



MURDERING MAFALDA

A comedy thriller



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Ensemble

Carlotta	24 - a rising ballet star
Minna	Friends / associates of Boris
Paisley	
Alice	
Lilith	18 - office assistant - a Goth
Mrs Rhodes	65 - a disgruntled landlady
Party Guests	Additional ambient characters

Main Cast

Mafalda Gonzales	30 - Internationally acclaimed ballet dancer; forced into early retirement
Boris Petipa	34 - Dance Director and Choreographer; narcissist
Winifred Petipa	90 - Daughter of Boris and Carlotta; an imperious matriarch
Edgar Petipa	19 - Grandson to Winifred; spineless, overrates himself
Harriet Petipa	18 - Granddaughter to Winifred; sweet naive enthusiasm
Chester	22 - Cousin to Edgar and Harriet; arrogant insensitive
Anfisa Selyavina	21 - Ballet dancer of exceptional talent; authentic charming
Salvatore	35 - House Butler; patient sophisticated
Honey	40 - Housekeeper; loyal lovable



Amalia Amoralis	An elemental. Beautiful, bewitching and charismatic. Enormously likable
Elka	Amalia's fairy helper; sharp
Beshlie	Second fairy helper; ditsy
Sid Livid	A demon; comical but an insatiable mischief; a mean stinker

Stage set

The garden and outdoor terrace of Ravenstone Mansion

All dramatic action is set on a garden terrace.

Ravenstone Mansion borders the entire area but is not visible to the audience.

The edges of the buffet table, the arbor and bushes are decorated with fairy lights.

There are four entrances / exits onto the terrace: USR USL DSR and DSL

A throne like chair is set on the upper terrace off centre towards SR

The buffet table is set on upper level terrace SR. There is a chair SL of throne and two stools left and right of throne. DSR on the upper terrace is a bench.

DSL on the ground level are white painted iron garden table and chairs

Prologue

*The stage **set** is not implicated by the Prologue. The performance space should be used to represent a theatre in Mafalda's heyday and past : she is being given a standing ovation*

The ensemble cast gather in the upstage area to represent an audience at the end of a triumphant performance. Mafalda stands before the ensemble cast audience. Her head is bowed and her back faces the real audience.

The surging sound effect of formidable theatre applause begins : In slow motion, the ensemble audience applaud Mafalda and rise up. Mafalda and the ensemble audience elatedly acknowledge one another. Mafalda bows slowly and graciously before them.

The ensemble cast surge forward and around her. She turns to face the real theatre audience and bows once again. Mafalda smiles in the direction of her husband Boris who descends towards the stage with a bouquet. He is dressed immaculately in white shirt, waistcoat and slicked back hair

He presents a bouquet of flowers to her

The company freeze - a multitude of happy faces

Voice over the frozen tableaux

TV News Presenter:

“Breaking News! Only 12 days ago, Mafalda Gonzales was once again heralded as the greatest dancing star of our time in her final performance of Giselle for the London stage. Critics called it astounding, heartrending, mesmerising ..

During this voice over of a News Presenter, the frozen crowds disperse slowly. Mafalda is led away by Boris through the crowd. Using the stage set, the company re-establish themselves in a frozen tableaux of a party in full swing 3 years later.

Mafalda re enters with a walking stick. She is dressed in black - a woman in mourning and sits upstage on the throne like chair

This morning however, the world received the shocking news of Ms Gonzales' unexpected retirement. Her husband Boris Petipa, the renowned dance director and wealthy entrepreneur made the announcement only an hour ago. Petipa explained that Ms Gonzales' dance career had been tragically cut short as a result of a devastating ankle injury. Ms Gonzales does not wish to make any comment at this time”

Scene 1

It is 1924 and three years after Mafalda's retirement

Lights up on tableaux which bursts into life and laughter

Christmas tunes are playing and the party guests play a drunken game

A wild party is in full swing.

Mafalda sits apart from everyone else. She drowns her sorrows alone

Guest To all the folks who clapped when I messed up the Pa de deux

Tutti *(raucous)* Merry Christmas!

Guest To all the folks who've never been clapped?!

Tutti Merry Christmas!

Guest To every man woman or tree who stands up for me when I can no longer stand .. AT ALL !

Tutti Merry Christmas!

*The band play "Aint She Sweet" : A female guest starts to strut about to entertain.
The company clap faster and faster to sing along with the song*

Boris suddenly appears in a father Christmas hat, with Carlotta in tow. Women fawn over him as he makes his way to a spot where he intends to give an announcement.

He taps his glass for their attention. The crowd simmers down.

Boris: As you all know, three years ago today - my dear wife - the illustrious Mafalda – stepped down from a bounteous career; with grace and with dignity

But I have learned - that where the heavy grey cloud resides - a glistening silver lining can only be hidden for so long.

Yes! I may have slaved these past six months to create the *dance*. But - I could never have been entirely responsible for the greatness of the dancer.

I know that Mafalda will join me this evening in welcoming Carlotta ! Our new angel of the ballet - who will be nothing short of miraculous in her new role.

Ladies and Gentlemen .. I give you .. Carlotta...

Sycophantic sighs and more applause

Carlotta : *(smug)* Thank you .. thank you... thank you everyone. I want to extend my deepest gratitude to Boris and Mafalda for welcoming me to Ravenstone, their beautiful home .. and I dearly wish everyone a warm and magical evening tonight .. I feel honoured and blessed and I love you all dearly .. I really do .. a Merry Merry Christmas to all of you ..

Tutti : Merry Christmas !

More applause

Boris: And now - Please let me welcome you inside Ravenstone. We have live Jazz music .. we have chilled champagne .. Please enjoy the rest of the night and join me in wishing Carlotta every success in her debut performance .. *(he raises his glass)* .. Carlotta

Ensemble: Carlotta!!

The company filter off into the stage right wing - drunk and noisily .. the sound dies down to muted band sounds from within the mansion

Mafalda is motionless. She clutches a book marked with the Pagan pentagram, gathers her walking stick and makes to leave towards USL

At that moment Boris appears from DSL with a bottle he is struggling to uncork. He is heading for the house

Minna and Paisley bounce out of the house from USR holding empty glasses

Minna: Boris ! You're wanted!

Paisley: They're going to play a Partita !

Boris loosens the cork and champagne splurges

The girls rush over to fill their glasses

Boris: And where's mine ? You little minxes!

They tumble back inside the house. Cheers and loud music escape from the opened door as they rejoin the throng

Mafalda is beside herself.

For theatrical purposes, the Christmas music from inside the house turns to deafening.

It climaxes to an almost unbearable volume. Drowned by the music - Mafalda gives in to an agonised and deafening scream of frustration. The music instantly returns to diegetic.

Party guests appear from SR. Boris pushes through them. Undecided, he stops and hesitates upstage of Mafalda.

Staring at Mafalda he addresses the guests

Boris Settle down. It's fine. Show's over people, show's over. Relax everyone. All under control

The guests reluctantly withdraw. Party noise picks up again.

Boris darts a look behind him at lingering party members who quickly withdraw.

Mafalda drops her book and stumbles to a chair by a garden table on the lower level terrace DSL

She starts fitting and pulls at her hair, moaning at the table as if possessed. She is clearly mentally unstable.

Boris Mafalda ..

Maf No! *(she mumbles in Latin)* A l'aura il vigile, grido mandate, s'innova il secolo, piena e' l'etate

Boris retrieves the book and looks at it

Boris Witchcraft ?!

Mafalda snatches her book back and cuddles it

Boris suddenly changes to a brighter party persona to stifle his fury

Boris I'm sorry .. Is it Halloween .. ? Last time I looked, our surroundings bore a striking resemblance to a Christmas celebration. Such gall and facetiousness can only warrant an applause ..

He starts to clap slowly

Maf Don't you understand? Don't you care? I am in mourning. For my life. And you know it.

Boris Mafalda? It's Christmas Eve my dear .. Do you see anyone else dressed for a funeral?

Maf Fool

Boris chuckles to himself and saunters to the buffet table for nibbles

Boris: Your growing obsession with Black Magic is becoming something of an embarrassment my dear ..

Maf: Embarrassment ?! Look at you ... Puffed out like some contemptible peacock !

Weakening in despair

And what am I now? Compared to who I was? Young .. ambitious. I was the rising star of the Imperial Ballet .. And you couldn't stand it !

Boris scoffs

Boris Oh please ! Your last puddle of a ballet meant nothing

Maf *(jumping in)* And what of YOUR recent efforts ? *Jocko the Ape of Brazil* ? A small mountain of crap ! I didn't have the heart to tell you for fear of shattering those rosy pink spectacles.

Boris struggles to feign amusement

That ballet had the same choreography as every other show you've produced. Was it really *your* work? Eh ? You tell me ! WAS IT ?! No ! It was the artistry of the dancers. And now you just keep on churning out the same stolen routines .. Boring everyone to tears

Boris *(losing temper)* I'm warning you Mafalda

Mafalda finds her footing.

Maf The industry is a bull fight Boris .. And YOU ..

She pulls her shawl from around her to make a Toreador cape

You are fast emerging as the great toreador clown with two left feet

She laughs in mirthless victory

Boris snatches the shawl from her

You overwork the dancers just as you overworked me. You know nothing of art or passion. You move from one thing to the next with no concern for anyone but *yourself* !

Mafalda's sharp barking causes her to choke suddenly.

Boris *(contained rage)* What's ails you Mafalda ? Could it be the harmless interactions between myself and the young, graceful Carlotta who had the decency to support our Christmas celebration this evening ?

Maf Decency ?! You know nothing of it! Like a man possessed. An old goat lusting after a young ballerina half his age .. And for YOU - a man with less than *half* her talent - she seems quite prepared to drop *everything*. La Bayadere ? How long have you lunatics been planning this ballet erotica nonsense?

Her anger turns to despair.

I was going to train as an actor. And *you* .. You were afraid

Boris Oh ! See how the cripple lives out her fantasy tragedy !

Boris puts Mafalda's shawl over his head. He pretends to be Little Red Riding Hood

Boris Oh ! The big bad Boris !! What a huge ego you have .. ?!

They are resurrecting Little Red Riding Hood at the Civic .. Why don't you try for the great grandmother .. ?

He chucks the shawl at Mafalda. Mafalda launches herself at Boris.

They fight.

Gradually amidst the struggle he gains physical dominance and control. Very slowly, by degrees he strangles Mafalda to death.

He lowers her back into the throne-like chair. The reality of his actions dawn on him

He flees - exiting stage left

Silence

Mafalda sits askew. Eyes still open. A christmas carol wends its way gently towards the terrace from the house

Eventually Carlotta emerges from the house, calling for Boris. She sees Mafalda in the chair and approaches. Reluctantly she feels her forehead and exclaims in horror

Other party guests appear : Lydia, Minna and Paisley.

Lydia : Boris !!

Lydia runs towards the house screaming Minna is feeling for a pulse

Lydia : Boris !!!

Carlotta stands aghast .. Boris enters very calmly from DSL .. He fakes confusion

Minna : Boris my dear .. I am so sorry ... I think it's her heart .. She's not breathing ..

Boris goes over to Mafalda and holds her by the shoulders. He repeats her name

Carlotta begins to heave in hysterics

Carlotta : *(horror and guilt)* Boris ...

Boris : What ? What is it darling .. ?

Carlotta is shaking and beside herself

Boris : Carlotta .. It couldn't be helped. Mafalda was weak and bitter .. she wouldn't eat .. sleep .. There's nothing we ..

Carlotta : Boris ! There's something I need to ..

Carlotta whispers words to Boris, and he stares at her. Carlotta puts Boris's hand on her stomach. He pulls her into an embrace

Boris's friends exchange muddled looks and slowly withdraw.

Scene 2

90 years later - modern day

Buffet table splits into two office desks

Office of Mystic and Witchwood - a modern day Estate Agency

Amalia (an Elemental) and Sid Livid (Devil) are working together and disguised as Estate Agents

Mrs Rhodes is a regular complaining Landlady at the office. She sits awaiting Amalia

Lilith is the Office Assistant. She is a goth : sly and strange.

Sid sits at his desk looking hungrily at various properties that Lilith is feeding him. He is dissatisfied with what he sees and continues to take more from Lilith who is clearly used to his grouchy attitude

Sid Bungalows and one bed apartments? Come on, come on .. Do we have any old haunts? Any murder sites ?

Lil We've got a four storey house on the river .. Its abandoned

Sid How old ?

Lil Two ? Possibly three hundred years ?

Amalia sweeps in

Ama Mrs Rhodes !

Rho She's got another one .. shedding fur like a molting woolly mammoth ..

Ama Oh bless !

Rho *And* it's a hunter .. dropped a rat in the neighbours garden and its bitten her little girl

Sid How divine ! Did she bleed ?!

Lilith and Amalia and Sid exchange smiles. They clearly share a very dark humour

Ama Mrs Rhodes .. You simply cannot stop a tenant from loving her cat

Rho I want an eviction

Ama It's not quite as simple as that Mrs Rhodes

Rho But it's my house .. my house .. I'll put up the rent

Ama It's Margery's home Mrs Rhodes

Rho It is NOT

Ama Oh but it is Mrs Rhodes.. I can throw in a vacuum cleaner if it makes things any better

Mrs Rhodes goes to speak

Ama Lilith can you fetch the hand held dyson from out the back ?

Lilith It's broken Madame Amalia

Rho Oh for heaven's sake

Sid laughs heartily

Ama It isn't broken Mrs Rhodes. Lilith just likes to generate a little fury - don't you Lilith ?

Sid My influence Mrs Rhodes

Rho Yes well.. That figures

Phone rings Sid's face indicates ready anticipation of a high stakes drama

Sid Oh dear.. The bell tolls .. Lilith ! Pull the old file on Ravenstone Manor ..

Lilith What ?

Ama Mafalda's house? On the market? Lord in Heaven, no!

Sid Yes yes .. Pull the file .. it's under GONZALES - Mafalda

The phone continues to ring

Ama And I suppose this is Winifred calling ?

Sid (*sneaky mischief*) Indeed it is ...

Ama Hello .. Mystic and Witchwood. Can I help you .. ?

She listens

Oh yes .. Winifred .. ! Of course I remember .. Yes .. And how..

She repeats more loudly as Winifred is clearly deaf

I remember you Winifred .. How .. how IS the beautiful Ravenstone ?

Winifred has not heard again

My dear Winifred .. how is Ravenstone ?

Oh really ? But that just seems like such a .. ?

Winifred has interrupted her

What NOW ? Why yes dear .. of course you can. Alright then .. yes .. we'll wait

She clunks down the phone

THAT was Winifred ..

Rho : Who ?

Ama : Boris Petipa's daughter ! Sat on a fortune.

Rho : What .. ?

Ama : Ageing old Winifred. She still lives on in the house of Mafalda

Rho : Who is Winifred ?

Ama : You remember the horrid and mysterious death of Mafalda Gonzales?

Mrs Rhodes squints in an attempt to recollect ..

Lillith opens a bag of crisps. She relishes this break in the proceedings to tell a good story. She sits on edge of Sid's desk

Amalia opens her mouth to speak but Lillith takes over

Lil *(suddenly recalling the story)* Well .. the story goes ..

Sid motions to her to get off so she sidles around to the back of Amalia

Lil Mafalda had to retire suddenly from the stage because she couldn't dance anymore. So - she shrivelled and wizened .. couldn't eat .. wouldn't leave the house. Then out of nowhere - she was pronounced dead. Just like that! It was sooo odd. They said she

starved herself to death. But! Point being that before Mafalda's *funeral* .. Boris remarried .. a dancer called Carlotta.. and Winifred was born about 6 months later !

Rho : Oh no ! How scandalous ..

Lilith and Sid laugh

And this Winifred ? She's still alive ?

Lil *(exaggerating somewhat)* Getting on for a hundred I think ..

Rho : Is she living there alone ?

Lil That's just it !

Lilith is getting carried away

Ama/Sid : Lilith !

Winifred appears at the door and bumbles in to the office

Ama /Sid Winifred !

Win My dears ! Apologies .. I couldn't find you .. I was beginning to think that I needed a crap

Sid erupts into snorts of joyous incredulity Amalia clocks Sid with a warning

Ama *(sudden clarity)* Map ?

Win What dear ?

Ama A map .. you thought you needed a map ?!

Win No dear - not anymore. Just a temporary loss of my bearings ..

Sid and Lilith are clearly enjoying this circus entry into the office

Ama *(faking joy)* Winifred ! We are so delighted you've brought Mystic and Witchwood the opportunity to sell such a unique property as Ravenstone ! I could come over tomorrow to value the property

Sid Oh but the sheer size of the house ! Ladies ! It's more my area ..

Win Not so fast ! I am not yet decided whether I want to sell

Mrs Rhodes chuckles

Amalia and Sid dart her a look of indignation. They resume fake smiles for Winifred

Win The house has been in my family for years. I inherited it from my father Boris. But it is true. I do want to settle my affairs. I am past 90 and if I sell now, I could give each of my grandchildren a substantial sum.. One problem does preside however .. They are all feckless in their own ways. Harriet is a people pleaser .. Chester is an overblown poet and hedonist ..

Sid slides quickly into boredom

Whilst Edgar .. clearly the best of the three .. Well - he is at least trying to become a dancer. My prayer is that he manages to follow in his great grandfather's footsteps .. But he lacks the backbone

Amalia and Sid talk over each other with emollient comments

Ama Oh I'm sure that's not true .. Not true at all ..

Sid Try not to focus on the negative my dear

Win I can see that Edgar is my only hope. But .. before I decide to sell, I want to be sure that the Petipa name will continue. So .. I have invited a highly eligible young woman to join us for our annual Christmas party !

All exclaim out of politeness

Lil *(excited)* Harley Quinn ?

Win What dear ?

Sid *(competitive)* Elizabeth Bathory ?!

Lilith nods in vigorous approval

Win Heavens no !

Ama Who ?

Sid The Blood Countess !

Ama *(sudden realisation)* Oh .. the vampire

Sid *(heightened enjoyment)* She tortured and murdered hundreds of girls

Amalia starts probing Sid and Lil for more information

In her desperation to brag, this dark banter goes over Winifred's head

Win Everybody knows THIS young lady !

Tutti Oh ?

Win Of course !! She is none other than the number one sensational Bolshoi ballet star ..

Lilith and Amalia fake admiration

Sid rolls his eyes

Anfisa Selyavina ! Incredibly well known. I am quite sure that she and Edgar will hit it off splendidly and fall deeply in love..

Ama *(sarcastically)* Under the mistletoe

Win And .. all being well .. I shall be summoning you in the New Year - to come and value the property

Sid You're going to make a KILLING my dear !

Win Oh ?!

Ama He means that it is a dream home Winifred dear. It could cast its spell on anyone !

Win Yes ! Well .. I won't keep you any longer .. I'm drafting a christmas shopping list for Honey and I must write it all down before it escapes me ..

Mrs Rhodes is clearly impressed by Winifred and leaps up to get her the door.

Rho Anfisa Selyavina ! How exciting .. Let me get the door for you ..

Win Why thank you dear .. And are YOU a fan of the ballet .. ?

They leave together clucking like hens

Amalia and Sid are suspended in thought

Ama *(strong concern)* Mafalda

Sid Indeed .. and we are the Eternal

Ama *(she breathes in deeply)* We serve the spirits ..

Sid *(revelling in the prospect)* Yes ! Especially spirits with frightful intentions ..

Ama Mafalda knows Winifred's plans already ? *(smiling)*

Sid She's roaming Ravenstone now in a white ashen fury

Ama *(deep admiration)* Of course she is ..

Lilith I LOVE that ...

Ama Well .. If you can haunt it ..

Sid / Lil Flaunt it

Ama Edgar Petipa ! Mafalda despises him. Another little Boris apparently

Sid *(Ecstatic)* I know !

Ama Time to throw a spell binding spanner in Winifred's works

Sid Oh ! Bring on the carnage ! There's so much blood to be spilled !

Ama Blood ? That won't be necessary Sid. If we can eradicate any chance of a romance between Edgar and Anfisa .. she's bound to tighten her grip on the property .. She'll forget about selling altogether

Sid But I thought we could slaughter ALL of the grandchildren .. Just to be safe

Ama Merry Christmas Sid.. Let's keep this as warm and festive as possible please ..

Sid snorts and sniggers discontentedly

Scene 3

Ravenstone Mansion

Christmas Pop music (Edgar's choice) is blaring from the mansion

Salvatore is behind the buffet table. Honey is busying herself with plates of food.

Suddenly Chester and Edgar are at large .. They are laughing and loud

Next Winnie appears - she is not happy about the music and waves her arms in dismissal

Win Salvatore ! Do something about that please .. Harriet is arriving any minute

Winifred settles into Mafalda's old throne chair and looks round expectantly. Chester and Edgar are fetching wine at the buffet .. Edgar moves to join Winifred.

Soft Christmas Carol music replaces Edgar's pop music

Winifred takes a sip of wine. It is not to her liking..

Harriet and Anfisa move onto the terrace. Harriet is deliriously happy to have Anfisa with her. Anfisa looks nervous.

Win Well greetings and welcome my darlings ! Salva ? The wine. Can you warm it up a bit ?

Winifred moves over to Harriet. Harriet makes space for her grandmother to greet Anfisa. Harriet sits on the end of the bench. Chester joins Harriet but remains standing

Win : *(to Anfisa)* Come and take a seat my dear. Harriet has told us all so much about you

Anfisa opens her mouth to speak

Oh Petal ! You must be exhausted. When did you arrive ? We're sitting out on the terrace for a while. It feels so cosy and christmassy ! Do you like our fairy lights ?

Anfisa tries to speak for a second time

Chester ! Do fetch Anfisa a glass of wine ! You must be exhausted my dear...

Edg *(joking to dispel embarrassment)* Grandmother ! You are repeating yourself

Win Oh am I ?

Feeble laughter.

Winnie sits Anfisa in the old throne chair and pushes Edgar forward to sit next to her. Winnie goes to get wine from Chester. She fusses disapprovingly over a dirty glass and Salva provides another for a refill .. Honey works busily..Edgar and Anfisa sit awkwardly.

- Win** Miss Selyavina - Welcome to Ravenstone my dear ! It is our greatest pleasure to accommodate you on this last gruelling leg of your tour ..
- I can assure you most sincerely of the highly cultured audiences here in town. Intelligent *appreciative* people .. Truly .. *(returning to her seat)* You're going to cause a riot my dear ! You're going to be a massive tit !
- Edg** Hit, Granny ..
- Win** What dear ?
- Hat** Anfisa is still reeling from the exceptional reviews she received for dancing at the Bolshoi ballet ..
- Harriet flourishes her arms balletically. Anfisa exclaims to appease her*
- I wouldn't mind having some ballet lessons myself
- Win** Oh Harriet ! You're far too gangly and inelegant. There are limits as to what a classical training can do for the overly ambitious *amateur* .. Are there not Anfisa ?
- Anf** *(feeling Harriet's pain)* Well .. I.. I really wouldn't know
- Edg** Oh I find that hard to believe
- Harriet goes for the cake on the buffet*
- Win** Harriet dear ! Do step away from the buffet !! Anfisa - Harriet is a comfort eater .. Quite harmless for the time being .. But a few years from now - Lord knows ! She's going to be heavier than me !
- Feeble laughter ensues*
- Win** Honey Bee ! Are those nipples ready for our afternoon festivity ?
- Edgar puts a hand to his head in despair*
- Hon** Fresh out the oven Miss Winnie
- Winifred waddles back over to the buffet so as to give Edgar a moment's opportunity with Anfisa. Chester sidles over from the bench to the little stool beside Anfisa. Envy begins to rise in Harriet as all eyes are on Anfisa.*

Body language and exchanges of looks show that Edgar and Chester are both readily vying for Anfisa's attention

Edg *(emphasizing nibbles)* Nibbles on their way !

Ches Anfisa ! Do tell us about some of your experiences in Moscow. We all love the theatre don't we Winnie darling !

Win Chester loves to write tragedy Anfisa! He is a true poet .. and we are keenly awaiting his ground breaking debut! But it seems he's not sufficiently well endowed ..

Edgar looks horrified as does Anfisa. Chester looks round at Winifred in astonishment

Edg *(desperately trying to save the situation)* Err.. he needs to write more poems Anfisa ! That's what she means ..

Anf Oh ! Well ! How wonderful. Since Greta Garbo, is it not the tender but elusive embodiment of a worn and withered soul that has tested even the most highly accomplished of all tragic actresses

A pregnant pause; the Petipas are intimidated

Ches Oh good Lord !

Win Edgar ! Tell Anfisa all about *your* budding aspirations darling

Anf Oh Edgar - Yes ! Harriet tells me you also like to dance? Is your training heavily laden by way of a view towards conserving classical tradition ?

Ches Heavily laid ?! *(guffaws)*

Edg Err..

Ches Edgar's always doubting himself Anfisa. Perhaps you could help him, you know, expose him to some of your highly praised talents: To make his confidence grow bigger ?

Win Chester !

Chester springs out of his chair and returns to sit by Harriet on the bench

Elka appears from upstage Left. Her appearance is bizarre and striking amidst the human entourage. She sneaks onto the terrace and into Winnie's space

Anf Oh it's alright *(she looks affectionately at Edgar)* I find high anxiety most endearing in a man

Edg My confidence comes and goes .. It's perfectly dreadful

Anf It is something all performing artists have to endure.

Edg The training is relentless .. frankly I'm exhausted

Chester Ah well ! All the more reason to get fit, old chum !

Chester chortles. Anfisa swoons over Edgar. Clearly she prefers Edgar to Chester

Win The Petipa family are perfectionists. I do believe that Edgar may be my only grandchild in the line of inheritance who has displayed the hard working ethic of my father .. Boris was interminably self critical ..

Edg Whatever I do .. It never feels good enough

Anf Oh don't be so hard on yourself Edgar

Anfisa puts her hand on Edgar's hand

Please

Elka appears to be extremely concerned about the growing affections of Anfisa towards Edgar. She claps her hands twice. The entire company freeze

Elka reaches into her throat and produces something resembling a small sweetie She buzzes at it, tosses it into the air and claps twice to restart the action. She slips away unnoticed

Anf *(struggling for words)* Oh don't be so hard on yourself Edgar

Anfisa puts her hand on Edgar's hand

Please

A bee starts to buzz furiously around Winnie and Anfisa's heads Winifred starts jerking amidst buzzing sounds and frantically swipes at the bee intruder

Edg Granny ! You're making it angry ..

Hat *(eyes narrowed)* Hmm, I know how it feels

The bee circles closer to Anfisa. She starts wafting in a panic

Drinks fall over and the romantic spell between Edgar and Anfisa is broken

From DSR Sid Livid storms in bringing his cane down on the terrace with an exasperated cry

He freezes the action.

Amalia appears from USL

No longer dressed as Estate Agents - They are both an extraordinary sight

Amalia is a picture of dignity and composure. She glistens in gold and green. Elka reappears from the same previous entrance and Beshlie hovers near Amalia.

Sid *(furious)* What in hell fire's name was that ? Some sort of comedy act ? Getting dolly dancer in a fluster and flap over a *bee* ? Please enlighten me ! We are wasting precious time ! Edgar is growing on Anfisa like a nasty little weed. He has to be pulled immediately

Ama : *(striding onto the terrace and seemingly worried)* She does seem awfully attracted to Edgar - I can't deny it.

Elka and Beshlie roll eyes at one another. Clearly this is a regular type of confrontation

Sid A little bee upsetting the drinks ? If anything Edgar looked quite cute throughout the entire event. Blushing .. apologising. Anfisa is plump in love with him already ...

Ama *(angry)* Oh don't be so ridiculous ! She can't be ! Anyway - Mafalda has intimated that she wants to ruin this romance in gradual degrees

Sid Mafalda wants justice ! Not an afternoon's light entertainment

Ama Mafalda expressly communicated the desire for *(making inverted commas in the air)* a "gradual dismantling of Edgar's happy circumstances .."

Sid NOT so. She has harassed me endlessly this week .. "Ruin Edgar" "Let Edgar be the shame and ruin of the entire estate .." She wants Winifred struck down in grief !

Soaking in a puddle of tears .. her grandchildren wailing like banshees. This *bee* fiasco *is failing*. It's an embarrassment.

Elka and Beshlie daren't move.

Amalia nods to Beshlie who then puts the wine glasses back onto the table and straightens things out.

Elka resets Winnie to a standing position at the long table. Sid watches through slitted eyes

Ama *(hand to head and an impatient sigh) I am going to try something else*

Sid smoulders in frustration and moves to DSR

Ready girls ?

Elka and Beshlie nod in keen compliance. The four immortals scatter

Amalia : Onward !!

A calm and tinkly atmosphere of a pleasant evening reactivates and flows. Anfisa and Edgar appear to have awoken from a temporary sleep

Anf *(deja vu) Ooh .. are you alright ?*

Edg Yes ! Yes

He sees his drink replenished and back in his hand again

Absolutely fine

Edgar is disorientated. He blames the drink

Edg Strong stuff eh ?!

Anf *(enrapt with Edgar) Dreamy !*

Animated, high spirited small talk begins to soar amongst the company

Anfisa and Edgar continue to enjoy each other's company by whispering in each other's ears. Anfisa rises from her chair to get some nibbles.

Edgar sits on the Throne ..

As Anfisa turns around, Edgar gestures to his knee. Anfisa fakes reluctance

Win Harriet ! Have you told Anfisa about the age and history of the house ?

Hat *(sarcastically)* I'm not sure if it would interest her Granny darling.

Chester becomes highly animated

Ches The Mafalda thing .. Oh go on ! I love it. You start Winnie !

Win Oh Lord have mercy upon us ! *(sarcastically)* The great and powerful Mafalda ...

At that moment Mafalda's ghost can be seen skulking upstage left. She is powdery white with dark circles under her eyes. A sad pained expression - staring straight ahead.

Amalia appears from Audience SL and sits at the garden table in full view of the party. The human entourage look at her in gobsmacked disbelief

Sid *(offstage voice)* Oh where are we going with this ?

Amalia claps her hands and the human entourage freeze into a tableaux

Ama *(calling out to Sid)* Have you no patience ?

Sid storms back onto the stage from SR

He goes to the throne and instructs Elka to remove Edgar

Sid Get him off of here will you ? Hurry up !

Through magical means Elka makes Edgar rise. Beshlie can be seen to playfully suggest that they put Edgar on Chester's lap.

They put reindeer antlers and tinsel around the neck of Chester and an Elf's hat on Edgar

Sid has not noticed this. He sits on the throne, jerkily writhing and making weird head movements in a ridiculous show of interpreting signals from the supernatural

Sid (one finger in his ear to listen) I'm getting Mafalda but I can't make her out ..

Beshlie and Elka join Amalia at the garden table. They all mull over new ideas for the next reactivation. Quick fire dialogue ensues

Elka What if Edgar were to pass wind ?

Ama Oh no ! There's no guarantee Anfisa would notice !

Besh Are you kidding me ? Edgar farts like a fog horn

Ama It's not powerful enough

Besh It'd put me off !

Elka Garlic Breath ?

Ama Oh I don't know - I think she'd forgive him for that .

Besh What if he accidentally landed one of his chair legs on Anfisa's toe ?

Elk/Ama (Encouraged) Ooooooh !

Sid Shut up you idiots ! I can't hear a word !

Elka and Beshlie hurry over to Sid. Mafalda's head turns slowly and demonically in the direction of Sid

Sid (going into ecstasy) Mmm aha .. mmm ... !

He starts squirming with delight

Elk (darting a look at Amalia) Annoying

Ama Oh it's all an act. He's just showing off ..

Amalia notices all the frozen party members still staring at her in shock

Oh sort this out Beshlie please

Elka rubs her hands over each head enabling Beshlie to avert their heads away from Amalia. Winifred's head proves to be particularly stiff

Sid suddenly becomes very still and calm and looks at Amalia - his eyes burning

Ama Well ?

Sid Oh! Praise the flames of hellfire.. Mafalda is furious! Possessed

Ama Yes ! You don't need to encourage her Sid. We are trying to minimise collateral damage. Two deaths do not make a right

Besh It's two wrongs .. isn't it ?

All breathe in deeply for sustenance

Elka goes over to help Beshlie with Winifred's head

Elk *(indicating Winifred)* She's starting to calcify

Ama They're seizing up ! We've gone way over the two minute mark. Come on. Make up your mind Sid !

Sid *(In Amalia's face)* Calcification is good ! It raises the toxins and brings out the worst in our board game pieces when we reactivate

Amalia looks at Sid in frustration

Sid So ... Edgar ... Edgar ... The snivelling little idiot .. What's to be done ?

Besh *(still confused)* **Edgar** ?

Sid *(darts a look of disbelief at Beshlie)* I can't work like this

Ama Beshlie ! Edgar is Boris Petipa's great grandchild and so Mafalda despises him and his siblings. She doesn't want to see any of them happy or successful ..

Besh Why ?

Sid Oh for crying out loud

Ama We've been over this Beshlie ..

Beshlie is baffled

Boriss dear. Father to Winifred. Edgar's great grandfather. He murdered Mafalda

Besh Mafalda ?

Sid observes Beshlie with dread

Elka Mafalda does not want Boris's grandson to win over the heart of Anfisa .. She's a prize catch .. probably the best there is

Besh But she's dead isn't she ?

Amalia Who ?

Besh Mafalda

Amalia Yes

Sid *(despairing of his co workers)* Never in my career ...

Amalia *(snapping at Sid)* A little temporary confusion. There's a lot going on

Sid *(voice imitating Amalia)* "There's a lot going on ..." I've never known anything so dull and lifeless

Ama *(still trying to explain to Beshlie)* This is Mafalda's home darling .. It has been .. for nearly over a century ..

Elka Without a wife, Edgar is no heir to the throne .. Winnie won't want to sell without a family to inherit

Elka adjusts Winnie's head. She sniffs Winifred and looks mystified ..

Cheap perfume ?! She doesn't smell anywhere near as good as you

Ama Sage, sandalwood and sea salt .. A natural phenomenon .. *(coquettishly)* My perspiration intensifies when I get excited

Elka beams at Amalia with the greatest of respect and admiration

Sid explodes

Sid Enough! It's my round. Beshlie? Satan save us but I need your assistance. You'll fall in with it soon enough

Ama Now take it easy Sid. Beshlie? Do you know what you're doing ?

Beshlie looks at Amalia nervously

Sid Stand by Beshlie ... 3 2 1

Beshlie gains confidence by Sid's commands

Sid withdraws from the scene

The scene kicks in at the previous point of its arrest

Win Oh Lord have mercy upon us ! The great and powerful Mafalda ...

Edgar moves with lightning speed from Chester's lap and scrambles back to his original spot

Ches *(feigning composure)* Yes ! The great and powerful Mafalda. Let's hear it !

Hat If truth be known, Mafalda's death still remains something of a mystery

Edg Hat ! Mafalda was skin and bone ! It's commonly known. She starved to death

Hat I still don't understand how Boris could have let that happen ?

Anfisa begins to look alarmed

Anf The Mafalda Gonzales? She died here ? In this house ?

Hat Yes ! In that very chair ! She was murdered

Win Harriet ! Anfisa. Ignore Harriet and her fantasies. Harriet has a wild and reckless imagination

She glares at Harriet

Win Anfisa .. My father and Mafalda were having a terrible argument. It is now widely understood that Boris - out of sheer frustration - shook Mafalda rather too aggressively one evening during a christmas party and she simply couldn't withstand it

Edg She was terribly weak

Anf He *shook* her .. ?

Win *(defiant self vindication)* For refusing to eat !! She constantly berated everything Boris tried to do to secure a normal happy married life

Anf Oh I see .. But still

Winifred tries to distract Anfisa from suspicion by bringing her attention to the mansion house

Win Ahh Ravenstone .. Isn't she lovely ?

Anf It's beautiful Winifred ..

Win And everybody loves to come here

Hat Except great aunt Maudie ! Boris's sister reported all sorts of strange events and chilling sightings of ghosts .. We've all seen things we can't explain !

Winifred darts a furious look towards Harriet

Beshlie rushes on and claps twice. The human entourage are frozen.

Ama *(from offside)* I'm warning you Sid !! Go gently please ..

Sid cackles from behind the bushes

Sid Riddle the drink to redden the face ! Riddle the nibbles to quicken the pace !

Beshlie anoints Winifred's drink with some lethal substance

Elka sprinkles a plate of nibbles with a laxative

Beshlie claps twice again. The scene resumes ..

Winifred now acts peculiarly. She takes a bottle and starts to drink from it - she finishes the wine. She becomes instantly drunk

Win Oh dear ! Look at that ! All gone ! Salvatore ! Another .. if you please ?!

Salvatore Of course Ms Winnie ..

Chester *(increasing alarm)* Winnie dearest .. ! Harriet ! What about those ghost stories ?

Winifred starts tucking into the nibbles like a monkey in a zoo.

Edg Grandmother !

Harriet Oh yes ! Well .. I don't want to frighten dear Anfisa out of her wits..

Edg No quite .. So let's just ..

Anfisa Go on Harriet ! My grandmother used to tell me ghost stories .. I want all the details !

Win *(childishly with her mouth full)* I do ! I do !

Winnie swigs from a new bottle of wine

Edgar No you DON'T Granny dearest ..

Harriet *(Initiating the story with great ceremony)* Our great Aunt Maudie was a firm disbeliever .. she refused to believe anything connected with the supernatural

Edgar Harriet ..

Anfisa And .. ?

Harriet It was a frightful night .. Windy I fancy ..

Win Oh ! Frightful I believe ..

She farts loudly

Very windy !

Edgar *(fixing on Winifred in horror)* Oh my God ..

Harriet Wind and rain .. lashed against the mansion windows ..

Winnie starts to make ghost sounds

Win Wooooo !!

Edgar *(astounded)* What are you DOING ?

Harriet Great Aunt Maudie couldn't sleep .. So she heaved herself down stairs to the refrigerator

Edgar No Harriet !

Harriet smiles at Edgar. She has no intention of stopping

Harriet *(filling with excitement)* A woman ..

Anfisa gasps and covers her mouth

Harriet .. was sitting ... pale .. black eyes .. and deathly thin .. bent over the kitchen table ...
motionless and seething with anger ..

Anfisa I love it...

Harriet Great Aunt Maudie said the kitchen was freezing .. stone cold

Anfisa Oh my God ...

Winifred is whooping and giggling in delight

Harriet The woman who Aunt Maudie instantly recognised as Mafalda began to point slowly
towards the kitchen clock

Anfisa Oh no ! The clock ! Why ?!

Harriet She never took her eyes off Aunt Maudie but instead, her pointed finger began to move
around really slowly towards poor Aunt Maudie..

Anfisa Oh no ..

Harriet Oh yes ..

Winifred squeals and giggles

Anfisa Oh my God .. What could that mean .. ?

Edg *(beside himself)* Can we please all just ..

Winifred suddenly cuts Edgar off

Win *(unable to speak)* OH ..

Silence

Everyone looks enquiringly at Winifred except Harriet

Harriet Wait! This is the moment when Mafalda did something truly dreadful

Win No Hattie dearest .. Granny has ... Honey? Can we clear the area? I'm going to need a
change of clothing ..

Everyone starts fanning the air to eliminate the odour

Anfisa My dear Mrs Petipa .. Whatever is the matter ?

Edgar immediately removes his jacket to preserve his grandmother's dignity

Edg Get up grandmother for God's sake

Anf Edgar ! Don't be upset .. Really ! My father was an outrageous drunk. He missed his commode on countless occasions !

Edg *(smiling with irrepressible relief)* Oh !

Anf We're all destined to get old ..

Sid *(enraged from behind the bushes)* **What ?!!**

Edgar and Anfisa look towards the sound of Sid's voice. They are frozen by Sid who storms on to the terrace - as does Amalia

Sid Hells Bells! Abort! ABORT. What is wrong with this young woman? We'll have to start this evening again .. Tomorrow

Ama Just remember Sid ... Every time we erase, human spirits and passion erode. We need to strike while the iron is hot

Sid It was perfectly hot my dear and YOU missed it entirely !

Ama What did I miss ? Turns out .. Edgar and Anfisa have ever more in common : Alcoholic grandparents with loose bowels who can't resist a creepy crawly ghost story

Elka *(imitating Anfisa's 'girly' voice)* Oh ! My father was an outrageous drunk too

Amalia and Elka laugh heartily. Beshlie looks lost ..

Sid begins pacing and muttering to himself in increasing frustration

Sid Loop holes .. chinks in the armour .. come on Livid !!

He paces some more ...

He cannot see what Elka and Beshlie are doing

Elka signals to Beshlie to unfreeze Chester for a laugh

Beshlie rubs her hands and claps; Chester springs back into consciousness.

Clearly Chester has no idea where he is or what is happening..

Sid *(Regaining his footing)* Boris tells me that five years from now Chester will screw up everything as a writer and wind up babbling on street corners with a 'HOMELESS' sign around his neck

Chester : Who the DEVIL d'you think you are .. ?

Sid Oh ! *(extending a hand)* So nice to meet you Chester !

Ama Well alright then ! Let's pair off Edgar with Chester ! *(failing to see the rationale)* All good things come to those who ..

Chester *(contempt towards Amalia)* And who the bloody hell are YOU ?

Amalia clicks her fingers to freeze Chester with complete irreverence

Sid Do *not* talk to me of good things Amalia.. It stops up my creativity

Ama Refresh and Remix ?

Sid Yes yes yes .. Get on with it

Music surges and increases in volume. Anfisa and the Petipah family disperse and move in and out of each other robotically, like deadpan spirits .. This is encouraged by the Immortals who seem to enjoy the process enormously

Gradually the bewitched automatons gravitate to their positions from the top of Scene 2. They then sink into states of sleep. The Immortals then fall asleep amongst them

Scene 4

Mafalda steps onto the stage. She fetches herself a glass of wine and settles herself in somewhere. She is deep in thought.

Suddenly Boris's ghost appears. The pair are deathly white as sheets and clearly no longer living beings .

He speaks suddenly. Mafalda jumps

- Boris** My dear ex wife ! I'm recently startled to learn of the boldest interactions between the great Amalia Amoralis, Mr Sid Livid and yourself... Quite the devil aren't you ? What on earth do you think you are doing ?
- Maf** I do not intend to roam the earth for much longer Boris .. Unlike you - the long lost straggler ... still searching for a decent version of yourself ? Proud of your daughter are you ? (*dismissive contempt*) Winifred. And Edgar ! Your grandson's future is dead in the water .. Winifred has no idea who she's dealing with.
- Boris** Not while I've some business to attend to ..
- Maf** Business ! You've no real business with anyone but yourself
- Boris** I've business with Sid
- Maf** Well too late ! I got there first .. There's nothing greater than an avenging woman full of scorn and fire to get Sid Livid up and at it. What have YOU got to offer him ?
- Boris** We'll see..
- Maf** (*imitating him*) We'll see ... Ha ! All this elliptical talk .. You're quite lost ! Such vague and vacant meandering suits you my dear .. Avaunt ! Disappear !
- Boris laughs*
- Boris** I'll be seeing you .. SOON
- He leaves*
- Mafalda knocks back her drink and leaves in the opposite direction*

Scene 5

Elka wakes first and notices Sid

Sid is making ghoulish blood curdling sounds and intermittently giggling like a child. He occasionally speaks in tongues which Elka understands..

Elka looks at the audience. She then dives on Amalia to wake her. No one else stirs

Elk 'Malia ! Mali darling !

Amalia rouses

Elk Sid's been talking in tongues .. He speaks of awful things .. Unspeakable acts. A sort of a murder by way of an accident ? Or .. wait .. no ... maybe it was just murder

Ama That's absolutely unacceptable. We simply will *not* be a part of such *filth*

Sid shows signs of consciousness

Elk *(to Amalia)* Be in good spirits. Don't make him suspicious

Ama Sid ? Are you with us ? What's on the agenda my sweet ?!!

Beshlie is struggling to wake up. Sid is still in a fog

Ama Sid? Can we get on with this please ? I'm running out of foundation serums for auras and orgasms and I've gardening to do

Sid There's nothing to talk about

Ama Well. At least tell us what you have in mind ?

Sid I have a little business with Miss Harriet if you please ...

Arms flailing in mock spell casting mode Sid moves over to the stiffened Harriet.

He starts to chuckle slowly and satanically

Sid Dearest darling talented Harriet .. Be a good girl and pop into your chariot

Harriet moves smoothly and swiftly to the long buffet table. The sleeping family members move back into their waking positions -

Harriet takes up the cake knife

Ama *(seeing the knife)* Not on my turf !

Sid Too late

Sid restarts the stage action

Anf (...) My father was an outrageous drunk. He would say the direst of things !

He missed his commode on countless occasions !

Edg Oh Really ?

Anf Edgar ! It's really strange .. I feel like this has happened before

Edg I feel the same ...

They stare lovingly at one another

Honey and Salva are seen to be fussing around Winifred who is now entirely sober. She dismisses their concerns and looks over to the buffet table

Win Chester ? Are there any olive and caviar canapés left ?

Harriet starts to cut the cake and crams the last slice of creamy sponge into her mouth. She then moves slowly and swiftly towards Anfisa with the cake knife in her hand. She goes unnoticed

Ches Errr (*Stuffing the last few into his mouth*) .. seemingly not ! Honey Bee my dear ? Is there the faintest chance that you could rustle up some more ?

Harriet raises the knife slowly. Simultaneously Anfisa rises quickly from her chair

Anf Oh Honey ! I'd love to help .. Please let me come to the kitchen and give you a hand.

Anfisa's sudden action of kindness collides with Sid's spell.

Harriet snaps out of it and drops the knife.

Sid freezes her

Sid : Which one of you silly stupid pansy party poopers did that ?

Ama : Nobody ! We had nothing whatsoever to do with it. Anfisa is a good natured girl who wants to help Honey out in the kitchen.

Sid angrily picks up the knife. He points it at Amalia

Sid (*wailing*) I need to think Goddammit !

He puts the knife back into Harriet's frozen hand

Try something else ! Something else !!

Amalia huffs and puffs. She needs to thwart another possible stabbing

Amalia Elka ! Is Winifred sober?

Elka produces spell casting gestures around Winnie as if to sober her up

Sid wafts a hypnotised Harriet back over to the buffet table

Sid : Beshlie ! Magic a new cake onto the buffet .. Get on with it will you ?

Amalia *(to Elka)* Bring Anfisa back will you dear ?

Anfisa moves back onto the stage with trancelike movements. She repeats the line but the timing of its delivery is in error

Anfisa My father was an outrageous ...

Ama/Sid : No !

Beshlie waves a hand in Anfisa's face

Anfisa My father was an outrageous ..

Ama/Sid : No !

Beshlie stops Anfisa again

Elka gets Anfisa into the previous position for the cue line

Sid Finally !

Sid reactivates the scene

Anf (...) My father was an outrageous drunk. He would say the direst of things !

He missed his commode on countless occasions !

Edg Oh Really ?

Win My God ! Another cake already ? Someone is going to be extremely fat and I'd put good money on my granddaughter !

In horror, Harriet relinquishes the knife once again

Winifred goes inside, calling Salva to change the music.

Chester sinks into the throne and Edgar goes over to the buffet table

Harriet : Grandmother !

She storms after Winifred

Anfisa : Oh Harriet ! Please don't get upset .. We all love a bit of cake ..

Anfisa exits

Chester and Edgar remain motionless

Sid : Goddammit ! I shall return ! I'm getting an Irish coffee ..

Sid storms off out of frustration

Amalia re-enters the scene. She finds somewhere to recuperate. Her eyes rest upon Edgar and Chester in frozen suspension.

Out of curiosity she snaps her fingers in order to activate the boys and eavesdrop for a short period

Chester smiles, and settles into the throne. His glass is empty.

Edgar picks up the bottle from the long table

Both their demeanours are suddenly changed as if facades have been dropped.

Edg Join me ?

Chester grabs his glass

Ches Why not ?

He goes over to Edgar. Edgar passes him the bottle, moves upstage of Chester with his full glass. He quaffs the wine and tosses nuts into his mouth. Chester pours himself a hearty glass

Ches Been down to the Café de Chinitas yet ?

Edg No-one comes to Ravenstone without visiting that sweet little nest of Spanish beauties

Ches It's a piece of cake Ed. Seriously. I know the guv'nor

Amalia, Elka and Beshlie are now moving eagerly into the space and hanging off every word of Edgar and Chester's clandestine chat

Edg How so ?

Ches Those girls are from the Cordoban hills ... They're wild .. Totally unpredictable .. Boris ran Chinitas in its heyday .. Made a killing... Mafalda thought he was training his arse off in a dance studio

They crack up laughing

Edg Those cute little chickies working their stomping ground tonight ?

Edgar chuckles and nudges Chester

Edg A bit of...Polka dot kitten? (*mock Spanish accent*) With the sharp little teeth ?

Ches Oh for the Beauuuu - ti - ful Girls !

Edg (*mock Spanish accent*) Polka dot dollies

Ches (*repeating the accent*) With the sharp little teeth !!

Edg And the really big ...

Edgar makes a vulgar gesture to indicate large breasts The two men conjoin wildly in loud recreation

Sid wanders in. He seems adrift

Amalia freezes the action and turns to Elka and Beshlie. They hold one anothers' gaze with burning eyes and knowing smiles. Sid picks at the cake on the buffet

Sid (*ignorant*) What's this ?

Ama You goofed on the last call. Now it's my turn !

Ama Set the route and loop the loop !

Amalia claps twice. Edg and Chester continue to repeat the last few lines of their conversation like a broken record 'on a loop'

Their speech delivery and movements are an identical replica of the exact same banter from before

Ches Beauuuu - ti - ful Girls !
Edg Polka dot dollies
Ches With the sharp little teeth !
Edg And the really big ...

Chester and Edgar exclaim

This action sequence then instantly replays - over and over.

Sid is helplessly captivated by this looping skill that Amalia has created.

The female immortals watch momentarily in disgust

Amalia explains the next steps of her plans to Elka and Beshlie

Sid sees this and turns on Amalia.

Sid Is this the way you plan to take Edgar down ? Anfisa catching her fiancée being a naughty boy ! Come on ! Mafalda wants Edgar DEAD not dumped !

Ama No Sid. She does not. YOU do. Your playful appetite for cake knife violence is finally getting on my nerves ! To kill is none other than the same fate that befell Mafalda ! Now get your scrawny satanic behind off of this terrace or stay and watch the show

Suddenly Anfisa and Harriet appear like robots in single file exiting the house onto the terrace in a stupor

Elka positions Anfisa with a drink in hand on the throne

Beshlie positions Harriet behind the buffet table

Amalia and Sid sit on the bench. Sid is sulking and puts his head in his hands.

Both Immortals are beyond Harriet's and Anfisa's peripheral view.

Beshlie and Elka dart out of sight.

Amalia relaunched the loop with a clap.

Ches Beauuuu - ti - ful Girls !

Edg Polka dot dollies

Ches With the sharp little teeth !

Edg And the really big ...

Ches Beauuuu - ti - ful Girls !

Edg Polka dot dollies

Ches With the sharp little teeth !

Edg And the really big ...

Ches Beauuuu - ti - ful Girls !

Edg Polka dot dollies

Ches With the sharp little teeth !

Edg And the really big ..

Suddenly Edgar and Chester sense that they have company and stop ...

Warily turning, the men see Sid and Amalia and jump out of their skins

Anfisa gives a little cough. Immediately they jump for a second time on seeing Anfisa and Harriet.

Edgar emits an involuntary cry. Harriet fakes a smile and Anfisa raises her glass to toast

*Chester continually looks and looks again at the Immortals hoping he has had too much to drink. *

Edgar gawps at Anfisa. He is speechless

Anf It's amazing how eloquently the genes pass down from one generation to the next isn't it
Harriet ?

Hat Quite extraordinary 'Fisa dear. Like grandfather, like son certainly springs to mind ..
She darts a look at her brother

Anf This sudden and painful disenchantment leads me to the one and only conclusion I can draw

Edg *(completely at a loss)* Anfisa, my darling .. Can I get you a drink ?

Anf *(screaming)* STAY AWAY FROM ME !

Amalia freezes the action. She, Elka and Beshlie break into celebratory cheering

Ama Still hearing the chimes of wedding bells Mr Livid ?

Sid Yes yes .. Alright .. Maybe not. But. I'm not done .. Not by a long fork ..

Elka and Beshlie and Amalia are laughing hysterically

Sid You silly frilly ladies of the fruit loop

Scene 6

Sid's home in a precinct of Hell. Set on the ground level terrace, the round garden table becomes Sid's study desk. Heavy metal music crashes through the air.

A skull and other satanic accessories festoon the table amongst glass decanters of whiskey and ominous poisons.

Dolls hang suspended from their feet or necks

On the wall is a poster of Jack Nicholson from The Shining

The ghost of Boris has arrived. Like Mafalda, he is deathly pale and in striking contrast to Sid's vivid and vibrant appearance

Sid Monsieur Petipa ! What an honour ! The exemplary narcissist. Dear Boris ! What secrets lurk behind this magnificent hatred ? Second to a Long Island Iced Tea and 20 Benson and Hedges - human destruction is another great favourite of mine ..

Boris Thank you Satan Sir ... I am flattered and speechless.

Sid Oh call me Sid

He pours drinks for the two of them and strategically they survey one another

Sid I cannot sufficiently express my immeasurable joy in light of this riotous ruse .. Winifred ! The deaf greedy old Gumbie cat GETS IT .. When do we take her out ?!

Boris *(faking outrage)* Take her out ?! Are you mad you malodorous murdering malignance?!

Sid and Boris stare at one another and then burst into laughter

Boris *(getting back on track)* I'd love nothing better than to puncture that fat inflated old hen .

Sid Cluck cluck clucking over the inconsequential lives of her offspring ..

Boris helps himself to a whiskey from Sid's decanter

Boris *(raising a finger)* Ahh ! But with the exception of Edgar. My great grandson is multi-talented. He just needs to focus on the ultimate prize.

Sid and Boris chuckle dirtily together

Sid And this little chickie Anfisa, is firing up your grandson beyond all expectation

Boris Indeed !

Sid So ! To Winifred ! Let us dispose of the weather worn old bag and let the happy couple live happily ever after on her *blissful* bags of money !

Sid pours a whisky

This strategy is divine I tell you. Exceptional ...

Boris I appreciate your enthusiasm Sid ..

Enter the ghost of Mafalda from upstage left

Oh look ... *(knocking his whiskey back)* It's the devil's advocate ... Trouble is I think she's gone a bit soft Mr Lived

Maf Get out now or I swear I will kill you

Boris I'm already dead my dear

Mafalda pulls hard on a long and elegant cigarette and blows smoke. She narrows her eyes. Sid and Boris start laughing viciously

Boris Still completely cuckoo aren't you my love ? Maybe I should try and *strangle* some sense into you?

Mafalda is unmoved by Boris

Maf Livid. I want to rethink my plans. It's Anfisa. She is a young girl with perfectly innocent intentions and a wonderful brain. I think she deserves better. Besides .. she could be significantly useful to me.

Sid : Mafalda ! My dear deceas-ed friend ! Where is all that fire and venom ? This is such a disappointment. Time is ticking and Boris has opened up another opportunity to sharpen my teeth and add to my suppurating repertoire of foul play.

Maf *(to Boris)* What opportunity ? Anfisa's blow out is a candle in the wind. Nothing that a cuddle and a kiss from Edgar won't cure. Unfortunately she adores him. Apart from inheriting your genes .. I don't see what stands in Edgar's way ..

Sid Why Winifred of course ! Mafalda ! There's nothing like sudden death and a windfall for young couples ... With a little co-operation from his dear *dead* Grand Mama, this sensational sum of an inheritance will surely make the ultimate wedding gift to his betrothed ?

Mafalda is incredulous

Maf *(to Boris)* Winnie ?! Winifred ? You mean to kill your own daughter ?

Sid Nothing competes with a cake knife in the hand of a hungry Harriet !

Boris Oh Winnie's always rubbed me up the wrong way. You've both driven me mad over the years

Ensemble cast of actors move into their frozen tableaux positions on the downstage terrace for the card game and for Winifred's christmas party

Maf You are despicable Boris. Winifred may be a royal pain in the backside but she does not deserve an execution. *(to Sid)* Anyway. Amalia is smarter than you Sidney... And Anfisa might be even smarter than both of you put together! I take my leave.

Scene 7

Winifred's Christmas Party : Frozen tableaux

*Winnie sits in Mafalda's throne - clearly frustrated by a game of cards that she is not winning. Chester is to her left also frenziedly involved in the game.
Honey is also joining in and is apparently doing rather well.*

Edgar is sat next to Honey looking at his cards surreptitiously

Anfisa is sat on the bench reading a book. She is angled away from the rest of the company.

Harriet sits at the SL end of the bench. Salva is pouring wine into Harriet's glass

Numerous party guests are enjoying themselves in various areas

Outside of the frozen tableaux are Elka and Beshlie who are sitting DSR and Amalia is picking at food on the buffet table ... They are waiting for Sid

Elka groans

Ama Elky darling stop complaining. He'll be here any minute. We cannot **start** without him

Besh But I thought we were trying an alternative method

Ama We are darling. Mafalda despairs of her own murder.. She certainly does not want another one.

Besh So why .. ?

Amalia interrupts her

Ama We have to wait for Sid. We agreed this project would be collaborative and I never go back on my word. Mafalda assures me she has everything under control. We only have to **be** here. She prefers to materialise in the presence of non-evil supernatural forces such as ourselves. She explained that Sid will not be able to see her on this occasion .. But we will !

Besh *(smiling but not understanding)* Am I going to meet Mafalda ?!

Suddenly there is the sound of jubilant and excited singing and wicked laughter

Elka *(looking up)* Good grief

Sid is dancing his way towards the terrace. He seems to be on a high

Sid Aha ! The evergreen herbal harem of dollies with brains full of fennel and fluff ! Good evening my sweets ! Why so glum ?! We've arrived at the *dazzling* denouement !!

Ama I think it's all rather unfortunate myself. But we are here to serve and avenge Mafalda

Sid Yes .. I only wish I could express the same remorse

Amalia rolls her eyes

Ama God HELP you Sid

Sid bursts into laughter

Sid God ?! Oh Satan's Wrath ! I can't believe you actually just said that !

Elka Livid. Don't you think we should be getting on with this ? Last time, Winifred stiffened up to the point of irreversible paralysis

Amalia and Sid face one another

Ama *(breathing in deeply)* May the best man win

Sid Why thank you Amalia old sport. Anfisa is still here I see

Ama Yes .. but she's avoiding Edgar like the plague

Sid Fattened Winifred ! Carved up and ready to serve !

Ama Not forgetting our own sweet surprise for hors d'oeuvre

Sid seems immune to this hint at a threat

They move to the upstage corners and turn.

They clap together twice and leave via upstage corners

Elka and Beshlie run to the furthest downstage corners where they remain unseen

The party is activated : Christmas music plays and a visually and audibly lively scene of a successful party getting underway is in motion

Harriet is confiding in Salva as to why Anfisa is so downcast

Honey Gin !

Honey lays down her cards

Win Oh damn and blast !

Honey chuckles

Ches I say Honey ! Quite the little Rummy player !

Honey I'm probably more of a chess player in fairness

Win Probably just a case of Beginner's Luck. Nothing more. She only got to play because Anfisa is indisposed..

Honey deals the cards

Honey Well I'm not a beginner anymore so bets are - you'll be winning the next round Miss Winnie

Win That's right my little cup cake ! Thought I'd let you win that round. Get some wind in your sails ..

Hon Well then .. Full speed ahead !

Chester My turn !

Chester lays a card

Harriet moves over to the buffet table

Salva starts to attend to Anfisa who is now confiding in him

Honey lays a card; Winnie looks confused and helpless. Suddenly ..

Win Oh! Wait a minute!! Just - wait -a- minute !

She slams down a card with huge satisfaction

A pause as Chester searches his cards desperately Chester immediately slaps a card down on top

*Honey lays her card, without hesitation
They all exclaim in shock*

Honey laughs and collects all the cards. She wins the round again

Hon *(gathering up the cards)* I love this game !

Chester I don't believe it

Win *(spitefully to Honey)* Oh go and check on the chicken. Let's play Egyptian Ratscrew instead

Chester No Granny ! *(snatching the cards from Honey)* I'll deal ..

Winnie looks over at Anfisa with frustration and Chester starts squabbling with Honey as to who will reshuffle. Honey refuses him the cards

Win Anfisa dearest ! Won't you come and play for just a little while ! Edgar's gone all quiet and broody. I hate it when he goes like this ...

Harriet is eating cake and vacantly staring at the card players

Anf *(initially hesitating)*. Oh very well. Just one round. Although, I really haven't the faintest idea how to play

*Edgar brightens and offers his stool
Anfisa ignores him and goes to sit by Chester*

Winifred notices Harriet eating the cake

Win Harriet ! For God's sake darling .. Stop eating ! That must be your third helping .. Salva?

Salv I would not care to comment Ms Winnie

Harriet makes a face at Winnie and stuffs in more cake

Win Right! Come on then! I'm only just warming up! The diamond toothed wolf of victory is stalking me

Ches Oh ! That's a line from one of my poems !

Win / Ches *(both try to recall the poem)* Oh .. err .. umm

Harriet moves around the long buffet table and cuts herself a slice of cake

Eventually they recollect the poem and exclaim its name in perfect unison

Win / Ches Canine Jewels !

Hat *(stuffing in cake)* That poem is CRAP

Winnie and Chester laugh. This laughter seems to catapult Harriet into the stupor that Sid has arranged for a second time

Anfisa motions to Salva for more wine

He goes to her and pours.

He also becomes engrossed in the game

Cards begin to be slapped down furiously The players are determined

Again .. Honey wins the round

A huge fountain of sighs explode

Win Right ! My turn to deal !

At that moment Mafalda enters from DSL. She is within Winnie's direct line of vision only.

As if possessed, Harriet starts moving towards Winnie's back whilst raising the cake knife in readiness to strike

Winnie studies her cards and then suddenly her eyes flick up. With extraordinary intent she fixes her eyes on the players

Win Aha !

She pulls the winning card from her hand. Edgar is looking at someone else's cards

Anf *(noticing Edgar)* Hey ! That's cheating

Harriet raises the knife higher to bring down between Winnie's shoulder blades

At the same time Winnie looks up.

Her eyes widen beyond all belief as she catches sight of Mafalda up ahead. She screams in complete and utter terror

Win Aaaaarghhhh !!!!

Edg I **am not** cheating Granny! I was looking to see if anyone needed a refill !

Anf Liar !

Everyone else is completely baffled by Winnie's sudden state of distress.

Harriet looks at the knife and is completely freaked out and bewildered. Hurriedly she carries it back to the buffet table

Winnie continues to pant and whimper whilst pointing at Mafalda who is only visible to Winnie.

Mafalda moves closer and stares straight ahead at Winnie with a blank chilling expression.

Honey Don't worry Miss Winnie. It's only a game of cards.. Remember. I'd be lost without you. You taught me how to skin a rabbit

Harriet is completely disorientated and cuts manically at the cake

Harriet Cake anyone ?!!

Winnie screams again

Mafalda keeps her back to the audience and Winnie's eyes are glued to Mafalda's apparition

The others are all focused on Winnie or looking in the direction of Mafalda and mystified by the fact that nothing seems to be there

Sid Cancel !

The humans are frozen as the Immortals return.

Sid Cancel ! This is NOT happening

Mafalda remains in motion. Sid cannot see her.

Amalia and Elka and Beshlie swoop onto the stage

Amalia and the girls are thrilled to see Mafalda

Sid observes them

Ama Oh ! My Lady Gonzales !

Maf *(warmly)* Amalia darling

Ama I must apologise for this laboured exercise. We did not anticipate quite so much collaborative collision

Sid What on earth is this ? Who are you talking to ? Amalia ! I order you to explain this precocious and outrageous undermining of my talents ?

Mafalda strokes Elka and Beshlie's heads.. They are ecstatic

Ama I cannot Sid ! It is Mafalda

Sid cannot see Mafalda

Sid Mafalda ?! You're off your heads the lot of you !

Ama Just admit defeat Sid. I'm sure there are many other lives to ruin. Focus on somebody else!

Beshlie Why don't you think about retiring ?

Sid Have you explained anything about immortality to this silly little flower ? Or is it your intention to keep her in the dark ??

Ama My dearest Sid !! We are never dwellers of the dark !!

*Amalia and her girls skip off with Sid in tow screaming after them
Winnie is trying to calm down and regain her sanity
Everyone jostles Winnie back into the house*

Winifred sees Mafalda again and screams

Mafalda roars with laughter

Lights lower slightly and violin music plays quietly

Mafalda is alone. She seems more contented

She looks at her throne, removes a black lace head scarf and drapes it over the back of the chair

Salva and Honey appear.

They bring bottles of wine and glasses to the table. It would seem that the party is set to continue once Winnie has pulled herself together

Mafalda fills with nostalgia and takes in the environment of Ravenstone then rises and leaves

*Anfisa returns to the terrace alone
She sees the scarf and picks it up and stands thinking*

Anf Salva ?!

Salva Yes Miss Selyavina

Anf Call me a taxi to the train station will you ?

*Salva bows and leaves
Anfisa takes up the scarf thoughtfully and then puts it back on the chair. She goes back into the house*

*Moments later Edgar appears looking distressed
Winifred comes back on with Chester and Harriet*

Win What's the matter dear ?

Edg Are you alright mother ?

Win Yes dear. The doctor simply said that I shouldn't mix olives with elderflower.

Ches Dr Dukamayeke ?

Win Stop it Chester

Hat Who ?

Ches A famous Malawian witchdoctor

Hat *(mock excitement)* So olives and elderflower are hallucinogenic ?

Ches I'm heading for the buffet ..

Chester and Hat guffaw with laughter

Win Edgar ? Whatever is the matter ?

Edgar heaves a big sigh

Edg Anfisa is leaving

Winifred takes her seat again on the throne

Win Oh it doesn't matter darling.. There are so many other eligible women who ..

She sees Mafalda's scarf. Her voice becomes fragile and distant

... are far more ... beautiful .. and patient .. than Anfisa

Wini sits there and looks at the scarf realising that she has indeed seen Mafalda

She quickly tries to conceal the scarf on her person

Everyone sits for another card game.

Win (to Edgar) I think it's time to move on, don't you darling ?

Suddenly the mortals freeze. Sid has frozen them. He comes on

Sid What a boring bunch of maudlin, over sentimental, brain dead, block heads

He knocks back the entire bottle of Elderflower wine to numb his frustration

He reactivates the party and watches from the sidelines unnoticed

Win Come on ! Let's all raise a toast to bring in the New Year !

Chester goes to the wine; the bottle is of course empty

Sid laughs viciously

Ches Oh Lord ! Where's the elderflower ? Salva only set it down some five minutes ago

Amalia enters with bottles in her hands

Ama There's always more !

Sid Oh *why* can't you GO AWAY you stupid tatty old butterfly

Mafalda appears downstage left at the garden table. Winifred does not see her.

Win Amalia ! Harriet ?! This is the lovely lady I met last week at the Herbalist store. She runs Mystic and Witchwood Estate Agency ..

Turning to Amalia

I never thought you'd come my dear

Sid is lurking in the background. He moves over to where Mafalda resides and sits. She whispers in his ear and he jumps out of his skin

Ama Oh ! I wouldn't miss a party for the world !

Ches Who is THIS mother ?

Win A woman after my own heart. She makes pills and potions to relight the female fire.

Ches *(repulsed)* Oh. Welcome Dame de la Nuit

Anfisa runs on. She is delirious and pants with excitement. All turn to look

Anf I'm going to the West End ! I leave for London tomorrow ! They've given me Masha !
I'm going to play *Three Sisters* at the Phoenix !

Sid Oh No ! Not the withered and worn out physicality .. You seem far too pink and jolly for the role

Mafalda nudges Sid. He is thrust into confusion by the invisible force that has pushed him

Mafalda And you know everything about the theatre

Sid *(Looking around for Mafalda's voice)* Who said that ?

Win *(Looking around for Sid's voice)* Who said "who said that " ?!

Mafalda proceeds to whisper into Sid's ear. He begins to nod. Clearly he can hear her. He is temporarily distracted from Amalia and Winnie's conversation

Ama May I introduce Sid ?!

Winnie looks at Sid and back to Amalia expectantly

Ama *(fumbling for a narrative)* One of my ex's ? We dated years ago. Just one of those things. Hadn't the faintest idea what I was doing! He's perfectly harmless

She grimaces at her own dishonesty

Winnie chortles in sympathy

Ama Sidney dear ?!

Sid looks up from his 'head to head' with Mafalda

Sidney ! This is our host for this evening's Christmas Celebrations

Sid springs up into action to prey on Winifred

Sid Delighted I'm sure ! Care to dance ?

His devil charm wins over Winifred. She is in the midst of accepting his offer..

Ama No she would not !

Amalia grabs Sid for a dance

Everyone watches Sid waltz Amalia off her feet as the music gets louder. He vigorously works her like a rag doll around the party terrace in dizzying circles, much to everyone's claps of delight.

Sid sings DING DONG MERRILY ON HIGH with alternative lyrics. Everyone joins in.

Seated DSL are Mafalda and Salva in avid conversation. Mafalda calls Anfisa over. She joins them.

Amalia and Winifred are now drinking together and getting more and more inebriated thus enabling Mafalda to appear unnoticed

Honey is busy behind the buffet table. Sid grabs her flirtatiously and begins administering the wine. Honey begins to load her tray with glasses of wine that Sid is 'preparing'

Elka and Beshlie can see that their Mistress is otherwise engaged and decide to slip away quickly

The music is now at an all time high and the Petipa's and all party guests are in full swing

Sid is going crazy on the dance floor

Anfisa, Mafalda and Salva share relaxed and intimate conversation

Anfisa What is your name actually ? I don't believe we've been introduced

Maf It doesn't matter who I am. Lets just say that I am an ancient old friend of the family. Throughout the years I've been a constant and devoted visitor of Ravenstone

Anfisa How fascinating

Maf *(changing her footing)* Anfisa .. You are a talent. A wonderful dancer. You belong here. In a magical stately home like this one

Anfisa Madame. I have a confession. I really shouldn't disclose this and I've no idea who you are but in all truth .. Edgar is not my sweetheart .. I'd rather marry an ageing old cauliflower

Maf As if you have to marry Edgar! But you HAVE fallen in love with Ravenstone

Anfisa I have

Maf And do you like cats?

Anfisa I do

Maf Then it's settled. In the New Year, love will surround you. I can promise you that. She suits the place, doesn't she Salv' ?

Salv Indeed she does Ms Gonzales

Anfisa draws in a gasp of breath

Anfisa Mafalda ?!

Mafalda glides into the centre of the stage and raises her arms and fists .

The party action freezes ..

Mafalda Amalia ! Sid and I have been negotiating ..

Amalia But .. it's all going so well ..

Mafalda It is my darling ..

She takes a deep breath

Sid and I have traded. We may have chanced upon something that suits us both.

The magic circle prohibits me from granting myself permanent material status here on earth BUT Sid on the other hand - has the power to arrange it. I may not come back as my former self but neither can I continue roaming the earth: invisible and without purpose .. Besides, there is unfinished business here. We ask you not to leave the celebrations. Please

Amalia stares at Sid with a look of dread

Ama Livid ?

Sid stifles a chuckle like a naughty little boy

Mafalda I have given Sid the green light to curse and demonise the wine

Amalia Oh heaven!

Sid *(to Amalia)* A top up my dear ?

Mafalda Sid!

Amalia Mafalda!

Sid My neatest poison to date. A natural born killer!

Amalia Forgive me if I decline your invitation Mafalda .. I'm getting the most terrible headache

Sid erupts into laughter

Sid : More wine everyone ?!!

The party reactivates and everyone cheers. Amalia bows her head to exit.

She seems sad.

Lights lower to fade out on a continuing party that devolves into slow motion and

Finally a frozen tableaux

*Lights down and the party tableaux devolves into a deathly morgue-like composition of
corpses - strewn about the stage like an oil painting*

Scene 8

5 am. Cold morning light. An ethereal blue hue floods the stage

Harriet, Winifred, Chester Edgar and random party guests lie strewn about - dead - with their eyes open in undignified positions. Rigor mortis has set in.

Anfisa sits - elegant and beautiful on Mafalda's old throne.

Salva is opening a bottle of wine. He is 'post party' dishevelled but very much alive and well

Honey comes bustling in. She seems renewed and content.

Honey Miss Anfisa, I cannot find Mafalda anywhere

Anfisa laughs wearily

Anf *(calling for the cat)* 'Faldi darling .. ? She's probably hiding somewhere secret. Thank you Honey. I think your work here is done

*Anfisa sinks back into her chair with her empty glass.
She glances over at Salva*

He crosses the terrace and pours her more wine

Anf An outstanding event Salva .. wouldn't you say ?

Salva Everybody loves to party with the devil Miss Anfisa

*Anfisa smiles. Her eyes remain closed.
She knocks back the drink and goes to the buffet to return her glass*

*A *black cat pads in from between the bushes.*

Anf There you are my darling girl. Honey was looking for you !

The ghost of Boris appears.

Mafalda hisses at him.

Anfisa is unable to see Boris but looks in his direction

Anf Boris? Leave this house ! .. and go quietly .. you do not belong here anymore !
Salva. Did you call the Coroner?

Salva I did Miss Anfisa. All corpses will be collected within the hour

Anfisa Excellent. Just have it ship shape for this evening. Sidney is arriving for eight. He'd love all this but I do detect the unmistakable scent of decomposition and decay

Salva Miss

Anf *(a slow smile)* Yes. *(she whispers)* Sid says he can get rid of Boris for me

Salva Very wise Miss

Anfisa The ultimate seasonal gift. Peace and contentment. Merry Christmas Salvatore

Salva And a very Happy New Year Miss

A haunting Christmas carol rises. Anfisa sinks back into her chair.

The cat springs into her lap

Anf Mafalda darling ! Where have you been ?

She lifts Mafalda above her head

Anf Mummy's little saviour

She lowers Mafalda into the cradle of her arms and brings up her gaze to rest upon the audience

Her eyes are piercing.

She smiles in serene satisfaction and directly addresses the audience

Anf Feline festivities and a very very Merry Christmas to you all. My lovely people. You are all welcome here.

Truly.

She winks and raises her glass

Faint music

Lights down slowly.

Elizabeth Rosalind King

- * puppet of a cat, animated by a blue faced actor using rods. Actor wears pale blue bodysuit to blend with the flood lit stage

Production Notes

Set Design



