

Scene Two

(About five minutes later. Daria's body is gone. AGGIE is weeping in SIMON's arms, the INSPECTOR is pacing, extremely cross, and MADGE is standing apart.)

MADGE. ...I guess this means we're not exchanging presents tonight...

(AGGIE continues weeping.)

SIMON. Shhh. It's all right, it's over now.

INSPECTOR. I'm afraid it isn't over, Mr. Bright. Miss Chase has been murdered and I have been lied to.

(FELIX and GILLETTE enter together, a little winded, rolling their sleeves down, etc.)

MADGE. Did you dispose of the body as they do in the mysteries?

FELIX. We put her in the greenhouse next to a very beautiful orchid. She looks rather holy.

MADGE. Well that's a first.

GILLETTE. (to the INSPECTOR, who is glowering at him) You're still cross with me, aren't you?

INSPECTOR. You could have told me about the séance, and you could have told me about Mr. Boggs.

GILLETTE, SIMON, FELIX. Noggs.

INSPECTOR. Well whoever he was! The man was murdered last night and you don't even tell me about it?!

GILLETTE. I'm awfully sorry, I was going to say something, but then -

INSPECTOR. Oh stop it! You were shot two weeks ago, Mr. Gillette, and if I were in your stockings I'd feel rather concerned at the moment.

FELIX. Do you really think there's a connection with all this?

INSPECTOR. Well, of course there is! There has to be! We just can't see it yet because we're *in the forest*.

(Boom!)

INSPECTOR. (cont.) Now I'll need some assistance, but I assume that this telephone is still dead.

(She picks up the receiver.)

"Hello...Hello!"

(It's obviously dead. She hangs it up.)

And I suppose no one knows where the murder weapon is?

(No answer. Everyone shrugs.)

All right, I would like all of you to go into the dining room and wait for me, and I urge you to keep an eye on each other. No one leaves! I'll call you for questioning one at a time, and believe me, this is not a joke.

(Everyone exits except GILLETTE, who closes the door behind them.)

GILLETTE. Good. Let's get down to business. I fear it's more complicated than I thought at first. They all have motives.

INSPECTOR. What are you talking about? Get in there!

GILLETTE. Surely I'm not a suspect.

INSPECTOR. Of course you are.

GILLETTE. But it's my house.

INSPECTOR. What has that got to do with it? If anything, it means you're a bigger suspect. You know the house inside-out and you knew about the hidden room.

GILLETTE. You know, when you think about it, you're just as much a suspect as I am.

INSPECTOR. I beg your pardon.

GILLETTE. It happens all the time in murder mysteries. The slightly odd "inspector" who arrives alone in the middle of the night and pretends to sort things out when in fact she intends to murder someone for some hideous crime that happened twenty years ago.

INSPECTOR. Oh nonsense.

GILLETTE. I don't see a badge.

INSPECTOR. I left it at the office.

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