

just rests on the snow's consistency. Places! Dammit!
We'll show them! This will be another Victor Le Pewe
triumph!

(All move into position.)

Phillip, give me a place.

(PHILLIP finds a spot in his manuscript.)

PHILLIP. *(throwing himself into the role)* "Ha ha! Juries can
be bought. You never did explain that blood on your
socks." Bette.

MONA. I know my lines!

VICTOR. Action! Lights! Start dammit!

*(The actors get into position. PHILLIP drags off
CRAWFORD when he exits backstage. Stage lights up –
worklights out.)*

BETTE. Ha. Ha. Juries can be bought. You never did explain
that blood all over your socks.

*(DROOLS enters from the archway, tray – script in
hand.)*

DROOLS. Mr. Barrington, your mother can't wait to see
you. I told her you had arrived and her face lit up like
the shining sun...and everything. Presenting Lady
Barrington.

*(Again, all pose dramatically. There is a pause. No one
enters. DROOLS goes to the window and screams out.)*

DROOLS. Presenting Lady Barrington!

*(LADY BARRINGTON [MISS CRAWFORD] is pushed on
through the archway by PHILLIP, who exits trying not to
be seen.)*

CONSTANCE. I forgot where to stand.

*(BRENT points to a spot Stage Left. CHAZ pulls
CRAWFORD over to her mark.)*

ALEXANDER. Mother! It's been so long!

LADY BARRINGTON. (*incorrectly addressing DROOLS*)

Alexander, my boy. You've come home!

CHAZ. Brent.

CONSTANCE. What?

CHAZ. (*pointing to BRENT*) Brent!

LADY BARRINGTON. Brent, my boy. You've come home.

MONA. For Christ's Sake.

(*CHAZ tries turning LADY BARRINGTON to face BRENT. She continually turns back to face him.*)

LADY BARRINGTON. (*to DROOLS*) I don't know how to tell you this son, but Daddy is dead. He died eating cheese. Gouda cheese. Sliced thin.

ALEXANDER. I know, Mother. That's why I've come.

(*CHAZ pushes CRAWFORD over to BRENT.*)

LADY BARRINGTON. What is this?

ALEXANDER. My new bride, Mother. Pen-la-pee-pee.

(*CHAZ taps CRAWFORD to speak.*)

LADY BARRINGTON. Such a pretty child. So young. So sad. How old are you, my child?

PENELOPE. Twenty-three and one half.

(*CHAZ taps Crawford.*)

LADY BARRINGTON. Pity.

BETTE. (*to PENELOPE*) If you knew what was good for you, you'd take the first train out of here.

(*CHAZ taps Crawford.*)

LADY BARRINGTON. It's too late. That was the last train leaving the station.

(*Sound effects: Train Whistle.*)

VICTOR. Good one, Phillip.

(*PHILLIP appears in the window and silently apologizes, and exits.*)

DROOLS. The trains are not running. Because of the snow.

(A clump of snow falls outside the window.)

We're all trapped here. Like rats in a pack.

(A piece of white cardboard grows up the window. It is snow trapping them inside the house. Pushed up by PHILLIP.)

LADY BARRINGTON. What does it matter? She's in the family now. There is no escape from her fate. Your fate is sealed, my dear.

(LADY BARRINGTON points to the window, and the cardboard snow. ALEXANDER steps forward, as spotlight goes on.)

ALEXANDER. Especially in this snow...

(General stage lights come back up, and we see INSPECTOR MOUNDS making shadow puppets in the spotlight.)

BETTE. Inspector Mounds!

CONSTANCE. What?

BETTE. *(ignoring CRAWFORD)* You're still here?

INSPECTOR. And so are we all. I'm glad I have you all here. I have found conclusive evidence which will point conclusively to the killer of Lord Barrington.

(All gasp. CRAWFORD gasps two beats late.)

Please, be seated.

(EVERYONE looks around panic-stricken. There is no place to sit. The chairs are painted on the walls. They all dive at the loveseat, Center-Stage. BETTE, PENELOPE, and CRAWFORD sit. ALEXANDER and DROOLS are forced to sit on the chairs painted on the walls. They sit trying to retain a shred of dignity. They fail.)

The murderer is someone in this room!

(All gasp. CRAWFORD gasps two beats late.)

I found these two items on the body of the lord. Buried in the Gouda. Sliced thin. This letter!!...