE

You heard me! Now go...I need to be left alone.

He walks over to the door.

(softly) Enid?

He waits for a response.

(louder) Enid?

ENID

What!

He jumps, hitting his head.

DETECTIVE

Why haven't you gone yet?

ENID

I'm going...I'm going...

DETECTIVE

Oh God! What have I done? What have I done? What have you done! What am I asking you for? I can't go to jail. They'll...they'll...oooohhhaahhh! Okay focus. You can do this.

You're a detective. First things first: hide the body.

He picks up the body, her back to the audience her front facing him and he starts to drag her across stage. Enter UTTERSON.

DETECTIVE spins GRIMM body double as if they were dancing and she lands, propped up against a wall.

And that is how you do the fandango! Good evening Professor!

UTTERSON

I'm sorry, was I interrupting something?

DETECTIVE

Not at all, how can I be of service?

UTTERSON

Is everything alright?

DETECTIVE

I'm perfectly mad thank you. Now what can I do for you!

UTTERSON

What's the matter with Mrs. Grimm?

DETECTIVE

That's Miss not Mrs. And she's perfectly fine...aren't you not darling? Are! Aren't you not perfectly fine?

UTTERSON

That's a double negative.

DETECTIVE

Which is all the proof positive I need to know she's not not fine.

He picks up her arm and tosses it. It lands propped on her head as if she was saluting.

See, alright--Not-Nooow--how may I help you right *now* at this exact moment in time!

UTTERSON

Are you sure? She looks--

He starts to move toward GRIMM, but is cut off by DETECTIVE

DETECTIVE

Striking? Ravishing? Elegantly deceased? Disheveled! I meant disheveled?

She falls over onto the floor behind the couch.

Oh-my-God you're right! She's drunk.

UTTERSON

Drunk?

DETECTIVE

Professor!

UTTERSON

Yes?

DETECTIVE

Go and fetch some water and I'll deal with Miss Grimm's body--carcass--help her!

UTTERSON

Right!

He exits, leaving the door open. DETECTIVE picks up body-double GRIMM and starts to drag her. Enter Body-double ENID back to audience wheeling in LUCY (Actor 2) in a straight jacket, face covered with a wrap like Moon Knight or Hannibal Lecter like mask, upright, strapped to a dolly. He drops the body.

Enid, I--Enid?

ENID exits. He looks at ENID, he looks at LUCY, he looks at GRIMM, then back to ENID, back to LUCY, back to GRIMM, then out to audience. He goes to and rips of the mask.

LUCY

Hello, Detective Dick.

Lightning strikes.

DETECTIVE

AH! How did you--but you're there, nevermind! I love you--I mean, you are a devil siren and I need you to help me!

LUCY

Oh. My. God you took the potion.

DETECTIVE

(As if saying "No I didn't") Yes I did.

LUCY and DETECTIVE scream *together*.

LUCY

AH!

DETECTIVE

AH!

Small Beat.

(Lightning fast almost inaudible) I don't know what to do! I thought I grabbed the serum but I guess grabbed the sedative and I must of gave her too much, which I should have know because my mommy once told me I had really fast reflexes, and why am I telling you that that doesn't help the situation at all, and also you're very beautiful for a crazy woman, but then again all women are a little crazy, but not crazy like you, like rin-rin-rin-rin (Psycho sound effect), but now I think you may have had an accomplice and I don't know what's going on but I can't stop talking--

LUCY

It's okay, Detective.

DETECTIVE

It most certainly is not!

LUCY

I love you too.

DETECTIVE

Did you not hear anything I said? I said--I'm sorry, did you just say you loved me?

LUCY

I can see the potion coursing through you. You now know what it's like.

DETECTIVE

I do? I do.

LUCY

You understand the power pulsing through your veins...the passion...pleasant isn't it?

DETECTIVE

You bet your sweet patoot it is!

LUCY

Now, untie me so we can be together.

DETECTIVE

I can't! You murdered--

LUCY

You can!

DETECTIVE

I can't!

LUCY

You can!

DETECTIVE

I can't!

LUCY

You can't.

DETECTIVE

I can.

LUCY

You can't

DETECTIVE

I can!

LUCY

You can't

DETECTIVE

Don't tell me what I can't do! I can!

LUCY

Now, let me out my love, and I'll help you get rid of her!

DETECTIVE

Of course.

He starts to untie her.

LUCY

Hurry!

DETECTIVE

This is as fast as I go!

Her straps come free.

There! You are free--Wait, what the hell am I doing?

LUCY

(sultry) Ummm.

DETECTIVE

Yes?

LUCY

(seductively) Ooooooh.

DETECTIVE

Lucy?

LUCY

Yes?

DETECTIVE

What are we going to do with the body?

LUCY

Come here, my love, and let me embrace you first. Let me feel the embrace...of a man...

He goes to her. They embrace. She wraps her arms around him.

My hero.

She kisses him. Throughout the lines LUCY keeps kissing him as he tries to talk.

DETECTIVE

Lucy, what are we going to do with the body?

LUCY

Ummmm, you don't need to worry about that...

DETECTIVE

Why not?

LUCY

Because...

DETECTIVE

Why?

LUCY

Because...

DETECTIVE

Why?

LUCY

Because I'm going to kill you!

She starts to strangle him with the arms of her straight jacket.

DETECTIVE

(choking) Honey!

LUCY

As if I could love such a pathetic creature such as you!

DETECTIVE

(choking) Lucy!

LUCY

I've had enough men in my life!

DETECTIVE reaches and grabs an urn and breaks it over her head knocking her out. She falls behind the couch. DETECTIVE falls to the ground gasping for air.

DETECTIVE

I hate this place I hate this place I hate this place. ENID! UTTERSON! Help!

He crawls to the door reaching for the door handle. Enter ENID.

DETECTIVE grabs her breasts.

ENID

Oh, Mein herr, I didn't know.

DETECTIVE

Oh, God. I'm sorry.

ENID

You should have told me.

DETECTIVE

What?

ENID

I'll go and get some candles!

She exits.

DETECTIVE

No! No no no no!

He slams the door and locks it.

Lucy. Lucy? Oh dear heavens...Where has she gone?

The power goes out.

LUCY

(v/o) Well, well, well Detective. It seems we can't play nice together, can we?

DETECTIVE

Lucy!

LUCY

(v/o) You hit me detective. How dare you hit a lady!

DETECTIVE

I'm sorry, Lucy. But you were trying to kill me!

LUCY

(v/o) Then again, I'm not a lady, am I?

DETECTIVE

You're not?

LUCY

(v/o) Of course I am you idiot!

DETECTIVE

At this point I don't know anymore...

He strikes a lighter. Suddenly, the door knob begins to shake violently.

Then, the door knob bolts out from the handle falling to the ground. The

door slowly creeps open on...ENID

ENID

Oh, Detective...so womantic!

DETECTIVE

Enid! Thank God you're here!

ENID

I'm weady.

DETECTIVE

Listen, there's not time to explain. Lucy has gotten free, and she's trying to kill me.

ENID

Shhh...no more talk of Lucy.

DETECTIVE

You've got to help me. She's going to kill me!

ENID

Da. I help you.

DETECTIVE

Oh thank heavens. Now If we guard the door then there's no way she can--what are you doing? Stop that!

ENID

Nein.

DETECTIVE

Nein? No, yes.

ENID

Da.

DETECTIVE

Da, da, da!

ENID

Take me!

DETECTIVE

Enid, I'm warning you! Stay away from me!

ENID

Come here mein herr!

She chases him around the room. He hits his ankle on a stool.

DETECTIVE

For the love of--

The lights come back on from the backup generator. ENID is dressed in a nightgown. It's a horrific site.

Oh! My eyes!

ENID

How dare you!

DETECTIVE

No! It was the lights!

He sees ENID.

Oh god, my eyes!

ENID

I have never in my life! You missed your chance with a weal woman!

She exits.

DETECTIVE

At least she got that part right--No Enid wait you have to help me!

*He goes after her. The lights go out. He trips over the stool, again
falling onto GRIMM behind the couch.*

Damn! I swear, after I get out of here I'm going to burn that damned stool .

LUCY

(v/o) Now that we're alone Detective...

DETECTIVE

Lucy, you can't get away with this.

LUCY

(v/o) Why not? You're the only one here who knows anything.

DETECTIVE

Me and, and, and Enid!

LUCY

Oh, really?

*A loud thud as something comes rolling into the room. The
DETECTIVE flicks his lighter and finds ENID's head.*

DETECTIVE

Jesus Christ! *(Aside)* Actually, I'm okay with that one.

Suddenly, a shadowy figure emerges from the couch.

Miss Grimm! You're alive! Listen, Lucy has gotten loose. We must stop her. She's killed Enid, which isn't the worst thing, and--Miss Grimm what are you--its you!

Lightning flash. We see her face, its LUCY. She pulls out the knife.

LUCY

Hello, lover!

Thunder.

Are you going to try and tell me not to kill you?

DETECTIVE

No Lucy.

LUCY

Try and explain to me all the reasons why I shouldn't do it?

DETECTIVE

No Lucy.

LUCY

Are you going to tell me everything is going to be alright? That everything's okay! That I'm okay!

DETECTIVE

No Lucy--

LUCY

What then!

DETECTIVE

I'm just going to shoot you.

DETECTIVE shoots her. She dies a big dramatic death landing off-stage. The lights come back on.

Thank God, its finally over.

GRIMM

To think, that poor woman held such hatred in her soul.

DETECTIVE

Miss Grimm! Your--you're alive. I didn't kill you!

GRIMM

You tried to kill me?

DETECTIVE

No, no I didn't. I lied! There serum, it's worn off!

GRIMM

You're lying? What serum? I can't remember anything.

DETECTIVE

I'll explain everything later. For now, it's all over.

GRIMM picks up file and throws it into the fire.

Miss Grimm, I meant to ask you...

GRIMM

Yes, Detective?

DETECTIVE

I--I can't remember. I was going to ask you something, but I haven't the foggiest of what it was.

GRIMM picks up the knife.

GRIMM

That's alright Detective. You've had a long, hard day.

DETECTIVE

Yes. Yes I have. All in a day's work I suppose.

GRIMM raises the knife. A hand reaches out and smashes a vase over the head of GRIMM. GRIMM falls out the door.

DETECTIVE

What in the devil? Who's there? What's going on! Come out, or I'll shoot!

Enter UTTERSON

UTTERSON

No need for that, Detective. Are you going to shoot the man who just saved your life?

DETECTIVE

Utterson, oh thank God.

UTTERSON

I was trying to tell you, Detective, Miss Grimm is not who she says she is. She's a patient here at the hospital.

DETECTIVE

I give up. I'm retiring.

UTTERSON

It appears she and Lucy were in cahoots with each other.

DETECTIVE

Why?

UTTERSON

Does it really matter at this point.

UTTERSON sits and sips the tea.

DETECTIVE

No. I guess you're right. Thank you, old boy.

UTTERSON

We men have to stick together after all...

DETECTIVE realizes what he means. UTTERSON puts his hand on DETECTIVE. He does a take out to the audience. Lights out.

THE END.

