

**Madame Tussaud's
Chamber of Horrors**

A full length play

by Margie Pignataro

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Author's Note

I had a friend of mine read a draft of this script. This friend is the best playwright I know, and I consider him a better writer than myself. His insights into the script were extremely helpful. Non-traditional theater isn't his thing, and this is mild non-traditional at best, but he was still very helpful.

However, one of the questions he asked was, "You do know the Winchester Mystery House is in California, right?" That's when I realized I needed an author's note.

Sometimes, it's not enough to assume that the audience will accept that things in the script are intentional. I do know the Winchester House is in California and not London. Sometimes, the logical explanation for an odd juxtaposition is author error. Any other explanation is too difficult to reason out, perhaps. Accepting that the world and reality of this play is not reliable and consistent, perhaps that is something too uncomfortable to admit.

This play has the structure of trauma. Trauma is a physical action, I believe, no different from journeying, consuming, or forcing. Trauma isn't the event, but the aftermath. Perhaps there isn't one isolated event, but several that cannot be remembered or traced.

Trauma is confusion and absence. Where memories should be there is only tension. Where there are memories often there is numbness, the body playing dead as a form of self protection: *if he thinks I'm dead perhaps he'll stop and go away.*

This play doesn't give answers about Madame Tussaud, only piles of questions. Who was MT's real father? Was she French? Was Zana her real mother? And what exactly did she do with the Marquis de Sade, if anything at all?

The setting is late nineteenth century London, but the choice is only a logical anchor point connected to the opening of Madame Tussaud's Museum. The presence of Jack the Ripper is perhaps a cliché, as is Dr. Watson, but it was too tempting not to have them. Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes are the classic literary representatives of justice. And Jack the Ripper the most famous serial killer and mystery. MT has attraction to both, though, arguably, more so to Jack as their scenes are more pyrotechnical.

The power of villains is their attractiveness. Our everyday versions of villains are narcissists, and they are extremely difficult to resist. Especially if you've been seduced by one. Especially if you've been abused and damaged by one.

Also, the villain becomes the quantifiable knowable danger. We fool ourselves into believing that the devil we know is much better than an unknown devil. We believe that knowledge is power and with knowledge we can defend ourselves.

This is what Madame Tussaud believes, I imagine, because she wishes to be able to sleep at night.

But the devil we know also knows us, and knows exactly how to twist us until we nearly break, long before we can defend ourselves.

The movement of the play is so simple it might be missed. MT's goal is to get her museum open.

Most specifically, to finish her special wax figure, what she calls the “thesis statement” of the collection, and reveal it on her opening night. Her obstacles: a lack of time and energy as well as a growing physical and emotional instability, an arrant Air Conditioner Repairman holding the temperature of the museum hostage, and having to conduct certain time consuming marketing tactics.

It goes without saying that the museum opens, but not quite as planned. Many more people died during its construction than MT possibly imagined. And MT herself did things that are not necessarily shocking, but highly illegal, and without hesitation.

Her thesis statement is finished. She presents it and the play ends. Did she get what she wanted from the museum, from the statue? The play offers nothing by way of an answer to those questions. (The cliché marriage as happy ending is a possible ending, but the portrait of marriage offered throughout the script suggests this is a dangerous, potentially abusive undertaking.) Staging could easily offer clarity, and that is up to each production.

I have nothing to say as far as staging and direction goes. It’s not my area. I have worked to have as few stage directions as possible. I want the production to have as much freedom as possible.

Cast of Characters

The Chanters, *young boys selling newspapers on street corners.*

Madame Tussaud, *wax sculptor; licensed phrenologist.*

Detective Inspector Morse *of Scotland yard.*

Dr. John Watson, *former assistant to Sherlock Holmes.*

Jack the Ripper, *or Baron Doyne-Ditmas, of the Oxford Doynes and the Canterbury Ditmases; solicitor, sadist, and serial killer.*

Salvador Dali, *museum docent.*

Frida Kahlo, *museum docent.*

Baroness Doyne-Ditmas, *wife of Jack the Ripper.*

Pia Palladino, *psychic photographer, clairvoyant, former lady boxer.*

Air Conditioning Repairman, *Sherlock Holmes in disguise.*

Scene One

SCENE: London street.

AT RISE: newspaper CHANTERS yelling/singing headlines on a street corner; MT enters.

CHANTERS

Madame Tussaud!
Madame Tussaud!
Where is your husband, Madame Tussaud?
Are you divorced, Madame Tussaud?
Is he still in Paris?
Was he killed during the revolution?
Did he abuse you?
Did he beat you?
Did he rape you?
Did he cheat on you with your maid?
Is that why you left Paris alone?
Madame Tussaud!
Madame Tussaud!
How long will you be in London?
Are you setting up permanently here in Baker Street?
Are you acquaintances with Mr. Sherlock Holmes?
Are you having an affair with Sherlock Holmes?
Madame Tussaud!
Madame Tussaud!

MT

Yes. You're right.
I killed my husband.
I cut his throat with the kitchen knife with which he threatened to gut me.
I nearly decapitated him. Then...
I hid his skeleton in a wax figure.
He will be in my museum.
See if you can guess which one.
I had been arrested during the revolution and escaped a beheading by fucking my way through their rather pathetic hierarchy.
What else?
I learned how to sculpt wax when I was twelve.
My father sold me to a prominent artist as an assistant and he taught me the craft of sculpting wax.
Oh, he also made me his mistress.
I think that's everything.
Yet, despite all that horror, my museum will open on time.
It will have exhibits of the royal family and famous persons such as Sherlock Holmes.
But it will also have a darker side—a Chamber of Horrors, if you will.
We are working very diligently to recreate the crime scenes of the world's most horrific murders.
Including Jack the Ripper,
the cannibal Ed Gein,

MT (Cont.)

(who wore the vaginas of his victims on his penis)
and the homosexual butcher, Jeffrey Dahmer.

We do this in the interest of education and establishing an historical record.

Admission is one shilling for adults and children are free.

Be sure you chant about that.

(riot ensues; police intervene with great violence)

END OF SCENE

Scene Two

SCENE: The Winchester Mystery House.

AT RISE: Wax figures scattered about, but one figure is covered. The DETective Inspector Morse and Madame Tussaud.

DET

Please excuse this abrupt visit, Madame.
I'm Detective Inspector Morse of Scotland Yard.
First of all, let me offer you an apology from the City of London,
for the terrible ordeal you endured at the hands of the public.

MT

You are referring to the riot?

DET

Yes, Madame.
It is a very unacceptable way to welcome you to England.

MT

I've grown accustomed to riots.
There's an undeniable thrill when strangers come together for such violent release.

DET

You have a very intriguing perspective, Madame.

MT

I did live in France during the Revolution.
I lived in very violent times.
If one can't form intriguing perspectives about violence, one becomes a victim to violence.
Isn't it better, Inspector, to dominate violence through understanding?

DET

I'm afraid my opinions are rather simple and dictated by my job:
violence must cease and desist.
I must protect the innocent.

MT

I may not be very innocent, but I do appreciate your protection, Inspector.

DET

My superiors, well, my superiors have asked me to investigate the causes of the riot.
To see if there's anything substantial in the claims the press are making about your past in France.

MT

Is there something specific you wish to ask me?

DET

Did you...

This is going to sound rude, and I assure you I mean no offense, Madame.

I ask this question only because I am a Detective Inspector,
and as such it's in my job description to ask impertinent questions.

MT

I promise you, I'm quite used to impertinent questions.

Go ahead. I know you mean no offense.

DET

Did you kill your husband?

MT

Of course not.

DET

Every major newspaper in London---

MT

I'm afraid I used a publicity tactic that has worked very effectively in Paris:

I lied.

I created a romantic, horrific story that made the press orgasmic.

They will entice their readers to fear and come to my museum.

Forgive me.

Have some official paperwork for your file about me, which I'm sure is quite impertinent:

This is a letter of introduction my husband wrote to the Bank of England.

I also have letters from Edmond Dantès (the Count of Monte Cristo),

Pierre (or Count Pyotr Kirillovich Bezukhov),

and, my dear friend, Count Leo Tolstoy.

The letters are in French and Russian,

but any translator will assure you they attest to the goodness of my character.

I'm sure this is enough evidence to support the veracity of my story.

DET

Yes, yes, quite.

You must admit, though, that it is *unusual* for a woman to travel to England alone,
without her husband or family.

MT

My family is dead.

I'm quite fearless and determined.

I will make this place work.

DET

You didn't feel this museum would do well in Paris?

MT

The English are much more bloodthirsty.
The Revolution satiated France's thirst for blood.
In Paris, my museum would be, *comme on dit*, too soon?
My father told me that there is a legend connected with the making of wax figures.
If you make the head of someone who recently died,
especially someone who had died violently,
the person's spirit would come to inhabit the figure.
Especially if one arranged the figure with things from their life.
Which is what this museum proposes to do.

DET

All of London will be clamoring to break down your doors and storm this place.
Exactly like the Bastille.

MT

Hopefully not *exactly* like the Bastille.

DET

So who is this grotesque figure?

MT

The Marquis de Sade.
I knew him in prison.

DET

You were in prison?

MT

During the revolution.
I was aiding the rebels
by collecting the heads of executed leaders
and creating wax replicas of them.
They were used in protests,
as totems to summon solidarity and dedication to the cause.
I was condemned to death as a traitor to France.
I met de Sade during the scraps of time we were given to bathe.
They didn't segregate the men from the women.
The first thing he begged of me was a souvenir he could masturbate with.
Feces.
Shocking, *n'est pas*?
C'est incroyable!
I had heard rumors, *mais mon dieu*,
I was barely a teenager!
Of course, I refused.
At first.
He was persistent.
He was old and ugly and smelled worse than rotting beef.

MT (Cont.)

But he had the most seductive, intriguing ideas.
I shouldn't have told you that.
I forget sometimes that this is not France.
And, unlike most English people, you are much more *receptive*.

DET

I will accept that as a complement.
Didn't the Marquis die in prison? I heard he was completely insane by the end of his life.

MT

Who knows what is true.
When I left Paris, there were so many stories and rumors, so much speculation,
no one quite understood what was real and what wasn't.
He could have escaped and come to England for all I know.
Sometimes, I think I see him on the street,
a beggar gnawing an apple core,
or an aristocrat in a hansom cab.
It is all I can do to keep myself from shrieking.
Most likely, the Marquis is dead.
He was old and diseased and vile.
He was *disgusting*.
He must be dead.

DET

Who is this you're working on now?

MT

The centerpiece of the collection.
You could say it's my thesis statement.
S'il vous plait, I'm not ready to show this to anyone.
Call it artistic temperament.
The whims of a woman.

DET

Nonsense!
Look at these marvelous figures.
You're an incredible artist at any stage!

MT

Detective Inspector, it's unfinished,
and my most difficult subject.
I always work from models,
and for this I haven't one.
So I'm using my imagination.
Please, allow me my pride.

(begins to hyperventilate, her hands jerking in spasms;
eventually calms)

Excusez- moi.

DET

Are you all right?
Do you need water? Should I summon help?
There is an excellent doctor here on Baker Street.
Dr. John Watson---

MT

I'm quite all right.
I'm simply a temperamental artist.

DET

Sit, please, I insist. Let me get you water.

MT

You are much too attentive!
If you tried to find water in this place, you'd surely become instantly lost.
This house twists and bloats like a sadistic labyrinth.

DET

This then.

(give her a flask)

MT

You are much too tempting to refuse.

(drinks)

I promise when I finish my statue,
you'll be the first to view her.

DET

Her? I'm intrigued.
Very well, on this occasion, I will not lift your skirts and have my peek.

MT

Have a catalog of our works.
When we have our opening next month,
it will be your ticket of admission for you and your wife.

DET

Thank you. My wife will adore this.

MT

Your flask, Inspector.

DET

I'm afraid I've left it here by accident.
When I notice it missing, I'll call on you again to retrieve it.
Perhaps in a week?

MT

Any time, Inspector.

DET

Please, call me Morse.

MT

All right then, Morse.

I'll make myself available whenever you wish to come.

END OF SCENE

Scene Three

SCENE: 221B Baker Street.

AT RISE: Dr. John Watson and Madame Tussaud.

MT

Dr. Watson, this is an incredible honor.
Thank you so much for your assistance.
Doing a wax figure of Sherlock Holmes will be a great attraction to my little museum.

DrW

Little?!
You're housed in the Winchester Mystery House,
the largest house on Baker Street,
if not all of England.
I must say, I've always been intrigued by the grand old place.
Rumors abound about its history and uncanny design:
the unknown number of rooms,
the staircases ascending into brick walls,
the doors on the second floor that lead to the outside without warning.

MT

I would be very happy to give you a tour.

DrW

Holmes once disguised himself as a plumber or some other workman
and got entrance to it.
He was simply curious,
and he spent hours describing every detail to me,
as I filled his pipe over and over,
and refilled his cup of tea over and over.

MT

You must miss him very much.

DrW

I didn't think it possible to miss anyone like this.
And I lost comrades on the battlefield,
all of my family,
two wives and a baby girl.
Those deaths were unfortunate.
This one collapsed the frame of my life.
I don't know who I am anymore.
And I can't bear to let the world forget him.
The world mustn't forget him.
He was the most extraordinary human being on the planet.

MT

Your own efforts at publishing his stories have been remarkable.
People will remember him for generations.

DrW

But those are my words.
My thoughts.
I twist him and distort him through my own subjectivity.
Who Holmes was, objectively and observably,
is irretrievably gone.

MT

You have created an attractive, admirable portrait of Holmes
You shouldn't degrade it simply because it lacks scientific precision.
Accuracy isn't the supreme form of memory.
Sometimes all we have of the world are impressionistic strokes that are just as satisfying.
No one knew him as you,
and no one could have brought him to public attention but you.

DrW

And you.
You can do what I cannot.
You can give the public his physical form.
People will be able to look him in the eyes.
People will recognize him.
I have given people a shadow of what his mind was,
you can give him his body.

MT

And you.

DrW

I'm sorry?

MT

I can give his body to you.

DrW

I have what you asked for:
Clothes, hats, gloves, shoes, pipe, some scientific equipment, books, papers,
and I wrote down detailed notes about his appearance.
I hope it's adequate.

MT

With these and your stories, I will have quite enough to work with.
I would love to make a figure of you to accompany Holmes.
I do wish you'd change your mind and pose for me.

DrW

No, no, I have crowded his image quite enough already.
I am still alive.
This is his memorial.

MT

I'm so very sorry for your loss.
I do understand what you mean.
I lost many friends during the revolution.
But it was the death of my teacher,
the man who taught me how to sculpt in wax,
that is the death which broke my life.
He was also the most brutal man, and he would impale me upon his unimaginable pleasure.
I hated him and loved him in equal measure.
But you're quite right: it was an act of violence that destroyed me.

DrW

I can't sleep at all.

MT

Me either.
I have learned to use those empty, dark hours for work.

DrW

I walk through London.

MT

That's good.
Keeping yourself busy, finding something for your mind to fix upon,
that is the best healing tool.

DrW

Will you keep me apprised of your progress?

MT

Yes and faithfully.
You may visit whenever you wish to view my work, whatever I have completed.
I don't normally allow this, but your insight would be helpful.
You can correct my mistakes.
Give me a few days to begin.

DrW

Of course. Whatever will help Holmes.

END OF SCENE

Scene Four

SCENE: Winchester Mystery House.

AT RISE: MT sketching JACK.

JACK

You have no women in your collection.

MT

No, there are a few women murderers.
I wish there were more.
They become the most appealing of all the murderers.
People stare at them as if they have four heads
and three are speaking Chinese.
My museum is quite educational:
yes, women can butcher people just like men.

JACK

No, not just like men.

MT

No, I suppose you're right.
Women don't make murder an art,
if one could call what men do to women an art.

JACK

I don't consider it an art.

MT

What is it to you?
Why do you do it?

JACK

Have you ever been so angry you have thrown a teacup across a room?

MT

I threw decapitated head at my sculpting teacher.
He didn't like that I gave expression to death masks.
He screamed, *Death has no emotion!* and destroyed my work.
My aim was off and I missed.
I suppose I was too angry to focus.

JACK

My anger has always been at its highest,
and my aim its most precise.

MT

I should sculpt you as an archer.

JACK

An archer about to shoot an arrow at an apple on a woman's head,
but I shoot it through her disgusting womb instead.

MT

Well, perhaps not.
Respectable people are coming to see your wax figure.

JACK

Respectable people who would rather look at my bloody cloak and shirt and trousers and shoes,
and see their faces reflected in my bloodstained knife.
That is for respectable people?

MT

Jack, it's a delicate balance.
Actual weapons and blood,
but never show the gruesome reality.
Tell them the details of the wounds,
but don't display them.
Sometimes you show, sometimes you tell.
It's a delicately written story that is sometimes captivating and sometimes boring.

JACK

May I ask a question?

MT

Yes, if you stop moving about so much.

JACK

Why aren't you afraid of me?

MT

I'm not your type.

JACK

My type? What is my type?

MT

A prostitute,
which you conflate with rabid sexuality,
and corruption of Biblical proportion.

JACK

What if I told you I killed respectable women,
women like you?

MT

I imagine those women were exceptions.
Perhaps first attempts or practice.
They weren't fulfilling.
You probably were too scared,
and after you felt disgusted with the entire thing.
You've advanced too far to go back to someone like me,
someone who doesn't inspire your rage.

JACK

I applaud your insights, Madame,
but take care not to be too insightful.
I enjoy my mystery.

MT

I appreciate the warning.
Now it's time to measure you.

JACK

Do not touch me!
I brought you all the necessary measurements.

MT

That's quite efficient of you.
You mustn't worry, Jack.
I know not to touch you.

JACK

How soon can I see it, see me, my wax figure?

END OF SCENE

Scene Five

SCENE: Winchester Mystery House.

AT RISE: Staff meeting with MT, Frida KAHLO, and Salvador DALI.

MT

All right, let's get started.
Where's the map?
Pull up a map, please, Senorita Frida Kahlo, my dear.
Talk to me: what's our progress?

KAHLO

I'll start with the ground floor.
This is the main entrance.
Main exit.

MT

Gift shop?

KAHLO

Exit through the gift shop.
No other way out.
No readmission once you're in the gift shop.

MT

Excellent.

KAHLO

At the entrance we have British royalty and celebrities, such as Sherlock Holmes.
Then the French court, casualties of the revolution including de Sade and yourself.
All of this is pretty much ready for the public.
Except for Sherlock Holmes.

MT

I'll have him done in the next few days.
What about the Hound of the Baskervilles? I saw the moor you constructed in the conservatory, and it looks marvelously Gothic. The ancient stone huts are ravishing.
But, Senior Dali, what of our demonic hound?

DALI

I've been having trouble wiring up his glowing eyes, but they should be working by opening.

KAHLO

Second floor?

DALI

We have to solve an issue with the second floor:

DALI (Cont.)

We need another two rooms or we won't be able to fit in the Ed Gein's farmhouse and what's-his-names kitchen.

MT

Jeffrey Dahmer's.

It doesn't really matter since we have rooms to burn.

This place seems to be growing under our feet.

I want Jeffrey to have plenty of room to display all of his particular cuisine.

Big freezer and fridge. Oversize them, but painted to look normal.

Don't be afraid to be grotesque and cartoonish.

Think Disneyland on mushrooms during the apocalypse.

It'll fuck with everyone's minds.

Oh, for opening night, make sure the caterers are stationed in the kitchen with raw looking meat hors d'oeuvres.

I want etiquette to pressure people into faux cannibalism.

I don't know why, but I love goading the British.

KAHLO

We've been having a side issue.

DALI

It's Jack.

He's been sending *requests*.

I've received packages every day describing in disgusting detail each crime scene, along with fresh pieces of *evidence*.

The problem is that he's describing murders that the police haven't discovered.

KAHLO

Is he killing people to fill out his exhibit?

MT

What's our legal position on this?

KAHLO

He's a madman with no evidence to support any of his assertions.

A madman we made up for the exhibition. We can call it intellectual speculation.

MT

And the things he's sending us?

KAHLO

Cuttings from a pig. That's what they look like to me.

We have no reason to think they are human.

MT

Move Jack to the other ballroom.

We can partition it off into streets and recreate the East End.

We don't need logic or accuracy:

MT (Cont.)

History keeps Fiction as a weapon in its arsenal right next to Evidence.
Just make enough streets to accommodate all the crime scenes.

DALI

Which other ballroom?
The one on the East side or West side?

MT

There is a ballroom on the East side?

DALI

There's also one at the end of the North wing,
but I doubted you meant that one because we have nothing out there.

MT

There are *two* ballrooms?

DALI

There are four.

MT

God all fucking mighty.
In the realty ad, it mentioned only one ballroom.
I knew the Winchester Mystery House was the largest in London, but I didn't expect it to have
uncharted territory.
Give Jack the ballroom where we're holding the after party.

KAHLO

That's such a beautiful room!
It's perfect for the after party!
The high ceilings and the sconces!

DALI

We can't lose the sconces!

MT

We'll hold the after party on the first floor instead.
Let people have a longer chance to stare at their rich fucking wax faces.
It'll feed egos and we'll have a dozen commissions by midnight.

DALI

Madame, could you possibly tell Jack to curtail his efforts?
This is starting to disturb me.
I'm developing a fear of opening the post.

MT

If you get something that's red or sticky,
log it, photograph it, and put it in the freezer.

MT (Cont.)

If we can't fit all of these gifts into our Jack the Ripper scenes,
we'll put them in Dahmer's kitchen.
God knows we can always use more organs for that fridge.

KAHLO

I can take over the post, Dali, if you would map out the East End in the Ballroom.

DALI

I would appreciate that.

MT

Are you sure you're all right?

DALI

No, but cartography will help.
We got the bill for the air conditioning.

MT

Don't tell me. Just file it. I'll pay it later.

DALI

Air Conditioning Repairman said that the units are going to blow.

MT

They're going to what?

DALI

They're old and were built a century ago
and eventually they are going to explode.

MT

That doesn't sound technologically possible.

DALI

Plus we only have six to cool a house that needs at least thirty, if not more.
They're overworking and are on the verge of catastrophic failure.

MT

Just show me in hand signals how much it will cost.

(DALI throws signals)

MT

I'm going to have to ramp up our efforts.
We need this place to be cold.
We don't need the queen of England to melt in front of her loyal subjects.
The British would find that awkward and there is no worse faux pas than making the British feel awkward.

MT (Cont.)

How many more days until we open?

DALI

Thirty.

MT

I need to get to work.

KAHLO

What more can you do?

We have nauseatingly graphic exhibits of the most heinous murders in the twentieth century!

There must be a point when we have to stop adding more.

MT

I think it's time to begin our primary advertising campaign:

Self-immolation of my character and good name.

I'll send my friend in the French Police a telegram, asking him to get things started.

Can you handle me being away for a day or two?

KAHLO

We'll persevere.

MT

Remember:

Don't answer the phone and don't open the door.

Never take public transportation and never walk anywhere.

Only take cabs driven by non-white men.

Without me here to run interference,

Jack will discover you exist.

That is dangerous because both of you look like his type.

DALI

You may not have noticed this,

but I'm male.

MT

Dali, go look in our freezer.

There are red and sticky things in there that didn't come off a woman.

It's entirely within Jack's character to try something new out of boredom.

Like wanting Chinese instead of Italian.

DALI

That sounds racist.

MT

What I mean is you both look like prostitutes.

High class prostitutes, but prostitutes nevertheless.

Stop looking offended.

MT (Cont.)

All you're doing is victim blaming.
You think those women asked to be eviscerated by Jack?
No one deserves that.

DALI

Do they deserve to be exploited in a museum like this?

MT

All history, academic discourse, journalism, education and human communication is exploitation.
At least we can horrify people enough into believing in real life monsters.
Maybe then they can protect themselves.

DALI

But can they?

MT

Knowledge is power.

DALI

I know how to load and fire a gun, I know gun safety,
but a thousand different things could happen and I could get shot to death.
Probably by my own gun.
I could accidentally get shot by my dog. Do you know how many people get shot by their dog every
year?
Some things we can't control.

MT

Also, if any one appears who says they're relatives of mine,
a father or an uncle,
if a disgustingly ugly old man comes asking for me,
tell him I don't exist.
Tell him you own this place and you're just using my name.

KAHLO

What are you talking about?

DALI

What old man?

MT

Never mind. Forget I said anything.
I need to send a telegram.

END OF SCENE

Scene Six

SCENE: London street.

AT RISE: CHANTERS chanting.

CHANTERS

Madame Tussaud arrested by Scotland Yard!

Arrest warrant from Paris for Madame Tussaud!

Only a month before the opening of her wax museum!

Her Chamber of Horrors!

Wanted by the French police for murder and escape from prison!

Madame Tussaud was arrested and condemned to death for aiding in the torture and deaths of twelve girls with the infamous Marquis de Sade!

Reports that Madame Tussaud committed acts of sodomy with the women before strangling them!

She is expected to be formally extradited in the next few days!

END OF SCENE

Scene Seven

SCENE: Scotland Yard, interrogation room.

AT RISE: DET and MT.

DET

You are not under arrest, Madame Tussaud.
You are here of your own free will and may leave whenever you wish.

MT

I simply want this matter cleared up.
It's an outrageous accusation!
I never murdered any girls or committed...*sodomy* with them!

DET

I believe you.
Can I get you some water?

MT

S'il vous plait.
I'm feeling rather lightheaded.

DET

That's entirely understandable.
No lady should endure such abuse.

MT

Merci.
I don't understand how these accusations came to you.

DET

We received an arrest warrant for you from the French government.
It appears quite in order,
but we're going to contact them and double check its authenticity.

MT

Please don't send me back to Paris.

DET

We are doing everything we can in order to prevent that.
Could you explain to me again,
why were you arrested and imprisoned?

MT

To be honest, I don't know.
At that time, during the Revolution,
dozens of people were being arrested and executed daily.

MT (Cont.)

No one was told why or given a fair trial.
Perhaps I was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time.
I wasn't allowed a lawyer and I never faced a judge.
I was told one day I was condemned,
but I wasn't given a date of execution.
During that time I lived every moment fully.
I was never sure if I would live to another.
Which is why I was so accommodating to the Marquis.
It was my last and only chance at love.
As perverted and terrifying as it was,
it was undeniably profound.

DET

It wasn't your only chance at love.

MT

With the guillotine always poised above my neck,
bien sur, it was my only chance at love!
And I cherished it!

DET

Someone as brilliant as you should experience a purer and deeper love,
something dignified and respectable.
You will find it,
I promise you that.

MT

Vous etes tres sympathique.
You are too kind.

DET

Nonsense!
After your little museum opens,
you'll have men dozens of men begging for a moment of your time.

MT

I wish I was as optimistic as you.
I'm terrified that you'll have to send me back to Paris.

DET

The French government has been pardoning many people since the revolution.
It doesn't make sense that they would single you out for extradition.
Tell me: did the Marquis ever tell you about his crimes?

MT

No, he only talked about me and what he...wanted me to do.

DET

What did he want you to do?
What you told me before?

MT

He talked quite a lot about my body.
Especially, my breasts.

DET

Go on.

MT

He begged me for glimpses of my naked body.
He professed his devotion to me,
how my body could save his damned soul.
How a glimpse of my young flesh would ease his pain and hunger.
How do you resist such devotion?
Day after day, moment after moment,
all I heard was how my body was his redemption.
I grew to believe it.
That is successful seduction:
you build a convincing lie and chant it long enough until others chant it with you.
When you hear the lie repeated back, it must then be true.

DET

Go on.
What did he do to you?

MT

When we would have a moment,
I would lift my shirt or skirt,
and let him eat me with his eyes.
I would feel so strong,
so pleased and happy,
even when the guards punched me and kicked me for riling everyone up.
We never had privacy, of course,
so all the prisoners got a glimpse.
And I would cause quite a lot of excitement.

DET

I have no doubt,
seeing you like that
would save anyone's soul.
There are days I know exactly how the Marquis de Sade felt.

MT

Do you feel imprisoned, misunderstood, and starved?
Do you crave a glimpse of something forbidden---

(JACK enters)

JACK

Madame, say nothing else.
Is Madame Tussaud being formally charged, Constable?

DET

Detective Inspector.
And no, she isn't being charged at the moment.
I assume that you are---

JACK

I'm Madame's solicitor.
Baron Doyne-Ditmas,
of the Oxford Doynes and the Canterbury Ditmas.
No doubt you've heard of us.
After all, my brother is the Archbishop of Canterbury.
Say nothing else, Madame.
I need to speak to my client alone,
and in complete privacy, Constable.

DET

Detective Inspector Morse.

JACK

Indeed. Your mother must be proud.

DET

If you need anything, Madame, don't hesitate to send for me.
(exits)

MT

Baron Doyne-Ditmas?!

JACK

You're lucky I heard the street urchins chanting about your arrest.
Did you say anything incriminating?

MT

No! The charges are ludicrous!

JACK

Yes, quite.
You're not the type to do such things.
You're the kind to sit in the audience and watch others have all the salacious fun.
Just like your museum:
gawk at those who have the courage to act according to their pleasures
and be respectably disgusted and outraged.
Oh, no, Jack the Ripper ate that girl's kidney! How barbaric!

JACK (Cont.)

*What must it have tasted like! Do you think he cooked it or ate it raw?
He should have eaten it with sauteed onions and tossed with penne.*
Which I did, by the way.

MT

Are you really morally outraged by the public's moral outrage over you?

JACK

I'm outraged by hypocrisy.

MT

It's so immoral to be entertained by you,
but I can't help myself.

JACK

Did you really know the Marquis de Sade?

MT

We were acquainted in prison.

JACK

Were the stories true?
Did he do everything he wrote about?

MT

Did you come down here to save me or ask about the Marquis de Sade?

JACK

I've read everything he's written. He's a personal hero of mine.
His libertine philosophy, or throwing off the shackles of laws and embracing pleasure in every form,
will transform the world.
You watch: Jack the Ripper will become the new Everyman figure.
It's already begun.
Your museum exhibits its naked, sweating, screaming libertine body.
It will seduce the respectable into feeling the pleasure of crime and insidiousness,
to bury their faces in the gaping, bloody wounds of murder.

MT

Why are you here?

JACK

Pure devotion to you, Madame.
You don't believe me. You think I'm incapable of feeling.
I assure you, you are one of the few women I admire.
That repulses you, doesn't it?

MT

His writings were quite accurate.

MT (Cont.)

But even more of his crimes went undiscovered.

JACK

What was he like?

MT

He had no borders and he was quite outspoken.

JACK

Did he truly sew a woman into a donkey?

Did he tie a woman to a rocket and launch her into space?

MT

She didn't make it into orbit. After take off, the rocket blew up.

JACK

Well, he wasn't an aerospace engineer, was he?

I admire his imagination.

MT

Sometimes I think he was more obsessed with having things done to him.

His imagination was rife with all sorts of sadistic tortures he wanted inflicted upon himself.

JACK

It is a two way street.

People never understand that.

I have done worse things to myself than I've ever done to anyone else.

MT

Yet you're still alive.

JACK

If I died, how could I possibly experience pleasure? The libertine must always survive.

Did you ever help him with his self-torture?

MT

It was difficult, but yes.

JACK

Tell me what you did.

Please, please, please.

MT

I caught a rat and killed it.

I let it harden like a pike.

Then when we were out for our exercises,

I got behind him,

and at the right time,

MT (Cont.)

the Marquis dropped his trousers and bent over,
and I shoved that dead, maggot ridden rat
straight up his ass.

JACK

You are a good friend.

MT

Jack, did you just---

JACK

Rather embarrassing of me.
My apologies for my lack of self control.

MT

It's nothing I haven't seen men do before.
At least I don't have to clean you with my tongue.

JACK

You would---

MT

Jack!
Focus!
Are you really a solicitor?

JACK

Oh, yes, didn't I tell you?
In my youth, fox hunting began to bore me, so I studied law.
This extradition is nonsense.
I'm sure they have no evidence,
and most likely this is a bureaucratic error or someone has a vendetta against you.
Did you leave any enemies behind in France?
Such as a husband angry because you stole quite a lot of his money?

MT

In polite circles, we refer to it as a settlement.

JACK

During this settlement, did you accidentally push him off a bridge?

MT

Unfortunately, no.

JACK

What's your husband like?

MT

He's a monster.

JACK

A monster like me?

MT

No, he wouldn't have come to save me.
He'd be too busy with his boys.

JACK

Boys? Intriguing.
Maybe when I get bored with law I'll study the male species.
Did you ever help Monsieur Tussaud with his self-torture?

MT

A few times.
Unfortunately, he wasn't as creative as the Marquis.

JACK

I must admit I did come out of curiosity more than anything.
But I do care what happens to you.
How is my statue coming along?

MT

You'll be impressed, I think.

JACK

Is it beautiful?

MT

No, it's accurate.
It'll make you cum.

JACK

Give me a few minutes,
and I'll get you out of here.

END OF SCENE

Scene Eight

SCENE: 221B Baker Street.

AT RISE: DrW present. MT enters with hatbox.

MT

Dr. Watson!
Please forgive my intrusion.
I should have sent word that I intended to visit,
but I was too excited and anxious to see you.
I've finished it right this minute and ran down the street to you.
Am I intruding?

DrW

Not at all! Not at all!
Would you like tea or coffee?

MT

I've been drinking coffee all day.
Any more and you'll have to peel me off the ceiling.
Would you like to see?

DrW

I'm afraid I'm at a loss.
See what?

MT

Sherlock Holmes!
I have his head!
I have the clay model that I'll use to construct the mold for the wax.
I'm very pleased with it and I hope you will be, too.
Would you like to see?
I'm afraid I've shocked you.
I'm so sorry, Dr. Watson.

DrW

No, no, please, call me John.
I've been under the weather today.
For some reason,
when you said that,
I did actually believe you had his real head in the box.
Absurd of me.
Please, call me John.

MT

You do look ill, John.
Do you have a fever? Have you eaten at all?

DrW

I've done nothing but eat.
I'm afraid I'm helpless when presented with a cake.
And Mrs. Hudson has been baking me one each day since...
It's her way of coping, I understand.
She feels helpless.

MT

The two best things for you right now are
exercise and company.
Both will ease your depression.
So if you promise to go out walking with me
every other afternoon,
you may have your cake and eat it, too.
Perhaps I'll eat some of your cake as well.

DrW

I couldn't possibly impose!

MT

You'll be doing me a favor.
I spend eighteen hours a day building wax figures.
Not to mention all of the marketing
and keeping the Winchester House capable of human habitation.
If the air conditioning goes down one more time,
I swear I will gut our Air Conditioning Repairman.

DrW

It would seem you need your melancholy cure more than me.
Especially if it can save the life of an innocent Air Conditioning Repairman.

MT

Accept me as your patient, then,
and prescribe for me a cure of walking and good conversation.

DrW

May I see him now?

(MT gently opens the box and pulls out the head, handing
it to DrW)

MT

I may make changes if you believe them necessary.

DrW

He's exquisite.
He's perfect.

MT

Feel his skull.

DrW

Feel his skull?

MT

I've had training in phrenology.
I could take patients if I wished, but who has the time for a third career.
I used what I learned about Sherlock Holmes
from you and your published stories,
and constructed his skull according to the character traits he exhibited.
Feel this bump here, that's obsessiveness.
His forehead and nose are intellect,
this bump here is his sense of justice and moral fortitude.
And this, back here, this sudden elevation,
that's filial devotion.
That's for you.
Oh, John, it's quite all right.
Let's go for a walk now.
It'll be good for both of us.
I'm sure the polluted London air will be a wonderful tonic for our black moods.

DrW

He was a bastard.
He went after Moriarity without me.
He never trusted me.
He lied to me on every case.
He withheld information from me because he thought me too emotional to be trusted.
He used me for years.
He said my assistance was invaluable, but never did I give him anything helpful.
I was there only to make himself feel superior and smarter.
He would scold me as if I was his street urchin, his apprentice!
He treated me like a fool,
I'm a goddamn medical doctor!
Now he's the fool because if he had taken me with him to confront Moriarity,
I might have saved his fucking life!

END OF SCENE

Scene Nine

SCENE: A parlor, extremely posh.

AT RISE: JACK sits holding a toddler, bouncing it on his knee while BARONESS Doyne-Ditmas pours out tea for him and MT.

BARONESS

Do you have any children, Madame Tussaud?

MT

I did, but they died during the Revolution.
Trampled in riots, sodomized to death, that sort of thing.

JACK

Scone?

BARONESS

I'm so sorry, Madame, I shouldn't have asked,
please, I beg your pardon, Madame!

MT

It's quite all right.
Horrific things happen every day,
and they happen quite casually.
Why shouldn't we discuss them casually?

JACK

These scones are a triumph, darling.
My wife is an impeccable cook.
She finds domestic duties an amusing hobby,
and much more rewarding than her baroness duties.
Such as shopping, and appearing slightly offended,
with the subtle curl of the lip.
Just like now.
You're an absolute credit to the aristocracy, my love!

BARONESS

I'm quite astonished you can manage a professional acquaintanceship with my husband, Madame.
He can be most difficult.

MT

I've managed worse.

BARONESS

Such as the Marquis de Sade? I must admit, I'm quite thrilled to visit your museum! I've such a morbid curiosity about everything salacious.

JACK

Aren't you being naughty, my cuddly currant?
Didn't I tell you not to read newspapers?
Reading never does you any good.
The Baroness, my wife, suffers from bouts of hysteria,
usually brought about by reading and other intellectual pursuits.

MT

I have my own struggles with hysteria, Baroness.
There is nothing shameful about having an illness.

BARONESS

That is quite reassuring, Madame.
I'm so delighted my husband invited you for coffee.
I have no one else with whom I may discuss such intimate things.

JACK

Madame, I hope you don't mind coffee rather than tea,
but my wife, the Baroness, brews the best coffee in all of England,
and all out guests must endure it.

MT

I prefer coffee,
as do most of the French.
It is lovely, all of this.
You could have your own shop!
In fact, this gives me an incredible idea---

JACK

Would you excuse us, my dear?

BARONESS

Of course, darling.

JACK

She is my wife, not a coffeemonger.
She is *Baroness Doyne-Ditmas*.

MT

Of *the Doyne-Ditmases*!

JACK

I will not have her *work* in your beastly museum.

MT

I simply thought it might give her something to do
and help her through her illness.
With your *active career*,

MT (Cont.)

I imagine she is alone for quite a long time.
It's no wonder she has mental struggles.
Coffee is her passion,
and I need a smart cafe near the East End we're constructing.
You must admit that the juxtaposition is wonderfully amusing.

JACK

So that's it, then.
I invite you into my home and you take my wife's side entirely.

MT

You really believe that she *doesn't* deserve sympathy?
She is suffering from hysteria---

JACK

She tortures me.
She withholds herself from me.
We've had sex once in ten years and it was to have this little darling.
But that doesn't stop her from teasing me and torturing me.
Every night she wines and demands that I give her a body massage.
She lays on the bed naked and all I get to do is be her servant.
Then I get sent off to my own room with only my thoughts.
It's no wonder why I do what I do on the streets,
why my tastes are as they are.

MT

Why haven't you refused her
or told her how you feel?

JACK

It would only serve to humiliate me.
She would laugh in my face.
She's done that often enough.
Luckily, now, I'm immune to her laughter:
I simply imagine cutting through her mouth,
with one slash of my knife.
Then she laughs forever,
but, truly, the joke is on her.

MT

Divorce is a thing.

JACK

In France.

MT

In England.

JACK

If it's such a thing,
why haven't you divorced your husband?
Perhaps, because, you can't divorce a corpse.

MT

Why am I here, Jack?
Why did you invite me to coffee?
I expect you wanted to create your own Chamber of Horrors for me.
To impress me?
To make me shudder in horror
as I watch you caress and kiss your little girl
with the same mouth and hands
that dismembered diseased prostitutes?
When I was your daughter's age,
my father's friends were fucking me in the ass,
using their feces as lubricant.
And, yes, the Marquis de Sade was one of my father's friends.
It's been a lovely afternoon, Jack,
and if your ego needs some sort of reaction out of me,
I assure you, I do feel quite queasy.
I must say *au revoir*, as I have mountains of work at the museum.
Apologize to the Baroness for my abrupt departure---

JACK

I wanted you to meet my family,
nothing more.
It's what one does with acquaintances,
with friends.

MT

What about our business relationship,
not to mention that you're also, apparently, my solicitor?
Isn't friendship an improper intimacy?

JACK

I thought it was important for you to understand me.
This is my life.
I'm not just a...you know.

MT

You can't talk about it in your house?

JACK

Not with my child on my lap.
I would not for the world,
let her become like me.
Even if that means I can never speak openly in my own home.

JACK (Cont.)

The slightest hint could bring this anger out of her.

MT

Jack, we cannot be friends.
Forgive me if I gave you any impression that this was possible between us.
You are a dangerous person.
You might not have interest in murdering me,
but you cannot be anything except a brutal force in all your relationships.
Except in the case of your children.
I believe,
I know,
you will always protect your children.
I hope we can continue working together.
We are accomplishing great things.

JACK

What “great things”, may I ask?

MT

Art.
History.
And a public service announcement.
Together, we are going to show the public that monsters are real.

JACK

The only public service we will accomplish
is making the public hungry for amorality.
We will create murderers and abusers, not deter them.
We're creating a how-to manual:
Sodomy For Dummies.
You are no force of Morality:
you've done too much in your life to be anything good.

MT

It is from that experience that I can expose you.
No one else can understand you as I do.

END OF SCENE

Scene Ten

SCENE: 221B Baker Street.

AT RISE: DET and DrW.

DET

Dr. Watson! John!

DrW

Morse!

I heard you were made Detective Inspector.
No one was more deserving.

DET

I'm so glad I've caught you at home!
I heard rumors that you were living once again at Baker Street.

DrW

I'm putting all of Holmes's papers in order for the British Museum.
He did quite a number of scientific experiments that they are most interested in.
I imagine he'll be remembered for his scientific work rather than...

DET

Rather than as the right hand of justice?
You've made sure people will never forget that,
with your stories and memoirs.
He's entered the realm of popular culture,
and from there he shall rule as a god from Olympus.
But I didn't come out here to talk about Holmes.
I need your help, John.

DrW

Oh? I thought Dr. Kevorkian was your personal physician.

DET

This isn't a health matter.
I need you to do some investigating for me.

DrW

You're a detective inspector at Scotland Yard.
You can investigate anything you want.

DET

I can't investigate a feeling.
A non-crime.
No, that is definitely not something my superiors would allow.
I'm not allowed to have a lunch break until Jack the Ripper is caught.

DET (Cont.)

I had to sneak out dressed as a janitor to visit you.
I can just imagine their faces as I attempt to explain that
I need to investigate something because
my gut says something doesn't feel right.
But you---you specialize in gut feelings
and following less than a hunch along a wild goose chase
with less than a coherent theory about what is going on.

DrW

When I worked with Holmes.

DET

He taught you everything he knew,
and even if you were a low grade moron,
that would make you a better detective than anyone in this part of the world.
And that includes me.

DrW

You know that is utterly ridiculous.

DET

Will you at least hear me out?
At the very least, aren't you curious to know what brought me out here,
at the risk of losing my job?

DrW

Well, we'll should have something to talk about while we have a drink.

DET

Madame Tussaud.

DrW

You can't believe that she's guilty of any sort of crime!
Wasn't she cleared in that extradition matter?

DET

It has nothing to do with that.
Well, it has something to do with it.
The call for an extradition came out of a bright blue sky,
and thence it went again without pomp or fanfare.

DrW

It was most likely some sort of publicity stunt.
You can hardly blame her.
She's all alone in London, forced to open a business alone, and knowing no one.

DET

Yes, *alone*, as you so accurately described her twice.

DET (Cont.)

Women don't move to the biggest city
in the strongest empire in the world
alone.

DrW

Madame Tussaud isn't any ordinary woman.
Not after what she's been through.
She's as strong as a hundred men.

DET

John, that may be, but she's still a woman.
She still has the inherent weaknesses of the sex.
You're a doctor—you know that better than I do.
Something isn't right.
I need someone to do some digging.
Go to France. Get this confusion sorted properly.

DrW

Oh, I know what this is truly about.
I know why you want her investigated.
Morse, come now, we live in modern times!
If you wish to know the colorful history of a beautiful, mysterious woman,
all you need do is ask her.
She's a very forthright woman
and very French.
She won't be offended.

DET

Colorful history?!
She knew the Marquis de Sade, for Christ's sake!
That goes beyond mere color
and warps space and time and creates alternate universes,
or whatever such things physicists talk about!
She may have committed a crime.

DrW

Morse, you seriously think she raped and murdered girls?
That's absolutely preposterous.
I know Madame Tussaud.
If any girls were raped, she was one of them.
Being suspicious is no way to begin a relationship with Madame Tussaud.

DET

A weekend in Paris, that's all I'm asking.

DrW

You have nothing substantial. Holmes would never accept this case.

DET

I would never have gone to Holmes with anything so personal. John, please.

END OF SCENE

Scene Eleven

SCENE: London Street, before a cafe.

AT RISE: MT in a crowd. A man walks past her, knocking her over. Their eyes meet, and MT shrieks and has a fit; he exits; PIA runs to MT and ministers to her until the fit has passed.

PIA

You must have some brandy and coffee.
Please, lets go in the cafe.

(MT is led to a table and PIA calls a waiter and orders
brandy, coffee and water for both of them)

PIA

Drink this. Little sips.

MT

Thank you.
You're too kind.
I feel like I'm bursting.

PIA

I assure you, people don't burst.
It isn't physically possible.
Are you hungry?

MT

No, thank you.
I must go---

PIA

You're much too weak, still.
Wherever you need to go will wait.
What happened to you?
Did you hit your head?

MT

I don't know. It feels like it, like I got hit with an ax.
Am I bleeding?

PIA

It doesn't look like it.
You seemed to have had a fit.

MT

Oh, yes, I do occasionally.
Never on the street though.

MT (Cont.)

I really must go.
Thank you, Miss---

PIA

Palladino.
Pia Palladino.

MT

Pia Palladino?
Are you really?
I think I do need to stay a while.
Shall we order tea? Perhaps it isn't too early for dinner.

PIA

How do you know who I am?

MT

Please, have some brandy. Little sips.

PIA

Please answer my question.

MT

You were the guest, once, of a friend of mine, Simone de Beauvoir.
She told me quite a lot about you.
She assured me your paranormal abilities are quite fierce.
Are you still practicing? Have you set up shop in London?

PIA

I have a few clients.
It's been nice not being stalked by the press,
or have tomatoes thrown at me,
people screaming at me that I'm a fraud and a fake.
I have to admit,
I do miss the income I generated in America.
I haven't had the opportunity to come out here, so to speak.
I haven't found the one big client who will make a name for me.
I'm not sure what to do with myself.
You stare at me like a man.
Are you ignoring me like one, too?
Have you listened to anything I've said?

MT

You don't know what to do with yourself.
I know exactly what to do with yourself.

PIA

Who are you, by the way?

MT

I'm nobody.
Unless there's someone you want me to be.
Say so, and I will magically transform into whatever you wish.

PIA

I suppose I'm fortunate that I have my trustworthy Ouija board with me.
(I just came from a client, who wishes to remain anonymous. It was Agatha Christie.)
(pulls from bag and sets up on the table)
Ouija, who the hell am I having coffee and brandy with right now?
Oh, it seems Ouija has an answer.
T-U-S-S-A-U-D.
As in Madame Tussaud.
That's a yes.

MT

Ouija, who was the man who pushed me into the street?

PIA

D-E-S-A-D-E.

MT

What?!
Are you making it spell that?!

PIA

Of course. I see pictures of you in newspapers every day. And his name has always been coupled with yours.
This is how I do what I do.
I read newspapers and pay attention and regurgitate information on cue.
Who do you think pushed you into the gutter?
It did seem deliberate.
Let's find a policeman.
I got a good look at him.

MT

You saw his face?

PIA

Yes.

MT

Was he...Fuck, I don't have a picture.
Give me your napkin.
Waiter!

(waiter appears and she asks for a pencil, which he provides; she sketches on the napkin)

MT (Cont.)

Did he look like this?

PIA

Who is this?

MT

Is this him?!

PIA

No. Not even remotely like him.

The man who knocked you down was tall and thin. His nose looked like an enormous beak.

Sort of like Sherlock Holmes. Wasn't he gaunt and birdlike?

What's the word?....Aquiline!

He was definitely aquiline.

And this man you drew, he's rather handsome.

MT

Are you absolutely certain this isn't the man you saw?

PIA

Completely.

Who is this?

Is this the Marquis de Sade?

MT

Yes.

PIA

He died in prison.

MT

He must have. *He must have.*

But I swear to you, I would swear in court,
that it was the Marquis who pushed me into the gutter.

PIA

Do you see him often?

MT

No.

Sometimes.

I'm terrified that he survived prison,
that he's in London, that he's looking for me.

He always said nothing could keep him from me.

That no one would ever love me as he did.

Can we please talk about you?

I need the distraction of flirting with you.

PIA

Sex is not an antidote to trauma.

MT

Obviously you haven't had sex with me.

END OF SCENE

Scene Twelve

SCENE: The Winchester Mystery House.

AT RISE: Staff Meeting with KAHLO, DALI and MT.

KAHLO

Okay, okay,
I just need to say this.
I need to say this:
that Air Conditioning Guy keeps changing his story.
First we have units that are breaking down,
and then we get new ones,
and those are apparently breaking as well.

MT

Tranquille!

KAHLO

These air conditioners are making me lose my fucking mind!

MT

Frida, *tranquille*.
Start at the beginning.
Pull up the map.
How many air conditioners are operational now?

KAHLO

Two. In the central portion of the building, toward the front.

DALI

We've moved everything sensitive in here.

MT

It still feels warmer than it should in here.
How many units should be working?

DALI

Fifteen total.

MT

And the new units broke down almost immediately after installation?

KAHLO

He said that the demand of the house is greater than he thought.
There's too much air.

MT

Too much air?

KAHLO

There's too much air in the house.

DALI

Because the house is expanding.

MT

The house is *expanding*?

DALI

He said the physical structure of the universe,
bounded by the confines of this building,
is changing.

KAHLO

We've seen it. With the new ballrooms.

MT

There is a big difference between miscounting rooms,
and *the physical structure of the house expanding*.

DALI

I'm just telling you what he said.

MT

OH MY FUCKING GOD!

KAHLO/DALI

What?!

MT

I am so stupid.
So fucking stupid.
This is what happens when I get laid---I stop *thinking*.

KAHLO/DALI

You got laid?

MT

Never mind about that!
Where is this Air Conditioning Guy?

KAHLO

Gone for the day.

DALI

He'll be back Monday.

KAHLO

Unless we want to pay weekend hours.

DALI

He calls them Platinum Hours.

MT

As our friends in the Americas would say,
pinche puto.

When he arrives Monday,
tell him that all payment has been suspended
and he must repair all of the units and get them working again.
He will get very combative.
After he rants for a bit, read him this.

(writes on piece of paper and slides it across to them)

He'll behave and then come find me.

KAHLO

I don't understand what this means.

DALI

Is it Latin?
Wait, is this a curse?

KAHLO

Please let it be a curse on that prick.
He treats me like a servant and talks down to me.
I am Frida fucking Kahlo!

DALI

I'm not comfortable with participating in a curse,
not in an expanding house.

KAHLO

And haunted.
Didn't I tell you? We're haunted.
Just found out today,
and, Jesus, are the ghosts pissed at us.

DALI

Is that's what's causing the house to expand?

MT

Dumbasses, the house is not expanding!
And there are English words on this piece of paper.

KAHLO

I'm pretty sure you can curse someone in English.

MT

It's not a curse!

He will not be harmed!

You will not be harmed!

KAHLO/DALI

What does it mean?!

MT

It would take much too long to explain it.

Please, just trust me about this,

and let me have my goddamn melodramatic moment!

KAHLO/DALI

Yes, Madame.

MT

Now, tell me about our version of the East End and why it looks and smells so clean.

The East End of London is a fucking sewer running through the Devil's anus,

and our version smells as clean as the Virgin Mary's twat.

Explain.

KAHLO

Blood.

MT

Elaborate.

DALI

We wanted to have the gutters run with blood,

but we're having trouble finding what we need.

MT

How much are you talking about?

DALI

A few liters would be fine.

MT

Liters?!

I'll talk to Jack.

I'm sure he can procure what we need.

He'll probably show up with a fucking keg.

But absolutely no blood running through the gutters.

Do splatter patterns over the walls,

like arterial spray, but not in the streets.

DALI

Would that remind you too much of the French Revolution?

MT

Historical accuracy.

The East End does not have blood in the streets.

We also need the place to smell like a sewer.

Get some garbage off the street and leave it around the ballroom,
let it ripen for awhile.

Maybe one of you would be willing to piss and defecate in the corners?

Mon Dieu, les artistes!

Hire a homeless person, then!

Someone who can come back weekly. Feces will lose its stench after a while. It must be fresh.

Also turn off the air to that portion of the building.

And paint the fronts of the buildings black.

Make them look like coal stains.

I want people to get black lung looking at it.

This should be a place of infection, corruption, and death.

It shouldn't be an easy place to go through.

What else?

You want to talk about the ghosts now?

Okay, tell me about the ghosts.

KAHLO

This place is haunted.

We just found out today.

It's really haunted.

MT

I'm listening.

Go on.

KAHLO

I saw it.

DALI

She saw it.

KAHLO

I saw it.

MT

What did you see?

KAHLO

The ghost.

I was working in the East End ballroom when the lights went out.

I assumed it was the Air Conditioning Guy working

KAHLO (Cont.)

because power kept going out all afternoon.
Then I heard someone moving around one street over,
and then I smelled it.
Exactly what you want, Madame,
that smell of corruption and rotting and deep, horrifying loneliness.
I couldn't continue working in the dark,
and the smell was making me gag,
so I decided to move on and work on Gacy's farmhouse, the floor above.
I turned to get my tools,
and there she was.
I saw her for a few moments,
like the flickering of a memory,
bloodied mouth and slit, gaping throat,
cradling her entrails like it was a baby
she'd just given birth to.
Then the lights came on,
and she was gone.

MT

How long had you been working without a break?
No, no, listen to me, listen to me.
Fatigue, the heat, the subject matter, the pressure:
it's no wonder you're seeing murder victims taking a tour.
Hallucination is a real thing.

KAHLO

I was not hallucinating!
I know what I saw!

MT

That is the exact definition of a hallucination:
it is real, it is clear, and you know what you saw.
I'm not going to debate the existence of ghosts to you.
I'm going to put you to work.
Go to this address and ask for Pia Palladino.
She'll be dressed as an eccentric gypsy. You two will have a lot in common.
Tell her what you saw,
(she will be most sympathetic),
give her all this money,
and tell her you want photos taken in here as soon as possible.

DALI

Photos?

MT

She's a psychic photographer.
Once she has the photos processed,
tell her to release them to the press *immediately*.

MT (Cont.)

First go to this guy at the *Daily Mail*, and let him have first pick.
When he asks if I'm free for tea, tell him I'm so very swamped with work,
but I can squeeze in a scone next Wednesday.
I won't, of course, because he's a bore with syphilis.
You'll know him on sight because his nose is caving in.
Then go to the *Times* and talk to this gentleman.
He perpetually has herpes about his mouth.
Do not shake hands with this gentleman.
He will give you a rough time on price,
but simply ask how his wife is doing and he'll give you the crown jewels.
Whatever money our gypsy makes off the photos she can keep.

DALI

You know more people in London than I do.
How are you from France?

MT

Whatever in the world made you think I'm from France?

END OF SCENE

Scene Thirteen

SCENE: 221B Baker Street

AT RISE: DrW and DET.

DrW

Paris was just what I needed, Morse.
The work distracted me,
the sites were beautiful,
and I think it has truly turned things around for me.
I've lost that brooding mourning.
I feel fresh, with new focus.

DET

That's wonderful, John!
But what did you discover?

DrW

What indeed.
Let's begin with the Tussauds.
They're an old, artistic family of sculptors,
quite respected for their talent.
I found a handful of names from grave stones,
and got another handful from servants.
It would seem that the youngest member of the family was Bernard Tussaud,
who seemed to be the most talented.
A few years before the revolution,
he married a child.
An actual child.

DET

How old was she?

DrW

Eleven or twelve.
During the wedding ceremony,
she held a teddy bear.
Her name is unknown.
One rumor is that she had a daughter and died in childbirth.

DET

So the real Madame Tussaud is dead?

DrW

Yes and no.
There's much more.
Tussaud taught his daughter everything he knew,

DrW (Cont.)

and she became a frightfully gifted protege.
There are several stories of her behavior during the revolution.
She would collect the heads of the freshly executed,
and she and Tussaud would make wax replicas,
to sell for use in demonstrations.
After they were done,
she would keep the heads.
Carrying them around, like her mother's teddy bear.
If a servant tried to take it from her to bury it,
she would scream and sob,
convinced to abandoned it would condemn the head to an eternity of loneliness.
She would also cut into them,
curious about the insides,
dragging out the brain and eyes,
digging around as if it was a pile of dirt.
Finally when no flesh would remain,
the cook would take the head,
boil it to the bare skull,
and she would keep it in her room.

DET

Dear God!

DrW

Now you tell me,
Detective Inspector of Scotland Yard,
how much of that story is true?
Yes, it's harrowing and terrible thinking that an innocent little girl went through all that,
but there isn't a scrap of evidence to support it.

DET

What happened to the daughter?

DrW

I have no idea.
Tussaud then remarried a woman aged twenty years named Elsie Hogg.
No one else.
And no divorce.

DET

What about Tussaud himself?

DrW

Dead. Buried right next to his first wife.

DET

So is Madame Tussaud, the Madame Tussaud here in London, is she the second wife?
This Elsie Hogg?

DrW

Perhaps.
She could also be Tussaud's daughter.
I will find out soon enough.
I'm catching the 3:25 to Cornwall.

DET

Why Cornwall?

DrW

That is where I shall find Elsie Hogg's people.
Hopefully I will find photographic confirmation of her identity.
Will that satisfy you?

DET

You are a credit to your profession.
Holmes would be proud.

DrW

Holmes would only criticize my slow methods.
The fucker.

END OF SCENE

Scene Fourteen

SCENE: London street.

AT RISE: CHANTERS.

CHANTERS

True photographic evidence of a ghost discovered!
At the Winchester Mystery House, and soon to be...
Madame Tussaud's Museum of Wax---
---and Chamber of Horrors!
The ghost was photographed by renowned spirit photographer
Pia Palladino!
One photograph depicts a young woman holding a teddy bear..
The other shows the same young woman with her throat slit and cradling her entrails.
The identity of the young woman is still unknown.
Pia Palladino swears that the Winchester house
is the most haunted and frightening in all of England.
In the house, the separation between this world and the spiritual realm
is thin and perilously close to collapse.
She begs the public to avoid Madame Tussaud's museum.
But if you must go,
Proceed with deep spiritual caution.

END OF SCENE

Scene Fifteen

SCENE: Pia Palladino's flat.

AT RISE: PIA and MT.

PIA/MT

Deep spiritual caution!!!

MT

Here, here, darling!
What a lovely touch!

PIA

Thank you, thank you!
I felt particularly inspired bumping around that oozing, obese house of yours.
I don't know how you can spend ten minutes there.
It's like swimming through the veins of corpse that's been in the Thames for a month.
You're really pleased with the pictures?

MT

Positively inspired!
I've had a crowd at my front door,
six people deep,
since your photos were published.
Not to mention bags of letters from people begging for a tour,
or telling me their own encounters with ghosts.
People seem desperate to share their stories.
It's rather sweet, actually.
I read several and it made me wonder if people are seeing ghosts,
or creating ghosts to see.

PIA

If that's true, then your assistant is in danger.

MT

How so?

PIA

She's seeing ghosts of murdered women.
Butchered women.
I'm not saying she's going to be murdered,
but she feels brutalized.
She's trying to warn herself that there's a threat to her identity.
She's on the precipice of annihilation.

MT

She's been working too much,

MT (Cont.)

and she does nothing but create crime scenes.
She's tired and dreaming while she works.
Not to mention she's an *artiste*, prone to episodes of surrealism.
We'll all be better after we open.
Nine days.

PIA

Will I be able to see you after that,
or will I have to buy a ticket?

MT

You'll never have to buy a ticket.
It would make my life easier if you moved into one of my oozing, obese wings.

PIA

But I have my own flat and now an exploding business, thanks to you.
And I have my own things the way I like them.

MT

We could transplant everything of yours to my house.
I have miles of room!
You could still have your business and your things where you want them.
We'll make you your own exhibit!
The Career of Pia Palladino:
psychic photographer, palm reader, professional boxer, lover of all women.
But most importantly, mistress of Madame Tussaud.

PIA

I don't like the idea of living in your Chamber of Horrors.

MT

Oh, come on, you do ghost portraiture!
What's the difference?!

PIA

I don't, quite literally, paint my walls with their blood.

MT

It's pig's blood, I'm sure.
I doubt Jack is draining the female population of the East End in order to help me create an ambiance.
You know as well as I do that atmosphere is everything.

PIA

I have worked many years with people and the spirit world:
seances, ghosts, palm readings, Ouija boards, everything.
If I've learned anything it's that every knock on a wall,
every moan in an attic,
every shudder of a table,

PIA (Cont.)

every Victrola that speeds up,
everything,
is the product of the people present.
During seances, I have seen people throw books across rooms
and then shriek and scream that it was a ghost.
People are fucking crazy.

MT

I'm not holding a seance.
I'm running a museum.

PIA

A museum that the public will experience,
that your staff is experiencing,
and that is already twisting people's minds.

MT

All right, so keep your flat and your business and your things how you like them.
I prefer visiting you anyway.
I like having a place to escape to.

PIA

You see:
the museum is working on you, too.

MT

I can't tell if you're being scientific and psychological,
or melodramatic and hysterical.

PIA

I can't tell if you're being dismissive
because you think I'm full of shit,
or because you're terrified I'm right.

MT

I thought you supported me and my work.

PIA

I will always support you,
and I will always *caution* you.
Things are getting *weird*.

MT

Weird?
No, what's weird is that my museum is being held hostage by an errant air conditioning repair man.
I open in less than a week, and I have no idea if I'll have statues or boiling pools of wax!

PIA

You can take care of him.
You've dealt with worse.
He only wants attention.

MT

I don't have time to deal with such bullshit!!!
I'm sorry.
It's been...

PIA

Weird.

MT

Mon dieu.
I have to be back at the museum in an hour
and I need time to eat before I get back to work.
I think you should get naked so I can fuck you.

PIA

Was the Marquis de Sade just as demanding and coarse?

MT

Are you asking as a pseudo-psychoanalyst or as my bitchy mistress?

PIA

"Bitchy"?
Do you really believe that is a wise method of seduction? Has that ever worked on me?

MT

I have to get back to work.
Do you want to fuck or not?

PIA

How is she coming along? Your special project?
The centerpiece of the museum.
Have you had much time to work on her?
Or have you been too busy building shrines
to mutilated prostitutes
for your *patron d'art*?

(MT has seizure)

END OF SCENE

Scene Sixteen

SCENE: The Winchester Mystery House.

AT RISE: DALI and AIR CONditioning MAN.

DALI

Madame Tussaud has told me to inform you that all payment has been suspended.
You are instructed to turn on the air conditioning units,
and fix any damage you have done to them.

AIR CON MAN

What the fuck are you talking about?
You're going to fucking pay me, you fucking hear me?
I didn't fuck with no machines!
Your machines are pieces of shit!
I saved those fuckers, I didn't damage nothing!
I'm going to sue the fuck out of your Madame Tussaud
for disrespecting my character
and not paying me for work that I did fair and square!
I'm going to bring this fucking
Chamber of Horrors to the fucking ground
and ruin all of you!

DALI

Madame thought you might feel that way,
and she has prepared a reply.
I quote:
*I had hardly expected such a doli...cinopha...phlanic skull
or such well-marked supra-orbital development.
Yet, someone of your extreme intellect should have much more frontal development.
Perhaps this is evidence that you are not as clever as you think you are.*
She requests a meeting with you.
Will you wait a moment?

AIR CON MAN

Yes, yes, indeed.
And it's pronounced *dolichocephalic*.

(DALI exits; MT enters)

MT

I studied phrenology along with sculpting.
I could be a professional consultant if I chose.

AIR CON MAN

I have underestimated your talents, Madame Tussaud.

MT

The lack of frontal development of your skull was to your advantage.
According to phrenology,
your skull lacks the sufficient room to house England's most massive intellect.
You could pass as a simple repairman because you have the skull of a fucking moron.

AIR CON MAN

No need to be nasty.
We could have a perfectly civil conversation---

MT

Civil?
Who the fuck are you to be *spying* on me?!
To come in here under false pretenses and manipulate my air conditioning!
I'm sending for Dr. Watson.
I'm sure he'll be fascinated to discover that you aren't dead.

AIR CON MAN

Yes, do send for Watson.
I'm sure he'll also be fascinated by the contents of several refrigerators in your Jeffrey Dahmer exhibit.
I count the remains of at least six women,
but I'm not a medical man so my figures are most likely inaccurate.
Watson could give us a more precise number.

MT

If you wanted to have me arrested,
you would've done it long ago.

AIR CON MAN

I don't believe you've committed any crime.
Watson might,
but he can be so manipulated by feminine wiles.
He would only think you incredibly unethical and tacky.
Watson might go so far as to begin to *dislike* you,
which, being a woman, would be incredibly distasteful to you.
After all, for a woman, there is no more valuable opinion than a man's.
You do not disagree with my axiom?

MT

I'm picking my battles.
Arguing with a misogynist
is like arguing with a snake not to have fangs.
No matter what the outcome of the discussion,
and there's rarely ever more than one,
I always end up getting bitten.

AIR CON MAN

You spend quite some time with Watson.
I've kept a precise record, days, times, where you went together---

MT

You came back from the dead to stalk us?

AIR CON MAN

I didn't think much about your arrival in London until I realized how much time you were spending with Watson.

The rumors of your infamous behavior in France are all lies,
carefully placed to generate sensation for your museum.

You have an exceptional understanding of the public imagination.

But Watson is very weak when it comes to attentions from exotic women.

What do you want with him?

What purpose does he serve you?

MT

Friendship.

AIR CON MAN

Men and women cannot be friends.

It is not psychologically possible.

I'm sorry if you dislike hearing such a thing,
but it's a study I've worked many years upon.

To men, women are Madonnas or Whores,
to be revered or defiled.

Watson has romantic ideas that he could find an ideal companionship with a wife,
but he's deluding himself.

Women are biologically unequal to men,
therefore they cannot have an equal relationship with men.
Such as a friendship.

MT

Your friendship with Watson was decidedly unequal.

AIR CON MAN

Whatever you have planned for Watson,
cease and desist or I will destroy everything you have built
and insure you leave England for good.

MT

You have concluded your performance?
Excellent.

Let me respond with my own threat:
you will never see me coming.

AIR CON MAN

We understand one another.
I do admire your little museum.
Your exhibits are exquisite in their detail and accuracy.
Though I can't imagine why anyone would be interested in old crimes that have been solved and the offender executed.

MT

Jack the Ripper hasn't been executed.

AIR CON MAN

Not yet.
Your little displays have given me all I need to see to his hanging.
I'm afraid except for Good Old Jack,
your museum, like all others, is nothing but
trivial ancient history.

MT

People need to be schooled in sadism.
They need to learn how to recognize a psychopath,
be beaten over the head with how twisted they can be,
and then scared into protecting themselves.
You must see some value in taking steps to prevent crime and abuse.

AIR CON MAN

Perhaps.
It seems a rather emotional reaction to crime,
but you would have a more advantageous perspective of emotion than I.
Unfortunately, there is no way to defend oneself against a true psychopath.
They hide in plain sight. That is their strength.
You're deluding yourself if you think that you can eradicate victimization.
The true psychopath will always feed on the weak.
Look at your own friendship with Jack the Ripper:
you have coffee at his home, you've met his wife, he is your solicitor.
Do you really believe you have control over him?
That you won't be his victim?
You would never admit this, but you are weak precisely because you have been a victim.
You are easier prey. You bend to the attractive qualities of a psychopath.
You find him charming. You find yourself liking him.
And your museum glorifies him, devoting more to him than anyone else.
Even more than the Marquis de Sade. The Marquis has only one bust.
Jack the Ripper has an entire ballroom.
I'm quite sure, Madame, that *you* will never see *him* coming.
I hate to be presumptuous,
but I haven't had my tea and I'm frightfully hungry.

MT

Yes, of course.
I'm afraid you've shocked me out of my usual politeness.

MT (Cont.)

I'll ring.

Perhaps you can explain to me why you are posing as an air conditioning repairman in my house. Surely if you wanted to follow me, you could do so less dramatically.

AIR CON MAN

Please, all will be revealed after I have eaten.

You don't happen to have any morphine, have you?

I haven't had the chance to step out and purchase any and I ran out long ago.

MT

Of course.

AIR CON MAN

Not that I usually partake during an investigation.

I've learned that the more intriguing the investigation,
the less I require morphine or cocaine.

But this investigation,

being in your Chamber of Horrors, Madame,

has *required* I partake

simply to comprehend what I'm experiencing and observing around me.

MT

John told me that those drugs have had a negative impact upon your brain.

AIR CON MAN

My cognitive faculties have never been better.

MT

You've had a lessening of empathy.

AIR CON MAN

Why does one need empathy

when one may understand?

I don't need to weep over a dead body in order to understand a crime has been committed.

MT

You cause suffering in others and are oblivious to it.

AIR CON MAN

Everything I do is for the greater good of justice.

Justice does inflict suffering at times,

but it is for a higher moral right.

MT

I think there is no relationship between the high moral right of justice

and the *agony* you have inflicted on Dr. Watson by lying about your death.

(KAHLO enters with things for tea)

MT

Ah, tea and drugs:
the heart of any society.
In France we partake quite a lot,
but I've recently focused my intake on prescription medication:
it's a lot easier, cheaper, and less messy.
No need to estimate doses and much fewer accidental overdoses.
There are more restrictions and less Romance,
but I don't need that kind of illicit Romance in my life anymore.
How do you take your tea?

AIR CON MAN

Milk, two sugars.
Your morphine is high quality.

MT

I do want my guests to be satisfied.
You may have all of the sandwiches.
I'm not hungry.

AIR CON MAN

No need to dissimulate on my account.
I don't care how much women eat.
If you can eat more than me,
I won't think you less sexually viable

MT

The thought of you thinking me sexually viable is repulsive.
If I ate anything, I would vomit.
And it would be such a terrible waste of the sandwiches.

AIR CON MAN

Fair enough.
How is Watson doing, by the way?
Is he truly in agony,
or were you being melodramatic as your sex is wont to be?

MT

To have a loved one die is agony.
It's a natural emotional response humans have.
Yes, he loves you.
I imagine you remind him of his abusive father.

AIR CON MAN

His father?
Passed away, didn't he?

MT

Yes, and very abusive.
A soldier himself who would enact battles in nightmares,
and often woke John up in the middle of the night by strangling him.

AIR CON MAN

He never mentioned it to me.

MT

John understood you were never interested in his life.

AIR CON MAN

Yes, very true.
Nor did I expect him to be interested in mine.
Details of his past are irrelevant.
By his actions in the present
I knew enough about his character.
He's a like a very intelligent, very affectionate
cocker spaniel.
I often used him as a divining rod.
If John pointed in one direction,
I would go the other and arrive at the truth.
I believe at this point I've consumed enough to begin our discussion and negotiations--

MT

Negotiations?

AIR CON MAN

Yes, negotiations.
I hope you don't mind I continue eating.
It's frightfully rude, but I haven't eaten in days.

MT

By all means.

AIR CON MAN

I wish to remain in your house.

MT

That is absolutely out of the question.

AIR CON MAN

You needn't respond emotionally.
There is a perfectly logical and rational reason for me to remain.

MT

It is perfectly within my rights as a human being to respond emotionally and irrationally.
Sometimes there is nothing more dangerous than thinking through a problem
when one should feel their way through it.

MT (Cont.)

I want you to leave now.
I am asking you to leave and if you refuse
you are officially trespassing
and I will call the police and John
and damn whatever bodies I have on the premises.
You can take the sandwiches with you.

AIR CON MAN

Your house is expanding.

MT

What, this again?!
It's a large house and traversing it often makes one feel like you've walked for miles.

AIR CON MAN

But I have walked miles.

MT

You are also a cocaine addict.

AIR CON MAN

It is an outrageous statement, I realize,
but I have counted my steps, marked the doors I've entered, and left trails.
This house has a finite physical space which can be measured in square footage,
but it also has a hyper-realistic space
which bends and goes beyond what is possible.
I must study it further. I plan to write a monograph on the subject which will overturn many of our
ideas of physics and the structure of the universe.

MT

You are a madman.

AIR CON MAN

If you let me stay another week,
I will repair and maintain all of your air conditioners for free.

MT

What about the need for more units?

AIR CON MAN

I will see to it that every square foot of your exhibit will be adequately cool.
If this requires the purchase of more units, I will assume the expense myself.

MT

You must be gone before our opening.

AIR CON MAN

That is acceptable.

MT

I never want to see you or speak to you,
you are to stop following Watson and myself,
and you are to stay away from my workers.

AIR CON MAN

I'm not a threat.
I'm simply your air conditioning repairman.

END OF SCENE

Scene Seventeen

SCENE: The Winchester Mystery House.

AT RISE: MT is sculpting. Other figures are present. DET enters.

DET

I hope I'm not calling at an inconvenient time.

MT

I'm afraid, Inspector, that any time will be inconvenient until we open.
But I would never ask you to wait five days.
Please, come in.
See some of our new inhabitants.

DET

Who is this wonderfully mustachioed fellow?

MT

Albert Fish,
child rapist and cannibal.
He was quite special: he managed to eat a child in every state in America.
He wrote this to the mother of one of the girls he killed.

(reading)

First I stripped her naked. How she did kick – bite and scratch. I choked her to death then cut her in small pieces so I could take my meat to my rooms, cook and eat it. How sweet and tender her little ass was roasted in the oven. It took me 9 days to eat her entire body. I did not fuck her, though, I could of had I wished. She died a virgin.

She was ten years old.

It was important for him that the mother know that the child's virtue was intact.

And that her meat was good and tender.

We all have different definitions for virtue, don't we?

What may I do for you, Inspector?

DET

I'm afraid I have an indelicate question.

MT

I hope that we have created an intimacy
which welcomes indelicate questions.

(DET hands her a photograph)

DET

Can you identify the woman in this photograph?

MT

When was this taken?

DET

Last year.
I received it from the woman herself.
Do you know who she is?

MT

This is Mrs. Elsie Hogg Tussaud.

DET

Your mother?

MT

No.
She isn't my mother.
She was my father's wife.
She escaped France when she discovered my father's hobbies.
Before she left,
she had the good Christian decency to inform me
that I'm going to hell
unless I stop letting my father rape me.
If you tell me where she is,
I will cut her throat and skullfuck her with a crucifix.
But maybe not in that order.
It's a tough choice, but you only have one chance to do it right.
It doesn't seem fair, does it?

DET

Who was your mother?

MT

My mother is dead.
I was never told her name.
She was a servant of the Marquis de Sade.
He could be my father, or Tussaud, or a dozen other French aristocrats.
Who knows.
It was as if everyone was my father.
My tutors, the servants, all the men I fell in love with and fucked.
All the men in prison, the jailers, the executioners.
Tussaud took me in because he paid the de Sade's asking price.
I asked the Marquis if I was his daughter.
He never answered me.
It only made him fuck me harder.
Anything else you want to know?

DET

Why do you go by "Madame Tussaud"?

MT

It sounds more respectable,
the proper name for a museum.
One would believe it a place of great scholarship,
a place women and children would be safe.
Being French, there is the hint of the salacious,
but proper salaciousness.
And it is appropriate: after all, my father did fuck me.

(DET kisses MT, stripping her naked)

DET

Is it acceptable that I do this?

MT

Do whatever you wish.

DET

Are you enjoying it?

MT

I enjoy the thought of you enjoying it.
You've been so kind and supportive,
you deserve compensation.

DET

Compensation?
You're not a whore.

MT

No, I'm not.
I wouldn't let just anyone touch me.

DET

Do you feel any desire for me?

MT

I try to be numb with men.
It's much easier and safer.
It allows my body to relax completely so any orifice is available for penetration.
If I'm numb, nothing can horrify me, hurt me, or disgust me.

DET

Do you want me at all?

MT

I suppose.
I'm sorry. That sounds uncommitted.
I want to want you.

MT (Cont.)

I will want you later, when I think about this alone in bed.

DET

I want you to enjoy this.

I know it is possible for women to have physical pleasure.

I want to do that for you.

MT

Are you prepared to psychoanalyze me,
in order to help me have an orgasm?

Will you help me work through my trauma,
spend months and months listening to me cry?

When I get sucked down into a horrific flashback,
and scream and claw at you,

will you stop fucking me,
no matter how close you are to coming?

Is my pleasure that important to you,
especially compared to the urgency of yours?

(DET fucks MT)

MT

Your flask, Detective Inspector.

You mustn't forget it.

END OF SCENE

Scene Eighteen

SCENE: Winchester Mystery House.

AT RISE: PIA helps MT dress.

PIA

He ripped all the buttons off this!
What a fucking pig!

MT

We had a lot of sexual tension and this is England after all.
The English are so annoyingly sexually repressed:
I'm lucky he didn't leave me bleeding.

PIA

How much did you tell him?

MT

More of the truth than I planned.
I don't know: I'm not sure what's true anymore.
It becomes so difficult to be able to trust memories.
The truth and nightmares and fear have become tangled and entrained
so much so I can't think sometimes.
I'm so afraid I'm inventing memories and accusing people unfairly.

PIA

Anything you accuse de Sade of cannot be *unfair*.

MT

The truth didn't matter to Detective Inspector Morse.
What I told him didn't horrify him.
If anything, it gave him gusto.
Especially the bit about incest. I thought he was going to ask me to call him "Daddy".

PIA

Was it worth it?

MT

Oh, yes.
I don't have to worry about sudden police inspections looking for corpses.
I'll have police protection,
and I think a presence for opening night.
Maybe the entire first week.
For crowd control, of course.
Especially after my next "press release" goes out.

PIA

Do you still want me to make my statement?

MT

Please, yes.

I won't release mine until two days before.

PIA

This can't be worth it.

All of this.

This horrid place.

I don't know how you can spend day after day here.

It smells rank, like an slaughterhouse abandoned during the apocalypse.

Corpses are rotting on both sides of the walls.

You can't tell where the slaughterhouse ends and apocalypse begins.

MT

Well, I've got to store it somewhere.

This place is supremely appropriate.

PIA

“Store it”?

You mean your wax figures?

MT

My infection.

That's the stench.

I can't keep it inside any longer.

I'm squeezing the pus out and making money doing it.

You look like you're going to throw up.

PIA

Would you promise me something?

Would you promise me that you'll get away after the opening?

Please, come to America with me.

Consider it a rest period.

You need it.

You do realize, don't you, that your hands shake constantly?

END OF SCENE

Scene Nineteen

SCENE: Street in London.

AT RISE: The CHANTERS.

CHANTERS

Four days!

Four days!

Four days!

Four days until the opening of Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum!

And Chamber of Horrors!

Renowned psychic photographer Miss Pia Palladino makes an impassioned plea to the public to avoid the Museum!

If you wish to save your mortal soul,

If you wish to spare yourself the truest horror on Earth,

Do not---

Do not---

Do not enter Madame Tussaud's!

END OF SCENE

Scene Twenty

SCENE: London, tea room.

AT RISE: MT and JACK.

MT

I'm very grateful you accepted my invitation to tea this afternoon, Jack.

JACK

In public?

Afraid to be alone with me?

MT

I needed to get away from the museum,
and I didn't want to impose on the Baroness.
I do apologize for the roughness of our last conversation.
How is the Baroness and your daughter?

JACK

Do you think our waitress isn't just a little bit *filthy*?

MT

Filthy?

JACK

You know, she thinks about *it* all the time.
Likes it rough, in the bum, sometimes with objects that she licks after.

MT

I don't usually qualify women in those terms.

JACK

No, you prefer the spiritual type.
The only bastion for women,
when attempts at intellectualism fail.

MT

What are you talking about?

JACK

I'm only joking.
Making light tea conversation.
I'm going to have another scone and finish off the clotted cream,
do forgive me.
If you try it with raspberry preserves, it tastes quite like blood.
Have you noticed?

MT

I don't care for raspberries.

JACK

What a tragedy.
Raspberries are the most sublime of fruit.
Truly aristocratic.

MT

When I was a child, we had raspberry bushes growing in our yard.
There were rabbits running about, doing what rabbits do.
One day, I found a white rabbit eating raspberries.
Imagine it: blood red raspberry juice coating the mouth and fur of the innocent looking white rabbit.
Put me off forever.

JACK

That's a lovely image, truly.

MT

Rabbits are wretched, violent creatures.
I used to find half eaten baby bunnies everywhere.

JACK

Would you hold a funeral?

MT

No, I wouldn't.
I'd try to piece them back together.
Either sewing parts or sculpting what I needed from clay.

JACK

You have a lovely imagination.
It would be wonderful if you were my sister.
We could have such fun together, sewing bunnies and eating raspberries and then eating the bunnies.
We could be children together.
We could start our lives all over---

MT

Jack, please, I need to discuss something with you.
I need to warn you.
I'm very sorry, but I've put you in danger.

JACK

My mother put me in danger by giving birth to me.
The rest is simply the logical outcome of events.

MT

I must warn you of something.
Look, Jack, I don't agree with what you do with women---

JACK

But you do admire it.
You find it sublime.
At least give me that much.

MT

I believe that you are the best at what you do.
I feel a great obligation to warn you about my air conditioning repairman.

JACK

Pardon?

MT

My air conditioning repairman knows who you are and is planning to tell Scotland Yard and have you arrested.

JACK

Shouldn't your repairman be busy fixing your air conditioners?

MT

He's not really a repairman.
I mean he is---he is repairing our air conditioning.
But he's in disguise.
He's not a *real* repairman.

JACK

He's not *real*, but he *really* repairs your air conditioning.

MT

He's Sherlock Holmes in disguise.

JACK

I thought he died.

MT

He faked it.

JACK

Diabolical.

MT

No, you are not allowed to be entertained by this.
You must listen to me.
Jack, I'm being very serious.

JACK

As am I.
I shall panic after I eat a slice of this lovely lemon cake.

JACK (Cont.)

There is no better dessert in the world than lemon cake.
It beautifully cleanses the palate.
It goes best with an Ethiopian coffee.

MT

I think you should leave town.
You needn't worry about your exhibit.
I can finish it without you.
Even Sherlock Holmes thinks it brilliant.

JACK

Does he? That is the greatest praise indeed.

MT

If you leave immediately,
as in right now,
go outside and get a cab right now,
you could get anywhere on the continent
and Holmes would have no idea where you are.

JACK

You do have me at a loss.
I'm not sure how to kill someone who isn't filthy.
Tell me more about him.
Of course, I've read the nonsense Dr. Watson has written,
that homosexual garbage
and exploitative intellectual porn.
Is Holmes filthy?

MT

I don't know Holmes well enough for that.

JACK

You're best friends with Dr. Watson.
What does he say?

MT

I am not best friends with Watson and we do not discuss whether or not Holmes is filthy.
And I'm not telling you to *murder* Sherlock Holmes!
You need to get out of London.
Take your family somewhere safe.
Don't the Doyne-Ditmases have a castle in Germany in which you can hide?

JACK

I deeply appreciate your kind thoughts.
Your concern touches me deeply.
But London is my home.
And its whores are my fodder.

JACK (Cont.)

My family and I will not be scared away.
You may not consider me a friend,
but I believe your actions this afternoon have qualified our relationship to be,
at the very least,
professionally friendly.
Your kindness has betrayed, at the very least, that you care about me.

MT

I can't help myself, Jack:
I do like you.
I would be very upset if anything happened to you.
I suppose that makes you my friend.

JACK

I'm so relieved you said that.
You've saved me the trouble of butchering Pia Palladino.
She is filthier than any whore in London,
carrying on with women as she does.
Annihilating her would save you.
I felt compelled to make a gesture,
to prove to you that I am your friend and I care about you.
I would be very upset if she made you filthy.
Because if you were filthy like Miss Palladino,
well,
I don't want to think about what I'd have to do to you.
You need someone in your life who is healthy and robust,
a good man with a respectable name.
Dr. Watson is such a man and I very much approve.

MT

That means so much to me.
You're a good friend, Jack.

JACK

You look so distressed!
Don't worry yourself!
I'm *Baron Doyne-Ditmas*
of the Oxford Doynes and the Canterbury Ditmases.
After all, my dear Madame Tussaud,
my brother is *the Archbishop of Canterbury*.

END OF SCENE

Scene Twenty-One

SCENE: Winchester House.

AT RISE: MT working on a wax figure; KAHLO enters.

KAHLO

Madame Tussaud.

MT

Yes, my lovely, what is it?
Have you finished the Jack the Ripper exhibit?

KAHLO

Yes, Madame, but---

MT

Is there enough blood?

KAHLO

More than enough blood.
But, Madame,
we've been exploring the house.
And Dali is missing.

MT

Missing? In the house?

KAHLO

We tied ropes around our waists.
So we wouldn't get lost.
Or fall in.

MT

Fall in?

KAHLO

Or sucked in or absorbed.

MT

Holy fucking Christ.

KAHLO

We discovered exhibits.

MT

What?
Say that again.

KAHLO

We discovered exhibits.
We found more wax figures.
Madame, did you create exhibits that you haven't told us about?

MT

What exhibits exactly?

KAHLO

They are grisly, Madame.

MT

This entire fucking building is grisly!
What did you find?

KAHLO

The Bastille.
The prison.
A guillotine, with dozens of people in line to be executed.
Streets filled with blood.
Things with children. Terrible, terrible things with little girls.
Dali untied himself for just a moment,
and then vanished.

MT

That's impossible. No one vanishes.

KAHLO

I saw him step into a shadow and then he was gone!

MT

He must be lost.
He must be.
Frida, you must get hold of yourself.
Dali will turn up. This is only a building. It's nothing more than an old building with chaotic architecture. Nothing else. Are you listening to me?

KAHLO

Yes, Madame.

MT

There's work to be done.
Dali will reappear.
Go augment the maps to include the new exhibits.

KAHLO

Madame!

MT

Do it!

I don't have time for this!

(MT has a terrible fit)

KAHLO

I'll get Dr. Watson!

END OF SCENE

Scene Twenty-Two

SCENE: Winchester house.

AT RISE: Immediately follows Scene Twenty-Two. DrW enters and ministers to MT.

MT

I'm so sorry.

DrW

How often do you have these fits?

MT

They've been increasing in frequency the closer we get to opening.

DrW

Have some brandy.
Even if it does you no medicinal good,
it will always make you feel better.
Have you consulted a doctor?

MT

I'm consulting you now.
The fits are getting stronger.
Sometimes I black out.
My body becomes paralyzed.

DrW

It appears to be female hysteria.

MT

So I've been told.

DrW

Why didn't you tell me? I could help.

MT

I have had quite a lot of help from many doctors in Paris.
Yet, no amount of ministrations to my female organs have resulted in stopping the seizures.
It would seem orgasms do not cure psychological disorders.
As much as I wish they would.

DrW

I've always thought such intimate treatments were motivated more by the doctor's interests than the poor suffering woman's. I could still help.

MT

I'm uncomfortable with you being my doctor.

MT (Cont.)

I see you as a friend, and a professional relationship would be constricting.
I would rather you be my friend than my doctor.

DrW

I would prefer to be both: I dislike the idea of someone else touching you.
Are you doing anything specific when the fits occur?

MT

Working.
Usually when I work on my center piece.
The focus of the entire museum.
A woman.
She...

DrW

Drink. Have more.
No need to discuss it.

MT

Don't I have to discuss it?
Isn't that the only way to get it out of me?

DrW

Yes, but not right now.
You're in no state to plunge yourself into such horror.
Drink.

MT

There's something else.

DrW

Yes?

MT

Another time it happens.
When I think I see him.

DrW

Him who?

MT

You'll think I'm mad. You'll have me committed--

DrW

I've seen mad, and you, my dear, are far from being so.
I would never have you committed.
Who do you see?

MT

The Marquis de Sade.

DrW

Here in London?

MT

On the streets. He pushed me into the gutter once.
He's come to find me. He always said he would.

DrW

It's completely impossible. You must trust me when I say---

MT

I saw him.

DrW

It's impossible.
I saw him. He's in no condition to travel, let alone walk a street in London.

MT

When did you see him?

DrW

In Paris. I was doing research and I paid him a call.
He's in an asylum, heavily guarded,
and completely insane.
His mind has completely broken.
He can't use a chamber pot without assistance.
He's an empty shell.
I promise you. He's alive, but he's quite dead inside.
There is no way he could make his way to London and do something so complicated as follow you
down a street.
May I ask, if you're so afraid of de Sade finding you,
why build this museum and make it the centerpiece of London society?
Aren't you begging him to find you?

MT

Part of me believes I really do see him on the streets, and he's stalking me.
But my rational mind knows that can't possibly be true.
I will not live my life imprisoned in terror.
If this museum doesn't shatter me,
it will set me free,

DrW

You are such an inspiration, Madame.

MT

You are so kind to me.

MT (Cont.)

You are so incredibly, fucking kind to me.
You don't want anything in return, do you?

DrW

Your good health.
I am not Detective Inspector Morse.

MT

Yes, things with Morse didn't go at all the way I expected. But I promise that relationship is concluded.

DrW

He said as much to me.
If anything, he regrets that he possibly offended you, or harmed you.

MT

That's like pouring a cup of water in the Thames and panicking it will cause a flood.
Were you in love with Sherlock Holmes?
That's an awful thing to ask.
Please forgive me.
I never learned how to respect personal boundaries---

DrW

Because no one ever respected your own personal boundaries.

MT

Yes.

DrW

I didn't love Holmes the way you think.
It is possible to feel Ecstasy for someone and not have it be sexual.
Relationships are much more complicated than the labels we need to give them.
If we cannot label a relationship, it puts our very survival at risk.
Suddenly, everyone becomes dangerous.
Everyone could potentially murder us.
Now, with that romantic preamble, let me say this:
I want you to marry me.

MT

What?

DrW

You cannot be shocked.
What else have we been doing all these weeks?
The Sherlock Holmes exhibit has been an excuse.

MT

I haven't constructed the exhibit just to get closer to you---

DrW

Of course not.

But the execution of the exhibit wasn't relying on our spending so many afternoons and evenings together.

I've seen you more in the past month than Mrs. Hudson.

And I've certainly been thinking of you far more than her.

MT

We were helping one another in our grief.

DrW

Yes, we were.

We've discovered we're twins.

As incestuous as that sounds,

I think marriage would be beneficial and healthy for us both.

We have become family and friends,

before we became lovers.

Isn't that a healthier path than fucking indiscriminately?

MT

Yes.

DrW

So we marry after your exhibit opens?

MT

Yes. We go straight to the magistrate from here.

DrW

I thought we could honeymoon on the continent.

MT

America.

My cousin has been wanting me to have a holiday in America after the opening.

She's not really my cousin---

DrW

She's more intimate than that.

Pia Palladino?

I've looked into Miss Palladino.

She's quite infamous in America.

Woman boxer turned palm reader turned medium.

Now a psychic photographer.

Plus a frequenter of Sapphic establishments.

Miss Palladino sounds perfectly fascinating.

And America would be a perfect honeymoon.

MT

You are so understanding.
Are you really a man?

DrW

You shall see the evidence of that soon enough.
Can I ask a question?
I know you aren't really Madame Tussaud.
What's your real name?

MT

I don't know.

DrW

I'll just call you Lady Watson, then.
How's that?

MT

Lady Watson?

DrW

Didn't I tell you?
Her Majesty the Queen, bestowed upon me a lordship.
It doesn't mean as much to me as being a doctor,
so I never use it.
I think the title suits you better.

MT

Lady Watson is perfect.

END OF SCENE

Scene Twenty-Three

SCENE: Street in London.

AT RISE: CHANTERS.

CHANTERS

Madame Tussaud!

Madame Tussaud!

Madame Tussaud issued a statement that she is *the daughter of the Marquis de Sade!*

Madame Tussaud participated in de Sade's crimes!

Madame Tussaud has created exhibits of these crimes!

Will Madame Tussaud be arrested?

Will Madame Tussaud be shipped back to France?

The Ladies London League for the Preservation of Decency has formally denounced Madame Tussaud!

The Ladies London League for the Preservation of Decency will demonstrate outside the museum tomorrow for it's opening day!

Riots have broken out at Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors!

Dozens injured! Five miscreants arrested!

A hansom cab overturned and set on fire!!!

END OF SCENE

Scene Twenty-Four

SCENE: Winchester House.

AT RISE: Opening day. Staff Meeting. MT and KAHLO.

MT

It's good we'll have police presence.

KAHLO

They should never leave.

This place isn't safe.

MT

I'll arrange the police presence to continue as long as possible.

KAHLO

How?

Are you going to fuck the cop again?

MT

No, no, that isn't necessary.

A few shillings to the right little boys, and suddenly rocks are getting thrown at our windows.

Not to mention the hysterical London Ladies for the Preservation of Sticks up their Cunts.

What is left to finish?

KAHLO

I can't find Dali.

MT

He must have quit.

KAHLO

He would never abandon you, Madame!

MT

What other explanation is there?

KAHLO

That he fell through a black hole in the new exhibits
or one of the statues came to life and killed him!

MT

That is completely, utterly, ridiculously absurd!

Life is not that interesting.

KAHLO

Madame, I'm afraid it might be.

KAHLO (Cont.)

I discovered a new figure.
I discover them all the time now.
But this one is different.

MT

Who is it?

KAHLO

Madame, it's very odd and doesn't fit within the aesthetics of the exhibit.

MT

I have no patience left.
Just. Tell. Me.

KAHLO

It's the Air Conditioning Repairman.
His throat's been...well, his throat is gone.
The strange thing is that he's on the moors.
Right next to the Hound of the Baskervilles.
It looks as if the Hound tore out his throat.
There's blood on the Hound's jaw. The wax Hound has blood on its jaw.
The Hound came alive and killed our air conditioning repairman.
Madame, why would he do that?

MT

The Air Conditioning Repairman was Sherlock Holmes in disguise.
He must have attempted to take Jack the Ripper into custody and Jack murdered him.
The wax statue of the Hound didn't come alive.
The explanation is quite boring and mundane.
Jack the Ripper killed Sherlock Homes.
He left the body on the moors because it's funny.
It's really fucking funny, actually.

KAHLO

How can you laugh?!

MT

Jesus, how can you not?!
Just leave it where it is.
It's a nice touch.
So go pretty yourselves up.
It's almost time for the house to open, and let the audience in.

(JACK comes up behind KAHLO, grabs her, hand over her mouth, and puts a knife to her throat)

JACK

Good evening, Madame.

JACK (Cont.)

I'm so glad you appreciate my addition to the Sherlock Holmes exhibit.

MT

Jack.

Jack.

Whatever you want to do, do it to me.

I can show you things the Marquis taught me,
things you've never heard of!

I would be much more fun for you than Frida.

JACK

Oh, this is *Frida*!

I usually prefer not having a name to place with a slashed face,
but life is rarely fair.

MT

Jack.

JACK

Madame, I think I can solve a crime for you:

The Case of the Mysteriously Missing Museum Docent.

MT

Dali?

Where is he?

JACK

I was hoping that you'd discover him for yourselves!

I imagine that because the lovely Dahmer exhibit is finished,
you don't check the refrigerator very often.

There he rests, smiling and horrified,
between the mayonnaise and Chinese leftovers.

But he will wait until you come.

Sorry, Frida, no ghost story or magic to explain his disappearance.

It's just a boring, cliché Jack the Ripper murder.

(KAHLO screams under JACK's hand)

JACK

Shhh, dear girl,

take comfort that it was the most sublime experience of his life.

I had no idea boys would be so interesting.

Thank you, Madame, for the inspiration to expand my experiences.

MT

Jack, Frida isn't like us.

She doesn't understand.

She isn't filthy.

MT (Cont.)

Not like I am.

JACK

Perhaps, but you're my friend.
I couldn't do anything with you.
That would be rude and disgusting.
I think I would enjoy you watching.
That is an experience, a pleasure,
I've never had before.
Would you like to watch, Madame?

MT

Jack, I have such incredible respect and admiration for you.

JACK

That.
That is what it is.
You admire me and respect me.
You don't fear me.
That is really why I don't want you.
You have nothing that angers me, or feeds me.

MT

Of course I fear you, Jack!
You're Jack the Ripper!
You remind me so much of the Marquis de Sade and it sickens me!
I was lying before when I said I didn't fear you, that I thought I wasn't your type---!

JACK

I can see the pulse in your throat.
A lovely throat, by the way.
I watch it quite often. Watching the beating of a woman's pulse is hypnotic.
Right now, in this terrible minute,
you're as calm as when you were first sketching me.

MT

For god's sake, Jack, I need Frida for this museum!
We open tonight.
Please, I would interpret this as an act of *extreme rudeness*
if you kill my docent
and make me have to hire someone new---

JACK

(slits KAHLO's throat)

Sorry, that was a bit premature.
I couldn't contain myself.
What were you saying?

MT

It's not important.

JACK

I will send you my servants to run your exhibit.

Don't be cross with me.

Madame?

I couldn't stand it if my Madame Tussaud was angry at me.

MT

Send me everyone you can.

And could you remove her to other accommodations?

JACK

Do you have room in my exhibit for one last entry?

MT

Yes.

In this house, there's always room for more.

JACK

You are coming with us, aren't you?

Aren't you curious about what's inside her?

END OF SCENE

Scene Twenty-Five

SCENE: Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors.

AT RISE: Patrons moving among the figures, including JACK, the BARONESS, DrW, PIA, and DET.

MT

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present the centerpiece of this entire museum.

(uncovers bust, a woman's face twisted in an agonizing
scream)

Her name is Zana.

My father knew her when he was a little boy.

He grew up on an estate in Russia,

and his father, my grandfather, found her in their woods.

She was taller than any man in the area,

hairy all over, and stronger than they thought a woman should be.

They said she was an ape woman,

a primitive throwback, a Neanderthal,

and my father's family treated her like one.

They beat her,

chained her,

and caged her until she was amenable.

Then they took turns with her.

My father said he lost his virginity to her.

Zana had several children over the years.

She accidentally killed her first child as she washed it in the river.

After that, her children were taken away from her forever.

I was one of those children.

One day she turned on a man attempting to rape her,

and she snapped his neck and spine and arms and legs.

They executed her on the spot.

You can see the cut on her chin, cheek, and here, on the base of her forehead.

They attempted to decapitate her and did a terrible job at it.

I count three swings.

They probably did more.

My father said he watched and got annoyed because he got blood on his clothes.

His pretty, expensive clothes.

I found her decapitated head buried in a shallow grave on the estate.

I kept it all these years so I could do a wax figure of my mother.

I'm sure you've noticed that the other wax figures in this museum,

all the murderers and the aristocrats,

their faces are passive or content, even in death.

Zana is not.

This is Zana in her agony.

This is Zana being raped and left in isolation to attempt to understand what was happening.

This is Zana being irrecoverably damaged.

Zana could have healed, but she was believed to be less than an animal, so she died in the worst
fucking horror imaginable.

MT (Cont.)

This is the point of this exhibit.

This is the last thing you will see because you must remember the trauma.

Zana is here to tell you about her trauma.

Hearing about horrifying murderers is tantalizing and fun,

but if you don't hear about the trauma,

then you are perverting yourselves.

If you allow yourselves to be titillated by the cause,

and pretend there is no effect,

you are complicit in these atrocities.

Thank you for coming to my humble museum.

Please browse our gift shop on your way out.

A portion of every purchase will be donated to Planned Parenthood.

END OF PLAY