

Heir To A Misfortune

A Comedy By: Michael Maxwell

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Cast

Violet Aldenbrooke: The oldest daughter of the late Arthur Aldenbrooke. She is sweet, innocent and naïve.

Christa Aldenbrooke: The middle child in the Aldenbrooke family. She is greedy and has a serious attitude problem.

Lynn Aldenbrooke: The youngest child in the Aldenbrooke trio. She was daddy's little girl. She likes to complain a lot.

Gabriella Viscuso: Arthur Aldenbrooke's lover. She is evil to the core and will do anything to get the Aldenbrooke fortune.

Hazel Pratt: The Aldenbrooke family maid. She is just your typical cheery, ditsy maid.

Erica Levinson: A young woman who is upset about her family losing its fortune because of the late Mr. Aldenbrooke.

Nigel Wentworth: The late A.A.'s British attorney. He has no tact and he's no good with people. (Must have a British accent)

Guy Richardson: Gabriella's half-brained flunky. He does what she says because she promises to marry him.

Scene I

Set: The Aldenbrooke Estate. The main entrance is on the stage left wall. A hallway leading to other parts of the house is on the stage right wall. There are stairs leading up and off stage right on the center stage back wall. There is a couch center stage and a chair stage right of that. There is an end-table stage left of the couch. Other furnishings are up to the director.

Scene: Violet is sitting on the couch waiting for something. Christa is pacing.

Christa: When is this lawyer going to get here? He's over an hour late.

Violet: Calm down. He's probably just caught in traffic.

Christa: (Christa sits on the couch) Traffic or not, I want my money.

Violet: What?

Christa: I said...traffic, that's not very funny. (Christa makes a face about her bad lie)

Violet: Oh. (Violet looks at Christa not sure if she can trust her)

Christa: (Christa stands and starts pacing again) Come on, come on! (Lynn enters from the stairs)

Lynn: You're going to have a heart attack if you keep that up.

Christa: Shut up, Lynn!

Violet: Christa!

Christa: Sorry.

Violet: (To Lynn) What were you doing up there?

Lynn: I was getting ready. I couldn't let company see me without my face on.

Christa: Yeah, you wouldn't want to scare them off!

Lynn: Violet, Christa's being mean to me.

Christa: Violet's not going to help you. She's not father.

Violet: Stop it, both of you. I know it's been hard since father's death, but please don't take it out on each other.

Lynn: Okay.

Christa: Fine.

Violet: Good, now let's all just sit and wait for Mr. Wentworth to arrive.

Christa: (Christa sits on the couch) But I'm tired of waiting.

Lynn: Me too.

Violet: (To Lynn) You haven't been waiting with us.

Lynn: I was with you in spirit. (Christa pinches Lynn) Oww! What was that for?

Christa: I was just making sure you were here for real this time.

Lynn: I'm gonna tell fa- nevermind. (Lynn sits in the chair)

Violet: What are you two so excited about? (Christa and Lynn look at each other)

Christa/Lynn: Nothing.

Violet: No, there's something going on. I haven't seen you two act like this since that time you plotted to throw that big party when father was away. What are you not telling me?

Christa: Nothing, I swear.

Lynn: Violet, look at me. Would I lie to you?

Violet: I suppose not. Okay, I believe you. (Violet looks at a watch or clock) I'm going to go see how Hazel is coming along with lunch. Please let me know if Mr. Wentworth arrives.

Christa: Yes, Violet. (Violet exits stage right) She is so clueless. (Christa and Lynn stand and meet center stage)

Lynn: Yeah, the plan is going great, but did you have to pinch me so hard?

Christa: Yes, for realism.

Lynn: But you didn't tell me you were going to do anything like that.

Christa: I know. I was ad-libbing.

Lynn: (Lynn sighs) Do you have "father's will"?

Christa: It's upstairs in my room. When this lawyer gets here Violet will probably be keeping him busy with lunch. When that happens you and I can go get the fake will and switch it with the real one.

Lynn: Did you make sure both our names were on it?

Christa: Of course I did.

Lynn: Did you sign it?

Christa: Yes!

Lynn: In father's handwriting?

Christa: Yes, now stop being a pest! (Violet enters stage right)

Violet: Lunch is just about ready.

Christa: (Christa and Lynn sit on the couch) Hopefully this lawyer will show up so we can eat it. (Doorbell rings)

Violet: That must be him. (Violet crosses stage left and opens the door. Gabriella and Guy enter stage left) Hello, can I help you with something? (Christa and Lynn glare at Gabriella)

Gabriella: My name is Gabriella Viscuso. (Violet looks blank) I was a uh, friend of your father.

Violet: (Violet doesn't get the meaning of "friend") Oh, come on in. (Christa and Lynn look upset about this) And who is this? (Violet motions to Guy)

Gabriella: This is my brother.

Guy: But I thought we were in lo- (Gabriella elbows Guy) laws, in-laws. I'm her brother-in-law.

Gabriella: Yes, that's it.

Guy: The name's Richardson, Guy Richardson.

Violet: Nice to meet you. (Violet extends her hand and Guy kisses it)

Gabriella: Ahem! (Guy quickly lets go of Violet's hand)

Christa: (Christa and Lynn stand up) Well, it was nice of you to stop by, but I think you should be going.

Lynn: (Christa and Lynn push Violet out of the way and begin ushering Guy and Gabriella towards the stage left door) Yes, it's a really bad time with father being dead and all.

Christa: Tata! (Christa and Lynn force Guy and Gabriella off stage left and close the door)

Violet: (Violet is appalled) What is wrong with you two?!

Christa: (Defensively) What?!

Lynn: We can't have them here when Mr. Wentworth arrives.

Violet: Still, there is no excuse for rude behavior! Go to the dining room and set the table!

Lynn: That table's too big to set.

Christa: Besides it's Hazel's job, not ours.

Violet: Go now!

Christa: Fine! (Christa storms off and exits stage right)

Lynn: (Acting sweet and innocent) Sorry, Violet. (Lynn exits stage right. Violet opens the stage left door and Guy is standing in the doorway trying to look suave)

Guy: Why hello again.

Gabriella: (Gabriella pushes Guy and he stumbles inside) Get in there!

Violet: I am so sorry about that. They have been acting strangely all morning. It must still be the shock of our father's untimely death.

Gabriella: It's quite alright. I understand completely.

Violet: You do?

Guy: Yeah, she had your father once. (Gabriella smacks Guy in the arm) Uh...I mean... uh...

Gabriella: What he meant was, I had a father once too. I know how hard it is to lose someone you love.

Violet: (Violet starts to get emotional) Yes...it's not easy. (Violet composes herself) Oh, where are my manners? What can I do for you Miss Viscuso?

Gabriella: I just came by to pay my respects to a great man. (Guy starts to get emotional)

Guy: He sure was a great man...I'm gonna miss him. (Guy wipes his eyes)

Violet: Oh, don't cry. Come, sit. (Guy sits with Violet on the couch. Gabriella looks frustrated)

Guy: Thank you.

Violet: Did you know my father well?

Guy: No, but I've heard so much about him, it just feels like a part me died with him. I mean, he had such wealth-

Gabriella: (Covering for Guy) In spirit.

Guy: He was so rich-

Gabriella: In character.

Guy: If he were still alive, I would love to have gotten to know him and his money.

Violet: What?

Gabriella: His Monet. Guy is a huge art fanatic. (Gabriella smacks Guy in the arm)

Violet: Oh. Do you like da Vinci?

Guy: Nah, I hate Italian food. (Hazel enters stage right)

Hazel: Miss Aldenbrooke, lunch is ready and I can't keep it warm much longer.

Violet: Thank you, Hazel, but I can't do anything until Mr. Wentworth arrives.

Hazel: Yes, Miss Aldenbrooke.

Violet: How many times have I asked you to just call me Violet?

Hazel: I'm sorry, but Christa likes to be called Miss Aldenbrooke and I just get confused sometimes.

Violet: It's okay. Oh, Hazel this is Gabriella Viscuso and her brother-in-law, Guy.

Hazel: Well, I can see that. Of course he's a guy.

Violet: No, that's his name.

Hazel: Oh.

Guy: It's okay, I get it all the time. (Doorbell rings. Violet gets up to answer it)

Hazel: Don't trouble yourself. (Violet sits. Gabriella forces Guy up, sits in his place, and makes him sit on the floor. Hazel crosses stage left and opens the door. Nigel enters left with a briefcase)

Nigel: Cheerio!

Hazel: No, I'm Hazel, and you are?

Nigel: Uh...oh uh, Nigel Wentworth. I was the late Mr. Aldenbrooke's attorney. I'm expected.

Hazel: To what?

Nigel: (Confused) What?

Hazel: You're expected to what?

Nigel: To be here.

Hazel: Well it's a good thing you are then.

Nigel: Yes, quite so.

Violet: Come on in Mr. Wentworth.

Nigel: Thank you.

Hazel: I'll just go check on lunch now that he's here.

Violet: Thank you Hazel. (Hazel exits stage right) Please have a seat Mr. Wentworth. (Nigel moves stage right and sits in the chair)

Nigel: I'm going to get right to it, Miss Aldenbrooke. Your father left his entire estate and business empire to someone close to him. I myself don't even know who it is yet. (Nigel opens his briefcase and pulls out a sealed envelope and a list) Your father gave me his will sealed in this envelope with instructions to open it in the presence of the people on this list. (Nigel gives the list to Violet)

Violet: Hmm... (Reading the list) Violet Aldenbrooke, that's me. Christa and Lynn, they're in the dining room. Gabriella Viscuso? I guess that makes sense, since you were a friend of father's.

Gabriella: Yes, of course.

Violet: Mr. Wentworth, this list has only four names on it. What about all of father's other friends and colleagues?

Nigel: Apparently they didn't leave a lasting impression on him, not like that bus did. (Violet looks as though she is about to cry) I'm sorry, that was really uncalled for. (Trying to change the subject) Well, shall we get on with the reading of the will?

Violet: (Trying to calm down) Actually, I had lunch prepared for your arrival, so would it be possible to eat first?

Nigel: I don't see why not. (Nigel sets the envelope down on the arm of the chair. Christa and Lynn enter stage right)

Christa: I don't care how much father liked her, that woman is the most incompetent maid ever!

Lynn: She doesn't know how to cook.

Violet: She's not supposed to. She's a maid, her job is to clean and keep up the house. She does the cooking out of the kindness of her heart.

Lynn: I blame Pierre for this.

Christa: Yes, if he hadn't left us to cook for that Robertson woman, we wouldn't have to put up with Hazel's two star cooking. (Hazel enters stage right)

Hazel: Lunch is ready everyone.

Violet: Oh good. Shall we? (Violet stands and motions stage right)

Nigel: Let's. (Nigel stands up)

Violet: Gabriella, Guy, you're welcome to join us for lunch since you have to be present for the will reading anyway.

Christa/Lynn: What?!

Nigel: Ah, you must be Christa and Lynn. I'm Nigel Wentworth, your father's attorney.

Christa: (Christa moves close to Nigel) How do you do Mr. Wentworth?

Nigel: Nigel please.

Violet: Hazel, will you be joining us for lunch?

Hazel: No, I'm going to finish up the rest of my duties.

Violet: Very well. This way everyone. (All except Hazel exit stage right. Hazel grabs a duster and begins to dust the living room while humming a cheery tune. Hazel eventually comes across the envelope on the arm of the couch)

Hazel: Hmm...what's this? (Hazel picks up the envelope) Who would send Mr. Aldenbrooke a letter? He's dead. Oh, this hasn't been sent yet. There's not even a stamp on it. I'll fix that. (Hazel takes the envelope and exits upstairs)

Gabriella: (From offstage) We just need to get something out of the car.

Guy: (From offstage) Yeah, it's a gift. (Gabriella and Guy enter stage right)

Gabriella: (Gabriella stays by the stage right door to keep watch) Get the will. (Guy looks for the will by the chair, but finds nothing) What's wrong?

Guy: It's not here.

Gabriella: What do you mean it's not here? I watched him set it down before we went into the dining room.

Guy: Well, it's gone now.

Gabriella: You're not looking well enough! Move! I'll do it. (Gabriella moves stage left to the chair and pushes Guy stage left. Gabriella begins searching)

Guy: Let's see. If I were an envelope containing a billionaire's will, where would I be? (Gabriella stops and looks at Guy in disgust) I'd be hidden on the woman I love! Come here! (Guy goes to search Gabriella)

Gabriella: Stop it! (Gabriella slaps Guy, who looks hurt afterwards, emotionally of course) I mean...later.

Guy: Sorry.

Gabriella: (Turning her attention back to the search) It's gotta be here somewhere!

Lynn: (From offstage) I need to go fix my face.

Christa: (From offstage) Yes, I need to help her. It's a big job.

Gabriella: We need to hide!

Guy: Okay, okay, turn your back and count to ten.

Gabriella: Why?!

Guy: I don't want you to know where I'm hiding. (Gabriella slaps Guy upside the back of his head)

Gabriella: Come on. We'll hide on the stairs. (Gabriella and Guy exit upstairs. Christa and Lynn enter stage right)

Christa: Okay, I'll get the real will, you go upstairs and get the fake one.

Guy: (From offstage) Uh oh!

Gabriella: (From offstage) Shh!

Lynn: Did you hear that?

Christa: Hear what?

Lynn: (A little unsure) Nothing I guess. Where is it?

Christa: The will?

Lynn: (Sarcastically) No, your underwear drawer. Yes, the will!

Christa: Upstairs, in my room, under my mattress.

Gabriella: (From offstage) Quick, hide upstairs.

Lynn: Are you sure you didn't hear that?

Christa: What are you talking about?

Lynn: Nevermind. (Lynn exits upstairs. Christa searches for the will, but finds nothing. Lynn enters from the stairs with an envelope) I got it.

Christa: I can't find the real one.

Lynn: Did he take it with him to the dining room?

Christa: I don't know.

Lynn: What are we going to do?

Christa: Just put the fake will in his briefcase. We'll worry about the real one later. We need to get back to the dining room.

Lynn: Alright. (Lynn puts the envelope in the briefcase. Lynn and Christa exit stage right. Gabriella and Guy enter from the stairs)

Gabriella: So, the little ones have a plan of their own do they? We'll just see about that.

Guy: Yeah! (After a moment) We'll just see about what?

Gabriella: Nothing you imbecile! Get their will out of the briefcase.

Guy: Okay. (Guy moves to the briefcase)

Hazel: (From offstage) There we are, stamped and ready to go.

Gabriella: Dang it! This way! (Gabriella and Guy exit stage right. Hazel enters from the stairs with the envelope)

Hazel: (Hazel moves stage left to the door, but stops before exiting) Wait a second. Why would someone send a letter to this address, from this address? (Hazel thinks for a moment) Oh well, I don't ask questions; I just do my job. (Hazel exits stage left. Guy enters stage right)

Guy: Whew! That was a close one. (Guy moves stage left to the briefcase and begins looking through it until he sees the envelope) Aha! (Hazel enters stage left and Guy over-reacts by tossing the briefcase on the couch, scattering its contents on the floor)

Hazel: What are you doing?

Guy: Oh, I, uh...um, I...

Hazel: I have to clean that up now!

Guy: Sorry.

Hazel: What were you doing in Mr. Wentworth's briefcase anyway?

Guy: Funny you should ask. (Long pause)

Hazel: Why?

Guy: Oh, I don't know, I just thought it was funny that you asked.

Hazel: I guess it is kind of funny.

Guy: Why?

Hazel: I don't know. You brought it up.

Guy: You're right, I did. Brought what up?

Hazel: Are you trying to confuse me?

Guy: No.

Hazel: Well I am.

Guy: Join the club, sister.

Hazel: I'm not your sister, Guy.

Guy: Who said you were my sister?

Hazel: You did.

Guy: I did?

Hazel: Yep.

Guy: You mean...I have a sister?

Hazel: I guess so.

Guy: This is great! (Guy and Hazel hug as though they were long lost siblings. Gabriella enters stage right)

Gabriella: What are you doing?! (Guy and Hazel jump apart)

Guy: Good news, darling. I have a sister.

Gabriella: (Angry) Okay, two things.

Guy: Yes?

Gabriella: One, don't ever call me darling in public again!

Guy: Got it.

Gabriella: And two, what the hell are you talking about?

Guy: I just found out that Hazel is my sister.

Gabriella: (Blink, blink, blink, blink, blink) Right. If we could just hold off on the family reunion for a moment... (Gabriella grabs Guy by the collar and pulls him close. Hazel begins picking up the contents of the briefcase) Where's the will?

Guy: She walked in before I could grab it.

Gabriella: (Angry) Great, now we have to wait for another opportunity to present itself. Can't you do anything right?! (Gabriella exits stage right)

Guy: I gotta go, sis. Sorry about the mess.

Hazel: It's okay. You go ahead.

Guy: Thanks.

Gabriella: (From offstage) Sometime today, Guy!

Guy: Yes, darl- I mean, right away. (Guy exits stage right. Hazel finishes picking up the scattered papers and puts them back in the briefcase. Nigel enters stage right)

Nigel: Excuse me love, could you tell me where the restroom is?

Hazel: You just passed it. It's down the hall. (Hazel motions stage right)

Nigel: Would you happen to have one elsewhere?

Hazel: One what?

Nigel: A restroom. I need to use a restroom.

Hazel: Oh yes, it's right down the hall and to your left. (Hazel again motions stage right)

Nigel: (Frustrated) Nevermind, I'll look upstairs.

Hazel: What's wrong with the restroom down the hall and to your left?

Nigel: It's near the dining room.

Hazel: So?

Nigel: So, this is an emergency madam, and I don't want the entire household involved now do I?

Hazel: I don't know. Do you?

Nigel: (Very frustrated) No! (Nigel exits upstairs)

Hazel: He seemed a little stressed. (Hazel looks over the room) Well, everything seems tidy. I guess I'll go check on dessert. (Hazel exits stage right. Gabriella enters stage right)

Gabriella: You want something done right you've got to do it yourself. (Gabriella starts looking through the briefcase. Violet enters stage right)

Violet: Gabriella, what are you doing?

Gabriella: I uh...

Violet: Why are you rifling through Mr. Wentworth's briefcase like some dog looking for a bone?

Gabriella: (Thinking quickly) That's it...you see, one time I was at this party and everyone was getting hypnotized. Well, when my turn came around, something went wrong, so occasionally I have these lapses where I act like a dog.

Violet: Really? (Gabriella starts barking at Violet) Oh my.

Gabriella: Don't worry it'll pass. I just need a few moments alone.

Violet: Is there anything I can- (Gabriella starts barking and chases Violet) Nevermind, I'll just be going. (Violet quickly exits stage right)

Gabriella: That was a close one. (Gabriella starts looking through the briefcase again. Nigel enters from the stairs)

Nigel: (Sighs with relief) That's better.

Gabriella: (Gabriella stops searching. She is very frustrated) Who do I have to kill to get some privacy around here?!

Nigel: Not me love. Just passing through. (Nigel moves stage right to exit, but stops and turns towards Gabriella) Were you just going through my briefcase?

Gabriella: No.

Nigel: (Nigel is a bit suspicious of Gabriella) Hmm... (Nigel moves stage left to Gabriella) Gabriella's your name, correct?

Gabriella: Yes.

Nigel: So, can I call you Gab? (Nigel laughs. Gabriella grabs Nigel by the collar)

Gabriella: Not if you want to live! (Nigel backs away)

Nigel: (Scared) Yes well, I think they were about to serve dessert, so maybe we should head back to where there's safety, I mean numbers, er...what I meant was...let's go.

Gabriella: I'll be there in a moment.

Nigel: Certainly, Gab...riella. (Gabriella looks angry. Nigel quickly exits stage right)

Gabriella: (Sighs) The next person to interrupt me is getting slapped. (Gabriella begins searching the briefcase yet again. Guy enters stage right and moves stage left to Gabriella)

Guy: Sweetie! (Gabriella slaps Guy) Oww! What was that for? I didn't do anything wrong.

Gabriella: Consider it a slap for a future screw up.

Guy: Okay.

Gabriella: Come on, help me look for the will. (Gabriella and Guy look through the briefcase)

Christa: (From offstage) I can't believe you!

Guy: They're coming back. (Guy puts the briefcase back) Quick, kiss me!

Gabriella: What? Why?

Guy: So it will look like we were doing something.

Gabriella: Eww! You're supposed to be my brother.

Guy: In-law. (Gabriella rolls her eyes, pushes Guy onto the couch, and then sits on the stage left arm of the couch. All others enter stage right)

Christa: You ruined dessert! What were you thinking?!

Hazel: How was I supposed to know that it's a frozen dessert?

Christa: Just because it's called a Baked Alaska, doesn't mean you bake it!

Violet: Calm down, Christa.

Christa: (Angrily moving stage left, passed the couch) I will not calm down! She does this all the time. She's an idiot! (Hazel looks upset and exits upstairs)

Guy: Hey! Nobody talks that way about my sister! (Guy exits upstairs. All others look confused)

Violet: (To Gabriella) But Christa wasn't talking about you.

Gabriella: Guy's just a very sensitive...guy. (Gabriella moves stage right, in front of the chair)

Violet: Oh. Are you feeling better now Gabriella?

Gabriella: Yes, much better. Thank you.

Lynn: (To Violet) What's wrong with her?

Violet: Oh, uh, she's a dog.

Christa/Lynn: Huh?

Gabriella: Forget it. (Gabriella sits in the chair. Christa and Lynn sit on the couch)

Nigel: Shall we get on with the reading of the will?

Christa: Yes!

Lynn: Good idea. (Nigel begins looking through his briefcase)

Violet: Mr. Wentworth, didn't you set the will down somewhere?

Nigel: Yes, I believe you're right, but where was that? (Nigel begins to search for the envelope)

Christa: I thought I saw him put it in his briefcase.

Lynn: Uh huh.

Nigel: Are you sure?

Christa: Definitely.

Lynn: Most assuredly.

Gabriella: No, I saw him put it on the arm of the chair.

Violet: Me too.

Nigel: (Christa and Lynn look angry) Well then, it must've fallen off. I mean...it's not like anyone here would be sinister enough to steal the will and try to replace it with a false one that they mistakenly placed in my briefcase instead of on the arm of the couch, now would they? (For a moment everyone is silent. Christa and Lynn start to laugh nervously)

Christa: Of course not! You know, now that I think about it, I did see you place something on the arm of the chair. (Lynn smacks Christa upside the back of her head) Oww! What was that about?!

Lynn: I was ad-libbing. (Christa and Lynn glare at each other. All others looked confused)

Violet: Stop it you two.

Nigel: Yes, well anyway, let's get down to the nitty gritty. (Nigel starts looking for the will again)

Violet: There's no hurry Mr. Wentworth. (Christa and Lynn look angry at this comment)

Nigel: Of course there is Miss Aldenbrooke. Life's too short. One day you're up and walking about and the next you get clipped by bus doing seventy through a crosswalk. (Violet, Christa, and Lynn start to look sad) Sorry. (Doorbell rings) Uh...I'll get that. (Nigel moves stage left to the door. Violet sits on the couch. Nigel opens the door. Erica enters and points a gun in Nigel's face. Nigel faints)

Erica: (Erica moves to the stage right side of the couch) Nobody move!

Gabriella: Oh great, competition!

Erica: Shut up!

Violet: Who are you and why are you waving a gun around in our house?

Christa/Lynn: Violet!

Erica: You want to know who I am? I'll tell you. (Long pause)

Violet: Well? Go ahead.

Erica: Oh yeah. The name's Erica Levinson. Ring a bell?

Violet: No.

Christa: Not really.

Lynn: Can't say that it does.

Erica: Hmm...I guess it wouldn't since my affiliation was with your father.

Violet: You knew our father?

Erica: No, but my father did. Your father is the reason my family lost its fortune.

Christa: How?

Erica: Your father bought daddy's company right out from under him!

Lynn: Our father wouldn't do that!

Violet: He wasn't into corporate takeovers.

Erica: You obviously didn't know your father very well.

Christa: (Christa stands) Even if that was the case and father did ruin your life, that doesn't give you the right to barge in here with a gun.

Erica: (Erica points the gun at Christa) For that comment, you die first. (Christa quickly sits)

Lynn: So you just came here to kill us?

Erica: No, I came for your family's money. You see, the way I figure it, at least one of you got your father's inheritance and they're gonna fork it over.

Gabriella: There's one small problem with that. No one's gotten the inheritance yet.

Erica: What?

Violet: We haven't seen his will yet.

Erica: (Sarcastically, talking to herself) Just great! Way to go, Erica! You have impeccable timing!

Violet: Well, we were just about to look at it.

Erica: Good. Get on with it!

Gabriella: We can't.

Erica: Why not?

Christa: Because father's lawyer fainted when you put your gun in his face.

Erica: (Sarcastically) Two points for Erica! I am just on a streak here!

Lynn: Would you like to be alone with yourself?

Erica: Shut up! I'm trying to think here!

Gabriella: Don't strain yourself.

Erica: What?!

Gabriella: Nothing. (Guy enters from the stairs)

Guy: What's with all the shout... (Guy sees Erica) ing? Well, fantastic. (Guy tries to be suave and lean on the wall or stair railing, but misses and falls on the floor)

Gabriella: (Sarcastically) My hero.

Guy: (Guy stands up) I'm okay.

Erica: That's why it pays to be a sexy villain. (Hazel enters from the stairs) You! Come down here with the others. Is there anyone else upstairs? (All others except Hazel shake their heads "yes")

Hazel: No, I'm the last one. (All others except Erica show their disappointment)

Erica: Good. (Nigel starts to wake up)

Nigel: Oh...what a horrible nightmare. (Nigel stands up and looks around) Oh, dash it all.

Erica: You're awake. Now you can tell us who gets Aldenbrooke's money so I can take it from them. (Guy and Hazel can ad-lib games young siblings would play, like rock, paper, scissors, etc.)

Nigel: Wait. (Nigel crosses stage right, to Erica) You're Bill Levinson's daughter aren't you? How is old Bill? Did he recover from that thing?

Erica: He's dead.

Nigel: Right, right, I guess not then.

Erica: Just hurry up and read the will.

Nigel: Alright, just got to find it first.

Erica: You lost the will?

Nigel: Lost is such a strong word. Let's just say I misplaced it.

Erica: This just keeps getting better and better.

Gabriella: I think I saw it in the dining room. (Gabriella winks at Violet, Christa, and Lynn)

Christa: Oh, yes, I think it was on the table.

Lynn: Uh huh.

Erica: Then let's go get it.

Guy: (Yawning) You go ahead. I don't really feel up to it.

Erica: You don't have a choice.

Guy: Oh. In that case...last one to the dining room is a rotten egg! (Guy, Hazel, and Nigel run off and exit stage right. All others just wait there a moment, blinking quizzically)

Erica: It's gonna be a long day. Let's go.

(Blackout)

