

Scene 2: Clara, Horace, Marguerite, Clifford, Wesley

CLARA:

HELP! HELP!

In an instant, there are pounding feet as everyone races in to find Clara and the dead man.

MARGUERITE:

He's dead!

HORACE:

Who would do such a thing?

CLARA:

His throat!

CLIFFORD:

I guess that was one way to shut him up.

Clara drops the fire poker. Everything stops in unison, looks at Clara.

WESLEY:

Why were you in here, Ms. Clara?

CLARA:

I...

CLIFFORD:

Seems *awfully* convenient.

CLARA:

This is not what it looks like.

MARGUERITE:

And what do you think it looks like?

CLIFFORD:

Did you brain this man and rip out his windpipe?

CLARA:

He was here. He was there. He was dead when I came in.

WESLEY:

Clara... you must tell us exactly what happened... You must tell us exactly what—

CLARA:

I heard a noise...

MARGUERITE:

The fire poker is covered in his hair and blood. Why is there blood on your hands?

CLARA:

I just picked it up. It was lying on the ground—

CLIFFORD:

There is only one person here who is lying—

HORACE:

Bludgeoned to death!

MARGUERITE:

He said he was going to his room. Why was he in here?

WESLEY:

Stop. Let her answer. Tell us the truth. Please, Clara. Please.

CLIFFORD:

Was it a lover's tryst? Did you seduce the Professor out of his bed knowing he was the only one smart enough to figure out you were the murderer?

CLARA:

No!

HORACE:

We locked my good man Gilbert in his room over a murder when it was actually you! I should take you down like a rabid dog!