

Hell Hath No Fury

A Comedic Murder Mystery in 3 Acts

By: Ben Gillman

BEGINNING OF ACT 1

It's a tasteful domestic living room. Everything is tidy and in place. There are magazines neatly arranged on the coffee table. Hanging on the wall is a large banner that reads: "SURPRISE!!!" Off to the side of the room is a table with snacks, punch, and bottles of liquor.

RUTH (the housewife responsible for the decorations) stands by the snack table.

BARB (a leather jacket wearing biker chick) sits with mouth agape in an easy chair.

LEAH (a worldly, beautiful traveler at heart) is behind the couch.

GRACE (a sweet, Catholic girl) is on her knees in the center of the room, all eyes are on her.

LEAH: Um... Grace? That's not necessary.

GRACE: Of course it is. We should be thankful to be welcomed in Ruth's wonderful home.

RUTH: It's no trouble. Really.

GRACE: And it's no trouble for me to say a quick prayer.

BARB: Is this really happening?

RUTH: Shush. I think it's sweet. You go right ahead, Gracie.

GRACE: Thank you. Now if everyone could join me on the floor.

LEAH: Grace, I'm not sure this is a great idea.

BARB: Yeah, I'll get on my knees from time to time, but it seems kinky to do it for J.C.

RUTH: Quiet, you two. I'd be happy to join you, Grace.

Ruth kneels on the ground next to Grace. Reluctantly, Leah joins them.

LEAH: Why not?

Leah kneels with Grace and Ruth.

LEAH: Barb, you gonna join us?

BARB: *(with a sigh)* What the hell...

RUTH: *(clears her throat)* Huh, Hmmm.

BARB: Sorry... I mean... What the heck.

Barb joins the other woman on the floor.

Grace takes their hands. Reluctantly each of the women take hands.

GRACE: Dear Lord...

BARB: Oh god...

LEAH: I think He goes by both.

RUTH: Shhhh.

GRACE: Dear Lord, thank you for bringing this group of new friends together. Although, we may not know each other.

BARB: And wish we had kept it that way.

GRACE: *(ignoring and continuing)* And while we might be confused as to why we're here...

BARB: You think she means on the ground or in your house?

GRACE: While we might be confused why we were brought together tonight, I know I am

thankful for the opportunity to meet new friends.

(Grace tugs on Leah's arm)

LEAH: What? Oh... My turn... I'm thankful to be here too.

RUTH: I'm always thankful to have some company.

BARB: I'm thankful this can't last forever.

GRACE: So All-Knowing One, please, come into our hearts and our homes, and speak to us.

(Suddenly CARLA - a high strung business-woman - comes barreling in the door.)

CARLA: Alright, alright. What's going on? I'm here.

BARB: I knew God was a woman!

(All the women get back to their feet and dust themselves off.)

GRACE: *(a little put out)* Amen.

RUTH: *(to Carla)* Oh another guest! Hello, welcome to my home. I'm Ruth.

CARLA: Okay... Yeah... Whatever... I'm here for some party.

LEAH: This is the place.

CARLA: Huh? Oh, I wasn't talking to you, I was talking to...

(Carla flips her hair to show she's talking on a Blue Tooth)

GRACE: I don't understand. Who's she talking to?

CARLA: *(into her earpiece)* Warrick? Warrick! Silence! Listen to me for a second...

LEAH: Is that your assistant?

CARLA: No, it's my dog. *(into earpiece)* Now, Christian... Put Warrick outside, put Luke to bed, and then wait for me.

RUTH: That must be your husband and son.

CARLA: I don't talk to my husband that nicely. That's my assistant and my cat.

BARB: I love this woman.

(Carla continues talking as she gestures at Ruth to make her a drink. It takes Ruth a second, but finally Ruth understands, and makes the drink.)

CARLA: *(into earpiece)* Okay... Okay... Christian, calm down. Have a snack, I'll be home later. You are not off the clock... You too... Bye.

(Carla clicks off her earpiece, snatches the drink from Ruth, then collapses into a chair)

LEAH: I think her batteries ran out.

CARLA: *(re: the drink)* Thank you, Rose, you're a life-saver.

RUTH: Actually, it's Ruth. And you're welcome. I didn't know what you liked so I put some vodka and cranberry with a little twist of...

(But Carla has already quickly downed the entire drink.)

GRACE: My lord...

CARLA: Yes, thank god. I'll take another as soon as your ready, Ruth.

(Ruth quickly begins making another drink.)

LEAH: So you were invited to this party too?

CARLA: Oh, yes. Right. I'm Carla. I'm here for Vinnie's Surprise Party.

LEAH: I'm Leah... I'm here for Denise's Surprise Party. That's the funny thing. Cuz this is Barb, and she thought she was here for...?

BARB: My buddy Crotch Rocket's Surprise Party.

LEAH: Right, Crotch Rocket. *(indicating Grace)* The sweet girl over there in the ankle skirt is Grace, and she thought she was here for a Church get together. And our host is Ruth...

RUTH: Hello, we already met. I love that necklace.

LEAH: Ruth thought she was hosting a Surprise party for the Petersons.

CARLA: So what's going on?

BARB: I guess, the surprise is on us.

GRACE: Gracious, someone's been deceiving us. But why?

CARLA: Does she really talk like that?

BARB: 'Fraid so.

GRACE: There's nothing wrong with speaking clearly and purposefully.

CARLA: Ruth, get Grace a drink. *(to Grace)* You do drink, right?

GRACE: My friend, Jesus, drank from time to time so, yes, I consider it alright...

CARLA: Make it a stiff one.

(Ruth pours Grace a tall drink with lots of booze in it.)

GRACE: Oh my.

LEAH: Now, I'm guessing this is all part of the fun, right? We have to figure out why we were all brought here.

BARB: Yeah, cuz I normally would not be hanging with this crowd.

RUTH: This is so exciting. I hope that whatever the game is, I decorated correctly.

CARLA: Look, you all might want to play, but I'm on a schedule. I just stopped by for a quick drink or two... *(to Ruth)* by the way, I could use another... *(to the rest of them)* then I've got to rush out the door.

RUTH: So we should figure out what we all have in common.

GRACE: *(wincing loudly from a drink)* Blllllaaahhhhh.... Is it supposed to taste like fire?

CARLA: Yes, Grace. Drink up.

BARB: I don't have anything in common with her.

LEAH: But there must be something that connects.

(Just then MAX - the fast-talking womanizer - comes in the door dressed like Hugh Hefner or a Pharaoh or Sonny Bono or something impressive. On his arm is PRISSY - a ball of bubbly excitement - and she's dressed as his date: a Playboy Bunny, Cleopatra, Cher, etc.)

MAX: *(with energy, not noticing who's there)* Hey, everybody! Where's the party?!

(All of the women look to Max and they all stiffen)

RUTH: Max?

CARLA & LEAH: Max?

BARB: Huh...

GRACE: Maxwell?

(With confusion, Prissy looks to Max)

PRISSY: Maxie, do you know all these women?

(Max's smile has vanished.)

MAX: Oh balls.

(Suddenly all the girls turn on Max)

BARB: Hey there, Max. *(re: Prissy)* Who's she?

PRISSY: I'm Prissy.

BARB: Of course you are.

PRISSY: I'm Max's girlfriend.

BARB: *(Acting demure)* Aww, and here I thought I was Max's squeeze. Or maybe I was just his play-thing.

MAX: Barb, there's a perfectly good explanation for this.

CARLA: You got one for me too, Max.

MAX: Carla, of course, I...

(Carla tosses her drink in Max's face.)

RUTH: *(to Leah and Grace)* So you both know Max too?

LEAH: From the looks of things, we all know him in about the same way.

GRACE: Oh my goodness... *(takes a big drink)* Blllllaaaahhhhh...

(Max tries to break away from all the women)

MAX: Okay, I just need a second.

BARB: Take a second for yourself.

(Barb grabs Max and knees him in the balls. Max collapses in pain.)

BARB: Sorry, did anyone else want to do that?

CARLA: You can have his balls. His ass is mine.

RUTH: I definitely didn't decorate for this.

PRISSY: Wait, wait, wait... So this isn't a Surprise Party?

LEAH: Surprise!

PRISSY: Wow. This is not like it was for my Sweet Sixteen.

(Max gets back to his feet.)

MAX: Alright! Alright! This looks bad, I admit.

BARB: You think?

CARLA: He's not the brightest, is he?

PRISSY: Wait, wait, wait... I think we're all "involved" with Maxie?

CARLA: Well, he's brighter than her.

LEAH: Max can your balls attest to that?

MAX: Okay, everyone calm down. Yes, I've been "involved" with all of you. But, in my defense....

GRACE: Aaaaahhhh!!!!

(Suddenly Grace comes flying through the air. She leaps off the couch and tackles Max)

CARLA: What do you know... It's the Flying Nun!

GRACE: I'll kill you!

BARB: So much for her commandments.

(Max is on the ground struggling as Grace beats on him.)

(Leah and Ruth grab Grace's legs and try to pull her off of Max, but Grace doesn't let go. She's like a rope between Max and the women.)

GRACE: You said you loved me!

(Prissy moves over to Carla and Barb, who're watching the whole thing with amusement)

PRISSY: *(re: Grace)* She seems pretty unstable.

CARLA: Actually she's the religious one.

BARB: And she's going to attack with her rock upon his rod and his staff.

(Leah and Ruth finally pull Grace off of Max.)

LEAH: Grace, Grace! You've got to calm down.

GRACE: I need another drink.

CARLA: Ooooh. Me too.

(Ruth quickly rushes to make some more drinks.)

MAX: Could I get one too?

ALL THE WOMEN: Noooo!!!

(Ruth hands another drink to Grace.)

GRACE: *(taking a big swig)* Bllllaaaahhh...

LEAH: Now, can everyone just calm down for a second and take a seat?

MAX: Yeah, and can I say something?

ALL THE WOMEN: Noooo!!!!

MAX: Okay, I'll just sit then.

(But as Max moves around the room, it's pretty clear that there's no safe place for him to sit.)

MAX: Maybe, I'll just stand.

LEAH: I have a confession, and this isn't easy to admit.

PRISSY: Oh god, you gave Maxie gonorrhea and now we all have it!

GRACE: Ohhhhh....

(Grace faints in her chair. Ruth rushes over to fan Grace back awake.)

LEAH: What? No. I just had to confess that I brought everyone here tonight.

EVERYONE: You?!

MAX: Thanks a lot, Leah!

ALL THE WOMEN: Shut up!

GRACE: *(coming to a minute late - weakly)* Shut up...

LEAH: I'm sorry to do this to you all. But Max and I have been having a fling for about six months now. And I found out that he was leading on all of you too. But it didn't seem like enough punishment for his bastard-ness if just I broke up with him, so I figured I'd get us all together so he can confront all of us at once.

PRISSY: And then he can pick which one he really loves like on The Bachelor?

BARB: Did you fall off the cheerleader pyramid a lot in high school.

PRISSY: Hehehe. Yeah, why?

LEAH: Anyway, I thought with us all together, we could all tell him off.

RUTH: I'd just like to say... *(sincerely)* that I'm honored you chose my home to throw this ambush. In fact, I've got some snacks in the kitchen. Just a second.

(Ruth scurries off into the kitchen)

LEAH: Anyway, now that we're all together, I figure we can decide what to do with Max.

GRACE: *(getting drunk)* I say we crucify him!

BARB: I kinda like, Sister Marie, when she's drinking.

PRISSY: Can people still do that?

CARLA: It's become a gray area legally.

(Max gets into the center of the room again.)

MAX: Look, I think I should get a chance to defend myself.

LEAH: I guess, it's only fair.

GRACE: Fine, since I'm finishing my drink anyway.

(Ruth comes back in with a silver tray of goodies.)

RUTH: Did I miss anything?

CARLA: Max is about to explain why it's okay to be with six women at the same time.
PRISSY: Maybe he's a Mormon.

*(Carla pulls out her Iphone or Blackberry or whatever and plays with it.)
(Ruth goes behind where Max is.)*

MAX: Okay. Yes, I've been bad. What I did was inexcusable, but I would like to say... I'm outta here!
RUTH: Oh no you're not!

*(Before Max can run, Ruth beams him over the head with her tray of goodies.)
(Max collapses back onto the couch.)*

BARB: There you go, Desperate Housewife.
PRISSY: *(picking up a tossed snack)* Mmmm. This cookie is delicious.
MAX: This house seems... fuzzy.

(Max passes out.)

LEAH: We should figure out what to do with him quickly. He'll probably try to run away again.
RUTH: *(helpfully)* We could tie him up.

(Ruth pulls out a large piece of rope. Everyone looks at her in disbelief.)

RUTH: I thought we might play Limbo later. I didn't know what kind of party this would be.
LEAH: Okay, let's tie him up.
BARB: The bastard tied me up enough times. *(beat)* I'm guessing he and I had a different relationship than he did with most of you.

(Ruth, Barb, and Prissy start to tie up Max.)

PRISSY: No flip that end through that loop. *(they look at her)* I was a Girl Scout.
RUTH: How nice. I learned knots when I was in Home Ec.
BARB: I was in prison.

(Max begins coming to. He's disoriented.)

MAX: Hey! What is this? Why're you tying me up?
CARLA: *(re: her phone)* I just looked it up. There was a similar situation to this a few years ago in Kalamazoo. The guy just disappeared. But all his toes were found in different counties.
MAX: *(getting panicked)* Whoa! I screwed up, but you can't kill me.
BARB: I probably could.
MAX: *(managing to stand)* I should really go... These are amazingly tight.
RUTH: *(brandishing the tray again)* Sit back down.
LEAH: There'll be no killing tonight. But I think we should all take turns telling Max off.

GRACE: *(has dozed off in her chair)* Kill... Kill...

(Everyone looks to Grace who is asleep with her drink still in hand.)

RUTH: Poor thing, must've dozed off from the excitement... and the six shots or so of alcohol she's had.

MAX: Am I still not allowed to have a drink?

ALL THE WOMEN (but Ruth): Nooo!!!

MAX: Just checking.

LEAH: Some one wake her up. Grace should get her chance too.

(Prissy has gone over to Grace and is whispering in her ear.)

PRISSY: Gracie... Gracie... Wake up... Gracie, look it's Jesus!

GRACE: *(jolting awake)* Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done.

(Ruth starts making another drink.)

LEAH: I say we each give one another a chance to tell off Max on our own. Then we can finish off with one big bitch out.

BARB: I like the sound of that!

CARLA: Perfect, it'll give me a chance to make a few calls first. *(to Ruth)* Can I go into your bedroom?

RUTH: Oh, of course. *(indicating a door)* It's right back there.

CARLA: *(clicks her Earpiece)* Call "Christian." No! Call "CHRISTIAN!" Not Crystal! Fucking Blue Tooth.

(Carla struts off into the bedroom.)

LEAH: And each of us will take a turn.

BARB: I'll go first.

(Barb goes to an easel and a large sketch pad in the corner)

BARB: *(To Ruth)* Is this a sketch pad?

RUTH: Yeah! I thought maybe we'd play pic-tionary later. I didn't know what kind of party this would be.

PRISSY: Ooooh, maybe we can still play it later!

BARB: I'm going to doodle with it now, if that's okay?

PRISSY: Hehehe. Doodle.

RUTH: Of course!

LEAH: Fine, we'll go into the kitchen.

(Ruth supports Grace as she leads Grace into the kitchen.)

RUTH: C'mon, Grace. We'll get you some coffee.

PRISSY: Do you have any more cookies? That didn't fall on the ground?

RUTH: Of course! And they're so easy to make.

(Ruth, Grace, Prissy, and Leah all go into the kitchen.)

(Barb stares down Max. Max wriggles to get free.)

MAX: Barb, you've got to let me go! This is against the law!

BARB: Oooh, good. That's what our category will be in Pic-Tionary! Things that are against the law. See if you can guess.

(Barb goes to the board and draws a large EYE BALL)

MAX: What?

BARB: C'mon, Max, guess! It's no fun if you don't guess.

MAX: Eye?

(Barb taps her nose to show he's right. Then she starts rubbing her stomach. Max shakes his head. Barb pantomimes eating something, then rubbing her stomach.)

MAX: Hungry... Upset stomach... Oh.... Mmmmm *(putting them together)* I... Mmmm... I'm! I'm!

(Barb walks in place for awhile)

MAX: Walking... Walking in place... Moving... Going! *(Barb touches her nose)* I'm going!

(Barb holds up TWO FINGERS)

MAX: Two! Two! I'm going to!

(Barb quickly draws a big pair of scissors.)

MAX: Cut! Cut! I'm going to cut!

(Barb points at Max)

MAX: Me... Me... Max... I'm going to cut me... You're going to cut me! Barb, you can't cut me!

(Leah pokes her head in from the kitchen)

LEAH: You're not actually cutting him are you?

(Barb shakes her head)

LEAH: Okay, good. Carry on.

(Barb is drawing something. It's big and it's in two pieces. It's tough to tell at first.)

MAX: I don't know what that is, Barb. A dog? A smiley face? Nose! A big nose with a mustache!

(It becomes clear that it's a big picture of a penis that's been detached from it's balls.)

MAX: Barb, I don't know what that is!

BARB: I'm going to cut your balls off!

MAX: Ohh...

(Barb tosses the marker at Max)

BARB: Suck it! Someone else's turn!

(Barb charges into the kitchen.)

(After a moment, Ruth comes out. She's carrying a drink.)

MAX: Ruth! My sweet Baby Ruth. You are too good for this. You can't be a part of it.

RUTH: I know, I know, Max. Look I brought you a drink.

MAX: Thank you.

(Ruth holds the drink to Max's lips and he drink greedily from it.)

RUTH: I spit in it. *(Max gags)* And I peed in it a little. *(Max gags some more)*

(Ruth dumps the rest of the drink on Max's head.)

RUTH: Next!

(Ruth heads into the kitchen. Leah comes out of the kitchen.)

(Carla also comes out of the bedroom.)

CARLA: Leah, do you mind if I go next? I have to get back on the phone.

LEAH: No problem. *(heads for the kitchen)*

CARLA: You can stay, it's fine. *(into earpiece)* Christian, I'm putting you on hold.... I don't care... Let Warrick hump your leg.... Hold now.

MAX: Look, both of you. This is wrong. You can't do this.

CARLA: Actually we can. And you know what else I can do? That loan I helped you get on your "Firebird?" I just cancelled that. Good luck paying for it now. And I spoke to some of my friends, you should be expecting a call from the IRS, and since I did your taxes I feel confident telling you, you should be worried. And one last thing....

(Carla opens Max's pants.)

MAX: Hey! What're you doing?

(Carla flashes a picture on her phone.)

CARLA: I'm going to post this on the Internet. Then everyone will know about Mini Max.

LEAH: It is pretty small.

CARLA: *(to Leah)* Your turn. *(as she walks away)* Okay, Christian, I'm back. Just dealing with a small problem. A very small problem.

(Carla heads back into the bedroom, and disappears.)

MAX: Leah, I can't believe you'd do this to me. I mean, you and I were just having fun anyway. You said no strings attached.

LEAH: Yeah, but I didn't expect you to get involved with one of my friends too.

MAX: I didn't know she was your friend at the time.

LEAH: You know now. So Max, I've obviously had a lot of time to plan all this. And I wrote a little song for you. Ruth!

(Ruth pops out holding a C.D.)

LEAH: Hit it!

(Music rises – Leah sings and dances)

LEAH: *(speaking with the music)* Hey there, Max. I just want you to know, that despite all this, I understand... That you're a dickhole.

(singing)

Who better loosen his wrist. Cuz you got me mighty pissed.

You had one hot girl, so of course you wanted two,

But then two became four, and then four became six,

But we were all bad picks,

And it's time you learned that you're gonna get burned,

If you mix six chicks.

So now it's time to sing: You had too much of a good thing.

(The other six women pop out and sing back up for Leah)

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!

LEAH: A six pack of brewskis is something you can choose see,
But a six pack of women is just:

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!

LEAH: So when it comes to cheatin' I know you'll be repeatin'
In your head what I said about:

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!
Too much! Too much of a good thing!

LEAH: If you don't buy what I said, Think Jimi Hendrix dead,
Cuz of all the drugs he wanted to take.
Or Marie Antoinette and the gruesome end she met,
Cuz she tried to make her people eat cake.
You can booze, you can fast drive,
You can choose to go skydive
And then eat a thousand chicken wings.
You can score a million chicks
But let me tell you, slick,
Sooner or later all these good things become very bad things! Like:

RUTH: A gallon of Mint Chocolate Chip.

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!

GRACE: An entire chalice of sacramental wine.

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!

PRISSY: My homecoming night!

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!

CARLA: Pushing for the death sentence, on every trial.

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!

BARB: Doing blow off the fat, naked, hairy ass of a 300 pound Chicago Bears fan.

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!

LEAH: So now it's time to sing: You had too much of a good thing.

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!

LEAH: A six pack of brewskis is something you can choose see,
But a six pack of women is just:

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!

LEAH: So when it comes to cheatin' I know you'll be repeatin'
In your head what I said about:

WOMEN: Too much! Too much of a good thing!

Too much! Too much of a good thing!

(The other women dance off-stage. Leah is left alone with Max.)

LEAH: Ta- Da! What'd you think, Max?

MAX: I think I hate you most of all.

(Grace comes stumbling into the room from the kitchen.)

GRACE: *(very drunk)* Max!

(Grace promptly throws up all over Max.)

MAX: No, I think I hate her most of all.

GRACE: *(trying to recompose herself)* Maxwell, I want to tell you... You are a jerk-man. That's

what you are. You are just a mean, and a disgusting, and a sick... and a sick... uhhh...

(Grace throws up on Max again.)

(Ruth, Barb, and Prissy pop their heads out of the kitchen.)

BARB: There you go, Mother Superior!

RUTH: We tried to point Grace in the right direction.

LEAH: Well, Prissy, I guess you're the last one.

PRISSY: Oh... okay. Maxie, I'm very angry with you. *(turn to Leah)* How was that?

LEAH: That's it?

BARB: I'm surprised she strung that many words together.

PRISSY: And to be honest. I don't mind. I've know about you five other girls all along.

LEAH: You have?

BARB: Little Nun, did you save any more puke for Prissy here?

GRACE: I'll see what I can do.

RUTH: I'll get you some more cookies, dear.

(Carla comes back in from the bedroom)

CARLA: What's going on?

PRISSY: It's not a big deal.

LEAH: Prissy, admitted she knew about all of us too.

CARLA: Makes sense. There's nothing between her ears, she probably doesn't worry what's between her legs either.

MAX: Can I finally say something?

LEAH: Yeah, I suppose so.

MAX: And can I be untied?

LEAH: I guess we should.

BARB: Let's make him say the safe word first.

PRISSY: The what?

BARB: He and I always have a safe word. Say it, Max?

MAX: Oh, c'mon.

BARB: Say it or you don't get untied.

(Ruth comes back in from the kitchen.)

RUTH: I've got more snacks.

MAX: Cauliflower Pancake Balls.

RUTH: No, I didn't make those.

(Carla stares at Barb.)

CARLA: What kind of stuff did you and him do together?

MAX: Will you untie me now?

(Everyone helps and he's untied in moments.)

MAX: Look, yes. I'm a bastard. And I ran around on each and everyone of you. I deserve the abuse that I got tonight. I deserve to be kicked and punched and... maybe not puked on. But I deserve a lot of bad stuff. But it's just because I couldn't help myself. You are all amazing women. And you can scoff but I'm honestly in awe of each of you. Leah, I love your leadership and inner strength. Barb, I love the wild excitement we have together. Prissy, I love your passion for life and your wonderful simplicity. Carla, I love how you take charge of everything in your life. Grace, I love your innocence and belief in good. And Ruth, I love your nurturing and caring nature. Some of which seems to be lacking tonight. But maybe I deserve it. I screwed up, but only because there is so much love in my heart for each of you. I'll shout it for everyone to hear. **THE ONLY CRIME I COMMITTED IS LOVING TOO MUCH!** So sue me! Or so kill me! Or.... Or....

(Suddenly Max drops to the floor)

CARLA: Well, that was some speech, Max.

BARB: I liked the end.

(Prissy kneels next to Max.)

PRISSY: Maxie? Max?

(Prissy puts her ear to Max's chest. Prissy gasps. Then Leah raises Max's hand. It flops to the floor.)

LEAH: Max is dead.

RUTH: I really didn't know what kind of party this would be.

END OF ACT 1

BEGINNING OF ACT 2

Immediately following the last action.

(Max is still lying dead on the floor. All of the women look terrified.)

PRISSY: So when you say, "Maxie is dead." You mean... Dead-dead?

BARB: No, she means he's a Grateful Dead.

PRISSY: That's good, right?

LEAH: I don't believe this is happening.

(Barb motions over to Grace who's sitting almost comatose, rocking herself)

BARB: And I think we broke, the Chaste One.

LEAH: Grace, are you okay? *(Grace doesn't acknowledge)* She seems fine.

RUTH: What're we all standing around for? Shouldn't we do CPR or something?

LEAH: Prissy, you were a Girl Scout! Can you do it?

PRISSY: (*whimpering*) I never got my Life-Saving!

CARLA: I'm calling 9-1-1.

BARB: NO!!!!

(*Everyone looks to Barb.*)

LEAH: Are you saying, you did this?

BARB: Of course not. I wanted the bastard dead, but I didn't want to kill him. I just mean, I've got a spotty record with the cops. They'll think I did this.

CARLA: I'm very sorry for you. But I've done nothing wrong. I'm calling an ambulance.

(*Carla starts to dial.*)

BARB: Wait! Leah, you can't let this happen!

LEAH: We have to.

BARB: They'll suspect you too. You threw this party.

LEAH: Oh god, She's right. Carla, stop for a second.

CARLA: Sorry, sister. No way.

RUTH: This all happened in my house. I'd be a suspect too.

PRISSY: Me too! I was Maxie's girlfriend!

CARLA: We were all Max's girlfriend, you twit.

(*Suddenly Ruth grabs the phone from Carla.*)

CARLA: Hey! Gimme my phone!

RUTH: I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry. I can't let you call just yet.

LEAH: Thank you, Ruth.

CARLA: You're all crazy! Give me the phone!

(*Carla grabs for the phone, but Ruth tosses it to Leah. Carla goes for Leah. Leah tosses it to Barb. Barb tosses it to Prissy.*)

PRISSY: Oooh, this is a pretty phone.

BARB: Cheerleader, toss the ball.

(*Leah, Ruth, Barb, and Prissy play keep away from Carla. As Carla grunts and reaches after it.*)

(*Suddenly Grace, who's been rocking silently the whole time, let's out a loud scream*)

GRACE: AAAARRRRRAAAHHHHH!!!!

BARB: Yup. We definitely broke her.

GRACE: Yahweh save us! You are all crazy! Maybe he'll rise again! Like Lazarus! Nut cases, all of you! He's not dead! He's not dead! I believe in fairies! So fly Holy Spirit! Fly! Higher like Flyer! Hahaha!

(In a crazy state, Grace dances off into the bedroom and slams the door behind her.)

LEAH: She's dealing with it in her own way.

RUTH: I'll go check on her.

(Ruth follows Grace into the bedroom.)

CARLA: Meanwhile, give me back my phone, so we can call the police.

BARB: Not happening, Ballbuster.

CARLA: If we don't call now, it makes us all look worse.

LEAH: Let's just take a minute. We'll call after we've talked through this whole thing. No one will know we waited five minutes.

CARLA: We'll know! We'll look guilty!

LEAH: Just calm down, Carla.

CARLA: No! I will sue all of your asses if you don't let me call 9-1-1. So help me...

PRISSY: Ooooh! I have it!

(Everyone stops and looks at Prissy, as she rushes to the snack table. She makes a drink)

PRISSY: Have another drink, Carla.

(Surprisingly, Carla calms down, shrugs and takes the drink.)

CARLA: Okay. One drink.

(Ruth comes back into the room.)

RUTH: I think Grace will be okay. She's huddled in the corner singing, "Ave Maria."

LEAH: Then let's all take a second, and figure out what we should do next.

CARLA: I say we call the police.

BARB: I say we knock out Carla next.

CARLA: Is that a threat? Give me the phone.

BARB: *(tossing the phone to Prissy)* Go, Prissy! Go! Hide the phone! Good girl! Hide it!

PRISSY: Oooh! This'll be like Easter!

(Prissy prances off toward the kitchen. Carla stares down Barb)

CARLA: That was the wrong move, bitch. If I wasn't holding a full drink, I would smack you.

LEAH: Okay. So does everyone agree that we'll wait just a few minutes to call anyone?

BARB: I do.

RUTH: I do.

CARLA: I don't.

RUTH: *(sweetly)* Well, my house is in the United States of America so it's a democracy, and the vote says that we wait for a few minutes to talk this through.

(Prissy returns triumphantly)

PRISSY: I hid it so good! You'll never guess!

CARLA: Is it in the bread box.

PRISSY: *(her mood drops instantly)* I'll be right back.

(Prissy runs off the to the kitchen again.)

LEAH: So what should we do?

RUTH: I hope it's no trouble. But could we move Max? This is a party and I'd like to keep things tidy.

BARB: Alright, Suzie Home-Maker.

CARLA: Whatever.

(Barb and Ruth take Max's feet, while Leah and Carla takes his arms. They lift him up and start to carry him toward a chair in the back corner.)

(Prissy reenters from the kitchen.)

PRISSY: Oooh. So we are playing limbo?!

(Prissy limbo's under Max's outstretched body as if the other four women were carrying a long limbo bar.)

PRISSY: Who's next? I'll hold him.

BARB: Did you sniff a bunch of fumes while painting the homecoming float?

PRISSY: Hehehe. Yeah. Why?

(All the women ignore Prissy, then prop Max in a chair in the back corner.)

LEAH: That should do it.

CARLA: It seems awfully creepy.

RUTH: Oh! Of course! I'll handle it!

(Ruth rushes into the other room quickly. She's back in a moment, and puts some fun, silly sunglasses over Max's eyes and a flowery lei around his neck.)

RUTH: That's more festive.

BARB: And it should keep him smelling fresh.

(Prissy sniffs at the body and nods with approval. Then Prissy arranges Max's arm so it looks like it's waving.)

PRISSY: *(giggling)* Look at that! Hi, Maxie! *(she waves back at him)* Hi!

(Everyone stares at Prissy in disbelief. She recomposes herself.)

CARLA: Now can we call the police? Because you all are acting crazy!

(Suddenly her phone RINGS.)

CARLA: *(acting crazy)* My phone!! Where is it?! Let me at it! Let me at it!

(Wildly Carla sprints into the kitchen)

PRISSY: *(proudly)* She'll never find it. *(whispers)* I put it back in the Bread Box.

LEAH: She's a smart woman, I think she'll find it.

CARLA: *(from the other room with frustration)* Where the hell is it?!

RUTH: I have a very tricky Bread Box.

(Carla comes storming back into the room.)

CARLA: Okay, fun's over. Where'd you hide the phone.

PRISSY: *(giggling wildly)* You'll never guess.

LEAH: Carla, why're you so dead-set on turning us all over to the police? Can't we talk about this?

CARLA: No! You know why?! Because I'm scared. Because Max didn't look like he just flopped over from the swine flu. He was murdered! By one of us!

(Grace suddenly SCREAMS from the next room.)

LEAH: I guess Grace was thinking the same thing.

RUTH: Oh my, I admit. I've been thinking the same thing. I'm sorry to accuse any of you. You all seem awfully nice.

PRISSY: I thought he might've had a pre-existing heart condition that triggered a cardiac arrest brought on by an increase of stress.

(Everyone just stares at Prissy for a second.)

LEAH: Okay, I think we should all sit down. This might not have been... murder.

(Once again, Grace SCREAMS from the next room.)

CARLA: I'd say Gracie thinks it is.

LEAH: *(losing it for a second)* Everyone just sit down!

(Surprised at Leah's outburst, everyone sits down.)

LEAH: I think we should all get our stories straight. Let's discuss what happened tonight. Let's agree on what we will say. That way, no one will be unfairly accused of... *(whispers)*... murder.

(Leah waits to see if Grace will scream again. Grace doesn't)

PRISSY: I couldn't hear you. Did you say, "Murder?"

(Once again Grace SCREAMS like crazy.)

RUTH: Well, I know what will make this all a little easier. Cookies. And sandwiches. I'll be right back.

(Ruth scurries off into the kitchen.)

LEAH: Let's all try to relax. Maybe this was an accident.

BARB: An Accident! Ha! Carla is right! There's a killer on the loose! Which one of you did it!

LEAH: Barb, calm down.

BARB: It was you, wasn't it!? Gather us all together so you could kill Max!

LEAH: Think about it. If I was going to kill someone, why would I gather witnesses?

BARB: *(spinning on Carla)* Then it was you! You're cutthroat enough to do it!

CARLA: Why would I want to call the police then?

BARB: *(spinning on Prissy)* The Cheerleader! No one would suspect her!

PRISSY: I don't have the brains to pull this off.

CARLA: She's got that right.

BARB: Someone here is trying to frame me! For once, I did nothing wrong! Maybe it was sweet, innocent Grace. Maybe she's putting on an act.

(Leah walks over to the bedroom door and opens it.)

GRACE: *(singing wafts out of the room)* I once was lost! But now am found! Was blind, but now I...

(Leah shuts the door again.)

BARB: Maybe she's putting on one helluva an act.

LEAH: Barb, let's just talk. There's no way to put a happy face on this.

(Suddenly, Ruth reappears with a huge smile and chipper voice.)

RUTH: *(sing-song)* Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwiches! I brought a knife so we can cut off the crusts just like when we were kids.

(Barb grabs the knife and points it at Ruth)

RUTH: Oh dear, I thought everyone liked PB & J!

BARB: Quiet, Good Housekeeping. I'm getting out of here. And you're coming with me.

LEAH: Barb, put the knife down.

RUTH: Yeah, that's one of my good knives. Could I get you to threaten me with one of my everyday knives?

BARB: Shut up!

PRISSY: I don't understand how committing one crime helps you prove you didn't do another?

BARB: Shut it, Pom-Poms! I'm out of here!

RUTH: Oh dear!

(Barb back out the front door, bringing Ruth with her.)

PRISSY: I've got go help Ruth. She's so nice! She's like my sorority mother.

(Prissy rushes out after Barb and Ruth.)

LEAH: *(to Carla)* We should go and help too.

CARLA: *(sarcastically)* Yeah, let's hop to it. *(seriously)* Or... I can finally call the police. Am I the only one who hasn't lost it?

(Her phone RINGS once again.)

CARLA: *(like a crazy person)* My phone! Here phoney phoney phoney! Where are you?! Come to mama?

(Carla rushes into the kitchen.)

LEAH: Carla, stay away from that phone!

(Leah chases Carla into the kitchen.)

(After a moment of quiet, the bedroom door opens and Grace comes out.)

GRACE: Okay, everyone. I'm sorry. But I've calmed down, and accepted that Max is dead. He's not coming back.

(Grace realizes the home is empty, and then looks into the corner where she sees that Max is sitting with sunglasses, and his hand propped up like it's waving.)

GRACE: Oh my god! He's come back from the grave!!!!

(Grace races back into the bedroom and slams the door again.)

(Leah comes racing back in from the kitchen holding Carla's phone.)

CARLA: Leah, give me the phone! That could've been the office.

LEAH: I won't give you the phone until you calm down.

CARLA: I am calm!!!!

LEAH: You are the most out of control person here!

(Suddenly Ruth and Prissy come back in, dragging Barb with them.)

BARB: I am an innocent woman! Innocent I tell you! Innocent!

LEAH: *(to Carla)* Well, you're the second most out of control.

RUTH: We got Barb back. Prissy had to disarm her with a potted plant.

PRISSY: They did it on Powerpuff Girls.

(Barb grabs the knife again, and backs herself into the corner.)

LEAH: Barb, put the knife down!

BARB: I'll do it! I'll stab any of you! It was self-defense.

PRISSY: Oh boy, this again. Is there another potted plant around here?

RUTH: Oh, of course. I've got one in the corner!

(Ruth retrieves a potted plant for Prissy. It's all very silly.)

CARLA: I've had enough of this.

(Carla goes over to her purse, and pulls out a gun.)

(BANG!!!)

(Carla fires a round into the ceiling.)

(Everyone shuts up and looks at her.)

CARLA: Everyone put the knives and the plants down!

(Barb puts down her knife. Prissy puts down the plant.)

LEAH: Why do you have a gun?

CARLA: I'm a Republican.

(Everyone backs away from Carla.)

CARLA: Now, because Barb is freaking me out. Ruth, Prissy, please tie her up.

PRISSY: Oooh, we can use the same rope.

RUTH: Oh good. I love when I get multiple uses out of things.

(Ruth and Prissy work to tie up Barb.)

CARLA: Now, Leah, give me my phone. *(Leah does)* I'm going to call the police, and we're all going to wait until they arrive.

(There's a knocking on the door.)

POLICEMAN: *(from outside)* Police!

PRISSY: Gosh, that was fast!

(Carla looks at Prissy with disbelief.)

(Ruth grabs her tray and hits Carla over the head. Then Ruth takes the gun, and drops it in the

punchbowl.)

CARLA: *(Dazed)* Twinkle, twinkle little stars...

(Carla falls. Ruth catches Carla and puts her in a chair.)

RUTH: Oh my! What did I do?! She just seemed so wound up.

(There's more POUNDING on the door.)

POLICEMAN: Hello! This is the Police! Is everything alright?!

RUTH: I'll be right there! Just a minute! *(to Leah)* What do we do?

BARB: You've got a dead body, a knocked out woman, and me tied up. I'd say, you're going to the electric chair.

LEAH: Okay, answer the door. Prissy, drag Carla into the kitchen. I'll shove Barb in the bedroom with Grace.

BARB: Hey!

(Leah stuffs a large sandwich in Barb's mouth.)

PRISSY: What about, Maxie?

(Leah grabs a blanket off of the couch and throws it over Max.)

PRISSY: He'll be like a ghost. Like Halloween.

(More POUNDING)

POLICEMAN: I'm gonna need you to open this door right away!

RUTH: Coming!

(Prissy grabs Carla and drags her into the kitchen.)

CARLA: *(coming to and stumbling along)* Are we going to Disneyland..?

(Leah takes Barb and forces her into the bedroom.)

(Finally Ruth opens the door and lets in OFFICER GUSTER, a no-nonsense cop.)

RUTH: Good evening, officer. You look wonderful tonight.

GUSTER: Okay, what's going on here?

RUTH: Nothing. A quiet night. Just me...

(Suddenly Leah comes back, slamming the bedroom door behind her.)

RUTH: *(inventing quickly)* And my wife....

GUSTER: Your wife?

LEAH: Your wife?!

RUTH: Yup. This is my wife. Leah.

(Leah comes up and stands by Ruth. They hold hands.)

LEAH: It's a new development, but we're very happy.

GUSTER: Okay. So it's just the two of you here, then?

RUTH: Yup, just us...

(Prissy comes back from the kitchen)

RUTH: And our daughter.

LEAH: Our daughter?

GUSTER: This is your daughter?

PRISSY: You're my mother?

RUTH: We had to adopted very late. She's not used to calling us "Mom" yet.

LEAH: But we're a happy family.

PRISSY: *(to Officer Guster)* Howdy.

GUSTER: Pleasure.

PRISSY: How nice of you to say! You too!

GUSTER: *(not pleased)* The neighbors said that they've been hearing a lot of noise here tonight. And a mad woman screaming on the lawn. And this place is a mess. And I swear I heard a gunshot as I was pulling up. Can you explain all that for me?

(There's a long silence, as Leah, Ruth, and Prissy look at each other.)

PRISSY: It was popcorn!

GUSTER: Popcorn sounded like a gunshot? *(unconvinced)* I'm going to need to take a look around.

(Officer Guster walks towards the kitchen.)

RUTH: *(whispering to Leah)* What're we going to do?

PRISSY: *(also whispering)* We could make popcorn.

LEAH: *(stepping up)* I'll handle this. Back me up. Officer, wait!

(Suddenly, Leah is on a roll, she invents wildly to keep things going.)

LEAH: *(spotting the easel)* Pic-Tionary!

GUSTER: What?

LEAH: We were playing Pic-Tionary! We were very into it. That was probably the noise you heard.

GUSTER: *(looking at the picture of the cut off penis)* Pic-Tionary?

RUTH: We were playing naughty pic-tionary.

PRISSY: Drawing penises is funny.

LEAH: Yes, and Prissy lost. She was so distraught, she went screaming out onto the lawn. I'll show you.

(Leah grabs Guster's hand and drags him out the front door)

LEAH: *(yelling from off-stage)* Then I'll show you the kitchen!

(Prissy and Ruth left alone look at each other.)

PRISSY & RUTH: The kitchen!

(Ruth runs into the kitchen. Prissy opens the door to the bedroom. Ruth quickly ushers Carla from the kitchen into the bedroom.)

CARLA: *(still dazed)* My head still feels fuzzy. Where are we going?

RUTH: Let's go lay down, dear.

(Ruth and Carla go into the bedroom. Just as Prissy closes the bedroom door behind Ruth and Carla, Leah returns leading Guster.)

LEAH: She was screaming, "I did nothing wrong! I'm innocent! I should've won!"

PRISSY: Like this, "I did nothing wrong! I should've won!"

LEAH: And she was so upset...

PRISSY: I grabbed a potted plant.

GUSTER: *(pointing to the plant on the floor)* You mean, that potted plant?

PRISSY: Yes, that one!

GUSTER: *(pointing at the knife on the floor)* Why is there a knife by it?

LEAH: That is an excellent question.

PRISSY: Because after losing Pic-Tionary we switched to a new game. To make me feel better.

GUSTER: What game do you play with a knife?

PRISSY: My favorite game.

GUSTER: Which is?

LEAH: Uhh...

PRISSY: "Don't Poop Your Pants!"

(Leah and Guster look at Prissy in disbelief.)

PRISSY: It's a great game, where you try to scare the other players into pooping their pants.

GUSTER: I've never heard of that game.

LEAH: It's great. And while Prissy was holding the potted plant, I rushed into the kitchen to grab the knife to try to scare her...

PRISSY: Into pooping my pants.... But it didn't work.

(There's a banging that's coming from the bedroom.)

BARB: *(from the bedroom)* Let me out of here. I'll beat the crap out of you! Hey!

GUSTER: *(re: the noise)* What was that?

(Ruth emerges from the bedroom)

RUTH: That was me!

LEAH: Sorry, didn't work, Ruth!

RUTH: What do you mean?

LEAH: You banged on the wall and yelled, but it didn't work.

PRISSY: Cuz we didn't poop our pants!

LEAH: And so Ruth has to go back into the bedroom for Time-Out!

RUTH: Okay...?

(Ruth goes back into the bedroom.)

LEAH: And that's how you play the game!

GUSTER: I should check out that bedroom.

LEAH: But first! Come with me, Officer, I'll show you where I got the knife in the kitchen.

(Leah grabs Guster by the hand and pulls him into the kitchen.)

(Ruth comes back out of the bedroom)

RUTH: *(to Prissy)* Barb's getting awfully mean in there.

PRISSY: Keep her busy for a second, I've got to get Carla and Grace out of the way of the police officer.

(Prissy goes into the bedroom followed by Ruth)

RUTH: *(from inside the room)* Okay, Barb just calm down.

PRISSY: *(from inside the room)* And Carla, Grace, come with me.

(Prissy comes out of the room leading Carla and Grace.)

CARLA: *(still dazed)* Where are we going, mama?

PRISSY: Just outside to get some air.

GRACE: Okay, I've calmed now. I'm okay. You don't have to worry about me.

(Grace sits on the chair that is really Max covered by a sheet.)

GRACE: This chair is lumpy.

(Grace squirms then realizes. She pulls the sheet to see Max. Grace starts to gasp.)

(Prissy claps a hand over Grace's mouth then pulls Grace and Carla toward the front door, and they exit.)

(Leah comes back from the kitchen still leading Guster by the hand.)

GUSTER: You're right, that Bread Box is tricky.

LEAH: I told you.

GUSTER: But now can I see the bedroom?

LEAH: Um...

(Suddenly, Ruth comes bursting out of the bedroom.)

RUTH: Barb! You've got that crazy look in your eye! You're scaring me!

(Barb comes out of the bedroom, still tied up and hopping after Ruth. Barb chases after Ruth. Ruth and Barb run right past Officer Guster and out the front door.)

(Guster looks at Leah for an explanation)

LEAH: Oh... Barb's here. She's good at this game.

RUTH: *(from outside)* Barb, you're scaring me!

LEAH: She's really good at this game. *(pause)* Let's look at the bedroom.

(Leah takes Officer Guster into the bedroom.)

(Suddenly Carla reenters with Prissy at her heels.)

CARLA: Okay. I know I've been fuzzy... part of being hit over the head. But I saw the cop car outside. There's a police officer here, and I'm going to tell her everything. Where is she?

PRISSY: Um... In the kitchen?

CARLA: Fine!

(Carla storms into the kitchen. Prissy follows her.)

(Guster and Leah come back out of the bedroom)

GUSTER: Did someone call for a police officer?

(There's a CLANG of a pot hitting Carla over the head in the kitchen.)

(Prissy comes out of the kitchen.)

PRISSY: Oops! I'm so clumsy. I dropped a skillet.

GUSTER: Look, I don't know who you think you're dealing with, but I'm a highly trained officer of the law. And I'm sure I just heard someone call for me!

LEAH: Nope.

PRISSY: Not me.

GRACE: *(coming inside)* I did!

(Grace storms back into the living room and over to Max's covered body.)

GUSTER: Who is this?

PRISSY: Grace!

LEAH: That's our friend, Grace. She loves this game too. Don't you, Grace?

GRACE: I have something to show you, Officer!

LEAH: Grace, don't!

(Grace pulls the blanket off of Max to reveal Max's propped up body.)

GRACE: Ah Ha!!!!

LEAH & PRISSY: *(They both scream.)*

(Guster stares at the body for a long moment, then she looks at each of the women.)

(There's a really long silence.)

(Then Guster laughs... and laughs... small at first then bigger and bigger.)

GUSTER: You almost had me! I was really scared! This is a really fun game!

GRACE: You mean, you don't believe it?

GUSTER: Not for a second.

GRACE: Oh, fiddle-fishes.

(Utterly distraught, Grace sadly stomps off into the bedroom.)

GUSTER: *(still laughing)* I'm not that easy to fool. That is an awfully fake looking dummy!

(Guster keeps laughing. Leah and Prissy join in.)

LEAH: *(laughing along)* Well, you can't blame Grace for trying.

PRISSY: *(laughing)* I was scared. I peed myself a little.

GUSTER: *(laughing)* It'll take more than that to get me. I need a drink.

(Guster goes to the punch bowl. He ladles out a cup of punch. Then laughs harder, as he pulls the gun out of the punch.)

GUSTER: *(laughing)* A gun in the punch! Nice try!

LEAH: That's the game for you!

PRISSY: Don't poop your pants!

GUSTER: Well, it seems like you ladies are just having a fun night.

(Ruth comes back in, still being chased by Barb)

BARB: *(finally spitting out her gag)* I am going to get you!

RUTH: Calm down, Barb!

(Barb chases Ruth back into the bedroom.)

LEAH: I think Barb's going to win.

GUSTER: All in good fun. Well, just try to keep it down, okay?

LEAH: Will do, Officer.

PRISSY: Come by and see us again.

GUSTER: I just might do that. Night, ladies. *(clicks on her radio)* Dispatch, this is Officer Guster. Everything's fine here. But we've got to play, "Don't Poop Your Pants" sometime.

(And Officer Guster leaves.)

(Ruth and Barb come back out)

RUTH: I think we should untie Barb. She's actually very good at moving while tied up.

BARB: Yeah! I didn't say anything to the cop, I can be trusted.

LEAH: Alright.

(Leah, Ruth, and Prissy untie Barb.)

(Carla comes stumbling out of the kitchen.)

CARLA: Okay, no more hitting me over the head with big metal objects. Where's the cop?

LEAH: She just left.

PRISSY: She was awfully nice.

CARLA: I'm going after her. *(stumbles)* After I sit down for a second.

(Finally Grace slowly shuffles out of the bedroom again.)

GRACE: I just scratched "Thou Shalt Not Kill" off of my Ten Commandments key-chain because apparently it doesn't matter anymore.

(Grace sits down sadly)

LEAH: Look, everyone, I know what we just did wasn't strictly legal, but now we've got some time to all talk through what happened, and plan what we're going to do next.

CARLA: How in God's name did you fool that cop?

GRACE: God is dead.

LEAH: That was thanks to Prissy. She made up a brilliant game.

RUTH: It really was nice. We should all get together sometime and play it for real.

PRISSY: It just came to me. Like a brain flash.

BARB: Must've been painful for you.

PRISSY: It kind of was.

CARLA: Well, I, for one, think this is all ridiculous. We all just deceived a police officer. And Prissy, as for your little "brain flash," it might have cost us all. I think you're all idiots, and Prissy is the stupidest of you all.

BARB: I'd agree with Prissy being the stupidest. I hate cheerleaders.

LEAH: Hey...

PRISSY: No, wait. Thank you, Leah, I can speak for myself. I may not be the smartest one here. I barely graduated community college. And you can say what you will about me, but I will not sit by and let you bash all cheerleaders. Yes, I was a cheerleader. I say it proudly. And it was a noble thing to do. When people were down, we rose their spirits. When people were up, we raised them higher. Yes, we were popular, and yes, we did some things under the bleachers that weren't exactly in line with our school honor code. But we, and I, did these things, because

I like everyone. I was popular because I like everyone. From the ultra religious, to the grundgy leather clad, to the weirdo's that learned T.V. alien languages. And I like all of you. So say, what you will about me being a cheerleader. I'm proud to be a cheerleader, it made me who I am today. I am a good person. And I like everyone.

(Suddenly, Prissy hacks and coughs and falls down dead.)

LEAH: Oh my god, Prissy! *(touches her neck)* She's dead.

BARB: I guess not everyone liked her.

END OF ACT 2

BEGINNING OF ACT 3

(It's a few minutes after the end of Act 2)

(Leah and Barb are carrying the body of Prissy into the bedroom. Max's body is already gone. Leah and Barb disappear into the bedroom for a moment, then return, followed by Carla, Grace, and Ruth.)

RUTH: Oh dear, the bedroom seems so cluttered now.

BARB: Two dead bodies will do that.

CARLA: It's better than having to stare at them out here.

GRACE: I think I'm going to be sick... again.

BARB: Here we go...

LEAH: Everyone stop it! This has gotten out of hand.

CARLA: This from the one who made us all guilty.

LEAH: What's that supposed to mean?

CARLA: After Max died we had a chance to save ourselves. We could've gone to the police, and only the guilty one would have gone down. But we waited, and now Prissy's dead, so we're all accomplices to murder.

GRACE: Oh... But maybe it's not too late for us to repent! *(starts praying)* Holy Mary, Mother of God.... Oh my, I've become light headed.

(Grace slumps over and passes out in her chair.)

CARLA: We can pray all we want. The law's very clear here. We're in trouble, because Leah here stopped us from calling the cops.

RUTH: I, for one, think Leah is sweet as cherry pie. I'll stand by you, Leah.

LEAH: Thanks, Ruth.

RUTH: And by the way, I made some cherry pie. I'll go serve some up if anyone would like a slice.

(Ruth scurries off into the kitchen.)

BARB: I'm glad, Shake 'N Bake, is handling this so well.

CARLA: We're all going down for this.

GRACE: Oh my immortal soul.

LEAH: I'm sorry, Gracie.

BARB: *(turning to Carla)* You seem to know an awful lot about this, Suit. You a lawyer or something?

CARLA: An attorney, yes.

BARB: Well, now I trust you even less, Lawyer Lady.

LEAH: Is there anything we can do, Carla?

GRACE: I place my faith in the Lord.

LEAH: Okay. Other than that?

CARLA: Our only chance is to find out who killed Max and Prissy.

(Ruth returns with slices of pie.)

RUTH: Cherry Pie! I even put a little ice cream with it. Should go down oh so smooth. Why's everyone look so tense?

BARB: The Attorney here just told us we need to turn on each other.

LEAH: We've got to find the murderer.

GRACE: Eeek...

RUTH: Well, my mother always said that a little pie brightens up the darkest day. Of course, she was never talking about a murder investigation...

GRACE: Eeek...

RUTH: ...But it's true nonetheless.

(Ruth hands out pie to each of them. All the women pick at it little by little. Except for Leah who doesn't eat)

RUTH: *(to Carla)* This one's for you... *(to Leah)* And for you. *(to Barb)* Here's one for you. *(to Grace)* And a sweet one for my sweet, Grace.

BARB: Hey, how come the Super Nun gets a bigger piece.

RUTH: I was fair and judicious. *(whispers to Grace)* Yours is the biggest.

LEAH: So what do we do now?

CARLA: We do our best to establish a motive. Usually, the person with the strongest motive was the murderer.

GRACE: Eeek...

LEAH: Grace, pull yourself together.

GRACE: Sorry, murder's a sin, and I try to stay away from sin.

BARB: All of us had a motive. We were all involved with Max, so he was cheating on us all. And none of us liked, Prissy Girl.

LEAH: I liked her.

RUTH: Me too. She was charming.

GRACE: God loved her.

BARB: Well, of course you'd say that now.

CARLA: We need to dig deeper to find out who had a reason to hate Max the most. Leah, you're our most likely suspect.

LEAH: Why me?!

CARLA: You hated him enough to bring us all together.

BARB: Yeah, I didn't really hate him til today.

RUTH: Me too. I thought he was sweet.

GRACE: God loved him.

BARB: School girl, shut up.

GRACE: Fine. *(pause)* But God loves you too.

LEAH: Okay, this looks bad for me. But I called us all together just to mess with Max. I wouldn't have brought us all together to kill Max in front of you. I'm not a criminal.

CARLA: Which brings us to Barb... who is a criminal.

BARB: Hey, that's not fair!

CARLA: You've admitted you were a criminal.

BARB: Okay, it's fair.

LEAH: What did you go to prison for, Barb?

BARB: *(after a long pause)* Assault with a deadly weapon.

CARLA: Well, I think we found our murderer.

GRACE: Eeek.... Sorry, I tried to hold it in.

BARB: Any one of you would've done the same thing! I chased a Parking Enforcement guy down the street with a sock full of quarters. He ticketed me for being one minute late for feeding the meter.

LEAH: Okay, I'd do the same thing.

RUTH: I admit, I would too.

GRACE: God loves... *(sigh)* God likes... *(sigh)* God made the Parking Enforcement people too.

CARLA: You're still looking pretty guilty, Barb.

BARB: What about you, Earpiece? Let's look at you.

CARLA: Go ahead. I've got nothing to hide. I was mad to find out Max was cheating, but no more than any of...

GRACE: *(bursting out)* You broke the 7th Commandment!

BARB: Is that the Killing One?

LEAH: I don't know.

BARB: Housewife, do you know? *(Ruth shrugs)* Anyone know the 7th Commandment?

(All of the other woman look at each other and shrug. No one knows what the 7th Commandment is.)

GRACE: "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery." *(to Carla)* You did!

CARLA: I don't know what you're talking about.

LEAH: She's right. When you first came in you were talking on your phone. We thought you were talking to your husband. You said, "I don't talk to my husband that nicely."

BARB: That's right! You were getting naughty with Max!

RUTH: As a formerly married woman, I'm ashamed of you. And I'll only offer you one more piece of pie.

CARLA: *(frustrated to be caught)* Okay, you're right! I was having an affair with Max. But that doesn't make me the murderer.

BARB: You've admitted you're a big lawyer. You've got a lot to lose.

LEAH: That's true. Did Max ever threaten you?

CARLA: Yes. I'm married to a worthless toerag....

BARB: Toe rag?

GRACE: It goes back to Biblical times when women washed their husbands feet.

CARLA: My husband does nothing. And if Max revealed we were having an affair, my douche bag husband would've gotten half of everything that I worked so hard for.

BARB: Sounds like a helluva motive to me.

CARLA: I can't believe you guys overheard me talking about my husband. Fucking Bluetooth.

LEAH: Alright, alright. But to be fair. There's other suspects. Ruth...

(Everyone turns to Ruth)

RUTH: Oh... I was recently divorced from my husband. I've been very depressed. Max gave me a chance to take care of someone again, and I loved it. So, I admit, I was angry when I found out he was running around on me. But I didn't kill him.

BARB: And what about the Jesus Lover.

GRACE: Me? Oh... Am I a suspect?

CARLA: Uh... Yeah, we all are.

GRACE: With God as my witness, I've done nothing wrong.

BARB: I was raised Unitarian. You'll need more than God as a witness.

CARLA: Grace, is there any reason you'd be especially mad?

RUTH: I'd never believe it possible of sweet Grace.

CARLA: Sometimes that's the biggest tip-off.

GRACE: Are you all turning on me?

LEAH: Go ahead and tell them, Grace.

GRACE: What?

LEAH: Your big reason.

GRACE: I never. I'm a lady.

CARLA: And a lady never kisses and tells... or sleeps around. Is that it?

BARB: Ooooh.... Little Miss Perfect, only gave it up to Mister Max!

(Grace is positively ashamed.)

GRACE: Okay, yes. I gave my chastity to Maxwell. And only to Maxwell. I thought we were going to be together forever. I thought he would be my one and only.

BARB: And when you found out differently you killed him!

GRACE: No, never!

RUTH: I don't like how we're all turning on each other.

LEAH: I don't either, but we've got to find the murderer.

CARLA: Or murderers.

BARB: What do you mean?

CARLA: I mean, one of us may have killed Max, and another one killed Prissy.

RUTH: Maybe not. Maybe Prissy killed Max and we're innocent.

CARLA: Except for the one of us who killed Prissy.

BARB: Maybe she choked on her bubble gum.

GRACE: *(to Barb)* You're not very nice.

BARB: Oooh, that hurts, Princess Gracie.

GRACE: *(dejected)* That's the meanest I can get.

(Leah jumps up)

LEAH: Okay, this is getting us nowhere. We all had a motive, we all hated Max for different reasons. And if we were willing to kill Max, any of us would've been willing to kill Prissy too.

CARLA: So we look at who had the opportunity.

BARB: I'm pointing at Home and Gardens. She made all the food and drinks.

RUTH: Stop calling me magazine titles. You're the one who's tried to kill before. You could have sneaky ways.

CARLA: And Leah had the most time to plan things out.

LEAH: Well, you have a gun. Who knows what else you might have.

GRACE: And Prissy was with Maxwell earlier today. She could've poisoned him then, and it just took effect.

LEAH: Any of us could've poisoned him at anytime and it only just took effect.

RUTH: We're not really getting anywhere. But good ideas, all of you.

CARLA: No one's going to admit they did it. And unfortunately, we can't ask Prissy or Max who killed them. Or get into each other's heads.

BARB: I don't think I'd like to be in any of your heads anyway.

(Suddenly Ruth jumps up)

RUTH: A séance!

CARLA: What?

BARB: I think, Mrs. Clean, finally lost it.

LEAH: No, she might have an idea. What're you talking about Ruth?

RUTH: We could have a séance. I was in a Women Dealing With Loss group after my divorce. Some of the women's husbands died and they would have séances to communicate with them.

BARB: Wouldn't they just be happy that their husbands were dead?

RUTH: We could try to talk to Prissy. Ask her who did this.

LEAH: It's worth a shot. Nothing else is working.

CARLA: I won't do it. It sounds ridiculous.

GRACE: Me too. It's against God's law.

BARB: That sounds like something guilty people would say.

LEAH: Barb's got a point.

CARLA: Alright, I'll do it. I've got nothing to hide.

GRACE: And I suppose God will protect me.

LEAH: Ruth, do you know how to lead a séance?

RUTH: Of course, you just need a few simple things which any good housekeeper has.

BARB: See, she called herself Good Housekeeping this time.

RUTH: Some incense, dim the lights, and we all hold hands it's awfully easy. So everyone hold hands, please.

(The all circle around and reluctantly take one another's hands.)

CARLA: I never thought I'd be talking to the dead tonight.

BARB: Hey, Grace, maybe we can talk to Jesus too.

GRACE: Ha Ha, Barb, but Jesus isn't dead. He's alive in our hearts.

LEAH: Everyone, shut up. Go ahead, Ruth.

(Ruth makes sure everyone is holding hands and then begins.)

RUTH: I suggest we all attempt to contact Prissy, because there will be less hostility and she'll be more open to our request.

BARB: Except for the hostility from the one who killed her.

LEAH: Alright, we're all focusing on Prissy.

RUTH: Spirits, open the Heavens to us.

GRACE: I'm not hearing this.

RUTH: We wish to commune with one of your Ethereal Bodies.

BARB: Ethereal Bodies? She's making this up.

(Suddenly, the lights flicker on and off. The women all stumble as if the room is shaking.)

BARB: Maybe she's not making this up.

CARLA: Need I remind all you... we live in L.A.? Shaking floors isn't that weird.

(Now the lights are flashing different colors. There's Spooky Ghostly Sounds.)

BARB: And do plate tectonics make creepy howling noises?

LEAH: Alright, we're all a little scared. Pull it together.

GRACE: I'm not scared. This is just like The Exorcist.

LEAH: You weren't scared by The Exorcist?!

GRACE: No. It was a religious movie.

RUTH: *(spooky voice)* Bring us the voice of Prissy from the beyond, so that we might communicate with her... *(back to normal-ish)* If that's not too much trouble. Thank you.

CARLA: *(sarcastic)* Very good. Let's not lose our manners.

RUTH: When we count to three and clap our hands. Bring us Prissy. One....

(Ruth signals the rest of them to follow along. They do.)

EVERYONE: Two.... Three!

(The flashing lights and spooky noises have reached a crescendo by now.)

(Until they all CLAP.)

(And it all stops. All the women's heads drop down. After a moment, they all look up with very confused looks on their faces.)

LEAH: *(as Prissy)* Whoa! Hehehe. This is just like when my girlfriends and I played light as a feather, stiff as a board in high school.

GRACE: *(as Carla)* Seems more like you were dumb as a board. Wait a minute! Am I...?

(spins on Ruth) You pushed me into Grace's body.

RUTH: *(as Barb)* Hey, back off! I didn't do anything!

GRACE: *(as Carla)* So you're not Ruth! Who is?

CARLA: *(as Ruth)* Oh dear. I think I might've made a teensy mistake and switched us all around.

BARB: *(as Grace - dropping to her knees)* Save us, Lord! Please have mercy!

RUTH: *(as Barb)* We have to fix this. I do not want, Church Lady, in my body any longer.

BARB: *(as Grace)* The lord has punished us. And I don't like this. Your underwear feels too loose.

RUTH: *(as Barb)* Cuz I don't wear any.

BARB: *(as Grace - disgusted)* Ewwwww....

LEAH: *(as Prissy)* Hehehe. You're all so silly. Why's everyone acting like each other?

GRACE: *(as Carla)* Great, we boiled Leah's brain. Now she's as dumb as Prissy.

(Suddenly everyone spins to Leah)

EVERYONE: Prissy!

LEAH: *(as Prissy)* That's me! Why're you all looking at me like that?

CARLA: *(as Ruth)* Because, Prissy, and this might be hard to believe. But you're dead, and we brought you back by putting you inside, Leah.

LEAH: *(as Prissy)* That's not hard to believe. I've had lots of people inside me.

RUTH: *(as Barb - laughing out loud)* That's definitely the Cheerleader.

BARB: *(as Grace)* I don't understand.

GRACE: *(as Carla)* Alright, so we all jumped bodies. Where's Leah?

CARLA: *(as Ruth)* There weren't enough people, so I guess she's just in the waiting room. Ooooh, yikes. We should probably try to get her back.

RUTH: *(as Barb)* Are you all mental? Let's at least do what we were trying to do. *(turns to Leah)* Leah! I mean, Prissy... god, this is weird. Can you tell us who killed you?

LEAH: *(as Prissy)* Oh, that's easy. It was you!

(Leah - as Prissy - spins and points at Barb!!!)

BARB: *(as Grace)* Forgive me lord for I have sinned. I don't remember killing anybody.

GRACE: *(as Ruth)* Hold up, Prissy, are you saying that Grace killed you?

BARB: *(as Grace)* I didn't, I swear. Awwww....

(Barb - as Grace - falls to ground sobbing like a little kid who was accused of eating a cookie they didn't eat.)

GRACE: *(as Ruth - to Prissy)* Or are you saying that Barb killed you?

CARLA: *(as Ruth)* Yes, I little clear-up would be wonderful.

RUTH: *(as Barb)* I didn't kill anybody either! Take it back, Zombie Pep Squad.

(Leah - as Prissy - begins to giggle and giggle.)

LEAH: *(as Prissy)* I'm just kidding... I don't know who killed me! But you should've seen the looks on your faces!

GRACE: *(as Carla)* Great! This is getting us nowhere. *(turning to Ruth)* Ruth... *(turning to*

Barb) Ruth... goddamnit, which one is Ruth?

BARB: (*as Grace*) Would you mind not taking the Lord's name in vain while you're in my body?

GRACE: (*as Carla*) Okay, would the real Ruth please stand up?

CARLA: (*as Ruth*) I'm the Real Ruthie - Yes, I'm the Real Ruthie - All you other Real Ruthie's are just imitatin' - So won't the Real Ruthie please stand up, please stand up, please stand up?

(Everyone stares at her.)

CARLA: (*as Ruth*) What? Because I'm a housewife, I can't pimp it to Eminem?

GRACE: (*as Carla*) It is too weird hearing that come from my mouth. Ruth, can you get us back to our own bodies?

CARLA: (*as Ruth*) Of course. It should be no trouble at all. Everyone please take hands.

(All the women get back together and hold hands.)

CARLA: (*as Ruth*) Would the Spiritual Above please return us all when turn ourselves around?

RUTH: (*as Barb*) Housewife is saying we have to do the Hokey Pokey to get back?

GRACE: (*as Carla*) That's what it's all about.

(All the women turn around in a circle - The lights flash, and there's weird noises again.)

(Once again, they all fall down - then get back up.)

BARB: (*as Prissy*) Did it work? Am I back in Heaven? I feel funny.

GRACE: (*as Barb*) Aw, damnit! Now Bubblegum Girl is in my body!

CARLA: (*as Grace*) Would everyone stop swearing in my body!

RUTH: (*as Leah*) Wait, a minute? What's going on here? Are we in each other's bodies?

GRACE: (*as Barb*) Oh yeah, I forgot that the Grand Schemer missed out on the last round.

LEAH: (*as Carla*) Oh, balls! And that means we're screwed!

BARB: (*as Prissy*) Is that Carla in Leah's face? I'm so confused. Why're we screwed?

CARLA: (*as Grace*) Lord help me, I feel screwed again. Carla, you're underwear is giving me a wedgie.

LEAH: (*as Carla*) I'm wearing a thong.

CARLA: (*as Grace*) Ewww....

GRACE: (*as Barb*) None of us are thrilled to be wearing your granny panties either, Choir Girl.

RUTH: (*as Leah*) So we all switched bodies... Where's Ruth?

LEAH: (*as Carla*) That's why we're screwed. There's only five of us. So someone always has to sit out. This time it was Ruth... who's the only one who knows how to get us back!

CARLA: (*as Grace*) And on top of that, I'm hearing voices.... Hello?! Who is it?! Is this God? No, who is it? Christ?! Oh my, I'm talking to Christ?!

(Carla - as Grace - slumps down into a chair.)

LEAH: (*as Carla*) No, you're not talking to Christ! You're talking to Christian! You've still got my earpiece on, you twit!

RUTH: *(as Leah)* This is very confusing.

BARB: *(as Prissy)* I find it best to just sit here quietly.

(Leah - as Carla - begins giving orders to Barb - as Grace.)

LEAH: *(as Carla)* Grace, just tell Christian you'll call him back.

CARLA: *(as Grace)* Christian? Carla will call you back.

LEAH: *(as Carla)* You're Carla!

CARLA: *(as Grace)* Oh right! I'll call you back!

LEAH: *(as Carla)* Now insult him!

CARLA: *(as Grace)* I can't do that... It's not Christian...

LEAH: *(as Carla)* It's not Christian on the phone? Who is it?

CARLA: *(as Grace)* No, it is Christian on the phone. But it's not Christian to insult Christian.

RUTH: *(as Leah)* Now, I'm really confused.

BARB: *(as Prissy)* This is how I go through most of my days.

RUTH: *(as Leah)* I'm sorry you died.

BARB: *(as Prissy)* Aww, how nice of you to say!

(Leah - as Carla - is now shaking Carla - as Grace.)

LEAH: *(as Carla)* Grace, just insult my assistant or so help me!

CARLA: *(as Grace)* Fine! Yes, Christian! How dare you say that I am acting strangely. You are a doo-doo head, and I'll call you back.

(Carla -as Grace - switches off her earpiece, and throws it into the corner.)

CARLA: *(as Grace)* Fucking Blue Tooth! Oh my, did I just utter that obscenity?

GRACE: *(as Barb)* I've done a lot of drugs in my time, but nothing has been as weird as this.

RUTH: *(as Leah)* Okay, everyone, we've got to get back into our own bodies. Anyone know how we can do that?

BARB: *(as Prissy)* Even in that conservative outfit, you're a very good leader, Leah.

RUTH: *(as Leah)* Thank you, Barb. I mean, Prissy. Wait, do you know who killed you?!

GRACE: *(as Barb)* She doesn't know. We already tried that. Hey, Grace, do you mind if I get your body drunk again? I want to see what it feels like.

(Grace - as Barb - starts chugging a bottle of liquor.)

CARLA: *(as Grace)* Oh my...

LEAH: *(as Carla)* Christian believed Grace was me...

GRACE: *(as Barb)* What's the Lawyer mumbling about?

LEAH: *(as Carla)* As weird as I was acting, Christian believed Grace was me.

CARLA: *(as Grace)* I put on a very good performance. I played Mary in my school Nativity play all three years of middle school.

RUTH: *(as Leah)* What're you getting at, Carla?

LEAH: *(as Carla)* I've got an idea that could get me off the hook.

(Leah - as Carla - goes over to her bag, pulls out her phone and dials.)

LEAH: *(as Carla)* Leah... What's your last name?

RUTH: *(as Leah)* Barnes. Why?

LEAH: *(as Carla - into phone)* Barnes. Leah Barnes. I'm going to confess to a murder.

(Suddenly Ruth - as Leah - explodes with anger.)

RUTH: *(as Leah)* What?!

(Ruth - as Leah - slaps the phone out of Carla's hand.)

GRACE: *(as Barb)* Damn! Carla in Leah's body is cold!

(Ruth - as Leah - jumps onto Leah's - as Carla - back.)

RUTH: *(as Leah)* You are not going to frame me for this!

LEAH: *(as Carla)* If I wasn't in your weak-ass body, I'd kick your butt.

BARB: *(as Prissy)* This is just like when the frat bodies would make us mud wrestle!

GRACE: *(as Barb)* You sucked on a lot of helium growing up, didn't you?

BARB: *(as Prissy)* Hehehe. Yeah. Why?

CARLA: *(as Grace)* We should really pull them apart. It'd be the decent thing to do.

GRACE: *(as Barb)* I guess.

(Barb, Carla, and Grace grab a hold of Ruth and Leah. They all start spinning around in a circle as they pull on each other.)

CARLA: *(as Grace)* Oh you heathens! Release each other!

(Suddenly all the lights flicker. All the women fall to the floor.)

(After a moment, they all start detangling themselves from the floor.)

LEAH: Okay, what happened this time?

RUTH: Oh my goodness. We're all back to ourselves. I'm so sorry to have done that to all of you. I owe you all some fresh ice cream.

LEAH: But how'd we get back to our own bodies?

BARB: I guess while we were all fighting, we put our left legs in and right legs out then turned all about.

GRACE: Barb, you witch, I'm feeling all woozy again.

BARB: Oh yeah, I forgot how much I drank while I was you.

LEAH: Personally, I'm the maddest at Carla.

(Carla is still lying on the floor.)

LEAH: Get up, Carla. I can't believe you'd try to stick me with the murder rap!

(But Carla doesn't move.)

LEAH: Carla? Get up!

BARB: I think we flattened her briefs.

RUTH: *(examining Carla)* Oh my... Oh my... Oh my... Carla's dead!

GRACE: Dead-dead? Or like Lazarus- dead? Could she walk again?

LEAH: *(also examining Carla)* She's dead-dead.

BARB: *(to Leah)* Then you must of done it! You attacked her!

LEAH: But I didn't kill her! And I was attacking myself, I wasn't even attacking Carla's body. Look, there's no real gunshots or stab wounds, and I didn't hit her hard enough. It's the same with Max and Prissy. Some one has poisoned all three of them.

RUTH: Oh my... Oh my... Who would turn my delicious treats into weapons?

BARB: My first thought would be, uh... You, Ruth!

RUTH: I'm feeling weak. I need to sit down.

(Ruth sits in one of her easy chairs.)

GRACE: I need to pray. *(drops to her knees and silently mumbles to herself)*

BARB: Ruth, I want some answers. Take us in your perfect kitchen, and show us just what you put in those sandwiches and pies!

LEAH: Barb, calm down! This might not have been Ruth.

BARB: Well, who else is there?

LEAH: There's you! You're the criminal!

BARB: I didn't do it! So it had to have been quiet Ruth over there!

(Barb storms over to Ruth who is still sitting quietly in her chair.)

BARB: Don't just sit there, Ruth! Admit it!

(Barb shakes Ruth, and Ruth's slumps over in chair. Ruth isn't moving either.)

BARB: No! Ruth's dead too!

LEAH: That's not possible. Oh god, this is getting out of hand!

BARB: Getting out of hand! It's been out of hand! Four people are dead!

LEAH: And it must've been you who killed them!

BARB: My fingers pointed at you, because it looks like Grace over there has lost her mind!

(Grace is on the floor crying and mussing up her hair.)

LEAH: Grace, come on! Get up off the floor. We need to get out of here. Barb is deranged.

BARB: I am not deranged! I haven't killed anyone! At least not yet.

(Barb goes over to the punch bowl and pulls Carla's gun out of the punch.)

LEAH: Barb, put the gun down.

BARB: You brought us all here, Leah. Not so you could kill Max, but so you could kill us all.

Well, I'm taking you with me. Suck on this, bi....

*(But before Barb can pull the trigger, she stumbles and falls to the floor. Dead.)
(Leah can barely breathe, as she touches Barb's wrist and sees that Barb's dead too.)*

LEAH: Barb...? Oh god...

GRACE: God's not here tonight.

(Leah spins to see Grace, who is finally getting up off of her knees.)

LEAH: Grace...? You did this?

GRACE: It was God's vengeance.

LEAH: I did this all for you. I brought all of us together, so you could see how terrible Max was. You seemed so good and decent. I was trying to save you.

GRACE: Only God can save us now.

LEAH: So are we going to die now too?

GRACE: If it's God's will.

(Suddenly Leah goes diving for the gun. Grace goes for it too. The two of them are now wrestling on the floor for it.)

LEAH: Grace, I won't let you kill me.

GRACE: It's up to God, don't you see!?

(BANG!)

(The two women stumble apart, and Grace backs away from Leah. Grace is bleeding.)

GRACE: It's up to God...

(Leah drops the gun, and walks over to Grace.)

LEAH: Grace, I'm so sorry.

RUTH: She got what was coming to her.

(Leah spins to see Ruth get up out of her chair. Very calmly, Ruth picks up the gun where Leah dropped it.)

LEAH: You?! Barb said you were dead.

RUTH: Barb, was hysterical, she didn't check properly. I was actually only pretending to be passed out. It worked better than I thought.

LEAH: But why?

RUTH: So that I could wait for the poison that I put in each of your pies to take effect. But I didn't notice... You didn't eat any of your pie, did you?

LEAH: I don't like cherry pie.

RUTH: Well, then I'll just have to kill you the old fashioned way. No big deal.

LEAH: Why'd you do it, Ruth? You couldn't have been that mad at Max.

RUTH: Max knew my dirty secret. I'm not some divorcee housewife. I'm a widow, and my husband died under, shall we say, mysterious circumstances. Max found out, and so I had to kill another of my lovers. And since I didn't know how much he might have told any of you, I decided I should kill all of you too. I didn't poison Grace, though, I was going to leave her alive to take the rap but you messed that up.

LEAH: So why'd you have us do the séance?

RUTH: Because I knew it wouldn't work.

LEAH: You'll never get away with this.

RUTH: Of course, I will. No one even noticed when I killed my husband. I'll just walk out the front door, and disappear. No one will ever find me. So now all I have left to do, is to kill you.

(Ruth points the gun at Leah.)

GRACE: *(sputtering to life)* And me.

(Ruth looks over at Grace. Grace jumps to her feet.)

GRACE: Thy Kingdom come, you bitch! Aaaahhhhh!

(Ruth points the gun at Grace, but in the moment, Leah dives at Ruth.)

(Ruth drops the gun and she and Leah end up wrestling on the ground.)

(Grace tosses Leah a pillow)

(Leah starts to smother Ruth with the pillow.)

RUTH: *(Pushing the pillow away)* Could you not use that one? It's one of my guest pillows?!

(But Leah pushes the pillow back over Ruth's face. Ruth struggles and then her hands fall lifelessly to their side.)

GRACE: Did you kill her?

LEAH: No, but she'll be out for ten minutes or so. Plenty of time for the police to show up. *(turning to Grace)* I'm sorry I shot you.

GRACE: Eh... Christ was crucified. I'll live.

LEAH: *(picking up a phone)* Hello, police? This is Leah Barnes. I'd like to report several murders. *(pause)* I'm in North Hollywood. No, North Hollywood, not Hollywood. *(pause)* Yes, I'm serious. *(pause - dejected)* I'll hold.

GRACE: Well, I don't know about you, but I could use a drink.

LEAH: Make mine with lots of booze.

(Grace pours two drinks with lots of liquor.)

LEAH: Here's to friends.

GRACE: And not killing each other.

(They clink glasses and drink heavily.)

GRACE: Bllllaaaaahhhh.....

BLACK OUT

THE END