

BLOOD & SEQUINS

by Rachel Publitz

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BLOOD & SEQUINS

A Full Length Murder Mystery/ Dark Comedy

by Rachel Bublitz

SYNOPSIS: When the most popular kids from Salem High find themselves in an abandoned mansion on Prom night, it doesn't take long before they realize they've been duped in an elaborate revenge prank. But things move from annoying to terrifying when a girl drops dead from a poisoned Capri Sun. With no way out, they've got to figure out who among them is the killer or end up just as dead. A night to remember? More like a night they won't ever be able to forget.

DURATION: 90 minutes.

TIME: Prom Night. Modern Day.

SETTING: Macabre Manor. [Specifically within Macabre Manor: Entrance Hall, Dining Room, Study, Music Room, Kitchen, Bedroom, Game Room, Living Room]

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(11 females, 2 males)

WINIFRED REDBUM (f)..... Teen. Primula's best friend. French Club VP. Quiet like a mouse. Too bad for her that this is the day she'll meet a cat.

(105 lines)

MILLY BESWICK (f)..... Teen. Tilly is the love of her high school life. Musical genius. Passion is DJing, loves nothing more than her electric guitar (sorry Tilly)... You could even say she loved her guitar to death. *(38 lines)*

TILLY TANSLEY (f)..... Teen. Milly is the love of her high school life. Senior Class President. Should have learned more about assassinations before going into politics. *(92 lines)*

- FREYA WICK (f)..... Teen. Valedictorian. Prom Queen. Most popular girl at school. An absolute winner.... Except for tonight. *(114 lines)*
- BASIL BENTLEY (m)..... Teen. Prom King. Freya's boyfriend. Bit of a himbo. Not the brightest bulb, but fantastic at finding the positive in any situation. Too bad that's coming to an end. *(47 lines)*
- JEWEL GOODY (f)..... Teen. Salutatorian. Senior Class Vice President. On the badmitten and debate team. Writes for the school paper. Never has missed a science fair entry. Also nominated for Prom Queen. Second best at practically everything.... Even death. *(107 lines)*
- DARCY KENT (f)..... Teen. Waterpolo Captain. Muscles on muscles on muscles on muscles. But someone knows her weakness. *(43 lines)*
- HAMISH CUDMORE (m)..... Teen. Senior Class Secretary. Romantically involved with both Ffion and Saffron, though neither girl really knows about the other. This two-timer is about to get his just-desserts. *(20 lines)*
- FFION UPTON (f)..... Teen. Editor-in-Chief of the Salem High School Newspaper. Has broken every huge news story of her time. Sadly, she won't be able to report about this night. [Name Pronounced: FEE-awn] *(33 lines)*
- SAFFRON MAXEY (f)..... Teen. Bad-mitten Captain. Very much the jealous type and would absolutely get down with revenge... Should the opportunity arrive. *(56 lines)*

- COCO YORK (f) Teen. Undeclared Science Fair Champion. Also nominated for Prom Queen, most upset about not winning. How upset? I guess we'll find out. *(96 lines)*
- VERITY HEEPS (f) Teen. Debate Captain. Also nominated for Prom Queen, but is much too cool to really care. Ready to leave high school, she got into an awesome college. Pity she'll never make it there. *(94 lines)*
- PRIMULA AXFORD (f) Teen. French Club President. Winifred's only friend. Put together this very funny "prank," which in no way will backfire and blow up in her face... She hopes. *(49 lines)*

NOTES ON CASTING: If you have only one person of color in your cast, please, please, please, do not cast them as the first character that dies OR the killer. Let's let those tropes die. I'm also comfortable with the characters being played by anyone comfortable portraying the specific character's pronouns, as long as that isn't done as a joke. Plenty of other things to laugh at in this play. Finally, diversity is encouraged in the casting of this play, in all the ways, except, perhaps diversity in age, these are all teens. If adjustments in lines and/or stage directions are needed based on an actor's ability, please reach out.

PRODUCTION NOTES

COSTUMES: It's Prom, baby! Not only that, but these are the most popular kids from Salem High School, and the richest. They should be dressed to reflect that. At the top of the play, Primula wears a cloak over her dress, and Winifred has a maid's apron over hers. Jewel and Freya's dresses must have pockets. Ffion and Saffron wear the exact same dress. The ladies may all have small purses, or not. Tilly is the only one who definitely has a purse. Basil wears whatever Freya told him to, and Hamish barely buttons up his shirt.

SET/ STAGING: Macabre Manor is a dusty old mansion straight out of a horror film. Cobwebs and flickering lights and everything. I would encourage to have a single set piece for each setting to keep things simple. In the Entrance Hall, this should be a door, the Dining Room a table, the Study a desk, the Music Room some large instrument, the Kitchen cabinets or an oven, the Bedroom a bed, the Game Room a pool table or ping pong table, and the Living Room a couch. Reusing set pieces to become different set pieces (as in the table becomes a desk) is encouraged, and so are wheels!

LIGHTS AND SOUND: Our dark and stormy night will be provided by lights and sound. The constant sound of rain, and the lightning and thunder, will help keep the creep factor and tension up. Music during the transitions may also be a nice touch.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

I am a big fan of less-is-more theatre, and making audiences use their imagination. Hence the single set piece, and using the actors to pull off the transitions. The transitions are optional; however, I encourage you to give them a go. Especially if the actors move with purpose and stay in character, you could have a lot of fun there. This play is a comedy, and having the actors in charge of transitions could help keep the play moving, which is so important with keeping things funny. You should, of course, have more elaborate sets if you want, I would advise to try and keep those transitions between scenes as snappy as possible. Remind actors not to act for the comedy, but instead their character's objective. The funny will be unavoidable if they focus on what their character wants. And finally, have a bloody good time!

PROPS

- DJ equipment, including at least one amp and connection cords
- Electric Guitar
- Umbrella
- 13 cell phones
- A dozen or so Capri Suns
- Sad collection of snacks
- Reporter's notebook
- Prom King Crown
- Prom Queen Crown
- Stiletto high heel
- So much fake blood
- Old moth-eaten table cloth, or some rope or tie
- Purse (more than one okay)
- Tweezers
- Multiple gags (either ripped off piece of table cloth or something similar)
- Pencils (one to go through someone's neck)
- Another tie or rope
- Another gag
- Cast iron skillet
- Largest dead rat possible
- Roomba (optional)
- Pillows, at least two
- Aquarium
- Tupperware with at least five cookies
- Water bottle
- Gavel

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

Blood & Sequins was first produced by the Utica High School Theatre Department. Produced by Joel Kaczmarczyk. Cast was as follows:

WINIFRED REDBUM.....	Nadeen Rashed
MILLY BESWICK.....	Kelsey Syler
TILLY TANSLEY	Emma Clarke
FREYA WICK	Nadya DeRosa
BASIL BENTLEY	Doug Gettleson
JEWEL GOODY	Maia Suggs
DARCY KENT	Zoie Garrett
HAMISH CUDMORE	James Johnson
FFION UPTON	Carley Davis
SAFFRON MAXEY	Kaitlyn Pace
COCO YORK	Beesan Nijmeh
VERITY HEEPS	Makenna Riggs
PRIMULA AXFORD.....	Asher Dumoran

With Alexander Ramirez-Ponce, Val Roberts, Logan Spillane, and Misty Thomson as Swings.

The production team was as follows:

Joel Kaczmarczyk, Technical Director and Producer

Savannah VanPamel, Director

Madelyn Karrandja, Assistant Director

William Mathis, Acting Coach

Lily Oddo, Front of House Stage Manager

Jordyn Durkee, Deck Stage Manager

Lauren Garwood, Assistant Stage Manager and Sound Head

Jaelyn Kaczmarczyk, Scenic Designer and Publicity Head

Natalie Garwood, Lighting Head and Program

Lauren McNair, Artistic Direction

Olivia Czapski, Costume Direction

Zoey Lawrence, Makeup Direction

Mercury Dorywalski and Megan Skrzypczak, Properties

Emily DeClark, Scott Forte, and Caitlyn Seal, Prompters

Jersey Williams, Sound Crew and Board Operations

Savannah Schroeder, Costume Crew

Leila Buzenski, Gage Diem, Doug Gettleson, and Aneta Gligorov, Running Crew

Sadie Herman, Aviannah Weirauch, Zoey Lawrence, Scenic Artisans

Grace Buzenski, Kadence Huard, and Alaina Wisswell, Publicity Crew

Emma Phillips, House Manager

Ashley Mathews, Box Office Manager

Brooklyn Coleman, Box Office

Robyn Bauman, Company Photographer and Videographer

Lauren McNair, Cover Art

DEDICATION

For Jessi, my best friend, my first reader. You are the absolute best.
I'm so grateful that our prom wasn't this eventful.

SCENE 1: MACABRE MANOR

AT START: *The entrance hall of Macabre Manor. Because there will be so many different rooms we visit, I recommend having a single set piece for each room to help the audience distinguish them. The actors will help fill in the rest. The entrance hall is marked with a large front door. Though, while we're on the subject of doors, nearly all the scenes will benefit from a nice door to bang on, so you will get a lot of mileage out of this one.*

Macabre Manor earns its name. Spider webs. Off-putting angles. Terrible lighting. I wouldn't be surprised to find a family of bats living in a high dark corner. It's not been inhabited by humans in years. It looks to never have been a joyful place, even in its hey-day.

Outside, a storm is raging. Wind blowing so hard, we fear for the structural integrity of Macabre Manor. Rain pounding. Thunder. Lightning. The works.

WINIFRED, dressed up like a classic maid, paces. A figure with a hooded cloak watches her.

WINIFRED: This might be a bad, bad, bad, bad, bad plan. What if we get caught? Or they turn against us? We should call it off. Like now. Before it's too late and—

Thunder! Lightning! The electricity flickers.

WINIFRED: Okay. Yeah. You're right. Of course you're right. They do deserve this. If we don't go through with it, they'll never pay.

A knock on the front door. WINIFRED nearly jumps out of her skin. The cloaked figure nods toward the door. WINIFRED opens it.

MILLY and TILLY enter. They are the high school loves of one another's lives. Like a, talk all night, planned matching tattoos, run away after graduation to Vegas for a secret wedding, kind of love. They carry an obscene amount of DJ equipment, including one electric

guitar, which MILLY carries, because, not that she'd ever tell her this, but she doesn't trust another soul with her baby. Not even TILLY. Both are dressed to the nines, MILLY'S outfit should be functional as well as fancy, as she is the DJ. TILLY'S should be a lot more form over function. They share an umbrella, which TILLY has used to shield them and the equipment from the rain.

WINIFRED: *(With a bow and halfhearted flourish.)* Welcome to Macabre Manor!

MILLY: DJ here, reporting for duty.

TILLY: AND the DJ's girlfriend! Hi! This is SO FUN.

The front door, on its own accord, slams shut. Everyone except the cloaked figure (PRIMULA, but no one knows at this point) jumps.

WINIFRED: Wow, it is... it's really coming down out there, I guess. And that wind, huh?

TILLY: *(Through giggles and a funny voice.)* On a dark and stormy night!

MILLY: Totally, babe, totally. Anyway, like I said, I'm the DJ. Where should I set up?

The cloaked figure (PRIMULA) points off; WINIFRED nods.

WINIFRED: Follow along down this hall, third door on your left.

TILLY: *(Taking in Macabre Manor.)* This is a super *bold* choice for prom, you know? Prom committee just Went. For. It.

MILLY and TILLY exit, along with all the gear. Another knock on the door, WINIFRED rushes over and opens it. FREYA and BASIL enter. FREYA should be in the most marshmallow fluff pink feminine dress you could ever imagine. BASIL is wearing what FREYA has instructed him to. Both are feeling themselves in their outfits. It's prom, baby.

FREYA: The King and Queen HAVE ARRIVED! Unofficially, of course, because we don't know for sure, but, like, I pretty much know it's going to be us, right? I mean, everybody knows that! I even had my hair done, especially to look better WITH a crown! (*Taking in Macabre Manor.*) Wait, what—This is—Hold on—Because, like, seriously, *what?* Where ARE WE?

WINIFRED: (*With a bow and bigger flourish, she's getting more into the character.*) Welcome to Macabre Manor!

BASIL: Not to call you out or anything, but I think it's pronounced Mac-CABBER. (*BASIL will never once pronounce "macabre" right in this entire play.*)

FREYA hits BASIL.

FREYA: Did you know prom was being held in this icky old hole? I mean... What were they thinking? The theme was *A Night To Remember*, and, what, are we remembering that we all had to get rabies and tetanus shots after being exposed to this absolute dumpster of a venue or what? Does it even meet safety codes??

The door slams shut. FREYA and BASIL jump.

BASIL: Nah, it's way jelly! Like a haunted house! Spook-city, you feel me? BooOooOOoOo!

FREYA: Maybe if this was the *Halloween* Ball, but it's *Prom*!

BASIL approaches the hooded figure (PRIMULA).

BASIL: Yo, check out this dummy they got set up! It's super realistic. WAIT! Is this, like, a WAX MUSEUM? Because that would be radder than rad, I have always wanted—

Thunder! Lightning! Lights go out!

FREYA and BASIL: AAAHHHHHH!

Lights come up. The hooded figure (PRIMULA) is gone.

BASIL: WHOA. THEY DISAPPEARED!

FREYA: Ugh, the lights don't even work in this place!

BASIL: Yo, yo, yo, YO! Did you see that—It's GONE. You saw that right?

FREYA: BASIL! Can't you see that I am in an absolute CRISIS?

A knock at the door. FREYA and BASIL continue to talk. WINIFRED opens the door.

COCO, JEWEL, and SAFFRON enter. COCO in a slinky modern number, JEWEL has a cute empire cut dress (with pockets!), and SAFFRON'S dress is the same color as her name. All very excited for the evening. SAFFRON immediately turns her head this way and that, looking for someone.

WINIFRED: *(By far the best bow and flourish yet.)* Welcome to Macbre Manor!

COCO: Wow! Look! They hired a cute little maid-lady to greet us at the door! So posh!

SAFFRON: Yes, girl! I am into it! *(Looking at WINIFRED more closely.)* But, like, do we know her, though? For reals?

COCO: Why would we know some maid who works for the prom venue, HELLO?

JEWEL: I've never seen her before.

The door slams shut. SAFFRON and JEWEL jump. COCO is too distracted by photo opportunities.

COCO: Just look at her with her little apron! I could just eat her face right off, you know? Let's take a selfie; NIGHT TO REMEMBER, ladies!

COCO, JEWEL and SAFFRON, without asking, gather around WINIFRED and take a ton of pictures, making every face imaginable with COCO'S phone. There's a knock on the door.

WINIFRED: Sorry, I need to get that—

Another knock.

COCO: It's okay, just one more, I promise!

Lies. Takes at least fifteen more. Another knock.

WINIFRED: ...No, but really—

Another knock. WINIFRED is finally able to break free. She heads for the door.

COCO: Fine. Go. Sheesh. Some hired help you are.

SAFFRON: *(To COCO and JEWEL.)* Do either of you see Hamish?

FREYA sees COCO, SAFFRON and JEWEL, and rushes over to them, BASIL just kinda follows along after FREYA. Lots of hugging happens.

FREYA: OMG, you're finally here! This place IS A TRAGEDY! And I am not even joking.

FREYA, COCO, SAFFRON, and JEWEL keep chatting. WINIFRED opens the door. VERITY and DARCY enter, all gussied-up.

DARCY: Who's ready to GET THIS PARTY STARTED?

VERITY: Where even are we? What a dump!

The door slams shut, DARCY and VERITY jump.

FREYA: *(To VERITY.)* Don't worry, it just does that. You, by the way, look AMAZING!

VERITY: *(To FREYA.)* No, YOU look amazing! You're totally going to win Prom Queen!

FREYA: Oh, maybe. We'll see! Maybe it'll be a shocker and you'll get the crown! *(To COCO.)* Or maybe it'll be you, Coco! *(To JEWEL.)* Or even, I guess, you Jewel?

JEWEL: I don't really expect to win, so...

COCO: Well, I wouldn't be surprised if I won. At least my dress doesn't make me look like Holiday Barbie.

FREYA: Oh, you poor thing! Like Barbie ever loses!

WINIFRED: (*Huge bow, HUGE flourish.*) WELCOME TO MACABRE MANOR!

BASIL: It's Macabbarmre, like do you work here or what?

SAFFRON: Is there another room or something? Hamish told me to meet him here!

COCO: And I'm sure he'll be here! Don't worry. This is PROM. And if he even *thinks* of hurting you again, we'll peel off his skin and boil his liver, K?

SAFFRON: Yeah, yeah. Okay. I'm just so paranoid after last time.

COCO: Why you took him back I will never know.

VERITY: (*Returning her attention to the room.*) So glad I did that car wash to raise funds for *THIS*.

DARCY: Yeah, like this is, this is a tiny weird room for prom.

WINIFRED: This isn't the official room. We're waiting for the rest of the guests to arrive.

DARCY: (*Looking around.*) We're waiting on the, what, three hundred plus other students before we get to the ballroom, or whatever? How would that many people even fit—

A knock at the door. WINIFRED opens the door. HAMISH enters with FFION. HAMISH doesn't wear socks with his dress shoes, and his pants are an inch or two too short. His shirt has more buttons unbuttoned than buttoned. FFION wears fierce and tall stiletto heels (which she can barely walk in.) as well as... this is so embarrassing... she's literally wearing the exact same dress as SAFFRON. HAMISH sees SAFFRON and immediately tries to put distance between him and FFION. FFION, oblivious, grabs on to his arm.

FFION: Wow! Hamish! Stay close this place is creep-city!

HAMISH: (*Trying to escape.*) Hah. Yeah. Right. Cool.

SAFFRON stomps over to HAMISH.

SAFFRON: I cannot believe you, Hamish!

SAFFRON slaps HAMISH.

WINIFRED: *(With the most gusto possible and biggest bow and flourish, maybe even throws some black glitter.)* WELCOME ALL!
WELCOME TO THE DREADED MACABRE MANOR!

The door slams shut. Lightning strikes and thunder booms. We hear the sounds of many locks locking. Like, way too many. All of the characters, except WINIFRED, jump. JEWEL goes to the door and tries to open it, but it won't budge.

JEWEL: Um... Hey, everyone. The door is super locked? Should we be concerned, or?

FREYA: What?

More of them head over and try to open the door; nothing works.

WINIFRED: *(Sounds very rehearsed.)* Leave everything of what you knew behind you. We have only what is in front of us now.

BASIL: Yo! That is DOPE and DEEP! Y'all hear this chick?

FREYA: *(To WINIFRED.)* What are you even talking about? WHERE IS PROM?

Music lofts in from down the hall. Some super upbeat pop thing. COCO grabs on to FREYA and heads toward the hallway.

COCO: Come on, Freya. I'm sure this is some weird gimmick the principal set up thinking the new trend now is "Goth" or whatever. Let's just go.

EVERYONE follows COCO and FREYA.

WINIFRED: *(Behind the crowd.)* Yes! The time is upon us to make our way to the main event... If you would, um, follow me down the hall!

End of scene.

TRANSITION ONE

EVERYONE walks down the hall. The door is rolled off as a long table is rolled on, marking the new space as a dining room. WINIFRED unsuccessfully fights to get to the front to lead the others. They exit only after all the changes have been made. The hooded figure can do this set change with MILLY and TILLY.

SCENE 2: CAPRI SUNS IN THE DINING ROOM

AT START: *A dining room with a long dining room table. The table has a few scant snacks and Capri Suns. The hooded figure (PRIMULA) sits at the head of the table. MILLY and TILLY are by another table with DJ equipment, doing DJ things. Well, MILLY is doing DJ things, TILLY is just fan-girling over her very cool DJ girlfriend.*

The hall is just as dusty and old as the previous room. Someone has put up streamers, but that makes the room look sadder somehow.

FREYA, COCO, BASIL, JEWEL, SAFFRON, VERITY, DARCY, HAMISH, and a stumbling FFION, walk into the formal dining room with WINIFRED hurrying along behind them.

WINIFRED: May I present, the formal dining room of Macabre Manor!
Please take your seats.

FREYA: TAKE OUR SEATS? We want PROM! Where is PROM?

WINIFRED: All will be revealed in due time!

COCO: Due time, my butt! Tonight is my night! I am going to be named Prom Queen!

FREYA: I am going to be named Prom Queen!

COCO: OVER MY DEAD BODY!

FREYA: THAT CAN BE ARRANGED!

COCO and FREYA are seconds away from a brutal battle with nail scratches and hair pulling. DARCY jumps in between them.

DARCY: Ladies! Chill! Come on! You're friends! We're all friends here!

The hooded figure (PRIMULA) laughs; it is booming and loud, and silences the crowd. MILLY totally unsure of what's supposed to be happening, cuts off the music. The hooded figure (PRIMULA) stands.

PRIMULA: (*Hooded figure.*) Now, I'm sure you're all wondering what you're doing here tonight of all nights, PROM NIGHT! ... That's simple. You are here to answer for the grievous crimes you have committed! Now have a seat.

FREYA: I don't know who you think you are, but I have done nothing wrong—

Thunder and lightning.

PRIMULA: (*Hooded figure.*) I SAID HAVE A SEAT!

They do. WINIFRED is the only one to remain standing. She makes her way and stands behind the hooded figured (PRIMULA).

PRIMULA: (*Hooded figure.*) There. That's more like it. I suppose you all are wondering who I am?

The hooded figure stands and takes off her hood, revealing herself as PRIMULA!

PRIMULA: Primula Axford!

PRIMULA is dressed up all fancy, with a big femme fatale vibe.

BASIL: ...Aren't you like, that French girl who moved here from France, and you're like, super good at speaking in French and stuff? Right? Like, she's totally that French girl?

PRIMULA: We moved when I was SIX, okay? And I was born HERE, so for the last time, I'm not "that French girl" you moldy towel!

WINIFRED: You tell him, Primula! And I'm not actually a maid, oh no!
(*Removes her apron to reveal a pretty darn cute black prom dress.*)
I'm Winifred Redbum, a fellow senior at Salem High School, who tricked all of you into thinking I was a TOTAL stranger! HA!

JEWEL: Ummmm... Who are you?

WINIFRED: Winifred Redbum!

TILLY: I have never seen you before tonight.

WINIFRED: (*To TILLY.*) I have literally been in all of your classes this year. We have the exact same schedule.

TILLY: Okay, sure. If you say so.

PRIMULA: (*Pointing to TILLY.*) THIS is why you're all here. THIS is why we brought you to Macabre Manor! You stuck up popular rich jerks are terrible people. None of you deserve Prom.

BASIL: Pssst. Angry French girl! You're saying it all wrong, I think you'll find it's actually pronounced Macrabby Manor.

FREYA and COCO stand.

COCO: This is ridiculous, we are NOT staying here to be lectured by losers. So, bye!

PRIMULA: Remember the front door? Every other window and door is locked up just as tight.

HAMISH: This is outrageous! You can't do this to us!

WINIFRED: Oh, but we are!

PRIMULA: And you can't stop us! So you might as well take a seat, take your medicine, and maybe, just maybe, we'll let you out of here in time for your precious PROM. Got it?

Grumbles, but they take a seat.

BASIL: Yo! Maybe we're looking at this the wrong way! Maybe it's like a reverse-reverse-*reverse* thing, right? Like they got us here for prom, but now they're saying this isn't prom, and what I'm saying is, what if it IS? A triple negative IS a positive!

FREYA: (*Hand massaging her temple.*) Basil, just stop. Stop talking.

PRIMULA: Oh Basil Bentley, you golden retriever puppy of a teenage boy! Our state swimming champion, with a body fast as lightning and a mind slow as molasses. Basil, the boy who snapped my bra strap every single day in tenth grade—

BASIL: (*Laughing.*) I forgot I used to do that! I got you so good that whole year!

WINIFRED: You got the entire bra-wearing student body that year!

PRIMULA: Not to mention you *stole* Greenville High School's goat mascot, and never returned her!

BASIL: Oh! Yeah! Totally did that too! You know how it goes. Funny at first, but then I was like, Buckets really digs my pool house, so I figured, why not just let her stay—

FREYA: (*Through clenched teeth.*) No one cares about the GOAT! Let her finish so we can get this over with!

PRIMULA: My congratulations are in order, Basil. I'm sure none of you will be surprised to learn that Basil here has been voted Prom King of Salem High School.

Commotion. Shock! PRIMULA tosses a crown BASIL'S way. He immediately puts it on.

BASIL: Boo-ya, baby! YES! I'm the King! I'm the King! I'm the King!

FREYA: You don't know that! No one knows the results yet!

PRIMULA: Foolish, Freya! Who do you think they get to count the votes? Nobodies like me!

WINIFRED: And me!

FREYA: So if you know who Prom King is...

COCO: WHO IS PROM QUEEN?

PRIMULA: Maybe, in time I will tell you... Now we have Milly Beswick. Musical genius. DJ extraordinaire. Gearing up for her bright future at Juilliard.

TILLY: Hold the phone! Juilliard? Did she say Juilliard? You got in to Juilliard??

MILLY: I was going to—

TILLY: I'm going to UC Berkeley! You can't get more far away from Juilliard than UC Berkeley! The ENTIRE COUNTRY will be between us!

MILLY: We will figure something—

PRIMULA: But Juilliard is *super* impressive and important, didn't you know that, Tilly? It's enough of a big deal that Milly was sure to sabotage Morana Loomer's electric keyboard so she would tank and Milly could guarantee her spot.

FFION: *(Takes out a pencil and notebook and takes secret notes.)*
Morana was destroyed after that audition! She cried in the girls' room for hours!

MILLY: Oh boo-hoo! Juilliard was on the line! I'd do it again!

TILLY: Oh, I'm sure you would.

MILLY: Tilly Bear, I was going to tell you—

PRIMULA: Next up, Tilly Tansley!

BASIL: Woooo!

PRIMULA: This isn't really a "woooo!" type of thing, Basil.

BASIL: Right. Yeah. Okay.

PRIMULA: Tilly Tansley, Salem High School's Senior President!

BASIL really wants to "Wooooo!" again, and it's taking everything inside to just sit there.

PRIMULA: Do you have a running tally of the kids you backstabbed to climb to your position? Or maybe, of all of those bribes you've taken?

TILLY: Oh, grow up! No politician is clean.

PRIMULA: Perhaps. But I don't think so many have quite so much blood on their hands.

Shock!

TILLY: Relax! It's not even human blood. Okay?

PRIMULA: Jewel Goody.

FREYA: Jewel is my absolute best friend, and I know—

COCO: No, Jewel is MY absolute best friend, and I know—

FREYA and COCO glare at one another.

FREYA and COCO: She's never done anything wrong!

SAFFRON: I thought... I thought I was your absolute best friend, Coco.

COCO: Oh my gosh, Saff, of course you are! I can have more than one absolute best friend... relax. It's not like I'm kissing the entire school behind your back like your boyfriend!

SAFFRON: Hey! Do NOT talk like that about Hammy—

HAMISH: Yeah, that's unfair.

COCO: You LITERALLY brought another GIRL to PROM!

PRIMULA: Hey! Hey! Focus! We're on Jewel right now! Our very own Jewel Goody, our salutatorian, senior class *vice* president. Plays bad-mitten, on debate, in French Club, even has a regular column in the school paper. That's a lot of fingers in a lot of holes.

JEWEL: Colleges look a lot at extracurriculars. I like to keep my portfolio diverse!

PRIMULA: Makes sense. Is that why you fudged the votes for Prom Queen?

FREYA: She did WHAT?

COCO: ExCUSE ME?

PRIMULA: That's right! Your *absolute* best friend was cheating her way to that crown.

FREYA: How could you?

JEWEL: It wasn't personal!

COCO: Not personal?

JEWEL: No, because not everything in this world is about you two! I've never been nominated at a dance before and maybe, just maybe, I wanted to feel special at the last high school dance I'll ever get to go to!

FREYA and COCO fume. FFION scribbles away.

PRIMULA: Guess we'll see if you fudged enough, Jewel.... Saffron Maxey.

SAFFRON: Go on, it doesn't matter. Tell them my worst. My best friend AND my boyfriend are two-timing me, so how could you even hope to hurt me?

HAMISH: Oh, baby, she doesn't mean anything to me!

FFION: I am literally sitting right next to you, Hamish.

HAMISH: (*Quietly to FFION.*) Don't worry, other baby, you know I don't mean it.

FFION: Please just stop talking to me.

PRIMULA: I have a quick question for you, lover boy. Do you remember Kitty Lancaster? She switched schools in 8th grade? You two were pretty hot and heavy before that—

HAMISH: (*Standing.*) Kitty? Is she here? She's, like, the love of my life! (*Looking back and forth between SAFFRON and FFION.*) Except you of course, babies!

FFION looks annoyed, SAFFRON looks legit like she believes him. HAMISH smiles at SAFFRON, and then winks at FFION.

PRIMULA: Lucky for Ffion you got what you wanted before you had to end her, isn't that right? Kitty wasn't so lucky.

HAMISH peels SAFFRON off of him.

HAMISH: What did you do to Kitty?

SAFFRON: She was in the way, Hams! She had to go! And it's not like I hurt her or anything!

PRIMULA: Right, at least not physically.

SAFFRON: Exactly! Just like, really light psychological damage, I swear!

HAMISH: I, I really loved her.

PRIMULA: Yeah, well, if you ever wondered who started the Kitty the Monkey rumor—

SAFFRON: Oh it was NOT just a rumor. I had evidence! Baby pictures... talked to her doctor. Kitty was totally born with a tail. If that doesn't say monkey, I don't know what does.

HAMISH: Well, I loved that monkey girl! More than I have ever loved—

PRIMULA: Before you finish that thought, Hamish Cudmore, let's be crystal clear that you are in no way innocent. Beyond your rather obvious two-timing ways, I know for a fact that you've been paying some poor sap to do your homework since freshman year—

HAMISH: Oh yeah, Todd! He's great! Top notch.

PRIMULA: And you bribe your teachers to improve your test scores—

HAMISH: Totally! Mrs. Wolcott really loves money.

PRIMULA: AND I have proof you also bought your SAT score!

JEWEL: I knew it! I knew you could never score higher than me!

HAMISH: Sure, technically I didn't take the test myself, but like, I used my extensive executive skills to put together a top-notch team. They got the job done and then some! My dad says I have a lot of CEO potential! He's giving me a business for graduation.

FFION: You're so gross. Why did I ever agree to go to prom with you?

HAMISH: You wanted to ride in the limo-lamborghini! And have some serious man-candy on your arm. Don't act like you didn't.

PRIMULA: I wouldn't be so quick to judge him Ffion Upton, because I know your secret too.

FFION: What? Me? Ha! Right! I don't—it's not like I have a deep dark secret; not me—

PRIMULA: You are the Dirty Laundry Dame!

Silence. All heads turn to FFION, who tries to sink down and become invisible.

COCO: YOU WRITE THAT BLOG?

DARCY: You swore you had no idea who was behind it!

HAMISH: It was YOU that told everyone about me calling Mrs. Wolcott Mom???

DARCY: Wait, I read that post, and I think you called her Mommy!

HAMISH: I had just woken up from a nap, okay?

VERITY: You informed the whole school about that time in PE when I... You know!

BASIL: Pooped your pants! HAHA! That was epic.

MILLY: You broke the news about my parent's divorce! And before they even told *me* about it! I thought we were friends.

FFION: We ARE friends. I'm friends with ALL of you!

It is obvious that no one else at the table feels that way. Except maybe BASIL.

PRIMULA: Ever wonder how she seems to know everything about everyone? She bugs the cafeteria. The bathrooms. Lockers. Teachers' lounge. You name it, she's got a bug there.

COCO: You're dirty, Ffion.

PRIMULA: That's pretty rich, Coco York. I know for a fact that you—

COCO: Ugh, whatever. So what if I've set up dozens of fake social accounts just to harass some freshman and loser upper class-men. No one cares.

PRIMULA: ...I wasn't going to say that.

COCO: Oh. Was it that time I broke into Amy Acker's locker and planted a stolen laptop when I knew there'd be a locker search?

DARCY: Amy was expelled for that.

COCO: She totally had it coming. She spilled pudding on my white faux fox fur coat.

PRIMULA: Do you just want to continue to incriminate yourself, or should I just—

COCO: FINE. What terrible thing do YOU think I did?

PRIMULA: You paid off the judges for the science fair this year to secure first place.

COCO: Oh, that? Really? Everyone knows that!

EVERYONE but COCO and PRIMULA nods.

FFION: Yeah, I didn't bother putting it up on the blog because it was such common knowledge.

FREYA: Ugh. Stop interrupting her! Sooner this sad nobody gets this all off her chest, the sooner we get to prom.

DARCY: Yeah, totally, Freya. Do me!

PRIMULA: For the record, I was planning on that, Darcy Kent. And so yes, I will do you next, but because I was already going to do that anyway.

DARCY: Okay.

PRIMULA: You pulled the fire alarm during the final performance of the school play last month!

WINIFRED: (*Standing and slamming the table.*) It was my last performance of my *senior* year! How would you feel if someone tampered with the pool so you missed the championship water polo match?

DARCY: That would never happen. Everyone loves water polo! Your play thing was so boring—

WINIFRED: THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST LEAVE?

DARCY: It was, like, a public service.

WINIFRED: I think it's because you're a giant trash human that was born without a conscious.

DARCY: Right, but, like, I'm getting a full ride at Stanford, so why would I change who I am?

WINIFRED: ARGHHHH!

PRIMULA: Verity Heeps! Our debate captain and all-state champion! Might not have clinched that final competition though, isn't that right? ... You tampered with Jewel's lunch, so she couldn't nab the title right out from under your nose.

VERITY: Now hold on one second—

JEWEL: You poisoned ME?

VERITY: Poison is a *strong* word.

JEWEL: I barfed for thirty hours straight!

VERITY: I'm sorry. Okay? But, you were getting too good! And Heeps don't lose! What would Cornell think of me taking a pathetic second?

JEWEL: I don't know! What will they think about you poisoning your competition?

VERITY: It can't be poison if you're not dead, okay? So just relax on the "P" word. (*Notices that FFION is taking notes.*) AND DON'T YOU DARE WRITE ANY OF THIS DOWN!

FFION: No, of course not. Never.

FFION writes one or two more things while still smiling at VERITY.

JEWEL: (*To FFION.*) Write all you want! I'll give you a direct quote—

VERITY: Jewel! I thought we were friends?

JEWEL: Friends don't poison friends!

COCO: She's got you there, cheater.

VERITY: *You* bribing the judges knocked Jewel off from taking first at the Science Fair, so—

COCO: But at least I didn't poison her!

VERITY: Only because you didn't think of it first!

EVERYONE is, at this point, pretty put out, save for PRIMULA, WINIFRED, and BASIL. Shouts and arguments are erupting up and down the table. FREYA slams her fists down on the table. Silence.

FREYA: ENOUGH! Don't you see? You're just giving them what they want! They want us to turn against one another!

PRIMULA: Oh you poor awful girl, Freya. You think this is the only way we intend to punish you?

FREYA: Ugh, whatever. Just say whatever I did wrong so I can get to prom and collect my crown.

COCO: I think you mean *my* crown.

VERITY: Or mine!

WINIFRED: No one forget that Jewel cheated to get Prom Queen, so she very well might—

FREYA: What did I do, nerds? Spit it out!!!

PRIMULA: You don't even have the slightest clue? No inkling? You've done so many horrible rotten things in your life you can't imagine WHAT the dirt I have on you could be?

FREYA: I've never done anything—

PRIMULA: You got Ms. Axford fired!

FREYA: Oh, well, yeah. She was so annoying. She wanted us to like push ourselves and grow as people or something. Gross.

PRIMULA: Freya Wick. Our very own Salem High School royalty. Easily the most popular girl in school. Easily the richest. Our valedictorian... Our official *Prom Queen*.

Gasps around the table. FREYA stands.

FREYA: I... Really?... I'm really—

PRIMULA: You got detention in Ms. Axford's class. And since no one dares give you detention, you got her back by planting a flask of wine in her desk and tattling to the principal.

FREYA: To be fair, I didn't know they were going to fire her.

PRIMULA: She's my mother, you bottom feeder! Teaching was her LIFE. Nights, weekends. She would grade papers on Christmas! And she never once complained... she LOVED it. Every we-don't-pay-teachers-nearly-enough minute of it. Because of what you did, she couldn't get hired at any school! We always had to cut corners and shop second-hand, but before she at least loved what she did. She's been telemarketing for the past two years and is miserable beyond anything you could ever understand after living your plush pampered life. She barely talks! Like, at all.

FREYA: Must be rough if her only job requirement is to talk on the phone.

Snickers from the table. PRIMULA pulls something out and launches it down the table at FREYA.

FREYA: *(Jumping back.)* Aaaahhhhhh!

It lands with a loud clatter on the table. It's FREYA'S Prom Queen crown. PRIMULA takes one of the Capri Suns from the table, takes a seat at the table, then drinks.

PRIMULA: You're not going to prom, Freya. None of you are.

FREYA: You can't be serious! You can't—

PRIMULA: I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT! You lot certainly do.

FREYA: NO! I demand that you release us! Immediately!

Thunder. Lightning. The lights go out.

ALL: *(Except PRIMULA and WINIFRED.)* AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Bumping around, scuffing of chairs. Lights come back on. EVERYONE except PRIMULA should be spread out around the room. PRIMULA is slumped over the table, her Capri Sun dripping its remaining juice on the floor.

COCO: UGH! Creepy! I HATE this house! Do they not even pay their electricity bill or what?

HAMISH: This has gone on long enough. Who wants to come with me and find a way out so we can get to Prom?

EVERYONE except WINIFRED, PRIMULA, and BASIL raise their hands.

BASIL: Hamish, my dude, this IS Prom? Didn't you hear angry French girl? She said prom, like, ten times at least. And this is the address on the invite. Best night ever, am I right? I'm Prom King! Check out this sick crown!!

FREYA: Stop talking, Basil! Yes, Hamish, please! Let's ditch this dork fest and CALL the police! Kidnapping is ILLEGAL. Have fun spending PROM in JAIL.

WINIFRED: You won't get out. We locked the whole manner up tight.

HAMISH: I guess we'll see about that.

As EVERYONE moves to exit, BASIL grabs a Capri Sun and heads over to PRIMULA.

BASIL: Well, see ya, angry French girl! We're outtie like my belly button. Oh hey, you need a ride or something?

FREYA: Stop talking to the nerd; she ruined our night!

BASIL: She's pretty good, you see this? She's playing raccoon! I used to do that at the mall with my mom! Just stand next to the mannequins and freeze. Mom would lose me for hours.

BASIL demonstrates.

VERITY: Playing raccoon? What are you talking about?

EVERYONE turns to look at PRIMULA.

JEWEL: Do you mean playing possum?

DARCY: Uhhhhh.... Why isn't she moving?

SAFFRON: I.... I don't think she's breathing.

MILLY goes to PRIMULA.

MILLY: ... She isn't breathing.

BASIL sticks the straw in the top of the Capri Sun.

SAFFRON: (*Moving to PRIMULA.*) I'll check her vitals.

DARCY: Why you? I should do it; I'm a lifeguard!

SAFFRON: I think doctor beats lifeguard, Darcy dear.

DARCY: You're not a doctor!

SAFFRON: Pre-med.

DARCY: You're not even pre-med! You're a senior in high school—

SAFFRON: I already declared my major, so... There's.... There's no pulse.

FREYA: This is all probably a part of her stupid game. Now, please... let's GO.

BASIL: (*Checks PRIMULA himself.*) Babe, it's real! Angry French girl is dead!

FREYA approaches PRIMULA, as BASIL is about to drink from the Capri Sun. FREYA looks at PRIMULA'S partially consumed Capri Sun, then back at BASIL'S. Before he can drink, she knocks it out of his hand.

FREYA: Don't drink that!

BASIL: But, Babe! I love Capri Sun, you know that!

FREYA: Look! (*Points out the fallen Capri Sun PRIMULA had been holding.*) They might be poisoned! If she's really dead...

DARCY: Oh, she's dead. As a professional working lifeguard, I can tell that from here.

SAFFRON: Well, as an almost *doctor*, I can confirm my previous statement—

FFION: Stop it! If she is for real dead, we have to call someone! Like an ambulance or something!

EVERYONE hunts for their phones, except WINIFRED. EVERYONE comes up empty.

VERITY: I can't find my phone!

MILLY: Hey, mine's missing too. You have your phone, Tilly Bear?

TILLY: Do not Tilly Bear me right now. (*To the others.*) My phone is gone, too.

JEWEL: So is mine.

HAMISH: I can't find my phone either, and I know I had it right here in my pocket—

COCO: EVERYONE! THIS IS A FOR *REAL*, REAL EMERGENCY! I CANNOT FIND MY PHONE! IT'S GONE! My phone is GONE! SOMEONE STOLE MY PHONE! CALL 9-11! CALL THE FBI! HAS ANYONE CHECKED UNDER THE TABLE?

COCO throws herself on the floor and army crawls around the room checking every nook and cranny.

VERITY: So. She's dead. And we're locked in here. And none of us have our PHONES? Are you KIDDING ME?

JEWEL: Calm down, calm down! We all have to stay calm! We just— We'll find the phones, they can't be far, right? Then we'll call for help. Like, um, the police! Yeah! They'll come and get us out! We're going to be fine, really—

HAMISH: Hold on, Jewel. Look at you! You're shaking, practically hysterical! Now, we're all feeling a lot of things, but I think it's clear to everyone that I'm the better choice for emergency leader. Basil can help me! Between the two of us, we'll get everything under control. I have an amazing and original plan, sure to keep us all safe and get us to prom ASAP. My plan is in three parts. First, we'll find our phones; they can't be far. Then we'll call for help. We will call the police. The police will come and get us out of the house. And voilà. Crises averted. Good thing I was here! Don't know what you'd do without me.

Thunder. Lightning. Lights go out. Lots of running in to one another and the table and chairs. Commotion! Confusion!

HAMISH: AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

FREYA and BASIL: AAAAHHHHHAHAHAHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

COCO, FFION, and SAFFRON:

AAAAAAHHHHHHAAAAHAHAHAHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!

WINIFRED, DARCY, VERITY, and JEWEL:

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHAAHHAHAHAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

ALL: (Except PRIMULA and HAMISH.)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
H!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The lights come up. PRIMULA'S body is gone. HAMISH has a stiletto sticking out of his chest. Blood all over him. He lies spread out on the floor. He's dead. The others see the body.

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HH!!!!!!!!!!!!

SAFFRON: Ha-Ha-Hammy? (*Full-on blubbering knees by HAMISH'S body. Thinks of touching him, but doesn't know how.*) Hammy-baby? Are you? Where does it hurt? Just tell me what you need! (*Like a banshee, screeching at the others.*) HELP HIM! SOMEONE! Come on! We have to—Do we pull it out? Stop the bleeding? WHY ARE YOU ALL JUST STANDING THERE? HAMMY NEEDS US!

SAFFRON: No! NO! NO! He can't be dead! Hammy! HAMMY!
HaaAAaaAaMMmmMMaYYYY! (*Jagged sobs.*) You were my
seahorse! (*Sob.*) Seahorses mate for LIFE! (*Blubbing.*) Hammy.
Oh Hammy. You beautiful perfect soul OH HAMMY!... (*She pulls
out the bloody shoe and turns to the others.*) WHO DOES THIS
BELONG TO?

SAFFRON: (*Rushes FFION, bloody stiletto in hand.*) You killed my perfect ANGEL! You killed my HAMMY!

SAFFRON: LIES!

SAFFRON lunges at FFION. JEWEL, DARCY, and FREYA intercept her and hold SAFFRON down.

JEWEL: Hold on, Saffron!

FREYA: Yeah! You can't just kill her! We don't even know she did it!

SAFFRON: I know. I KNOW! (*Gesturing with the shoe.*) THE SHOE FITS! THE SHOE! FITS!

SAFFRON dissolves into tears.

FREYA: (*To SAFFRON.*) It's okay. It's okay! It's not okay, but please just calm down and pretend like it's okay?

FFION: I swear. To all of you, I had, I had nothing at all to do with—I took off my shoes when we sat down because they were killing me, really!

JEWEL: It's okay. I believe you.

FFION: You do?

SAFFRON: YOU DO???

JEWEL: I think the answer is fairly obvious, actually.... Where is Primula?

FREYA: (*Looking around.*)Primula? Oh my—She's gone! You're so right, Jewel! It has to be Primula! She forced us all here in this wretched hovel, making us miss PROM. She must have—

BASIL: (*Kinda freaking out.*) Hamish said blah blah blah, me and BASIL will do stuff. I'm BASIL! Do you all get that? I'm BASIL! Am I in charge now?

FREYA: No! No, Basil, you are definitely NOT in charge.

BASIL: Okay, phew. Because I don't remember half of the plan, and I just want to like, sit back with a Capri Sun, you know?

FREYA: You *still* can't drink the Capri Suns!

DARCY: Can we get back to the point? Because, hello, Primula is dead too! We checked her out.

SAFFRON: (*Still crying.*) Yeah, yeah, yeah! She was dead!

COCO: Last I checked, dead people don't just get up and walk away.

VERITY: So, you think she got us all here to make us miss PROM and to also MURDER us?

FREYA: There's only one way to find out.

Like a pack of hungry wolves, they all turn their heads in unison to poor WINIFRED, who is doing her best to blend in with the wall.

TILLY: You're in on this. What is your nut-job of a friend planning to do to us?

WINIFRED: What? Nothing! This wasn't—Not the plan! Not at all!

DARCY: Right. Sure. Give us ONE reason to believe you.

WINIFRED: No, really, please! Really!

MILLY: What should we do with her?

FREYA: Let's tie her up and get some answers.

WINIFRED fights as the group carry her to a chair. FREYA rips the old moth-bitten tablecloth off of the table or grabs the tie off a curtain, and she and SAFFRON tie WINIFRED tight as a bug in a rug to the chair.

COCO: Where is your friend?

DARCY: Where is Primula?

VERITY: What's the rest of the plan?

TILLY: Are you going to murder us all?

MILLY: Tilly Bear, I would never let anyone murder you. Not ever.

TILLY: *(Through clenched teeth.)* Don't think I've forgotten about Juilliard!

COCO: You better start talking, nerd, or you will NOT like what'll happen to you!

WINIFRED: I don't—I don't know!

SAFFRON: LIES! She's LYing! Her and her friend were probably in love with Hammy, OBSESSED! They probably set all this up to hurt him after he rebuffed their affections!

COCO: Saff, honey, I just, Hamish never rebuffed *anyone's* affection, like ever.

SAFFRON: WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT MY HAMMY?

FREYA: WHERE IS PRIMULA?

BASIL: Yeah! And where did she get that righteous cloak thing? I would rock a get-up like that!

WINIFRED: I don't know, really I don't; this wasn't the plan, this wasn't—

TILLY: I vote we move to a more torturous mode of interrogation. All in favor?

EVERYONE but WINIFRED raises their hand.

WINIFRED: Please—Really—Really!

BASIL: Oooh! Yeah! Can I do the torture? Please? Please let me do the torture!

FREYA: Basil! Tilly has got this.

BASIL: *(Like a kicked dog.)* Okay. Yeah. Cool. That's cool.

TILLY gets close to her, and dramatically pulls out tweezers from her purse. She moves the tweezers over WINIFRED trying to figure out how torture actually works.

DARCY: Okay, go on then!

TILLY: I am! I'm doing it! *(Back to WINIFRED.)* Last chance before the pain. Where is Primula?

VERITY: And where are our phones?

MILLY: And how do we get out of here?

TILLY: HUSH YOUR FACES! I'm the one doing the torture here!

WINIFRED: *(Crying.)* Really! You have to believe me! We were just! We—The plan was that we'd get you here, and then Primula would fake being dead—

TILLY: HA! So you admit that she faked it?

WINIFRED: Yes, but that was it! Make you squirm and freak out, but not to actually HURT anyone!

TILLY: Okay, let's just say I believe you... Where is Primula now? What was the rest of the plan?

WINIFRED: I don't—I don't know! She wasn't meant to disappear! She was just going to play dead in the room! Really!

TILLY pulls a hair or two off of WINIFRED'S arm with the tweezers.

WINIFRED: Owie!!!!

TILLY: WHERE IS PRIMULA?

WINIFRED: I said I don't know!

FFION: Pulling arm hair, really? That's the best torture idea you've got?

TILLY pulls arm hair off of FFION'S arm.

FFION: OUCH! Rude! That hurt!

TILLY: *(Turning back to WINIFRED.)* I will pluck off all the hair on your arms. Legs. Face. Yeah, that's right. Buh-bye eye brows! Then I'll get every last strand of hair.

BASIL: I CALL THE HAIR!

TILLY and FFION turn to BASIL.

BASIL: What? Always wanted to try and make a wig.

Attention goes back to WINIFRED.

TILLY: Tell us! Tell us now!

TILLY pulls hair off WINIFRED'S arm, who yelps again and again. TILLY keeps it up.

WINIFRED: I really—OUCH—Don't know! OUCH! I—OUCH! Swear! OUCH! Please! OUCH!

VERITY intercepts TILLY'S hand before she can pull any more hair out.

VERITY: Your torture isn't working.

TILLY: She's lying! I know she is!

VERITY: I'm sure she is, but if she and Primula planned this whole thing, we're not going to crack her with some tweezers! She's a cold-blooded killer. Just look at Hamish!

VERITY and TILLY look. They shudder.

SAFFRON: *(Quiet, with a huge sigh.)* Oh. My. Hammmy.

JEWEL: Verity is right. We should just cut and run. Keep her tied up, and split up to search the entirety of Macabre Manor—

BASIL: Pssst. I think it's Macarena! You know? Like that old dance?

BASIL starts to Macarena to demonstrate.

FREYA: And what will we be searching for?

JEWEL: Our phones. Primula. A way out! Any of the above would be a step in the right direction.

Nods from the group, except from BASIL, who is still dancing.

FREYA: Okay. Yeah. That makes sense. *(To everyone else.)* We'll break into teams and search every inch of this place... First though—*(She rips off a piece of the table cloth and gags WINIFRED.)* Now she can't warn Primula.

More nods from EVERYONE save BASIL.

BASIL: Woooooo! Dancing brings out the big thirst!

BASIL grabs another Capri Sun.

FREYA: Basil, honey?

BASIL: Yeah babe?

FREYA: Those still might be poisoned. Remember?

BASIL: Oh! Right. Good one, babe. Thanks for looking out.

FREYA shakes her head.

FREYA: *(Back to the others.)* Okay. So, who's with who?

End of scene.

TRANSITION TWO

This transition is in a near total blackout. It should have a slow fade. In the dark, the audience should hear much movement and the characters' yelps and surprises as EVERYONE spreads around the house in their groups. Creepy mood music is also a huge plus... Or cartoony creepy music? So many options! Also, going into these

scenes, know that they over-lap a bit timing-wise, so we get to hear screams from all over.

SCENE 3: A PENCIL IN THE STUDY

AT START: *The study! A large desk (the huge dining room table from the last scene with different items on it can be used... would probably make life easier.) and maybe a bookcase. It may make a lot of sense to split the stage for this scene and set up the next scene on the dark side of the stage. We'll be doing these short scenes in small spaces until noted and it'd be fun (and fast) to just bump back and forth from each one.*

JEWEL, COCO, SAFFRON, and FFION are hard at work searching every inch of the study.

COCO: There's nothing. NOTHING! Ugh!

COCO slumps down on the chair by the desk.

FFION: Yeah. This room is a dead end.

FFION takes a seat next to COCO. JEWEL and SAFFRON still search.

COCO: I could be making the most clever trapped-in-a-haunted-mansion posts right now. Death is too good for those nobodies that stole my phone. What even were their names?

JEWEL: Winifred and Primula?

COCO: If you say so. I have never hated such totally forgettable people so much before! I could just push them off a cliff, I'm so mad.

FFION: I can't even place them at school. Like, who are they?

COCO: WHOA. What if they don't even go to our school at all?

JEWEL: What do you mean?

COCO: Like, what if they're just two rando strangers? That is creep-city.

FFION: OR, what if they're dead?

JEWEL: Dead?

FFION: Like, ghosts. Think about it. Coco said this place was haunted and look around! Like, if any place is going to be haunted, it's this house right here. It's basically straight out of a haunted house catalog.

JEWEL: How are ghosts killing us?

FFION: Um, they're ghosts! Hello!

COCO: And that's like, how she made us think she was dead but still disappeared, because—She WAS actually dead the whole time!

FFION: YES! That's what I'm SAYING!

SAFFRON: (*Through sniffles.*) A ghost could not kill my Hammy! Okay? It was NOT ghosts! He was pure and strong and perfect and a ghost could never—

COCO: Ghosts can be really strong, Saff. I once watched this documentary thing and—

SAFFRON: Don't talk like you know things! You don't know anything about ghosts, and you don't know anything about my perfect *Hammy*! I had picked out the name for each of our children and grandchildren and great grandchildren and now all that is gone forever, and I'm just expected to go on and live somehow? And, like, all on our special night? (*Staring daggers at FFION.*) Prom meant a lot to both of us. Like, to us as a couple. We had an unbreakable BOND that NO ONE could ever break. EVEN flimsy-flimsy nobody girls that TRIED.

FFION approaches SAFFRON.

FFION: Hey Saffron, I... I think we should clear the air and stuff. I'm... I am sorry about Hamish. He told me things were over between the two of you. I wasn't, like, super into him or anything. Really! He just asked last minute, and I didn't have a date, and his limo-Lamborghini is super cool, and I really had no idea you were still—

SAFFRON: Funny *Ffion* that you know everything about everybody with your little *bugs*, but it somehow slipped past you that Hamish and I were still VERY much in love. I mean, it was crystal clear to EVERYone else.

FFION: Look, I heard you scream his ear off because you caught him kissing Michelle Tart in the library. I honestly thought it was over between you two.

SAFFRON: So you waited a whole five minutes to scoop him up, huh? Really *classy*, bug girl.

COCO: Saff, lay off her. Hamish has literally spent his high school years hitting on everyone with two X chromosomes.

SAFFRON: (*Bursting into tears.*) HE JUST LOVED LOVE!

FFION: ... Maybe... Maybe it's better he's gone now. For you. You can find someone who'll treat you the way you deserve to be treated.

COCO: Thank you! That's what I've been telling her.

SAFFRON picks up a pencil from the table, then pounces on FFION, holding the pencil close to her neck. COCO and JEWEL jump up, unsure what to do.

SAFFRON: I will never find anybody else. I don't WANT to find anybody else. And unless you want this pencil shoved through your carotid artery stop talking about me and my *Hammy*!

COCO grabs SAFFRON.

COCO: Whoa, Saff, cool down! Just, put the pencil down!

COCO and JEWEL manage to get SAFFRON off FFION and wrestle the pencil out of SAFFRON'S hand.

JEWEL: How are you this strong?

COCO: (*To FFION.*) Are you okay?

FFION is shaking in the chair.

FFION: No! No, I am not okay! Not only am I missing prom, but my prom date was murdered with one of my shoes!

COCO has to hold back SAFFRON from charging FFION again.

SAFFRON: HAMMY WAS MY DATE!

FFION: And she JUST TRIED TO KILL ME! I think I can say, with all honesty, that this is the worst night of my entire life!

SAFFRON: Good. You deserve it.

SAFFRON slumps over to another corner of the room and sulks.

JEWEL:So, I think this room is clear, should we keep going? Move to another room?

FFION: Probably, I guess...

COCO: OR. Or, we just stay here. Listen, we searched the room! It's safe. I say we just wait out the storm right here.

FFION: And when she tries to kill me again?

COCO: You are being WAY too dramatic. Saffron would never actually kill you! Yes, she has a blind spot for that fraud of a boyfriend of hers, but she's actually super opposed to murder. Like, morally speaking. All that before, that was just a joke. Right, Saff?

SAFFRON: Yeah. Totally. Ha. Ha. Ha.

FFION: Wow, I feel so much better. Thanks for the reassurance.

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