

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 seance, 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?

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. Boodaboodaaaaaah!

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 seance 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 am -

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.

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

FELIX. Ah! Yueh!

(GILLETTE whips a magnifying glass out of his pocket and examines the knife.)

GILLETTE. Look at this. There are fingerprints all over it.

FELIX. You do know that you're not really Sherlock Holmes, don't you?

GILLETTE. *(preoccupied with his examination)* Of course I do, Watson.

(BZZZZZ! The front doorbell.)

Good God, who's that?!

FELIX. How should I know?! Maybe it's the *police* to arrest us for *murder*.

GILLETTE. That's very funny, ha, ha. *(He hits the intercom button.)*