

HEART ATTACK WITH A KNIFE

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Draft 10 9 18

**CHARACTER LIST:**

**Inspector Babbitt** : (40s) - Brilliant (or possibly incompetent) inspector brought on to solve the mysterious and gruesome murder of billionaire Markus Kane.

**Victoria** : (30s) Daughter to Markus Kane and Babbitt's first suspect... until she's killed.

**Mrs. Kane**: (80s) - Wife to Markus Kane and another suspect in his murder... until she's killed.

**Bobert** : (40s) - Husband to Victoria, lover to Mrs. Kane and suspect in the murder of Markus Kane... until he's killed.

**Dickie** : (30s) - Son to Mr. Kane and a suspect in his murder... until he's killed.

**Hildy**: (20s) - Maid of the house. One of the few people Babbitt never suspects... that is until she kills him.

**Father Chryst**: (50s) Mute priest - and a killer (though no one in this play).

**Thomas Aykle** : 93-year old officiate of Markus Kane's will. He lives.

It's probably worth noting that my idea for the role of Father Chryst is that he be played by a mannequin that gets rolled on and off stage, until the end, when the actor playing Thomas Aykle would double as Father Chryst.

**SYNOPSIS:**

"All of creation's a farce. Man was born as a joke. In his head his reason is buffeted like wind-blown smoke. Life is a game. Everyone ridicules everyone else. But he who has the last laugh laughs longest."

William Shakespeare (maybe)

When Inspector Babbitt discovers a large knife lodged within the chest of dead Billionaire Marcus Kane, he suspects foul play. But who is behind the gruesome murder? The cheating wife, the cheating husband, the jealous boyfriend, the maid with a secret, the other wife who ends up cheating on her husband, the unattractive nonagenarian who wants to sleep with a much younger woman who is being cheated on by her husband, or the mute priest - All, including Babbitt himself (and excluding the dead billionaire), are suspects in the murder mystery farce, Heart Attack With A Knife.

The action of the play takes place entirely in the lavish home of billionaire Marcus Kane. The show has one song in it and then a reprise of that song, demos of which can be heard by copying and pasting the below URL into your browser:

<https://soundcloud.com/oded-gross/sets/heart-attack-with-a-knife>

ACT 1 - THE HALF STORY

SCENE 1.

KANE HOME

The stage is black. Projected on a screen are the words "THE HALF STORY".

We hear a doorbell ring twice, followed by some footsteps across the stage. The lights come up. The priest stands in the corner. He is holding a glass of milk.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

(O.S.)

Good evening. I'm Thomas Aykle. And you must be Dickie Kane.

Victoria enters followed closely by Inspector Babbitt.

VICTORIA KANE

No, I'm Victoria, his sister.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Of course. Victoria. I'm sorry for your loss. Your father was a great man.

VICTORIA KANE

My mother says you and he were friends for many years. Is that true?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

In all the years I've known him, I've never known his wife to lie.

VICTORIA KANE

Yes, well, she'll be right out, and everyone else you requested has already arrived. May I take your hat and coat?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

You may try. But I warn you I am a fencing champion.

VICTORIA KANE

...Do you... have a sword on you now?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I do not.

VICTORIA KANE

(Cautiously)

...May I take your hat and coat?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

(Beat)

...Please.

He removes his hat and coat and hands it to Victoria.

VICTORIA KANE

Oh, Mr. Aykle, have you met our priest?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I don't believe I've had the pleasure.

VICTORIA KANE

Father, this is Thomas Aykle. He is here to officiate daddy's will. Thomas Aykle, this is our priest, Father Chryst.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Father Christ?

VICTORIA KANE

Yes. He spells it with a y, though.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

It's like a homonym, then.

(To the priest)

Your name is like a homonym.

VICTORIA KANE

He doesn't speak. He's a mute.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Not to worry, I speak mute.

(To the priest)

Did you know your name is like a homonym?

The priest just stands there.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

(To Victoria)

Yes, he knows.

Mrs. Kane enters.

MRS. KANE  
Thomas Aykle is that you?

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Dickie Kane!

MRS. KANE  
No.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Of course. I must fall back upon the old axiom that when all other contingencies fail, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.  
(To the priest)

Dickie Kane?

VICTORIA KANE  
That's the priest.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
And you're Victoria.

VICTORIA KANE  
Yes. And this is my mother.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Mrs. Kane, how lovely to see you again.

MRS. KANE  
You look wonderful.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Thank you. I wish I could say I felt the same.

MRS. KANE  
I beg your pardon.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
That is to say, I wish I could say I felt the same.

MRS. KANE  
Oh. You're sick then?

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Not sick, but I am afraid I have a confession to make. One I fear you will not like to hear.

MRS. KANE

Oh Thomas, don't be absurd, we've been friends for years, you know you can tell me anything.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Very well, my name isn't Thomas. I am not your friend.

MRS. KANE

It all makes sense now.

VICTORIA KANE

Mother, what does this man mean?

MRS. KANE

I don't know, but what I do know is this: The real Thomas is 93 years old and very ugly.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Yes. Yes he is. And I apologize for the disguise.

Babbitt removes a phony mustache.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

But I assure you it was necessary. My name, you see, is Babbitt. Inspector Babbitt. I am... an inspector.

MRS. KANE

Inspect... her babbitt? Inspect whose babbitt?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Not inspect *her* babbitt, Mrs. Kane. Inspector Babbitt.

MRS. KANE

I don't hear the difference. And what part of the body is a woman's Babbitt?

VICTORIA KANE

You have a lot to answer for Inspector Babbitt? Coming in here, disguised as my family's lawyer. We thought we're here to read my father's will.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

People are more likely to show up for the reading of a will than they are for an investigation.

VICTORIA KANE

Investigation for what?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

The murder of Mr. Markus Kane.

There is a reaction among the group.

VICTORIA KANE  
My father died of a heart attack.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
You've been misled.

VICTORIA KANE  
Mother?

MRS. KANE  
He was clutching his chest when I found him, I presumed it was a heart attack.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Yes. So we were all led to believe. But I have found a piece of evidence that proves otherwise. This dagger lodged within his chest.

Babbitt pulls out a large dagger. Everyone reacts.

VICTORIA KANE  
You are quite certain that's what caused his death?

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Pierced his heart. There is no doubt. This is the reason for Mr. Kane's untimely demise.

MRS. KANE  
How could I have been so blind?

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
I wouldn't belittle yourself, Mrs. Kane, This is what I do. I am a master of observation and trifles, skilled in the art of deduction.

MRS. KANE  
(Believing him)  
Let there be no doubt.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
(Feeling the need to prove himself)  
Yes. Let there be no doubt. You have an older sister, do you not? She is a painter. Clearly expressionist and mostly oil based. She is left handed and likely paints while seated on a stool that is approximately 48 inches high.

MRS. KANE  
That is very impressive.

VICTORIA KANE  
Mother, you don't have an older sister.

MRS. KANE

I know, but if I had I really think she would have liked to have been a painter.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

(To Victoria)

You, madam, are a jockey.

VICTORIA KANE

No, I'm not.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Your horse's name is Silver, and has thus far only placed or showed, but never won.

VICTORIA KANE

I'm not a jockey.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

(To Father Chryst)

You work construction and your favorite sandwich is liver.

The priest just stands there.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

(To Mrs. Kane)

And you Mrs. Kane, are a painter.

MRS. KANE

It runs in my family.

VICTORIA KANE

And you are an idiot, Inspector Babbitt. You were wrong on every account.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Not every account. Your father is dead. Murdered. And I believe someone in this room is the killer.

There is another reaction. Then...

MRS. KANE

In this room or in this house? You see my son in law and my son are wandering about upstairs.

Victoria grabs her drink.

VICTORIA KANE

And I believe I saw the maid up there, as well. Should I fetch her, so she too can be a part of these ridiculous accusations.



Victoria takes a sip.

MRS. KANE

I wish you would, Victoria. Fetch them all. With three others in the room my chances of being innocent practically double.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

No need to trouble the others. I had thought it necessary to gather all of you in one room, which is the reason for the previous disguise, but I was wrong. I was able to narrow it down to one without the drawn out mystery.

MRS. KANE

So it's one of us then.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Unless I'm wrong, and I am never wrong.

VICTORIA KANE

You just said you were wrong not 10 seconds ago.

MRS. KANE

Me thinks she doth complain too much.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Me agree, Mrs. Kane. Unless I'm wrong, the murderer is... Victoria Kane!

Victoria finds the accusation absurd, or would have had she not just dropped dead.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

(Checking her pulse)

I may have been wrong. She's dead. Mrs. Kane, you have my deepest condolences.

MRS. KANE

Oh, it was her time, I guess.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

No Mrs. Kane, I'd venture she was murdered.

MRS. KANE

Murdered?

(Then)

With a dagger!

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Not with a dagger. Not so far as I can tell.

MRS. KANE

Are you sure? These things are easily missed.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I haven't fully investigated the crime scene, but I do want you to know I will not rest until I've discovered the culprit of this dastardly deed.

MRS. KANE

Good. I just hope it's not me.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I haven't ruled you out.

MRS. KANE

Then do as you must! Inspect my babbitt!

She heaves her chest out at the inspector, ready for inspection.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

That won't be necessary just yet.

He inspects the glass.

MRS. KANE

No? You found a clue?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Yes. It seems your daughter was poisoned. Someone poisoned her drink. By the smell of it I'd say it was Texagen Hydroxide. Very deadly, very quick-

MRS. KANE

How's it taste?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I don't know.

He goes to try some. Then realizes.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

Very clever.

MRS. KANE

No one's ever accused me of being clever.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

My assessment of the situation is this: Option A: Victoria was the killer of her father, someone else found out about it, loved Mr. Kane so much so to kill Victoria out of revenge. In which case, Mrs. Kane, you are a suspect.

MRS. KANE

Not really. I never cared much for Victoria's father. What's option B?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

The person who killed Mr. Kane killed Victoria as well for a motive that as of yet escapes me. In which case, everyone is a suspect.

MRS. KANE

Is there an option where I am not suspected of killing someone?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Option C: There is a psychotic killer in the house who perhaps intends to murder us all.

MRS. KANE

Let's go with that one. Father Chryst don't you agree?

Father Chryst just stands there.

MRS. KANE (CONT'D)

He does.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Father, help me drag the body into another room, away from her mother's view.

The priest just stands there.

MRS. KANE

Oh leave her there. I don't mind.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

If not for you then for me.

Babbitt drags the body out. The priest just stands there.

MRS. KANE

Whatever makes you happy, take her if you want her. There's a couch in the front room, you can take her there if you wish. Actually, if you don't mind, take her in the rear. And if she is bleeding, put some plastic down first, I don't want to mess up the whole floor.

Babbitt returns.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

She'll be out of the way back there.

MRS. KANE

Did you put plastic down first?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

She's not bleeding, Mrs. Kane, she wasn't stabbed with a knife.

MRS. KANE

Right. Poison. I remember it like it was yesterday.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

It was today.

MRS. KANE

I wonder, Inspector, since our lives are clearly in peril, what with a psychotic killer possibly in the house, if we should not make for the exits and head to safety.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Assuming we are dealing with a psychotic killer, he would have secured the exits so we couldn't leave.

MRS. KANE

Perhaps then we should check them, if for no other reason than to know whether or not we can rule psychotic killer out as an option.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

You're right, Mrs. Kane. I'll check the side door.

MRS. KANE

I'll check the front door.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Father, why don't you inspect the back. Ready? Break!

They go.

Black out.

SCENE 2.

There is a scream.

HILDY

Victoria is dead! Victoria is dead!

The lights come up as Hildy, the maid, enters in a panic.

The priest returns, followed by Inspector Babbitt who has his gun drawn.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Good God woman, why are you yelling?

HILDY

Victoria is dead!

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Don't you think we know that? You could have gotten yourself killed.

HILDY

I'm sorry, I just nearly tripped over her dead body and I got scared.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

There's nothing to be afraid of, I assure you.

(Then, to the priest)

Father, I think there may be a psychotic killer in the house.

HILDY

(Screaming)

A psychotic killer?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

What are you yelling about now?

HILDY

You said something about a psychotic killer.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

But I told you there is nothing to be afraid of, why are you still afraid?

HILDY

I don't know, I guess I'm just jumpy.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Well try and relax, we're trying to find a psychotic killer.

HILDY

(Screaming)

Psychotic killer!

INSPECTOR BABBITT

(To the priest)

What is her problem?

(To Hildy)

Madam please. If it makes you feel better, we don't know for sure he's a psychotic killer.

HILDY

(Still scared)

As long as he's not a psychotic killer.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

He only killed one person.

HILDY

(More scared)

That doesn't mean he's a psychotic killer.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Maybe two.

HILDY

(More scared)

That still doesn't mean he's a psychotic killer.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Come to think of it-

(To the priest)

Where's Mrs. Kane?

HILDY

(Terrified)

We're all going to die!

INSPECTOR BABBITT

(To the priest)

She is vibrant.

HILDY

(Panicked)

What is going on here? Psychotic killer? Who killed Victoria?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I'll be asking the questions around here. What's going on here? Psychotic killer? Who killed Victoria?

HILDY

I don't know. I'm just a maid!

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Calm down.

HILDY

I can't.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Listen to me! I'm going to help you but you have to do exactly what I say. Grab my hand. I want you to take a breath. Inhale. Exhale. Stick out your tongue. Place your tongue in my mouth and with your other hand squeeze my bottom.

She does.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

Do you feel better?

HILDY

Not yet.

She does it again.

Bobert enters.

BOBERT

Who screamed?

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
(Drawing his gun again)

Who are you?

BOBERT

I'm Bobert. Victoria's husband.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
(Introducing himself)

Bobert, Babbitt. Inspector Babbitt.

BOBERT

Inspect her babbitt? What part of the body is a woman's babbitt?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I have some good news and some bad news, Bobert. Your wife is dead.

BOBERT

Which was that?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

That was the bad news.

BOBERT

Of course. I'm devastated, you know. What's the good news?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

The good news is, I'm on the job. Unless, of course you're the bad guy, in which case it's more bad news for you.

BOBERT

Fortunately for me, I'm not the bad guy.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I'll be the judge of that. No one is outside my suspicion. Neither for the murder of Victoria nor for the murder of her father.

BOBERT

Mr. Kane was murdered?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Nicely played Bobert.

HILDY

Mr. Kane was murdered?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Nicely played whatever your name is.

HILDY

It's Hildy. I just stuck my tongue in your mouth.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

You mean nothing to me.

HILDY

I squeezed your bottom.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

And I appreciate that, but let me assure you I will not be seduced while on the job.

BOBERT

Mr. Inspector, I really had no idea Mr. Kane was murdered. I thought he died of a heart attack.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Oh he died of a heart attack all right... with a knife!

He shows him the knife. Everyone reacts.

HILDY

I can't believe this! Mr. Kane was murdered. Victoria was murdered. Mrs. Kane was murdered.

BOBERT

(Suddenly upset)

Mrs. Kane was murdered?

HILDY

I need a drink!



BOBERT  
(Urgently)

Mrs. Kane was murdered?

Hildy grabs the glass with the poison in it.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
We don't know for sure, all we do know is- excuse me  
(To Hildy)  
Hildy, you're about to die.

HILDY  
What?

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
You're about to die.

HILDY  
Oh hell, now I really need a drink!

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
The glass you're holding has been poisoned.

HILDY  
Poisoned?

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
One sip and you'd be dead.

HILDY  
I hadn't intended on taking one sip.

He takes the poisoned cup.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Pour yourself another glass dear, you'll be all right.

HILDY  
You saved my life. You do love me.

BOBERT  
Inspector, please. What of Mrs. Kane?

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
We all went to check the doors to see if they were locked. I to the side, she to the front and Father Chryst inspected the rear. Upon hearing the scream the priest and I returned, but Mrs. Kane was nowhere to be found.

BOBERT  
There is no mystery there. She probably went upstairs to check up on me... and her son.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

And you didn't pass her on your way down?

BOBERT

I took the back stairs. She may have taken the front stairs. No doubt we simply missed each other as I came down here to check up on her... and my wife.

HILDY

Inspector Babbitt, were the doors locked?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

The side and back doors were, from the outside, and the windows bolted too, isn't that right father?

The priest does nothing.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

I would imagine the front door's locked as well, which only lends credence to the theory that there's a psychotic killer on the loose.

HILDY

(She screams)

Psychotic killer!

INSPECTOR BABBITT

You have a fire in you.

BOBERT

A psychotic killer on the prowl killing people with a big dagger...

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Poison actually. Texagen Hydroxide. Very deadly, very quick-

BOBERT

How's it taste?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I don't know...

He goes to try some. Then realizes.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

Very clever.

BOBERT

No one's ever accused me of being clever.

HILDY

Texamen Mymoxide? I saw a bottle of that in Dickie's room.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I beg your pardon.

HILDY

Dickie Kane. Mr. Kane's son.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I know who Dickie Kane is.

HILDY

I was cleaning his room and there it was sitting on his desk.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

The murder weapon in Dickie Kane's room, maybe it's not a psychotic killer after all. Either way, perhaps it's time we paid a little visit to Mr. Dickie Kane. Father Chryst you take the back stairs, Hildy and I will take the front stairs, that way no one will get past us.

BOBERT

What about me?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

You stay here, in case someone gets past us.

BOBERT

Will do.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Hildy, let's ride.

The three exit.

Black out.

SCENE 3.

Bobert is exactly where we left him. He hears a noise from outside the room.

BOBERT

Hello? Dickie? Who's there?

Mrs. Kane enters.

MRS. KANE

Don't worry Bobert, it's just me.

BOBERT  
(Relieved)

Mrs. Kane.

MRS. KANE  
(laughs)

Mrs. Kane... That's not what you called me last night.

BOBERT  
Of course it is, I always call you Mrs. Kane. Now shut up and kiss me.

They kiss.

MRS. KANE  
Oh Bobert, I love the taste of your sweet lips.

BOBERT  
And I yours. But I fear it's the last time I shall ever taste them again.

MRS. KANE  
No, Bobert, why?

BOBERT  
Because Mrs. Kane, I'm turning you in.

MRS. KANE  
Turning me in to what?

BOBERT  
Turning you in to inspector Babbitt.

MRS. KANE  
Why would you turn me into inspector Babbitt, aren't I pretty enough for you now?

BOBERT  
Come now, Mrs. Kane. Stop playing games.

MRS. KANE  
Kiss me again, then.

BOBERT  
Very well, but I assure it will be the last kiss we ever have.

MRS. KANE  
No, Bobert, why?

BOBERT  
Because Mrs. Kane, I'm turning you over.

MRS. KANE  
But I'm not fully cooked on this side.

BOBERT  
You're incorrigible.

MRS. KANE  
And you owe me a kiss.

BOBERT  
Very well.

They kiss.

BOBERT (CONT'D)  
And now I fear I'm off to tell Inspector Babbitt that you are responsible for the murder of Victoria and Mr. Kane.

MRS. KANE  
Why would you tell him a thing like that?

BOBERT  
Because I believe it to be true.

MRS. KANE  
No Bobert, I didn't kill them. Did I? I don't remember.

BOBERT  
How could you not remember a thing like that?

MRS. KANE  
...I don't remember...

BOBERT  
Well I remember. The things you said.

MRS. KANE  
What did I say?

BOBERT  
"Victoria and you never were a match made in heaven," you'd say.

MRS. KANE  
I said that?

BOBERT  
(Repeating)  
"Victoria and you never were a match made in heaven."

MRS. KANE  
Well you have to admit, Victoria and you never were a match made in heaven.

BOBERT  
There you are, you said it again.

MRS. KANE

I'm like a broken record. It's amazing you love me at all.

BOBERT

Of course I love you. You're everything I want in a woman. So unlike Victoria.

MRS. KANE

Well, Victoria and you never were-

BOBERT

I know, but that doesn't mean I wanted you to kill her.

MRS. KANE

I'm still not sure I did.

BOBERT

Don't get me wrong, I wanted her to die - but burnt in a fire or trampled by horses, something natural and ordained by God. Not like this. Foul play. Murder born of lust, greed, jealousy, what have you. I mean that's just not me, that's not who I am. I will not be a party to this, Mrs. Kane. I'm sorry but I'm going to have to inform the authorities.

MRS. KANE

So you're suggesting I killed my husband and your wife so we could be together.

BOBERT

That was the general idea, yes.

MRS. KANE

And how do I know this is not a ruse by you to draw suspicion away from yourself?

BOBERT

From me?

MRS. KANE

Yes you. You could have just as easily killed Victoria and Mr. Kane for the very same reasons.

BOBERT

But that's just not me, that's not who I am.

MRS. KANE

Well, that's easy to say.

BOBERT

Besides you know I'm automysophobic.

MRS. KANE

That's less easy to say.

BOBERT

There's no way I could have killed Mr. Kane with my condition.

MRS. KANE

Remind me again about your condition.

BOBERT

Automysophobia? Fear of being dirty. While I suppose you could argue Victoria's death was fairly clean, Mr. Kane was stabbed. You can't very well plunge a 4 inch blade into a man's chest and not expect to get a little messy, and that would just drive me bonkers.

MRS. KANE

Right. I forgot. Automysophobia. I suppose that is a solid alibi.

BOBERT

And as it is not me, I can't think of anyone else it could be. Other than you. I'm sorry Mrs. Kane. I love you, but I will be taking this matter up with the police.

MRS. KANE

I understand. You can tell Inspector Babbitt he can find me in my room. Farewell.

She exits.

BOBERT

(Calling after her)

Farewell. And please know in spite of this, I will love you until the day I die.

The lights suddenly dim. Something audibly whisks through the air.

BOBERT (CONT'D)

Ahh. What was that?

We hear some stumbling. Suddenly the lights come back on. Bobert, standing next to the light switch, is grasping his neck where a dart is now sticking out of it.

BOBERT (CONT'D)

Mrs. Kane?

He pulls the dart out.

BOBERT (CONT'D)

Help...

He falls to the ground. Dead.

Black out.

SCENE 4.

In the black we hear a noise.

HILDY

What was that noise?

As the lights come up we see Inspector Babbitt and Hildy kneeling over Robert's dead body. The noise came from the direction of the back stairs and their attention is therefore focused thusly.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Stay here, I'll check it out.

He exits in the direction of the back stairs.

HILDY

(calling after him)

Is everything OK?

Babbitt returns with the Priest.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

It's the priest! He's been attacked!

(To the priest)

Good God, man, what happened?

The priest does nothing.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

You were knocked unconscious?

The priest does nothing.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

With chloroform?

HILDY

What's he saying?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Evidently he was knocked unconscious.



HILDY

How?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

With chloroform.

(To the priest)

Well father, I'm afraid I have more bad news. We couldn't find Dickie or Mrs. Kane upstairs and what's worse, Bobert has been murdered.

Hildy shows the priest the dart.

HILDY

Murdered with a poison tipped dart!

The priest does nothing.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

(To Hildy)

He can't believe it. Hildy help me drag the body to the other room.

They drag Bobert out.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

(To the Priest while dragging)

It's true, Father Chryst. The killer must have climbed down the back stairs, knocked you out, then proceeded to kill Bobert.

HILDY

But now Inspector Babbitt I really am confused.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Go ahead.

HILDY

If we are dealing with a psychotic killer why bother knocking Father Chryst out at all? Why not just kill him?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I see what you're saying. Two possibilities: A) Our psychotic killer has method to his madness, i.e.: Motive, other than sheer psychoticism.

HILDY

Right. Perhaps then he doesn't plan on killing us all.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Perhaps. But more importantly, if his murders aren't random and we can figure out the reasoning behind them, then we can figure out who the murderer is.

HILDY

That's optimistic. What's possibility number 2?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Possibility number 2 is that Father Chryst wasn't chloroformed, he merely said that to throw us off the trail and in fact he's the psychotic killer.

Babbitt draws his gun and points it at the priest.

HILDY

Oh my lord. Father Chryst? Are you the psychotic killer?

The priest does nothing.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

He says no. But that's just what a psychotic killer would say, isn't that right Father Chryst?

The priest does nothing.

HILDY

What did he say?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

He said no. Practically reading right out of the psychotic killer handbook.

Babbitt takes out some handcuffs.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

Sorry my friend, but you're a suspect now so I'm afraid I'm going to have to lock you up. If someone else gets killed, then I'll know its not you and I'll come back and unlock you?

HILDY

What if Father Chryst gets killed?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Then there's no need to unlock him, is there?

He leads the priest off stage to an adjoining room.

HILDY

You're going to lock him back there?

INSPECTOR BABBITT (O.S.)

That's right. He should be safe.

He returns.

HILDY

Are you sure he can't get out?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Positive.

She embraces and kisses Inspector Babbitt.  
Then:

HILDY

I think someone is staring at us through the eyes of that picture.

Inspector Babbitt pulls away in a huff.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

And I told you, I will not be seduced while I'm on the job! As far as I'm concerned any sexual advances towards me might be an attempt by you to cloud my sense of reasoning.

HILDY

But surely you don't think-

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I don't think. I feel. That's what keeps me ahead of the rest.

He starts to examine a painting on the wall.

HILDY

That painting there.

He goes to the other painting. The eyes have been cut out and there are holes behind it in the wall.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Other inspectors I know rely too heavily on their brains. Incompetent fools, all of them. I rely on my guts. They tell me all I need to know.

HILDY

What do your guts tell you now?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Someone has been spying on us.

HILDY

Brilliant.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

By the looks of it I'd say that someone was a 7'3, 280 pound woman.

HILDY  
You don't think it was Dickie?

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Or possibly Dickie.

HILDY  
Dickie has been known to spy on people.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Is he 7'3?

HILDY  
No.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
280 pounds?

HILDY  
No.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Is he a woman?

HILDY  
No.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Still, my guts now tell me it was Dickie.

Mrs. Kane enters.

MRS. KANE  
What was Dickie?

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Mrs. Kane. How good of you to join us.

MRS. KANE  
I was in my room.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
Lucky for you, for while you were there our killer struck again.

MRS. KANE  
Good God how ambitious. If only he put half this much effort in his career, he'd be president by now.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

It might be a woman.

MRS. KANE

A woman president, I don't think so.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

The killer might be a woman.

MRS. KANE

Are you accusing Hildy?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I was accusing you.

MRS. KANE

Me? No. I know for certain it's not me this time. After I discovered the front door was locked and realized there may be a psychotic killer on the loose, I went straight to my room and stayed there so I'd be clear of any suspicion.

HILDY

Why'd you come out now?

MRS. KANE

Well it's been some time, how long does it take to kill someone? I assumed the murderer struck again so I just came out to say, I've been in my room, so it couldn't have been me.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

You were in your room this entire time?

MRS. KANE

I left once to get a glass of milk.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Did you see anyone?

MRS. KANE

I saw only myself in that mirror there.

She points by the door. There is no mirror.

HILDY

There is no mirror there.

MRS. KANE

Be a dear and hang one. I found it very convenient.

HILDY

Yes, Mrs. Kane.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

With no witnesses to verify your story I find it difficult to believe you.

MRS. KANE

Isn't my word good enough?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Of course not, we're possibly dealing with a psychotic killer. You don't expect them to be the most honest bunch, do you?

MRS. KANE

Well I wouldn't know. I don't know any psychotic killers.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Clearly you do. Look, if I told you someone in this room was the murderer, what would you say?

MRS. KANE

It's not me.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Not me.

HILDY

Not me.

MRS. KANE

There Inspector Babbitt, you'd be wrong.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I wouldn't be wrong, that's my point, obviously someone would be lying.

MRS. KANE

It's not me.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Not me.

HILDY

Not me.

MRS. KANE

There inspector Babbitt, you'd be wrong again. I don't think you know what the hell you're talking about.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I do know that Bobert is dead.

MRS. KANE  
(Suddenly distraught)

Bobert? Oh no.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

You tell me you were in your room all this time, fine. I believe you, for now. As for Hildy, she was with me, so I know it couldn't have been her who killed Bobert.

HILDY

And I know it couldn't have been you.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Thank you Hildy, it's your faith in me that keeps me going. That only leaves the priest, who I already suspect, which is why I locked him up in the other room.

MRS. KANE

You locked the priest up in the other room?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Yes. Why?

MRS. KANE

He's a priest. He talks to God.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

He's a mute, he talks to no one. And it also leaves Dickie Kane as a possible suspect.

MRS. KANE

My son? No. He couldn't hurt a fly.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

He was spying on us earlier. Why was he spying?

MRS. KANE

He's paranoid and murderously jealous of everyone and everything. But that doesn't mean he's a killer.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Maybe, maybe not.

MRS. KANE

He's too simple to kill anyone.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

It's not very hard to kill a man.

MRS. KANE

I disagree. Victoria was killed by Texagen Hydroxide... And Bobert?

HILDY

The same. A poison tipped dart, right to the neck.

MRS. KANE

I'm going to miss him.

HILDY

More than you're going to miss your daughter.

MRS. KANE

I beg your pardon.

HILDY

You liked Bobert, that's clear.

MRS. KANE

That's none of your affair.

HILDY

Right ma'am. It's not my affair at all.

MRS. KANE

As I was saying, I don't think Dickie could even say Texagen Hydroxide, let alone use it.

HILDY

You say it awfully well.

MRS. KANE

Besides, what would be Dickie's motive?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Money, Mrs. Kane.

Inspector Babbitt pulls out Mr. Kane's will.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

In your husband's will, after leaving two percent of his estate to the church, he divides the remainder of his fortune equally among the surviving members of his family: his wife, his daughter, his son, and his son in law.

MRS. KANE

He put Bobert in the will?

She grabs the will from Babbitt.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

...Yes. You didn't know that?

She shrugs. Babbitt exchanges a glance with Hildy.



INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

He was family, wasn't he? And so long as he remained so he was eligible for his portion of Mr. Kane's fortune. Should the couple divorce, however, they both would receive nothing.

MRS. KANE

Robert and Victoria were divorcing.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I know. Precisely why I thought it was her who killed her father; She wanted to claim her inheritance before the couple broke up. Her finger prints also matched those on the dagger.

HILDY

With all due respect Inspector Babbitt, I think we should focus on the killer still on the prowl, not the one that lies dead in the back.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Quite right, Hildy. Mrs. Kane, your son now stands to inherit half your husband's fortune.

MRS. KANE

As do I, inspector Babbitt-

INSPECTOR BABBITT

(Showing her the bottle of Texagen Hydroxide.)

Yes, but we found the murder weapon in his room, not yours. I think that makes him our best suspect.

MRS. KANE

What do you suggest?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

We find him. Before he finds you. If my theory is correct, then you're all that keeps Dickie Kane from all of the fortune. He already killed his sister and his brother in law, surely killing his mother won't pose too much of a moral dilemma for him.

Beat, as a shocked Mrs. Kane considers this.  
Then, suddenly laughing:

MRS. KANE

...This is funny, don't you think?

HILDY

(Confused)

That your son wants to kill you? I don't find it funny at all.

MRS. KANE

Well you have to look at it from the audience's point of view.

HILDY  
(Confused)

What audience?

MRS. KANE  
The audience! Whomever it is that is watching us, as we perform in this farce called life!

HILDY  
Oh. You're being philosophical.

MRS. KANE  
A nonsensical, pointless comedy whose sole purpose is to entertain. How else do you explain it? The absurdity of it all. The folly! People breaking into song for no apparent reason.

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
But no one's broken into song, Mrs. Kane?

MRS. KANE  
No? Oh. I stand corrected.  
(Then)  
Maybe life is like a Kabuki Drama!

HILDY  
Life is not like either, Mrs. Kane. And it is certainly not nonsensical or pointless. There is purpose to it. A lesson to be learned from life.

MRS. KANE  
Is there? That's comforting. Although, the only one I've ever noticed is that it ends. Without warning.

Suddenly, without warning, the lights go dim.  
There is movement. Mrs. Kane screams!

MRS. KANE (CONT'D)  
Ow! Son of a bitch!

Someone falls to the ground.

The lights come back up. Mrs. Kane is on the floor dead. A poisoned dart hangs from her neck.

HILDY  
Shall I go unlock the priest?

Black out.

## SCENE 5.

Hildy sits alone. Dickie Kane enters.

DICKIE KANE

Hello Hildy.

HILDY

Dickie. Inspector Babbitt and Father Chryst are looking for you.

DICKIE KANE

I've been looking for you.

HILDY

You've been looking at me, Dickie. You've been spying again.

DICKIE KANE

Lucky thing for me that I have.

HILDY

Why? You've seen something?

DICKIE KANE

Maybe. But I'm not so sure you can be trusted.

HILDY

Me?

DICKIE KANE

I'm not so sure.

HILDY

Are you suggesting that you're not so sure I can be trusted.

DICKIE KANE

That's exactly what I'm suggesting.

HILDY

I'm not so sure I like that.

DICKIE KANE

I don't care what you like or don't like because you're a lying, unfaithful tart!

HILDY

(Shocked)

Dickie!

DICKIE KANE

I saw you kiss Inspector Babbitt.

HILDY

That makes me a lying, unfaithful tart?

DICKIE KANE

We've been married for 2 years!

HILDY

Oh... right... I hadn't thought of that.

DICKIE KANE

All the discretion, all the hiding, all for what?

HILDY

I don't know... remind me, why the discretion, again?

DICKIE KANE

You know why. If my father had found out I had married a maid he would have fired you and disowned me.

HILDY

And that's exactly why you killed him!

DICKIE KANE

Killed him?

HILDY

So you can collect on your inheritance and we can be free to love each other.

DICKIE KANE

That is absolutely... brilliant! Dammit! If only I had thought of it. And if only you hadn't ruined it all by cheating.

HILDY

I discovered the truth and ran to Inspector Babbitt so that he might put you away for good, murderer. Along the way, I grew to love him.

DICKIE KANE

All the worse for me, Hildy. I'm afraid your adultery is fueled by misguided conclusions. I couldn't kill my father anymore than you could. Don't you recall we were together the night he died?

HILDY

No, I was at my parents the night of Mr. Kane's death.

DICKIE KANE

You're starting to believe the lies you tell. You only told my family that so they wouldn't suspect. Just as I told them I was up in my room reading and was not to be disturbed.

HILDY

We were together?

DICKIE KANE

Of course. I snuck out of my room and met you where we always go. The Hotel Carpesian.

HILDY

The Hotel Carpesian?

DICKIE KANE

We had drinks with your gardener friend Mick who is secretly married to my debutante friend Diana.

HILDY

Ah yes, Mick and Diana, it's all coming back to me now.

DICKIE KANE

If only you remembered sooner. Our marriage wouldn't be dead-

HILDY

I don't know that it's dead-

DICKIE KANE

- And you wouldn't be in love with a murderer.

HILDY

A murderer? A simple kiss doesn't make him a murder.

DICKIE KANE

I saw Inspector Babbitt kill Bobert.

HILDY

Well that would make him a murderer.

DICKIE KANE

Babbitt killed Bobert.

HILDY

So you said.

DICKIE KANE

He killed him.

HILDY

Yes, I heard.

DICKIE KANE

He killed him.

HILDY

A triple homicide. But tell me Dickie, are you sure you saw what you saw?

DICKIE KANE

Are you suggesting I didn't?

HILDY

Were you wearing your glasses?

DICKIE KANE

I don't wear glasses.

HILDY

So you weren't wearing your glasses?

DICKIE KANE

I don't wear glasses.

HILDY

Maybe you should start?

DICKIE KANE

Start wearing glasses?

HILDY

Perhaps you're seeing things.

DICKIE KANE

I'm seeing things?

HILDY

Perhaps you're going blind.

DICKIE KANE

I'm going blind and I'm seeing things?

HILDY

It's possible.

DICKIE KANE

It's impossible. Your love for him makes you want to believe the best.

HILDY

True, I always believe the best of the people I love.

DICKIE KANE

If only you had done so for me.

HILDY

Well, I didn't.

DICKIE KANE

I saw Babbitt kill Bobert. He dressed up like my mother, then he killed him.

HILDY

He dressed up like your mother?

DICKIE KANE

He did.

HILDY

Mrs. Kane?

DICKIE KANE

He did.

HILDY

Why would Inspector Babbitt dress up like Mrs. Kane?

DICKIE KANE

I don't know. He dressed up like my mother. He spoke with Bobert. He kissed Bobert.

HILDY

Babbitt kissed Bobert? Why would Babbitt kiss Bobert?

DICKIE KANE

You kissed Babbitt.

HILDY

Babbitt is dashing, handsome, confident.

DICKIE KANE

So is Bobert.

HILDY

True.

Dickie raises in arms in anguish.

DICKIE KANE

(Upset)

Why? Why did you betray me? Why were you unfaithful? Why did you kiss Inspector Babbitt?

HILDY

He's dashing, handsome, confident.

DICKIE KANE

He's a murderer!

HILDY

I'm always falling for the wrong man.

DICKIE KANE

You're in love with him then?

HILDY

(Delicately)

I... never said I was in love with him. I said I loved him. There's a difference.

DICKIE KANE

Are you in love with him?

HILDY

Yes.

DICKIE KANE

Then, as I can not live without you, there is only one thing I can do!

He takes out a pistol.

DICKIE KANE (CONT'D)

Kill Inspector Babbitt and force you to be mine!

The phone rings. She picks it up.

HILDY

(To Dickie)

Hold please.

(On the phone)

Hello? Thomas Aykle, it's nice to hear your voice.

DICKIE KANE

Hildy, did you hear what I said? I'm going to kill Inspector Babbitt.

HILDY

(On the phone)

Will you excuse me for a moment?

(To Dickie)

Dickie, I'm on the phone.

DICKIE KANE

I'm going to kill Inspector Babbitt.



HILDY

This is important.

(Back to the phone)

I'm sorry Thomas, what were you saying?

Just then Inspector Babbitt enters with the Priest.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Hildy, we're back!

DICKIE KANE

Shh. She's on the phone.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I'm sorry, I had no idea. Who are you?

DICKIE KANE

Dickie Kane.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Dickie Kane! Inspector Babbitt. I was just trying to find you.

DICKIE KANE

And I was just going to kill you.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Excellent.

HILDY

(To Babbitt and Bobert)

Shh!

INSPECTOR BABBITT AND DICKIE

Sorry.

The two men wait patiently for Hildy to get off the phone. Hildy, meanwhile, has taken out her smart phone and checks her emails.

HILDY

(On the phone)

I'd rather not Mr. Aykle but thank you so much. I have your email now.

Hildy gets off the phone.

HILDY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. That was Thomas Aykle.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

The Thomas Aykle? How about that?

DICKIE KANE

I don't care who it was.

(To Inspector Babbitt)

Inspector Babbitt, are you ready to dance with death?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I'll dance with anyone, any time.

(Then)

Did you say death?

He points his gun at Inspector Babbitt.

DICKIE KANE

I'm afraid you have to die.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Why are you afraid? I'm the one who has to die.

Hildy pockets her cell and gets between the two men.

HILDY

Dickie, you would shoot an unarmed man?

DICKIE KANE

(To Babbitt)

Do you have a pistol on you, Inspector Babbitt?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

No.

DICKIE KANE

(To Hildy)

Yes.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Oh wait, here's one.

Babbitt draws his gun.

DICKIE KANE

Then it's to be an old-fashioned duel. The winner takes all.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

All of what?

DICKIE KANE

All of Hildy.

HILDY

You're fighting for my love.

Dickie loves you, too?  
INSPECTOR BABBITT

Yes. We're married.  
HILDY

So this is how it's going to end, hey?  
INSPECTOR BABBITT

On the count of three. Hildy would you do the honors?  
DICKIE KANE

Of course. Ready? And...  
HILDY  
(Slowly)  
One... Two... Perhaps you should shake first, that is the gentlemanly thing.

DICKIE KANE AND INSPECTOR BABBITT  
(Beat. Then)  
We wouldn't want to not be gentlemen...

They shake.

Very Nice. And ready?  
HILDY  
(Slowly)  
One... Two... And how about a hug. Nothing says, "Hey, if I kill you, no hard feelings" better than a hug.

DICKIE KANE AND INSPECTOR BABBITT  
(Beat. Then)  
No hard feelings, all for the love of sport...

They hug.

Wonderful. And now...  
HILDY  
(Slowly)  
One... Two... Cat's Cradle!

I beg your pardon?  
DICKIE KANE

Cat's what?  
INSPECTOR BABBITT

Cat's Cradle. Isn't that traditionally played before a duel?  
HILDY

I've only seen that done twice. How many times before something's a tradition?  
INSPECTOR BABBITT

Cat's Cradle my ass!

DICKIE KANE

I beg your pardon?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

She's stalling.

DICKIE KANE

Stalling? Not in the least. Play three rounds of cat's cradle and then I'll prove to you I'm not stalling.

HILDY

Very well. Three rounds! And then we duel! Hold my gun.

DICKIE KANE

Yes.

HILDY

He hands over his gun.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Mine as well.

HILDY

Of course.

HILDY

She takes his, too.

DICKIE KANE

Have you any string?

HILDY

String? You play it with string?

DICKIE KANE  
(Losing his temper)

This is ridiculous! No more pussy-footing around with this Cat's Cradle!

INSPECTOR BABBITT  
(laughing)

Pussy footing... around...

DICKIE KANE

Are we going to have a duel or aren't we?

HILDY

I say no. All who agree say "ay".

HILDY AND INSPECTOR BABBITT

Ay.

HILDY

The ay's have it.

DICKIE KANE

You're a coward, Inspector Babbitt.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Maybe I am...

Hildy throws Babbitt a gun who proceeds to point it at Dickie.

INSPECTOR BABBITT (CONT'D)

But you Dickie Kane are under arrest.

Suddenly and for no apparent reason Dickie breaks into song, though there is no music accompanying him.

DICKIE KANE

(Singing)

IS THIS  
SOME KIND OF  
JOKE PLAYED ON ME?

CAUSE IF IT IS, I HAVE TO SAY  
YOU WON'T BE GETTING LAUGHS TODAY  
AT LEAST YOU WON'T BE GETTING THEM FROM ME

Beat.

HILDY

(To Inspector Babbitt)

Did he just break into song for no apparent reason?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I believe he did. And he rhymed ME with ME, which is lazy writing at best.

DICKIE KANE

You're arresting me, Inspector Babbitt? What's the charge?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Murder one.

Dickie picks up a drink from the coffee table.

DICKIE KANE

You think I'm the killer.

He takes a sip.

DICKIE KANE (CONT'D)

I laugh at the irony.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Laugh all you want Dickie Kane, but unless I'm wrong-

Dickie dies.

HILDY

He's dead. He drank from the same cup that killed Victoria.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Silly fool. Killed by his own devices.

HILDY

So you still think it was him who killed the others?

INSPECTOR BABBITT

I can't see what other possibility there is.

HILDY

He thought it was you.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

Me?

HILDY

He said you dressed up like Mrs. Kane and killed Bobert.

INSPECTOR BABBITT

That's the craziest thing I ever heard. Why would I kill Bobert? Or any of them for that matter? I have nothing to gain, no motive at all.

HILDY

I know.

Hildy suddenly takes out the other gun and shoots Inspector Babbitt right in the chest. He looks at her in disbelief. Then he dies. She points the pistol at the Priest.

HILDY (CONT'D)

I, on the other hand, stand to inherit millions.

Black out.