

Tell Tale William

By

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Selected works of Edgar Allan Poe. In particular 'Tell
Tale Heart' & 'William Wilson'

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ACT I

Scene 1 1

Setting 2

Ballroom 3

A dinner party is being prepared by a butler and 2 footmen, the Butler frequently checks his notepad to be sure everything is correct.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Now there are to be five guests.

FOOTMAN 1

So we need to put these tables together then.

GERALD THE BUTLER

I thought that was obvious.

FOOTMAN 2

Give us a hand with this table.

Footman 1 & 2 manhandle the tables into position

GERALD THE BUTLER

It's a little to the left.

FOOTMAN 1

Do you have a ruler?

GERALD THE BUTLER

Just correct it.

FOOTMAN 2

There. Is it straight now?

GERALD THE BUTLER

It is satisfactory.

A noise is heard of the Host, he is shouting at a cook

HOST'S VOICE

You call this soup? Where's the seasoning?! What do you mean that's what you did back home? This is America we use seasoning!!

The Host enters a youngish looking man in dark clothes and slightly wild appearance (the Host should be a mild caricature of E. A. Poe himself)

HOST

Gerald? Is everything prepared?

(CONTINUED)

GERALD THE BUTLER
Yes sir.

HOST
Where are the names?

GERALD THE BUTLER
The Names sir?

HOST
Yes our guests have names Gerald, I want you to put name cards where they will sit.

GERALD THE BUTLER
May I ask why sir?

HOST
It saves time. Would you like the list of names?

GERALD THE BUTLER
That would be helpful sir.

HOST
Do you have a pen?

The Butler nods.
Good. Now first off there will be William Wilson and William Wilson. They will be seated there.

As the Host is talking he points to different locations on the large table, the Gerald the Butler writes down each name and signals the Footmen to start preparing the name cards.

GERALD THE BUTLER
That's only one seat sir.

HOST
I know.

GERALD THE BUTLER
And beside them sir?

HOST
Ligeia. And leave a place for Lady Rowena. Although she rarely comes to my dinner engagements.

GERALD THE BUTLER
Yes sir.

HOST
I shall sit here. Beside me will be Sergeant Mahoney of the NYPD. And then of course Mrs. Usher.

GERALD THE BUTLER
Sir might I suggest moving the Sergeant to the end.

HOST

Why?

GERALD THE BUTLER

Because your final guest is a woman who shall sit here beside you. It keeps the symmetry of the seating arrangement especially when the ball starts after supper.

HOST

Very well Gerald. Mrs. Usher shall sit beside me and the good Sergeant shall sit at the end.

GERALD THE BUTLER

That's all the guests placed sir.

The Footmen have by this time laid out all of the name cards at the proper places on the table.

HOST

Good. Well Gerald before the guests arrive I need to have another talk with the cook. His idea of traditional is not to my liking.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Yes sir. I'll come with you.

HOST

You worried Gerald?

GERALD THE BUTLER

This is the fifth cook in two months sir. You have a way of making them want to run screaming for the building. I would prefer we kept this cook for a least another two months.

HOST

Thank god, I've you to keep watch over this house.

GERALD THE HOST

Yes sir.

EXIT HOST & GERALD THE BUTLER.

FOOTMAN 1

What's with Mr. Allan. You've been here awhile.

FOOTMAN 2

He's a bit mad.

FOOTMAN 1

I know that but what does he do?

FOOTMAN 2

Don't know much about him. Gerry probably knows more but he would never tell us.

(CONTINUED)

FOOTMAN 1

Their an odd pair the two of them.

FOOTMAN 2

It works and he's a good boss.

FOOTMAN 1

I hope this dinner party isn't going to be boring.

FOOTMAN 2

I doubt it very much.

Scene 2

4

Same location

ENTER GERALD THE BUTLER WITH THE HOST.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Sir, shall I announce the guests?

HOST

I suppose you better.

A sound of a bell is heard.

HOST

Ah that will be the first of our guests. I'll escort them and you announce them.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Yes sir. However there's one problem.

HOST

What's that?

GERALD THE BUTLER

I'll only be able to announce them as I see them. And I've never met them before.

HOST

Ah I see the problem. I've a solution you go meet them at the door, ask for their names and then announce them.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Yes sir.

The bell is heard again louder.

HOST

You better go Gerald. They're probably getting irritable.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

EXIT GERALD THE BUTLER.

HOST

Now at last its starting.

FOOTMAN 1

What's starting sir?

HOST

The dinner party. And of course the main event.

FOOTMAN 1

The main event?

HOST

Of course. Do you think I would hold a dinner party for no reason? There is always a reason needed for any action. No tonight the main event are the stories that my guests are going to retell for us. And in the evening we will have a grand finale.

FOOTMAN 2

The ball.

HOST

Yes. Very good. Remind me to give you a raise.

ENTER GERALD THE BUTLER & LIEAGEA

GERALD THE BUTLER

Mr. Allen, may I present our first guest Miss Lieagea. Madam may I present your host, Mr. Allen.

LIEAGEA

I know who he is.

HOST

Hello my dear. Welcome to my house.

LIEAGEA

Yes yes, thank you for the welcome.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Your place is named madam.

LIEAGEA

Yes I can see that.

Lieagea takes her seat. A bell is heard again.

EXIT GERALD THE BUTLER

HOST

Your looking well my dear. Very enlivened.

(CONTINUED)

LIEAGEA

Your humour is tasteless as usual.

HOST

Excuse me? I was merely making conversation..

A bell is heard.

ENTER GERALD THE BUTLER WITH A POLICE SERGEANT.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Police Detective-Sergeant Mahony.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

That's Mahon-ey. I've second generation American. My grandfather was Mahony. He was Irish.

HOST

Quite. Your seat is provided for Sergeant this way.

The sergeant takes his seat and stares at the other guests.

Bell is heard again.

EXIT GERALD THE BUTLER

LIEAGEA

How are you Sergeant?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

I'm fine Miss Lieagea. Just a little unsure of what to do.

LIEAGEA

Why?

HOST

Because he's never been to a dinner party before.

LIEAGEA

We have a virgin in our midst.

The Sergeant is uncomfortable

ENTER GERALD THE BUTLER AND MRS. USHER

GERALD THE BUTLER

Mrs. Usher.

HOST

Ah yes, Mrs. Usher let me guide you to your place.

MRS. USHER

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Haven't I seen you before?

MRS. USHER

At the inquest.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Ah yes. Very sad case.

MRS. USHER

I know.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Sir, the final guest is not here.

HOST

You mean Mr. Wilson.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Yes sir. Mr. William Wilson. Hasn't arrived yet.

HOST

He'll turn up. I'm going to start without him. Ladies and Gentleman. My name is Mr. Allan. Welcome to my house. I've planned a series of events for the evening. First and foremost will be a series of stories. And then later this evening we will have a grand finale in the form of a masked ball.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Sir may I?

HOST

Yes of course Gerald.

GERALD THE BUTLER

The first story is that of Tell Tale Heart.

Footman 1 has moved to the side of the stage and has set up a old fashioned camera and takes a photo with a large flash.

BLACKOUT

Scene 3

5

Tell Tale Heart

6

A room in a police station. The Woman is seated in a chair. One police officer(Jimmy) is seated at a typewriter. The older officer (Burt) is at his shoulder. The older officer places a file down.

BURT

Jimmy, when we're done here, she can be taken to her holding. You just finish writing that up.

(CONTINUED)

(Silence, they both look at her.)

BURT

She's insane.

JIMMY

It's True. And nervous, very, very, dreadfully, nervous. But, ah... will you say she is... Mad? (indicating the report) She doesn't think so.

BURT

She's diseased, senseless. Can't say anything else.

THE WOMAN

I am not mad. (they freeze)

no, not mad. If I am diseased, then the disease has sharpened my senses.

(The typewriter is heard)

my hearing most of all. How clearly I can relate what happened? How then am I mad. May I have some water?

Burt, pours a glass of water from a jug and hands it to her.

THE WOMAN

Thank you.

JIMMY

What did that poor man ever do to you? Robbing him blind, and killing him. Sickens the heart

BURT

Don't speak to her, Jimmy.

THE WOMAN

You're mistaken, I loved that old man. He never did me wrong. I cared for him. I didn't want his gold. I wanted none of it. It was...

JIMMY

Then why did you do it?

THE WOMAN

It is impossible to tell how the idea first entered my brain, but it did, and once it did I couldn't stop it. What was it...?

JIMMY

Sickening.

BURT

Nothing can account for your actions. It will be between you and God.

(CONTINUED)

THE WOMAN

It was... I can't say. Wait... It was his eye! The eye, vulture's eye. Always gazing at me. Horrid thing. Pale blue with a film over it. It haunted me day and night.

JIMMY

This is making my blood run cold.

BURT

Grabbing The Woman

Cold blooded madness. You killed a harmless old man.

THE WOMAN

No, it was not the man. It was the eye. Every night I tried but could not, Closed tight as a drum, through the door, eight times. Couldn't... slipped my head through. I never wished him harm.

Burt slaps her

BURT

Quiet! Jimmy, take her down.

Jimmy moves toward her.

No, wait. Come with me. I don't want to hold her here.

JIMMY

No, Sir.

BURT

I'll call the doctor at Eastern State.

JIMMY

Burt, what will we do about...

BURT

What?

JIMMY

The remains, Sir.

BURT

We never called the hospital.

JIMMY

His body is still over at the house.

BURT

You best see that its taken care of.

JIMMY

Sir, will we be collecting other evidence?

(CONTINUED)

BURT

nods, and turns to the Woman
 Yes, Jimmy I want you to give the place a good search. And Jimmy? She'll will be needing a change of clothes, and don't say a word to anyone.

JIMMY

That witch?

BURT

And don't say a word to anyone. Jimmy, how do you suppose she did it.

JIMMY

He was old sir. It would have been easy.

BURT

I'm not talking about method. I don't want to believe anybody could do this for no reason.

JIMMY

There's no understanding something like this.

BOTH EXIT

Lights dim

Scene 4 7

The House. 8

The Woman, stand from the seat, busying herself, with a completely different atmosphere. She sits at the table and types. Slowly, but gets into the rhythm of it. Pauses, then takes a sip from the glass of water. She resumes typing but the clock sound begins.

Light's up on Old Man's Room, slowly

An old man sits on a stool surrounded by paper and old books. And old easel is propped up in front of him. All the papers and books concern mathematics. On the easel he is writing complex formulas.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Godel's First Incompleteness theorem states that a generated theory possible of expressing basic arithmetic cannot be consistent and complete.

THE WOMAN

His eye was always watching me, it never stopped nor started from its gaze upon me.

(CONTINUED)

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

If one believes that such a theorem is accurate and can apply it rationally then it goes without saying that Hilbert's Second Problem is false.

The old man gets up and moves to the easel. He moves a sheet and listed in front of him are Hilbert's 23 Problems.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

In 1900, Hilbert revealed the 23 Mathematical problems of the 20th century. Within one year the 3rd problem had been solved. Since then all mathematical efforts, of men like myself, have been spent attempting to solve these problems.

THE WOMAN

He always watched, but never seemed to notice me. He was consumed by his mathematics. His knowledge of the different forms and systems was astounding but he never shared such knowledge at least never to me.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

I used to have a wife. But she was a construct; neither active or passive. I learned mathematics in the Army. Artillery to be precise. Shrapnel in my eye. Can't see my own shadow.

THE WOMAN

It stares again and again at me. Accusing always casting its gaze. Looking for prey. And he never notices me, never takes the time to say a kind word or ask after me. He has no eye for me.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Godel's Second Incompleteness Theorem states that for any formal effectively generated theory T, including basic arithmetical truths, and also certain truths about formal provability. T includes a statement of its own consistency if and only if T is inconsistent.

THE WOMAN

T is for time.

The Woman starts typing.

THE WOMAN

T is for typing.

She makes a sound possibly laughter, confused at her word games.

T is for temper. T is for terror.

THE WOMAN

I sometimes wonder if the eye is a trick. The eye never closes never stops, always open. I moved carefully trying not to make too much noise I had to see. I can not do it if I can not see it.

(CONTINUED)

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

T includes a statement of its own consistency if and only if T is inconsistent, however it is also very consistent. Take for example the butterfly. If one were to catch a butterfly and trap it in a glass jar it would die. This is a simple truth a simple consistency. However the fact that the same butterfly could also have once been a caterpillar is very inconsistent with the fact that my eye sees only a butterfly in front of me.

As he's talking she moves forward and comes to the door. She carefully opens the latch. A single ray of light illuminates the eye of the Old Mathematician. Then closes the door.

Pause, The clock strikes 10

THE WOMAN

Ten, soon. I will ... but not yet.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

(With regret) I'm tired,

Draws a line on the page. Tears of the page. Hell with it.

The Woman hears, and goes to his room, with water jug, slowly opening the door. The old man sits there with his head in his hand covering the damaged side of his face. She enters and picks up the torn page. Returning it to the table.

THE WOMAN

Sir, are you well?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Well enough.

THE WOMAN

Can I pour you some water?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Um.

She pours a glass. As she hand him the Glass his eye gazes at her. She recoils. It does not leave her.

THE WOMAN

Will I leave you?

Pause. She goes to leave.

(CONTINUED)

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

No, stay. If you wish.

She clasps the jug

THE WOMAN

Any Progress?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Progress? I suppose.

THE WOMAN

That's good news? May I be of some assistance?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

I should think not, but thank you.

THE WOMAN

Did you like your supper?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

I was sated.

THE WOMAN

Good. Did you hear the clock?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

No. Is it late?

THE WOMAN

It's just gone Ten.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Oh. You can go to bed if you wish. I need nothing else.

THE WOMAN

Good night, Sir.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Yes, yes. I must return to work.

*He returns to his books, his hand feels the
scare on his face.*

THE WOMAN

Will you not sleep, rest your eye...

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Soon. Leave me.

THE WOMAN

You must rest.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Out!

Pause, and he returns to work. The Woman leaves the room.

THE WOMAN

I must be rid of it.

There is a long pause and the clock strikes Eleven.

THE WOMAN

But the poor man, what must I do? Oh, how careful I shall be.

The old man can be seen preparing for bed, putting on his night hat and placing on a dressing gown. The old man begins to hum a tune and music comes in.

The lights go low. Moonlight through windows. It strikes 12

Music grows slightly louder. The Woman has gone off stage and returns with a light. She carefully covers it in cloth. With a knife in hand she folds a towel around it. At the door she opens the latch slowly. Her head goes through first then the lamp follows. Waiting there whilst he is asleep. As the lamp cover comes off we see light on the old man's face, but his eyes are tightly closed. A light gasp comes from the woman. Then she retreat slowly back out of the room and returns to the seat.

Scene 5

9

Police Station

10

The light returns to as it was before. Burt, is walking around the interview room with a cup of coffee, he is very tired. He picks up the written report and reads, aloud but not loudly. The Woman is quiet.

BURT

...3:10 this morning on February 5. A call was received by a Ms. Gale, the neighbour of the victim. She reporting that a shriek had been heard form the neighbouring residence and was worried about some foul play. Officer James Stern and I made our way to the residence arriving at exactly 4am. And were received into the residence...

ENTER JIMMY QUICKLY.

He pauses.

(CONTINUED)

BURT

What's wrong Jimmy?

JIMMY

She's still here?

BURT

Doctor said we'd need to wait a few hours. Jimmy, what's wrong?

JIMMY

I can't bear to look at her, Sir.

BURT

Speak up? Did you find something?

JIMMY

It's the house sir. The body. I remembered her screaming "under the boards! under the boards!"

BURT

What about it?

JIMMY

I took the doctor at the morgue, not knowing who else to take.

BURT

Where are you going with this?

JIMMY

Well, I torn up the rest of the floor board. He was in pieces, Sir.

BURT

Christ! Does anybody else know about this?

JIMMY

No, Sir.

(pause)

We took him out. Packed him on the cart piece by piece. I delivered him to the morgue sir.

Burt sits in the chair in silence

JIMMY

(Getting worked up) I don't care how mad she is. She's going to burn in hell for what she did.

BURT

Jimmy.

JIMMY

It wasn't just that Burt, It was the blood, all the blood was gone. He was as dry as his bones.

(CONTINUED)

BURT

She's insane, Jimmy. There's nothing that someone possessed can't do

THE WOMAN

Mad, I'm not mad no.

JIMMY

Shut up!

Grabs his bat and walks toward the Woman. She lets out a shriek. Burt stops him.

BURT

Is that what you want to do Jimmy? Go home.

THE WOMAN

Go home Jimmy.

JIMMY

Burt, you're trying to make sense of nothing. It doesn't matter how mad this woman is; she hasn't shown one drop of remorse for what she did.

EXIT JIMMY

There is a silence. Burt straightens himself up.

BURT

For the Grace of god. How is it possible? You diseased, mad, murderous, woman! Are you listening to me?

THE WOMAN

Oh, as I have said before. If I am diseased, then it has not dulled my senses.

BURT

I bet you can hear the hounds of hell.

THE WOMAN

I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth.

BURT

Heaven!? It's hell where you're going.

THE WOMAN

I heard many things in hell.

BURT

How can you say you're not mad. Have you any idea what you've done?

THE WOMAN

How then, am I mad? Your boy was mad. Making to beat me to death. Hum? For me there was no passion in it. Mad men know nothing

(CONTINUED)

BURT

I don't know why you were made this way but you are evil. I've seen evil before, but I've understood it. I've seen some reason, even if it's terrible.

(pause)

I'm going to ask why? Knowing I'm going to hate you for it.

THE WOMAN

It was the evil I wanted to purge. His evil eye, like a vulture. Horrid thing. Hunted me.

BURT

You keep saying his eye, but you killed a lonely old man. If he had commit a terrible crime against you... Did he? I can understand revenge. Leviticus says an eye for an eye. But God does not. An eye for an eye is not law here

THE WOMAN

I loved the old man. I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him.

BURT

Jesus. There's no soul in you.

THE WOMAN

You should have seen how wisely I proceeded, with what caution. Every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it... Oh so gently! Oh you would have laughed to see how gently I put my head in to the darkness.

BURT

Laughed, how could I laugh? Can you not hear yourself?

THE WOMAN

Then with a dark lantern I waited. So quietly. I could see him asleep in his bed. Would a madman be so wise as this? So cautiously, cautiously, I would open the lantern until a single ray of light crossed his face. But I could not, could not. His eye was closed tight. So I could not do it.

BURT

You are a monster. Can you not see? You have nothing now.

THE WOMAN

Seven long nights I did this. But it was always closed.

BURT

May he rest in peace! If you ever cared for this man, not even the most pious could tell. I'll listen to this no longer.

(CONTINUED)

Burt goes to leave.

THE WOMAN

It was impossible to do the work. (pause) Every morning, I went boldly into his chamber, and spoke to him. Inquiring how he had passed the night. Was he well?

BURT

Did he ever suspect anything?

THE WOMAN

No.

BURT

He would have been a wise old man, indeed, to suspect that every night you looked upon him while he slept. It's best he didn't. What terror he would have felt. I pray it was peaceful.

EXIT BURT

Scene 6

11

The Morning before the Eighth

Night.

12

The Woman rises from the chair, again takes the jug of water. The Old Mathematician is working, he gets up and moves slowly around his room nervously. The Woman exits of stage with the jug and after a few moments returns with a wash bowl also. She places them on the table.

THE OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Where is it?

Getting more annoyed

Did she throw it away? AH! Here? No.. number four.

reading from a sheet, spots a small book

Yes, yes that's it. Good good.

(Disappointed)

Number nine: find the most general law of the reciprocity theorem in any algebraic number field. Hopeless,

Returns to his chair and begins to work.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

When in sleep? No... Falling, drop by drop upon our heart?

Returns to searching.

(CONTINUED)

THE WOMAN
Knocks at the door.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
Yes, come in.

THE WOMAN
Morning sir.

THE WOMAN ENTERS.
Can I fetch you anything? From the kitchen perhaps.
Oh, it is a wonderful morning.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
Have you seen my book?

THE WOMAN
The Godel book?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
No, (finding it) here is the scrap.

THE WOMAN
Would you like something to eat?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
Yes... do we have any fruit?

THE WOMAN
I believe we have some apples from the garden.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
Good, and could you prepare a bowl of hot water, I
would like a shave.

THE WOMAN
Will that be all?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
Yes, thanks you.

*The Woman leaves the room and takes the bowl
from the table goes off stage.*

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

*Sings His Grand father's clock:
Ninety years without slumbering, Tick, tick, tick,
tock, His life seconds numbering, Tick, tick, tick,
tock It'd stop short, and never go again*

*The woman returns with the bowl and an apple.
There is also a knife (the same as before) and a
towel. He places the bowl on his table. With the
knife and apple in hand she stares at him, he
still hums anyway. She goes tense and fiddles
with the knife. She drops the knife and he turns
around.*

(CONTINUED)

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Christ, I didn't even hear you. Thank you my dear.

THE WOMAN

Oh, sorry. I should have knocked.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Nonsense. Are you feeling well?

THE WOMAN

No.. I'.. I'm... No nothing's wrong. I'm quite well indeed.

She cuts a slice of the apple for him. She nips her finger, she cries.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Careful. Is it deep?

THE WOMAN

(biting her finger) It's fine. Just a nip. I was being careless.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

All's well. No, scars like me.

THE WOMAN

I trust you passed the night well.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Yes, well enough. The night was silent.

THE WOMAN

Good.

she slices another piece of apple

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

Nothing stirs in this house except my own roaming, the wood beetles in the ceiling, and the wind in the chimney.

THE WOMAN

rising to leave

Will that be all? I should put a bandage on my finger. You're hot water is there. Will you need me to shave you?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN

I shouldn't think so.

THE WOMAN

Very well. Are you sure?

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
Yes

THE WOMAN
It would really be no trouble.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
I'm more than capable, leave me.

THE WOMAN
If you get stuck back into the work the water will be cold.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
Enough, Go.

THE WOMAN
Yes, Sir.

The Old Mathematician starts to shave himself, he lathers his face and starts to shave.

THE WOMAN EXITS

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
'And even in our sleep. Pain that cannot forget, falls drop by drop, and in our own despair, and against our will comes wisdom, by the awful grace of God.' And so it does...

Lights down, the clock is heard, The light returns to night time. The old mathematician is asleep, The Woman repeats the movements of the slow entry. But after a long pause, The Woman goes for the lantern and slips, a murmured cry comes out of her. The Man wakes.

OLD MATHEMATICIAN
Who's there?

Both as still as death

The Old Mathematician Groans

BLACKOUT

Scene 7 13

Police station 14

Same setup as before though slightly brighter. The light is mainly coming from one direction. The 'interrogation' chair is now more centred and the Woman is seated.

ENTER BURT WITH A DOCTOR.

(CONTINUED)

BURT

I've never seen anything like this before.

DOCTOR

Is she Lucid?

BURT

Lucid sir?

DOCTOR

Responding to questions? Knows where she is?

BURT

Yes, but I can't make any sense of it.

DOCTOR

That's good. You can go.

BURT

Excuse, me.. I don't know exactly, what it is you do but she's a murder. I can't leave in here alone.

DOCTOR

It's perfectly alright Sergeant, you may wait outside, but there's really no reason to be concerned.

BURT

She's a mad woman...

DOCTOR

That's my judgment to make.

BURT

I meant no disrespect.

DOCTOR

No offense taken but I really can't do my work with an observer. I promise I will call, should she behave in a violent fashion.

BURT

I'll be right outside.

EXIT BURT

DOCTOR

Excuse me, Madame. I'm a doctor. I'm here to ask you a few questions. Is that alright?

THE WOMAN

Have I not told them, what they mistake for madness.

DOCTOR

If it is not madness then what is it?

(CONTINUED)

THE WOMAN

It is an over-acuteness of the senses.

DOCTOR

How do you feel now?

THE WOMAN

Well.

THE DOCTOR

They said you spoke about the old man's eye. Could you describe it to me?

THE WOMAN

When I killed him?

THE DOCTOR

Yes. What did it look like?

THE WOMAN

Like a Vulture's eye.

THE DOCTOR

Dark?

THE WOMAN

No, All a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones. I could see nothing else of the old man's face. For I had directed the ray of light so precisely, upon that damned spot. It was instinct.

THE DOCTOR

So he was awake when you killed him?

The Woman is silent

THE DOCTOR

Before you killed him, how did you feel?

THE WOMAN

Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own power... of my sagacity.

THE DOCTOR

Did you feel power over him? Why?

THE WOMAN

My plan was perfect, exact. As I waited there in the darkness, he groaned-

THE DOCTOR

Could he see you?

THE WOMAN

He knew death was coming. I knew as he looked into the Shadows. He fancied his fears were causeless.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE WOMAN (cont'd)

"the sound of a cricket, ha, It's just mouse scuttling along the floor." No, it was me. I could hear his heart.

The Doctor is Silent

As the Woman speaks the light dim.

THE DOCTOR EXITS

Scene 8 15

The Murder 16

Both the Old Mathematician and the Woman are frozen in the dark. The old man is seated looking around and the Woman remains at the door. There is a long pause. The Woman then opens the lantern and light appears on his face. He stares at the woman. He seems relieved for a moment but the silence makes him aware to the situation at hand. The tattoo of the heard begins(A clock in cotton.) The sound gets louder and faster, louder and faster.

With a shriek the woman enters the room, the lantern brightens, and she grabs the knife on the table and drags the old man to the floor. After a single stab she begins choking him. The sound of the heart is comes to a muffed stop with his last breath.

The Woman examines the corpse slowly. She places her hand on his heart and whispers to him like a child

THE WOMAN

Stone dead, your eye will trouble me no more.

BLACKOUT

Scene 9 17

The House 18

The house is tidy and the bedroom is well arranged. No body The Woman is on the floor with a hammer, she finishes what she is doing, then rises and begins washing her hands in the bowl. The clock strikes four The water is red. She seems calm. As she dries her fingers with the towel, a door bell is heard. She goes to the door.

(CONTINUED)

THE WOMAN

Hello, gentlemen. Can I help you?

BURT

We're hoping you can, miss.

THE WOMAN

It's very late, may I ask; who are you?

JIMMY

We're police officers. Some time ago we received a call from your neighbour, complaining of a scream, coming from this residence.

BURT

May we come in?

THE WOMAN

Of course.

THEY ENTER INTO THE HOUSE.

She closes the door behind them.

THE WOMAN

A scream? I'm afraid you've already found your guilt party.

JIMMY

Excuse me?

THE WOMAN

The scream was me. I'm dreadfully sorry. I've been having the most frightful dreams. You can't imagine.

The Woman quickly, but calmly goes to the table and grabs the bowl, taking it off stage. She is heard off stage

BURT

Oh. At least everything is alright.

JIMMY

We're sorry about the hour.

THE WOMAN

It's alright. I've been unable to sleep anyhow.

JIMMY

(to Burt)

Nice house.

BURT

Um. Looks like a we got out of bed for nothing.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Do you know anything about the man sir?

BURT

No, keeps to himself mostly.

JIMMY

She seems nice.

BURT

Pretty young thing. I suppose we'll have a quick look around and go.

JIMMY

I could use cup of coffee.

BURT

Me too.

THE WOMAN ENTERS

THE WOMAN

Sorry about that.

BURT

May we speak to the master of the house?

JIMMY

I understand you'd rather not wake him, but we just need to make sure he's alright.

THE WOMAN

Oh,...yes, well.. I'm terribly sorry. He's currently away.

BURT

Away?

THE WOMAN

He's out of the country, I'm afraid. Another talk. He's always being dragged from his home.

BURT

How long will he be gone?

THE WOMAN

Quite some time. Several weeks I should think.

JIMMY

Are you alone here?

THE WOMAN

Yes, it's just me. I'm sorry you had to come out all this way.

(CONTINUED)

BURT

Would you mind if we had a look around?

THE WOMAN

Be my guest.

The Woman beckons the police over to the bedroom,

THE WOMAN

This is my masters room.

JIMMY

All seems in order.

Both Jimmy and Burt enter and walk around the room.

BURT

He owns a lot of books...

JIMMY

It's like a private library.

THE WOMAN

I know. It's a life's work.

JIMMY

Burt, fancy this.

Picks up knife on the table.

BURT

An old service knife.

THE WOMAN

Yes. (pause) Could I offer you gentlemen something to drink. You must be tired.

BURT

We'll just finish our search.

THE WOMAN

Oh, I must insist.

JIMMY

Wouldn't do any harm.

BURT

I suppose. Do you have any coffee?

THE WOMAN

(indicating an exit) Of course, please be seated. You must be tired.

(CONTINUED)

The officers head to the table in the other room, as the woman closes the door the heart sound begins very low and sparse. She suddenly begins to feel uncomfortable. She sits on the chair where she was hammering.

JIMMY

I must say it's very kind of you to be so hospitable.

BURT

We don't normally get calls at this hour.

THE WOMAN

It's quite alright

she rises and goes toward the exit
What was it you wanted to drink again.

BURT

Coffee, if you have it.

JIMMY

If it's too much trouble.

THE WOMAN

No, no. I assure you it's fine.

JIMMY

This big house must be lonely, when your master isn't here.

THE WOMAN

Oh, I busy myself.

THE WOMAN EXITS

Both the police men rise. And look around. As they talk the heartbeat grows louder.

JIMMY

It's so quiet here.

BURT

It's the same with all big houses. No families in them.

JIMMY

He must be comfortable though.

BURT

Hey, Jimmy. When we get back to the station would you mind staying round till the day boys get in. I promised I'd be there to take the children to school.

JIMMY

Yeah, sure. How old is your little girl?

(CONTINUED)

BURT
Eight.

JIMMY
Already?

BURT
I tell you. They grow up so fast.

JIMMY
Do you think we should call the neighbour when we get back? Tell her everything is alright?

A teapot whistle is heard faintly.

BURT
Just leave a note with the day boys.

THE WOMAN ENTERS

JIMMY
Sure.

THE WOMAN
I'm afraid. We're out of coffee.

BURT
That's alright.

THE WOMAN
I would offer you something else but I'm afraid I wouldn't know what to give you.

JIMMY
Are you alright? You're looking a little pale.

THE WOMAN
Am I? Oh dear.

BURT
Here, have a seat.

She doesn't sit but become more agitated.

THE WOMAN
It's these long nights. I can't sleep much. I tell you it's nice to be on the brighter side of winter. The days. Getting longer. I say if I had to put up with much more of this it might just.... Ah well I'm just talking. You better go.

JIMMY
Do you need a doctor miss?

BURT
A glass of water?

(CONTINUED)

THE WOMAN

I'm fine just need some rest. You can leave me now.

BURT

I'll just get you a glass of water from the kitchen.

THE WOMAN

But you don't know where it is.

BURT

The house isn't so big. I'm sure I'll be fine.

The heartbeat gets faster.

THE WOMAN

No, you really must go. Coming over here unannounced.

JIMMY

We didn't mean to disturb you.

BURT

You invited us in.

THE WOMAN

What was I supposed to do? Two police men standing at the door. This really is ridiculous. I'm perfectly fine and you must want to get to your beds. Can you hear that?

BURT

What?

JIMMY

I didn't hear anything.

THE WOMAN

Don't tell me that you cant hear it. It's a watch...
No.

JIMMY

I have no idea what...

THE WOMAN

SSssshhhh.

BURT

(cheerily) Well, I suppose that's us.. These old houses must be filled with noises like these.

JIMMY

I can imagine. The wood of the board creaking, draft from the chimney.

THE WOMAN

Are you mocking me.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

I'm sorry?

BURT

We weren't saying that

THE WOMAN

Oh, you are. I can tell

JIMMY

She's pulling our leg.

They laugh.

BURT

For a second there I thought, you were.

THE WOMAN

She rises and grabs her chair grating it against the boards

Here he is. Yes. Under the board. I can't bear it. Tear up the planks. I admit the deed. Take him out. Here here. The beating of his hideous heart.

*The Police rise and step back in shock*Scene 10

19

Ball Room

20

The guests have re-assembled in their places, the Footmen stand against the back wall and Gerald the Butler stands at attention to the right of the table.

HOST

Now ladies and gentleman, I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did.

BLACKOUT

Sound of applause from the Guests.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Lights!

HOST

Gerald has the itinerary of the evenings events. Gerald?

GERALD THE BUTLER

Yes sir. Our next event is a game.

MRS. USHER

What kind of game?

(CONTINUED)

GERALD THE BUTLER

Its called Charades. I'm going to divide everyone into two teams. Mrs. Usher, Sergeant Mahoney your team 1. Liegea and Mr. Allan you are team 2. The footmen and myself shall be judges and referees.

HOST

Lets move the tables and have team 1 on the left and team 2 on the right.

The Footmen split the main table into 2 tables and set them to the left and the right.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Now does everyone now the rules?

HOST

Of course they do.

LIEAGEA

Actually I don't know the rules. I've never heard of 'Charades'. Is it a civilized game?

GERALD THE BUTLER

Of course Ma'am. It is a very cultured game. All the great families in Europe are playing it.

LIEAGEA

Thank you. I'll play. Now what were the rules again Gerald?

GERALD THE BUTLER

Well first and foremost we have two teams. Each team in turn produces a "secret" word or phrase, to be guessed by the other team, and writes it on a slip of paper.

The Footmen hand out two pads of paper to each team. Pencils are provided.

The secret phrases allowed are confined to titles of books, songs, or movies.

MRS. USHER

Are you sure that this....

GERALD THE BUTLER

The slip of paper with the secret phrase is revealed to one member of the other team, the "actor", but kept secret from the remainder of the other team, the "guessers". The actor then has a limited period of time in which to convey the secret phrase to the guessers by pantomime.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

What about...

(CONTINUED)

GERALD THE BUTLER

The actor may not make any sounds or lip movements. Clapping is prohibited, the player may make any sound other than speaking or whistling a recognizable tune. The actor cannot point out at any of the objects present in the scene, if by doing so they are helping their teammates.

MRS. USHER

I have....

GERALD THE BUTLER

The actor is allowed to make any gestures other than blatantly spelling out the word. The guessers attempt to guess the word or phrase based on the actor's performance. They can ask questions, to which the actor may give non-verbal responses, such as nodding in affirmation. If any of the guessers says the correct word or phrase within the time limit in the literal form as written on the slip, their team wins that round; if the phrase is not guessed when the time limit expires, the team that produced the secret phrase wins the round.

The teams alternate until each team member has had an opportunity to be the actor.

So in terms of our game, there will be 6 'actors'. The winning team is who wins the best of the six rounds.

Are there any questions?

The following exchange from Gerald the Butler was conducted at high speed. The guests look slightly confused.

HOST

I think there is still some confusion Gerald. Why don't you and the footmen give us an example?

GERALD THE BUTLER

Yes sir. he signals the Footmen Your the actor.

(to Footman 1)

You and I will be the guessers.

(to Footman 2)

Now write down your secret word and give it to Mr. Allan.

Footman 1 writes down the word and hands it to Mr. Allan. Mr. Allan laughs.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Now would you start?

(CONTINUED)

FOOTMAN 1

Makes a signal with his hand, showing only 3 fingers.

GERALD THE BUTLER
3 Words.

FOOTMAN 1

Shows only 1 finger.

GERALD THE BUTLER
First word.

FOOTMAN 1

Starts blowing kisses and miming roses.

GERALD THE BUTLER
That's a little too subtle Charlie. Make it more obvious.

FOOTMAN 1

Makes a face. He makes a gesture signifying an event.

GERALD THE BUTLER
Its an event.

The Footman nods emphatically.

GERALD THE BUTLER
Now when was it. Now pay attention ladies and gentlemen, the 'actor' can give you the year if asked. Now pay close attention. What year was it?

FOOTMAN 1

The footman signals 19, on his hands then 29.

GERALD THE BUTLER
1929.

The Footman nods.
Now what month.

The Footman signals 2.
February.

The Footman goes back to signaling kisses and flowers, he then mimes a embrace.
Valentines Day?

FOOTMAN 1

Nods, he then mimes machine guns shooting at people.

GERALD THE BUTLER
A massacre.

Footman nods.
The St. Valentines Day Massacre?

FOOTMAN 1
Yes.

HOST
Now that was a good example.

MRS. USHER
Not in the best taste. But I do agree a good example.

GERALD THE BUTLER
Now is everyone ready to play. The players all nod their heads. Alright now the starting team, is Team 1.

MRS. USHER
We start that's good.

She writes a phrase down on a piece of paper she shows it to Sergeant Mahoney.
Gerald would you be the 'actor'?

GERALD THE BUTLER
Of course Ma'am.

Mrs. Usher hands over the piece of paper to Mr. Allan. He quickly reads it and puts the scrap of paper in his pocket.

LIEGEE
May we start?

GERALD THE BUTLER
Yes of course.

HOST
Is it a book?

Gerald the Butler shakes his head.

HOST
Is it an event?

Gerald the Butler nods his head. He then shakes his fingers so 3 are showing.

(CONTINUED)

LIEAGEA

Three words.

HOST

Is it modern?

Gerald the Butler shakes his head.

MRS. USHER

Would you like some help?

LIEAGEA

No thank you.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

I don't quite understand this game.

LIEAGEA

Are you lacking intelligence Sergeant? Its a simple game of logical guesswork.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

I'm a cop. Not a dictionary.

LIEAGEA

Really? I thought you were a cockrel...

HOST

You can save those kind of comments for the Algonquin Roundtable Madam.

LIEAGEA

Oh come now Gerald. I would think that I was allowed to make those kind of comments... Did I embarrass you?

FOOTMAN 1 TO FOOTMAN 2

She's a bit rough isn't she?

FOOTMAN 2 TO FOOTMAN 1

Always was. Hard edged and witty.

FOOTMAN 1

This should be fun.

GERALD THE BUTLER

No madam. You do not embarrass me. However your interrupting our game. If you don't want to stay, I believe the phrase is you can foxtrot oscar.

Lieagea is silent for a bit then laughs

LIEAGEA

Very well Gerald. I'll be good. Now that hint Mrs. Usher?

MRS. USHER
Leonardo da Vinci.

HOST
Don't talk to her. Not much of a hint.

MRS. USHER
Enough! Do you have more questions or would you like to forfeit the round?

LIEAGEA
Is it a medieval event?

Gerald the Butler shakes his head.

HOST
Is it a renaissance subject?

Gerald the Butler nods his head emphatically.

LIEAGEA
Is it a religious event?

Mr Allan nods.

HOST
The birth of Christ.

Gerald the Butler shakes his head.

Lieagea looks around the room and stares at the way to tables are placed.

LIEAGEA
The Last Supper!

GERALD THE BUTLER
Yes madam.

HOST
You people are the worst players of Charades I've ever seen. Gerald please continue with the games. I need a break.

EXIT MR. ALLAN

GERALD THE BUTLER
I think we should move onto to our next game. But before we do that would anyone like a drink?

LIEAGEA
That is the first good idea that you or our Host has had all evening. I'll have a double brandy with a vodka twist. Keep the olive.

GERALD THE BUTLER

How would you like it Madam.

LIEGEEA

In a glass Gerald.

Gerald signals the Footmen.

FOOTMAN 1 EXITS.

Footman 2 starts asking the other guests what they want.

FOOTMAN 2

Mrs. Usher what would you like?

MRS. USHER

I'll have some tea please. Its a little too early for hard liqour.

FOOTMAN 2

Sergeant what can I get you?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

A guinness.

FOOTMAN 2

I'm afraid we don't have that. Would you prefer some Irish whiskey?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Sure that's fine. A double please.

EXIT FOOTMAN 2

GERALD THE BUTLER

Now ladies and gentleman our next game is called Anagram.

ENTER FOOTMAN 1.

He returns with carefully wrapped packages for every guest.

GERALD THE BUTLER

My associate here will distribute the packages to their relevant owners.

Footman 1 hands out the packages to the guests.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Inside each package is your very own Anagram pertaining to your own past.

LIEAGEEA

I love getting presents from strange men.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT MAHONEY

I've never been to a dinner party before, is this normal?

FOOTMAN 1

Normally she's under the Host.

MRS. USHER

Enough! Lets try to be civil.

LIEAGEA

By civil you mean what exactly?

MRS. USHER

Not you.

LIEAGEA

Well now I know where I stand with the women at this dinner party! Gerald where is my drink?

GERALD THE BUTLER

It will be here shortly Madam. If you care to open your packages ladies and gentlemen you will find that therein lies an Anagram. Some are single words, others are sentences but each pertains to your own past.

MRS. USHER

I like this game. Much better than Charades.

LIEAGEA

Did our Host come up with the Anagrams?

GERALD THE BUTLER

Yes madam.

ENTER FOOTMAN 2.

He is carrying a tray of drinks. He hands out the drinks to each guest.

FOOTMAN 1 TO FOOTMAN 2

You just missed some excitement.

FOOTMAN 2 TO FOOTMAN 1

You kidding? I could hear it. They're not exactly quiet.

FOOTMAN 1

I think Mr. Allan has rigged the whole thing.

MRS. USHER

What makes you say that?

FOOTMAN 1

Well mam, you've all been set up here. Put under pressure by Mr. Allan and Gerry. So that your actions

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FOOTMAN 1 (cont'd)

become more predictable. And so that one of you will make a mistake and slip up.

MRS. USHER

You make it sound like one of us has something to hide.

LIEAGEA

He's lying trying to get us to turn against each other and be suspicious and paranoid.

MRS. USHER

We don't need his help for that.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Look we were all invited to a dinner party. Where there has been no dinner and just a series of stories and games. Exactly what we were told by Mr. Allan at the beginning. So lets enjoy ourselves.

MRS. USHER

I have a question. Gerald, where is Mr. William Wilson.

GERALD THE BUTLER

I don't know Madam. I'm sure Mr. Allan will tell me in good time. Shall we play?

The guests each open their packages and reveal their Anagrams. They each in turn say out loud their anagrams.

MRS. USHER

Fees, for Healthful Hothouse?

LIEAGEA

Morrow, Torn Cheque!

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Lethal Eel-Tart!

MRS. USHER

What do they mean Gerald?

GERALD THE BUTLER

They are all anagrams relating to each of you. Some obvious some very peripheral oblique references. All of them stories.

FOOTMAN 1

Now that is a tongue twister.

FOOTMAN 2

He's always been a pompous ass. But it works.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

They relate to us in our work or private lives?

GERALD THE BUTLER

Everything Sergeant.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Well mine seems like a simple enough riddle. I'll need a pen and paper.

Gerald the Butler waves the Footmen over they distribute fresh paper and pencils.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Now ladies and Gentlemen you shall have an opportunity to test wits with each other.

Each guests takes his or her pencil and starts working out their anagrams. They are all puzzled and find it extremely difficult except for the Sergeant.

FOOTMAN 1

That cop is really quite bright.

FOOTMAN 2

Yes much more than you would think.

FOOTMAN 1

What do you think the chances the others will get theirs?

FOOTMAN 2

Slim without help.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

I have it!

GERALD THE BUTLER

Yes Sergeant?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Tell Tale-Heart.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Very good Sergeant, one down, two to go... Do you need assistance?

LIEAGEA

Well mine sounds simple but it isn't is it? I mean 'Morrow Torn, Cheque' isn't exactly the most helpful of anagrams.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Yes that would be Mr. Allan madam. He is quite intelligent and sometimes forgets that others do not possess his level of intellect.

(CONTINUED)

LIEAGEA

To hell with you Gerald. Sergeant?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Well I think that your anagram is a sentence that means something to you. So write out all the letters and see what words jump up at you.

LIEAGEA

No jumping thank you. But I'll do that.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Gerald, what now?

GERALD THE BUTLER

We wait. For you to finish and for Mr. Allan.

MRS. USHER

What about the other guest?

GERALD THE BUTLER

What other guest?

MRS. USHER

William Wilson.

GERALD THE BUTLER

I have no idea Madam.

Mrs. Usher looks uncomfortable
Do you know him Madam?

MRS. USHER

Yes.

LIEAGEA

Really?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

I know him too.

LIEAGEA

(surprised)
You do?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Yes.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Could we please return to the matter at hand the anagrams.

MRS. USHER

Well we do have a right to know.

(CONTINUED)

LIEAGEA

I think I know mine.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Madam?

LIEAGEA

The Conqueror Worm. Now how did you know that?

GERALD THE BUTLER

I know many things. But not that. Mr. Allan created the anagrams.

LIEAGEA

Is he taunting us with the knowledge he knows about us?

GERALD THE BUTLER

I have no idea Madam.

FOOTMAN 1

Ten to and even. Gerry knows.

FOOTMAN 2

He created the anagrams.

FOOTMAN 1

Really?

FOOTMAN 2

Yes. Mr. Allan isn't that smart. Gerry is the real brains behind this whole affair.

FOOTMAN 1

What is going on?

ENTER HOST

He looks at Gerald the Butler, Gerald nods. Then hands Mr. Allan a package.

GERALD THE BUTLER

Your anagram sir.

HOST

Thank you Gerald.

Scene 11

21

Main Room / Ball Room

22

MRS. USHER

That was a little dramatic wasn't it?

HOST

I do apologize Mrs. Usher. I do have a flair for the theatrical.

(CONTINUED)

LIEAGEA

I liked your anagram.

HOST

Why thank you Lieagea. I'm sure you enjoyed the memories it brought back?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Mr. Allan where is William Wilson?

HOST

I have no idea. Have you solved your anagram?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Yes.

HOST

Gerald how many anagrams are still unsolved?

GERALD THE BUTLER

One sir. Lieagea and the Sergeant solved theirs.

HOST

Really Sergeant? Well done. Madam you are stuck? Do you require a hint?

MRS. USHER

Yes I would like a hint. Or at least an idea of what mine entails.

HOST

Well I think you should start with your name Mrs. Usher. And perhaps your brother Roderick?

MRS. USHER

'The Fall of the House of Usher'?

HOST

That was excellent Mrs. Usher. And only with a minimum of discomfort. Who's left?

GERALD THE BUTLER

That's it sir. That completes the anagram game, sir.

HOST

Excellent Gerald. Thank you very much for coming up with them.

FOOTMAN 2

Told you so.

FOOTMAN 1

I stand corrected.

LIEAGEA

What? You came up with them? Who are you really?

(CONTINUED)

GERALD THE BUTLER
The Butler madam.

HOST
Gerald would you mind asking the cook where the food is and why he hasn't even prepared some hors d'orvers for our guests?

GERALD THE BUTLER
Certainly sir.

EXIT GERALD THE BUTLER

HOST
Now ladies and gentleman the games are over and we are coming the finale of our evening.

LIEAGEA
The ball?

HOST
Masked ball.

LIEAGEA
How quaint.

MRS. USHER
Is that why we are here? To dance in a masked ball?

HOST
No madam. You are all here because of William Wilson.

LIEAGEA
What?

HOST
Its quite simple. Mrs. Usher sometime ago in England you were at a party and you attempted to seduce a young man named William Wilson, correct?

MRS. USHER
Correct.

LIEAGEA
So tell me dear? How is he?

MRS. USHER
Don't be vulgar.

HOST
Nothing happened so don't get your hopes up Lieagea.

LIEAGEA
Oh, I'm sorry dear. Happens to all of us sometimes.

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Enough of this. How do you know all that?

HOST

Magic! Dark arts. How do you think Sergeant? I know William Wilson. Unfortunately none of you do.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

I know him.

HOST

Yes I know. He swindled you out of a great deal of money before you were a police officer.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

I never say his face and he always spoke in a damn whisper.

LIEAGEA

Exactly how much money did you lose?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

None of your business.

MRS. USHER

What about her? Mr. Allan the Sergeant and I are here because we know William Wilson. Why is Lieagea here?

HOST

I find her amusing. She comes to all my parties.

LIEAGEA

If I'd met William Wilson, I would know him biblically by now!

FOOTMAN 1 TO FOOTMAN 2

Is she always like this?

FOOTMAN 2 TO FOOTMAN 1

You should have been here on Chinese new years.

FOOTMAN 1 TO FOOTMAN 2

Bad?

FOOTMAN 2 TO FOOTMAN 1

Lets just say that everyone who works here got a nice view.

LIEAGEA

Are you talking about new years?

FOOTMAN 2

Yes madam.

LIEAGEA

Did you enjoy the view?

(CONTINUED)

FOOTMAN 2

Yes madam.

LIEAGEA

You have the nicest house servants.

HOST

Thank you. They're rented.

SERGEANT MAHONEY

Getting back to reality. Why are we here?

HOST

Oh yes I completely forgot. You are here because I've invited William Wilson to be the final guest at my masked ball.

MRS. USHER

How do you know he'll appear?

HOST

Because he will want to try it with you Mrs. Usher, definitely sample Lieagea and of course try to con Sergeant Mahoney again.

MRS. USHER

So what's the plan?

HOST

Well you have a choice. Its a masked ball remember. Everyone will wear a mask. No one will know the other. William Wilson will appear masked and gloved. And if you wish you may kill him.

MRS. USHER

I never thought of killing him.

HOST

Yes you did. You thought of it especially when poor Roderick died didn't you?

SERGEANT MAHONEY

I'm a cop. I don't kill people. Not illegally anyway.

HOST

Yes but as a policemen you would know who could arrange for something sudden to happen to William Wilson. I know you tried.

LIEAGEA

Are you William Wilson.

HOST

No.

(CONTINUED)

FOOTMAN 1

Sir we need to prepare for the Ball.

HOST

Of course. Ladies and gentleman? If you would follow me there are rooms where you can freshen up and put on your costumes for the Ball. Follow me please.

Before they leave, the Footmen set up another photograph and take another still however this time the flash in inverted started with dark then a flash.

EXIT HOST WITH GUESTS

The two Footmen quickly start moving away the tables and prepare for the Ball.

Scene 12 23

Masked Ball 24

There is no dialogue in this scene. Only choreographed dancing and movements.