

# WOLVES DON'T EAT EACH OTHER

by

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# LYCÉE DE L'ÉDIT DE ROUSSILLON

## SCENE 1

*On the stage, there are a rocking-chair, a huge mirror, big paintings, as well as an old, dusty looking trunk. A hooded, small silhouette is walking gracefully on the stage, we are in a dark attic where four paintings are placed on a wood wall. The first painting represents two ambassadors who seem to be rich and noble. Between them there is a shelf which is cluttered with objects such as a terrestrial globe, a sundial, a score and other objects which seem to contain many secrets. Their faces are serious and calm, they look straight ahead. The first man wears a fur coat and the other one has a dark velvet coat with curved patterns. The first ambassador holds a long view and the second one, a dagger. In the second painting, two characters can be seen, a father and a daughter. They look like two peasants : the stern-looking old man has a hayfork in his hand and his overalls repeats the pattern of the hayfork. The woman is unsmiling, she is wearing an apron, which has exactly the same pattern as the curtain of the window. The characters are in harmony with the farm which is behind them with their austere appearance. The man is about sixty, he is bald and is wearing a small round pair of glasses. His daughter is approximately forty years old, her blond hair are attached in a low bun and she seems ill-humored. They both have a cold expression. Their eyes, stern and and harsh gives us the impression that they are impenetrable. In the third painting there is a couple and a cat. The woman is standing next a window, as if she is taking the position of power in the couple, and her husband is lounging on a chair , in a relaxed position with a serious almost threatening gaze. His bare feet are buried in a fur rug. The white cat is on his lap, watching outside as if he is refusing the idea of facing the watcher nor the painter. The window is illuminating the room which is very luminous and white. There are many objects like a phone, a flower vase filled with lilies and a book. The last painting represents Queen Elisabeth II. The features are exaggerated and her wrinkles symbolize her old age. This portrait is not like the other royal paintings, it is not a flattering image of the queen. The portrait is absurdly small compared to the other paintings, fitting the small figure of the Queen. It's the only painting in the room where there's one person depicted. This detail along with her serious face gives us the impression that the Queen is strong minded and independent. The mysterious person goes in front of the painting of Elizabeth II, and touches it. The light follows every step the character makes. The mysterious figure takes off the hood and the Queen of England can be seen. The loud sound of the wind echoes on the stage and two more characters appear: one man and one woman. The blond wavy haired woman is dressed in a black dress with pieces of red material. As for the brown haired man, he is wearing large pants with a green pullover. He looks nonchalant and indifferent to whatever is about to happen. The woman comes near the Queen.*

**Mrs Clark:** Did you call us, Your Grace?

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*Her husband rolls his eyes at the politeness of his wife. The English Queen doesn't want to voice her annoyance at the man but looks at him with a sharp glare. She smiles at the woman.*

**The Queen:** I did. It's an urgent matter.

**Mrs Clark:** What is it, my Queen?

**The Queen:** I'd prefer to speak when everybody is here, we all need to stick together.

*The man, Mr Ossie Clark, clearly bored, lights a cigarette and sits on the rocking-chair nearby. Mrs Clark looks at him with angry eyes.*

**Mr Clark:** *(fainting to not see where the problem is)* What?

**Mrs Clark:** What do you mean « what »? Don't smoke here, Ossie! In front of the Queen on top of that! *(she turns to the Queen with pleading eyes)* Please forgive my husband's bad attitude.

**Mr Clark:** *(visibly upset, putting his lighter in his pocket with force)* Bad attitude you say? How about her having a bad attitude?! I didn't had time to smoke in the apartment so I smoke here. Plus we don't know why we are here. That's all. I didn't even have the time to put my shoes on.

*Mrs Clark sighs, and the loud sound of the wind comes on .Two other characters are making their entrance. It's the two French ambassadors, Jean de Dinteville and Georges de Selve. The richest of the two, Jean de Dinteville ; is dressed with expensive clothes, a black and white fur coat on his back. He has dark hair with a dark beard, his features solemn but kind. As for the other one, Georges de Selve, he is dressed with a black outfit and has the same serious expression as his partner. They speak with a strong French accent.*

**Jean de Dinteville:** Sorry for the late entrance, why...

**Georges de Selve:***(finishing his sentence)*... did thee call us?

**Mr Clark:** *(smoking and glancing at the Queen)* We still don't know. HER MAJESTY, didn't tell us yet.

**Jean de Dinteville:** Why do I have the feeling that everytime we meet, you're always bare foot like a peasant?

**Mr Clark:** Maybe because I'm mainly bare foot.

*The Queens sighs and turns to see the hopeless expression on the young woman's face. The loud sound of the wind comes again and the last characters arrive. It's the father and his daughter from American Gothic's painting, Alfred and Bertha .The bald man is wearing a black coat over an overall and a white shirt, a small pair of glasses on his nose while the blond woman next to him has a black*

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*and brown dress, her hair tied into a low bun. The man comes forward, his hand still dirty with mud and dust.*

**Mr Clark:** *(chuckling)* There's the real peasant.

*The last arrived man frowns at the remark but decides not to respond to it.*

**Alfred:** Good day me friends, how kin we help ye'?

**The Queen:** I summoned you because I believe something is wrong with our friend, David.

**Mr Clark:** What do you mean, you believe? You're really summoning us on speculations?

**The Queen:** It's almost sure that something is wrong. I didn't explain myself, let me finish.

**Mr Clark:** *(ignoring her demand)* But what if someone finds out about us?

**The Queen:** There is absolutely no chance, I made sure of it. Now, let me explain you what happened. Usually, David visits me twice a month and now it has been two months since we last saw him. Not only is this behavior strange, but he left a mysterious picture of himself in front of a mirror on Facebook. It's unlike him.

*There's a silence.*

**All the characters:** What is Face Book?

**The Queen:** Facebook is a place on the internet, a sort of web that anyone with special machines of my century can put pictures and status on. It's as if we had a journal of all of our friends and we follow what they say.

**Georges de Selves:** So, how do ye want to process? What is thy plan?

**The Queen:** I suggest that we explain one after the other what is the regularity of David's visits, how did we first meet him and more...

**Mr Clark:** *(raising his hand)* As boring as it sounds, my wife and I will start to explain. I met David in the early 1960's, he was at the same college of art as me and we quickly became friends. He is the creator of our painting and attended our wedding as my best man. He usually visits us twice a month as you said.

**Mrs Clark :** Personally, we became friends a little bit after Ossie and him... Two years ago Ossie presented us to one another in a pub after a horrible date under the rain. I remember, he even told me I looked like one of the characters in Botticelli's painting called Primavera.

**The Queen:** Very good, *(pointing at Alfred and Bertha in front of her)* it's your turn.

**Bertha:** David came to us ten years ago as our new neighbour, but we didn't b'lieve him as he wasn't in his house often ye know. We became friends after he told us the truth. This good ol' David would always come over for a drink. Like ye said, he used to visit us twice a month as well.

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**Jean de Dinteville:** David came to us years ago as our servant since we are both living at the embassy. We didn't believe his abilities at first and we were really amazed by the fact that it was true. As ye all said he used to visit us twice a month.

**The Queen:** Then you all agree that his disappearance is strange and unusual!

**Georges de Selve:** Maybe he is on a vacation?

**The Queen:** He never takes vacations, it's absurd.

**Jean de Dinteville:** Oh, easy there! Maybe he just doesn't want to see us anymore? Think about it, if someone finds out about what he's doing, he risks a lot! Don't ye think he just doesn't want problems anymore?

**The Queen:** One day he told us that he would disappear, that we had to seek for him. Don't you remember?

**Mr Clark:** We all remember his words, but imagine one second that our actions, the stealing in the banks, had been discovered in one of our worlds... we all arrive, the whole group and then what? We got caught too? No way!

**Mrs Clark:** Ossie is right, we can't risk it all for one man in our ranks. Maybe you considered him as the leader of the thief group but... Well he was because he is the one that reunited us but... he wasn't more useful than we are... And I'm sure it's one of his stupid pranks that he always does...There's no need to be so dramatical about it anyway!

**The Queen:** It's not because he is stronger than we are...It's that he is our friend and the one that helped us so many times...I think that we have to try and find him, even if this is a joke! We have to pay our dept toward him, that's what I'm trying to say.

**Alfred:** Not that I don't wanna' follow ye in the searching but... I hev some work that needs to be done. My cows won't milk themselves!

**Jean de Dinteville:** So do I... I have some work to achieve and send to the King of France as soon as possible. Ye also have writing to do, am I right Georges?

**Georges de Selves :** Yes, and it's particularly urgent...

**The Queen:(sighs)** So nobody wants to see if our friend is alive? Or at least safe? What kind of friends are you? Friends are supposed to help each other and if you only consider him as your co-worker and co-workers are supposed to exange, discuss to have a great relationship to have a nice work to be done. Our... illegal business is our common secret and we shall not let one companion aside. It'll take one afternoon, no more, I promise.

*There's a small silence, thinking.*

**Mrs Clark:** After a speech like this, who would refuse to seek our friend?

*Her husband is looking at his bare feet.*

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**Mr Clark:** Honestly if I bleed someone will bleed too.

**Georges de Selve:** *(speaking for both of the ambassadors, with a nod)* We're following the lead.

**Bertha:** I guess we hev no other choice than to follow ye'.

*The sound of the wind echoes and the light goes off, symbolizing the teleportation of all the characters in one of the painting's eras.*

### SCENE 2

*The characters decide to search clues in their own universe and start to gather informations all together. They starte with the universe of American Gothic. There's no light anymore, only the sound of the wind, which symbolises the teleportation of all the characters in a different universe . The setting changes into the setting of American Gothic. An old, remote farm along with several tools : some shovels and hayforks are leaning against haystacks. It is pretty quiet, only the noise of oxes is audible. The atmophere is heavy and cold. It is the time of the Great Depression but there is no sign of the indutrialization. All the characters are on stage . They look around, as if confused. The American Gothic's couple seems indifferent.*

**Alfred:** Welcome to our dwelling, should we start to search outside the house ?

**The Queen:** It would be great, we don't have that much time. I have a bad feeling about this whole thing.

**Mr Clark:** I think we need to relax ma'am, if we are as stressed as you are, we'll never going to think straight.

**Mrs Clark:** Ush, hun ! You are talking to the English Queen! Show a little respect.

**Mr Clark:** Oh! You're the one talking about respect!

**Mrs Clark:** Do you really want to argue right now ?! You're always doing this when we are in front of people! Aren't you ashamed of your childish attitude?! Because *I am!*

**Mr Clark:** I wouldn't be that *childish*, as you say, if you weren't so annoying and onerous.

**Jean de Dinteville:** I think we should all settle down...

**Mr Clark:** It's what I'm saying, but my wife keeps yelling, so that's my business.

**Georges De Selve:** Thy arguments are not necessary...It's not really polite, I'd say.

**Mr Clark:** And you're not supposed to comment it either.

**Jean de Dinteville:** It becomes our business since thy shouts interrupt our thoughts.

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*(Mr Clark growls, bitter.)*

**Bertha:** Let's start searching, will ye'?

*The characters start to run on stage, searching for some clues. Flashes of light fall on the characters to symbolise the passing of time. After a fair amount of time, they find a letter on the floor well hidden behind a bush.*

**Mrs Clark:** *(crying out in disbelief)* I've got something!

**Mr Clark:** *(moaning)* No need to yell in our ears, I swear to God... you're never discreet enough.

**Mrs Clark:** Can't you show some happiness for your wife's success?! It's always the same thing with you...

*They stop arguing as all the other characters are watching them, hopeless. Jean Dinteville approaches the couple, an annoyed look on his face.*

**Jean de Dinteville:** Dear, would ye please give me the piece of paper that ye just found?

*Mrs Clark hands him the letter. Jean de Dinteville reads it, confused.*

**Jean de Dinteville:** My noble partners, it seems we have an enigma.

**Gorges de Selve:** *(impatient)* Well, go ahead, read it.

**Jean de Dinteville:** « There's no need to find my body, my soul is saved. Dig, my friends, for I am taking a liking to this little game. »

**Mr Clark:** It's not that complicated...he just doesn't intend to make our research easy. We need to search in all the universes we come from and try to find some clues or we'll never finish this... As for the first part of the message, I guess he has gone crazy or something...

**Alfred:** This message is sure strange, I kin't remember seeing it before we left. *(he turns to speak to his daughter)* Hev ye ever seen this paper before?

**Bertha:** No I never hev, but mebbe Mr Clark is right, David might hev lost his sanity and thrown that paper during one of his usual visits.

**The Queen:** I doubt he lost his mind, it seems like David's abilities are far more impressive than expected.

**Mrs Clark :** *(worried)* What do you mean?

**Jean de Dinteville:** Yes, mighty Queen, speak your mind?

*The Queen looks suspiciously at the young woman in front of her, the sudden change in her attitude, mysterious. Mrs Clark looks frightened, pale and slightly shaking.*

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**The Queen:** Dear, are you alright?

*Mrs Clark tries to recompose her stature, looking into the Queen's eyes. She acts normal again. She pulls herself together and takes a deep breath before speaking.*

**Mrs Clark:** Yes, I am alright. What did you mean by, David's abilities are far more impressive than expected?

**The Queen:** *(arching her brows in surprise)* Well, he is talking about his body and his intact soul meaning he died in the form we know him, maybe he killed himself or was killed but that doesn't change anything in this case: If he died, then he took another form, which means that we have to find him anyway. So I suggest that we keep our eyes open, any human being can be our friend. Also he seems to take this adventure as a little game, meaning he wants to test us and our ability to work together in different worlds. For that matter I think this universe helped us enough, where are we going next?

*Mr Clark does not look pleased by her speech, whispering something in his wife's ear. The Queen looks at them with a worried look, the other characters don't mind them and nod at the Queen's speech. Georges de Selve and Jean de Dinteville come forward, sharing a look of agreement with their solemn faces.*

**Georges de Selve:** We'll go in our universe for a start, but we have to hurry, if David is playing with us we have to show him that we're smarter than he thinks we are.

*Mr Clark comes forward with a blank expression on his face.*

**Mr Clark:** Do you really think he only hid one element? Being the sarcastic man that we all know here as our supposedly friend, it's a bit too easy.

**Mrs Clark:** I agree, David is way too much of a player to smooth our thinking. I suggest we hurry and try to find other elements that could guide us more.

**Bertha:** I don't remember anything suspicious enough to be a clue...This letter is rather explicit, I don't really see why he would have left. It's slowing us rather than helping us.

**Alfred:** I guess we'll have to split.

**The Queen:** I disagree, it's way too dangerous and I'm afraid that we have to stick together one way or another. So let's search a second time.

*The characters are running on the scene once again, flashes of lights symbolising the passing of time. There is the sound of a clock.*

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**Bertha:** As expected, we found nothing more than dust and leaves. Forgive me but this idea was stupid and now we hev to hurry even more. *(She says turning to speak to her husband)* I don't plan on doing this for days, we hev work to do.

**Mrs Clark:** *(She snarls)* Well, rather be sure than miss by an important detail.

**The Queen:** *Enough.* I suggest we go now. *(She turns to see the two ambassadors)* We're following you.

*The two ambassadors nod in agreement, the light turns off, with the only sound of the wind which symbolise the teleportation of all the characters in a different universe.*

### SCENE 3

*The scene is set in the Ambassadors' place. There is a shelf with many different objects on it. The light is low, just like in the painting. The velvet and the satin make a luxurious ambience. All the characters are getting accustomed to the fancy environment. The ambassadors indicate with a light bow that their friends can act as they please.*

**Jean de Dinteville:** Just like milady, here *(he points out Bertha)* I don't remember seeing something strange but who knows?

**Georges de Selve:** This situation is full of surprises, I'm certain we'll find something helpful.

**Bertha:** *(chuckling lightly)* No need to use such formalities. I'm just a farmer's wife after all.

**Georges de Selve:** *(growling as if jealous)* No more of that, he was just being polite with ye, that's all.

**Bertha:** *(exaggerating the politeness of her sentence with a honeyed voice)* Good sir, ye sound a bit rude for a man as rich as ye are. Follow yer brother's example.

**Jean de Dinteville & Georges de Selve:** *(in unison with bright red cheeks)* We're not brothers...

**The Queen:** *(amused by their conversation)* Let's go.

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*Once again flashes of light symbolise the passing time and the characters run on the scene in order to find a clue. There is the sound of a clock and one hour passes in few second, they are still in the Ambassadors' place.*

**Alfred:** I think I might hev found something.

*The others were too occupied in their searching to look up.*

**Georges de Selve:** *(behind the red curtain, next to the cross of Jesus)* Could ye describe it for us, please?

**Alfred:** It's made of gold with something engraved on it.

**Jean de Dinteville:** *(approaching the bald man)* Are thee sure it's not one of our daggers? From afar they have the same design.

**Alfred:** It's a gun, I'm sure of it.

**The Queen:** And what's engraved in it?

**Alfred:** Two initials, the letters D. and H. It's obviously David's. But there's something else. I kin't read it with my glasses.

*He hands the gun carefully to the person next to him, this person being Mr Clark. He reads the mysterious inscription, a serious expression on his face. Then, his features are twitching with anger as he lets out a furious sound.*

**Mr Clark:** *(shouting)* He is playing us ! Who does he think he is?!

**Mrs Clark:** *(with a reassuring tone in order to calm her husband)* What does it say, hun?

**Mr Clark:** « You found it, now continue and find the killer in this room » He is clearly trying to coax us by making us believe that the killer is in among us!

*Mrs Clark takes his shaking hand, pleading him to stop talking like a mad man.*

**The Queen:** I'm sure this is one of his eternal jokes, no need to be in such a state.

**Mr Clark:** I don't believe you have the right to command me.

**Mrs Clark:** Of course she does! And she wasn't even commanding you, plonker!

**Mr Clark:** Damn it, woman! Will you shut it!

*His wife doesn't dare to respond as her eyes drop to her shoes. The other characters are in shock, but they don't say anything about the matter as they know his rather fiery mind.*

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**Georges de Selve:** I suppose it's only a joke too. Nobody here would kill him without apparent reasons. I say we have to search in depth and try to think as if we were David ourselves. Why would he put such a quip? He surely wants to test our loyalty to one another.

**Jean de Dinteville:** What a cruel way to test his friends! I would never be able to understand him.

*The Queen walks toward Mr Clark.*

**The Queen:** May I?

*Mr Clark nods and the Queen takes the weapon from his shaky hands, still furious and slightly paler than before.*

**The Queen:** *(moving the old gun in her hands)* I'll check if it's loaded... There are only two bullets...

**Bertha:** What is that supposed to mean?

**The Queen:** Nothing for now, I shall figure it out...

**Alfred:** Could ye speak whatever is on yer mind?

**The Queen:** *(throwing a glance at the young couple that the others do not notice)* I will not until I am certain...

**Georges de Selve:** Now that we found the object, where are we going?

*The Queen doesn't hesitate one second as she sees Mrs Clark's mouth open, ready to talk.*

**The Queen:** We are going in my apartments, there's something important I need to check on.

*Mr Clark gives her a dirty look. His voice remains tinted by the cold venom of hatred.*

**Mr Clark:** Is that for your personal purpose or is it for our cause?

**The Queen:** *(throwing him a gentle smile)* It is linked to David, I'm not selfish, you can trust me.

**Mr Clark:** *(allowing a weak, bitter laugh to part his lips)* I won't trust you. You're not my friend.

*Mrs Clark gasps, looking directly at her husband to correct him.*

**Mrs Clark:** She is.

**Mr Clark:** No she's not, don't decide who I like and who I don't.

**The Queen:** *(sighs then speaks, annoyed)* Very well, let's go to my palace.

**Bertha:** Forgive me but isn't it a bit risky to be there with ye, I mean...yer apartments must be very well kept and watched.

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**The Queen:** Don't worry about this, if I ask to not be disturbed, the guards won't enter unless it is very important. I won't stop my research until we find David.

**Jean de Dinteville & Georges de Selve:** Thee can count on us too.

**The Queen:** Then shall we go, the sooner the better isn't it?

*The rest of the characters nod in response, FLASH LIGHTS – SOUND*

### SCENE 4

*The characters are now in the Queen's apartments and the luxiourious place makes the poorest of the characters sigh in awe before the beautiful sight of elegant furnitures and the bed covered in silk.*

**The Queen:** So, welcome into my chamber. Please be at ease, I'll come back in a second. I'm going to tell the guards that I shall not be disturbed.

*The characters sit on a long and large decorated sofa as they wait for the Queen's return.*

**Mr Clark:** *(whispering)* I am certain that she is involved in the situation...

**Jean de Dinteville:** How can ye be so sure?

**Mr Clark:** Well she really wanted us here first, I guess that she has something to reproach herself...hope she doesn't order her guards to kill us.

**Georges de Selve:** She wouldn't do that, would she?

*The last sentence leaves the characters confused and they all stay silent as they hear the Queen's paces. She seems to be alone.*

**The Queen :** I see you are relaxing already, that is a great thing! A cup of tea maybe? I think we can rest for a bit.

**Mrs Clark :** I thought you said, the sooner the better. Am I wrong?

**The Queen:** No you're right, but now that I figured the whole situation, I thought you'd like a little rest...

**Bertha:** Am I the only one that doesn't understand what's going on?

**Alfred:** What are ye even talking about?

**Georges de Selve:** What did thee want to check?

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**The Queen:** You will see for yourself soon enough. *(she sighs)*. Well, since you don't want a rest, I suppose you all want to continue the searching already?

*The characters are running on the stage and flashes of light can be seen as time passes the sound of a clock is louder...*

**Jean de Dinteville:** I have something!

**Mrs Clark:** It's a golden pocket watch...

**Georges de Selve:** It's his, I remember him wearing it on one of his visits at the embassy.

*The Queen stays silent, her arms crossed in front of her chest, her eyes staring at nothing as if she was deep in thoughts.*

**Alfred:** Why this sudden silence, yer highness?

**Mr Clark:** You sure have something to hide, don't you?

**The Queen:** *(losing her temper)* What are you trying to say?!

**Mr Clark:** I said that I was right not to trust you...*You killed him.*

**The Queen:** Not at all, I swear on my honour!

**Mr Clark:** Then, why are you so silent?

**The Queen:** It's just that...I remember one of my numerous discussion with David. He used to appear in my dreams when I was a little girl. One time, he taught me the value of time...That...Time is like a piece of paper where you can erase and rewrite your destiny...he also told me that time was just like water, slipping through the fingers, that once you mastered it, you could do great things. I think that David isn't only playing with us, but he is teaching us the value of time.

**Mr Clark:** And what is that even supposed to mean? Are you trying to fool us? I guess your murderer mind is taking over ma'am!

**Mrs Clark:** *(giving him a disaproving gaze)* Stop incriminating her, I think we are all tired...Please forgive my husband for his hard words, my Queen.

**Mr Clark:** Stop whining, I am just sick of you!

**Mrs Clark:** No...I am sick of you and your drug addict attitudes!

**Bertha:** Just SHUT UP, both of you ! You are always bringing yer personal life. We don't care.

**Jean de Dinteville:** Dear Lord, they're giving me a headache...

**Georges de Selve:** Tell me about it...

**Alfred:** Yer highness, could ye' explain yer statement. This isn't clear to me...

**The Queen:** What I tried to say...is that he wanted us to understand the value of time, or maybe how to analyse the different persons in the group to find his murderer. But I'm not sure and I guess time will tell...

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*There's a long silence as nobody knows how to conclude the Queen's speech. Suddenly, the Queen's expression becomes brighter as if she has figured something out.*

**The Queen:** Is there something at the back? Or maybe inside of it? If I remember right, there's a message just like in my old dream.

**Jean de Dinteville:** *(after finding the words engraved)* It's written : « Congrats, Elisabeth, thee figured it out»

*A long silence follows that sentence.*

**Mr Clark:** *(ironical)* Wow, it's even clearer than the rest of this conversation. It *obviously* makes sense!

*Mrs Clark expresses her annoyance by a quick, sharp sound.*

**Mr Clark :** *(turning to his wife, angry as ever)* What was that?

*Mrs Clark rolls her eyes and puts both of her hands on her hips.*

**Mrs Clark:** Are we staying here forever?

*There's a loud knock on the door and a voice follows.*

**Guard:** My Queen, are you alone?

**The Queen:** Yes, and I asked not to be disturbed. What is it?

**Guard:** *(in an embarrassed voice)* Sorry, your highness, I just hear voices.

**The Queen:** In the future, don't bother me again. I have to concentrate.

**Guard:** Of course, my Queen. My sincere apologies.

*The Queen nods to her friends, saying that they have to leave to Mr and Mrs Clark's universe.*

*The light goes off, the only sound we can hear is the sound of the wind, symbolizing their teleportation.*

## SCENE 5

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*The characters are in Mrs and Mr Clark's flat. The light is very low which is unusual, the atmosphere is heavy. On the stage, we can see one chair, one table, a painting, a phone, and a lamp. On the small table there's a yellow book and lilies. Mrs Clark comes forward, frowning.*

**Mrs Clark:** There is something wrong, I can feel it.

**Mr Clark:** Gosh, will you stop your comedy?

**Mrs Clark:** *(she turns to see him, very upset)* I am telling you! I feel it right in my guts and you always put me down. If you continue like this...I'll demand a divorce.

**Mr Clark:** *(proud and stubborn)* Finally! For once your idea makes sense.

**Mrs Clark:** *(sighs)* Whatever. But...*(her eyes are widening)* Where's Percy?

**Alfred:** Who's Percy?

**Mr Clark:** Nothing, it's our stupid cat. See, my wife loves this animal and won't stop annoying us until she finds him.

**Mrs Clark:** I just...*need* to find him...

**Mr Clark:** Well can't you do that a bit later? Don't you see that there are more important problems?

**Mrs Clark:** Like what?! Say it!

*Mr Clark stops talking and sits on the chair with indolence, massaging his temples.*

**Mr Clark:** Well, are you going to stay still?

*The other characters' faces are darkening at the arrogant tone. They decide to ignore it and start to search as the couple continues to argue loudly but Queen Elisabeth stops her friends with a gesture of the hand.*

**Jean Dinteville:** What?

**The Queen:** I have a bad feeling about this place.

**Georges de Selve:** Besides, I don't think we have to search the clue anymore...

*The ambassador points the painting on the wall, and all the characters are turning to see it. The painting represents a white cat with human eyes, its stare turned to Mr Clark watching him arguing with his crying wife.*

**The Queen:** It's very interesting...

**Georges de Selve:** I was about to say that it was scary, but explain yourself.

**The Queen:** I don't remember the painting representing a cat.

**Bertha :** Neither do I, I took the time to study all of the paintings back in the attic.

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**The Queen:** We need to go back to the attic, as I feel like someone awaits us there...

**Alfred:** Do ye think David is there?

**The Queen:** Absolutely.

**Jean Dinteville:** What makes thee think he is there?

**The Queen:** All the clues that he gave us were like a funny game to him. Like a treasure hunt. Returning to the departure point might also be the answer to all those enigmas.

**Georges de Selve:** Shall we try and search if there is something written on it, like a signature of some sort?

**The Queen:** Yes, he might have left a message as he did with the other clues.

*They carefully put the painting down, searching for small details. Jean de Dinteville takes the painting off the wall and looks behind it but can't find interesting elements.*

**Jean de Dinteville:** Maybe thee should try, my Queen. The message on our last found clue was meant to reach thee and...

**Georges de Selve:** *(finishing his sentence)* So the message is maybe visible only to thee.

*The Queen smiles at the idea and takes a few steps forward to see if there is any message directed to her. She lifts her brow in surprise.*

**The Queen:** It says I know who the killer is...but I didn't fully speculate anything.

**Bertha:** Well, I guess ye have to figure it out now. Try to focus on it while we search for some clues.

**Jean de Dinteville:** Good idea, but the others are still arguing, shall we intervene?

**Bertha:** They are slowing us down, I say we leave them to their business while we search.

**Alfred:** It seems to be a good plan to me.

*The Queen is watching the lilies, lost in her thoughts. She takes the book next to it and opens it, hoping to find another clue that could guide her. She finds a little white tube and observes Mr Clark's attitude, still shouting at his wife. She quickly puts the tube on the table away from her royal hands. She turns to watch the couple, with her eyes wide open.*

**The Queen:** Are you taking *drugs*?!

**Mr Clark:** *(he turns to watch the Queen)* And, what about it?

**The Queen:** This would explain your attitude, this would explain more things than one actually.

**Mr Clark:** What do you mean?

*She doesn't answer, watching the tearful wife.*

## LYCÉE DE L'ÉDIT DE ROUSSILLON

**The Queen :** And you?

*The blond woman dries the tears from her red cheeks. She sniffles.*

**Mrs Clark:** I'm not taking any drugs, if it can answer the question.

*The Queen shows pity toward the younger woman as she takes her hand to reassure her.*

**The Queen:** Are you alright?

*Mrs Clark nods like a small child and try to rebuild a composure.*

**Mrs Clark:** Yes, thank you, my Queen. I guess that this whole story opened my eyes in many ways. *(she turns to speak to her husband)* When all of this is over, I'll demand a divorce. I'm keeping the cat, you can keep this filthy flat of yours.

*She turns around and starts to rejoin the others.*

**The Queen:** I hope this ends soon, so that she can finally leave you and be happy.

*Mr Clark chuckles, gets up and makes his way to the table and the small white tube. He turns the page of the book and finds a small bag of white powder. The Queen recognises it right away.*

**The Queen:** So you're just going to do it here and now ?

**Mr Clark:** Yup.

**The Queen:** *(crossing her arms)* The amount of arrogance and foolishness of it all can only come from you.

*He makes a small line in front of him and sniffs it with the tube's head. He breathes loudly and gets up, all energised as if he just drank a glass of orange juice.*

**Mr Clark:** Ready to go!

*The Queen lets out a disgusted sigh and rejoins the others as they can't find other clues. The light goes off, the sound of the wind indicate their last teleportation.*

**LYCÉE DE L'ÉDIT DE ROUSSILLON**  
**SCENE 6**

*They return to the old attic in the Londonian suburbs. It is the same setting as the first scene a huge mirror, an old trunk and spooky elements such as an old rocking-chair.*

*All the characters look confused as they try to see where David is. A noise coming from the trunk breaks the silence and a white cat comes out of it. Mr Clark roll his eyes as Mrs Clark cries out.*

**Mrs Clark:** Percy!

*She runs to him and takes the white furball in her arms. The cat starts purring.*

**Mrs Clark:** Where were you? I was so worried.

*Instead of a meow, a manly voice comes out of the animal's body.*

**Percy:** I've always been here.

*Mrs Clark yelps, releasing the loving trap that her arms formed a few seconds ago. The cat gracefully falls on the floor, and walks confidently to the mirror under the impressed looks from the characters.*

**Mr Clark:** What in the...

*The cat comes in front of the mirror and it's not his reflection that stands proudly but David's. All the characters are surprised except for Queen Elisabeth who understands the second the cat came out of the trunk. Mr Clark is the only one who dares to speak.*

**Mr Clark:** H – how...?

**David Hockney:** *(ignoring Clark's question)* Good evening everybody.

*Bertha and Alfred look pale all of the sudden, staying close from one another.*

**Mrs Clark:** David? A - are you fine? What is going on with Percy? I- I don't understand...

**David Hockney:** As some of you guessed in the letter I left you...I was murdered and decided to test your loyalty to me.

**Mrs Clark:** How did you manage to transfer your soul into the cat's body? It's insane!

**David Hockney:** I didn't have a choice, I had to choose a body near the place I died.

**Mrs Clark:** Oh dear god...What does that mean?

## LYCÉE DE L'ÉDIT DE ROUSSILLON

**David:** Remember when you left the flat for your weekend in France?

**Mrs Clark:** Y-yeah...

**David Hockney:** Remember the argument you had with Ossie just before?

**Mrs Clark:** *(she sighs sadly)* Of course.

**David:** Well, Ossie killed me when you weren't there to prevent it, because I chose to defend you when he told me your quarrel.

*Everybody's jaws fall to the ground while Mrs Clark slaps Mr Clark.*

**Mrs Clark:** *(with contained tears in her eyes)* WHY DID YOU DO THAT? You monster!

**David:** If it can reassure you, he wasn't alone.

*Celia goes far away from Ossie and hides her face in her hands. The others are silent, shocked. The Queen moves forward.*

**The Queen:** And who else is involved then?

*David turns to Alfred and Bertha, throwing a judgmental glare towards them.*

**David:** My body is hidden behind their farm, they helped Ossie.

*The other characters turn around except Ossie who stay still from shock.*

**The Queen:** That was unexpected, turns out there was much more traitors in our group.

**David:** *(smirking)* I see you figured something was wrong...your clever mind was the only thing I was counting on.

**The Queen:** You made a good bet, I tried to resolve your enigma as nicely as possible.

**David:** As expected.

*David, with the appearance of Percy, comes closer to Ossie Clark and looks directly in his eyes.*

**David:** Being killed wasn't the most painful thing in the matter, the most painful thing is that it was you who killed me, my *friend*. You didn't even try to confess...You just acted like you wanted to gain time. Time just played you.

**Mr Clark:** Wh-Ho-how...

*He is shaking, not knowing what to say or what to believe.*

**David:** No need to talk, you're already condemned.

## LYCÉE DE L'ÉDIT DE ROUSSILLON

**Jean de Dinteville:** He should pay with his life, eye for an eye...

**Georges de Selve:**...and a tooth for a tooth!

*They chuckle, drawing the attention of David.*

**David:** Did you come out of the closet already?

**Jean de Dinteville & Georges de Selves:** *(bright red/ blushing)* What?

**David:** *(smirking)* Nothing, I guess we'll have to wait for a bit. *(he turns to see Mr Clark)* You'll never be able to travel in time, you're going to be forced to live on your own in your universe without my advices or your former wife's and one day, someone is going to murder you.

**Mr Clark:** When ??

**David:** When you don't expect it at all.

**Mr Clark:** *(begging)* But...Wait! I'm sorry...

*David's eyes become white and Ossie Clark comes back to his universe.*

**David:** *(turns to see the guilty pair)* Now as for you two. You'll have the same punishment.

**Alfred:** Yer mind shouldn't be alive...

**Bertha:** It's wrong...

**David:** Neither was helping a murderer. Why did you do that?

**Alfred:** Ye always stole all the fame for yerself when we used to succeed a hold up. It started to become tiresome...

**Bertha:** And we didn't receive the same amount of the money's hold up as the others. Ye knew our financial situation, yet, ye didn't help us a bit while the Queen and the others were having money too even if they are much richer than us. You knew that and you called the sharing fair.

**David:** I never meant to underpay you. Maybe that if you just asked nicely I would have tink twice before sharing the many of our numerous robberies. You also had plenty of occasions to warn me but you never did.

**Bertha:** Don't try to incriminate us, ye were wrong the whole time and ye pretended to not notice our problem. Ye also named you chief but couldn't remedy to yer team's personal problems...That's not how a chief behaves at all.

**David:** If it was bothering you that much, why didn't you tell me about it?

**Alfred:** Ye're speaking as if it was simple. Don't play the kind man with us. Ye're always trying to fool everyone it's insane. But if we hev to be sentenced like Ossie than so be it, do it so that yer actions match yer words for once.

**David:** If you insist, I won't hold you back.

## LYCÉE DE L'ÉDIT DE ROUSSILLON

*David's eyes are becoming white once again and Bertha and her father disappear in their universe.  
Mrs Clark, still shattered by the news, is shaky and sad looking.*

**Mrs Clark:** Where am I going to go now? I don't know this universe but I can't go to my old one either...

**David:** Maybe by staying here, you could know the happiness you deserve...

*Mrs Clark starts to sob.*

**The Queen:** I have an idea.

**Mrs Clark:** And what is it?

**The Queen:** Maybe you could write a book? I heard that you have a certain passion about writing but you never tried to sell your work...How does that sound?

**Mrs Clark:** Sounds good...but I don't know how I am going to sell it...maybe by using a false identity...

**The Queen:** And I could make some publicity for it! Do you have an idea on the story?

**Mrs Clark:** I could write our story! I have all the imagination for it...

**The Queen:** What will be the title?

**Mrs Clark:** « Wolves don't eat each other »

**The Queen:** That sounds promising. Also, for your house, I will make sure you will have the best apartment near the royal palace.

**Mrs Clark:** Thank you so much for your help, My Queen. I don't know how to reward your kindness to me...

**The Queen:** It's all my pleasure, that idiotic man that used to be your husband doesn't know what he loses.

**David:** Talking about love... *(turning to the ambassadors)* Are you both a thing ?

**Jean de Dinteville & Georges de Selve:** NO!

**David:** Touché.

**The Queen:** *(laughing)* Leave them alone, David. It's not official yet.

*They all start to laugh except the two ambassadors that were all of the sudden, shy as ever.*

**David:** *(turning to the rest of the groupe)* Now, I'd like to apologise for my behaviour. I know some of you didn't like that I took all of this for a game that was only amusing to me.

**The Queen:** I quite enjoyed it.

**Georges de Selves:** It sure was for you.

**Jean de Dinteville:** Not so amusing to us. But David, your apologies are accepted. Still, why did you do that? What were we expecting from us?

## LYCÉE DE L'ÉDIT DE ROUSSILLON

**David:** I wanted all of you to test your ability to stick up together and work as a team. Sure, maybe it was a bit extreme but listen, I was dead and my soul is stuck in a cat. I had to play it smart so that you think more together and put aside your differences.

**Mrs Clark:** About you being stuck in Percy...maybe we should find you another body. This way, you would have a human body and I would have my cat...

**David:** *(laughing)* Yeah, I guess that would be right.

**The Queen:** For your human body..should we...kill someone?

**Jean de Dinteville:** Oh, that's morbid.

**The Queen:** I should have an access to the morgue, it's quite easy when you're Queen.

**David:** Then let's go! I don't want to be stuck in this body forever even though being a cute cat is attractive to ladies.

*All the characters are laughing. David is moving toward Celia.*

**David:** Please, pick me a nice body.

**Mrs Clark:** *(chuckling)* Don't worry about that David! I'll make sure you'll be attractive, leave it to me.

**David:** It's promising.

*The sound of the wind echoes, a long lasting flash of light which symbolises the end of the play.*

**CURTAIN**