(Hurries into the kitchen as Margo races to the closet.)
MARGO. *(Whispers.)* Hank, come out of there! Hank! *(Opens the door.)* Gib! What are you doing in there?!
GIBBY. I don't know anymore. You think I panicked?
MARGO. Where's Hank?
GIBBY. Would I be in here if I knew? *(Exits the closet.)* Okay. Let's hold it together. We cannot let the two Celias see each other, you hear me? That happens and it is all over — your friendship, my marriage, everything. I'll lose Suzannah forever. And after that, she'll kill us all in cold blood.
MARGO. Well, on the bright side, I'd never have to squeeze myself into that flamenco dress again. *(Hank enters from the kitchen, no longer wearing his pink shawl. He speaks loudly through the door to an unseen Beth.)*
HANK [as CELIA]. Can't wait for dinner, dearie. Guess I am a bit peckish. *(Closes the door. Then, quickly to the others in his own voice.)* I'm getting close! I think she's going to feed me the truffles. Trust me, Beth Bailey is ready to betray Suze.
GIBBY. How can you be so sure?
HANK. Woman's intuition.
MARGO. Remind me again why I spent nineteen years of my life with you.
HANK. Great sex?
MARGO. No, I'm sure I'd remember if *that* had ever happened.
GIBBY. Hold on! Somebody's coming! Hank! Back in the closet!
HANK. I can't! I can't stay in there another second.
MARGO. You are not blowing this now! *(Drags Hank into the closet with her just as Suzannah enters the hallway door carrying Hank's pink shawl.)*
SUZANNAH. Have you seen Celia? I left her in the guest bath, but when I went back, she wasn't there. But I found this in the hall.
GIBBY. Nope. Haven't seen her.
SUZANNAH. *(Whispers, angry.)* Gib, I really don't know why you're here, but you'd better not be up to anything. I cannot handle any weirdness this evening! *(Before he can stop her, she opens the closet door, reveals Margo and Hank in a passionate kiss. She's stunned, speechless.)*
CELIA. *(As she enters from kitchen, Suzannah slams the closet door shut.)* My, my, this is such a large house. I got lost and followed the wonderful smell to the kitchen. I suppose I am a bit peckish.

BETH. *(Enters from hallway door.)* Where is everyone ... *(Spots Celia.)* Oh, here you are. *(Studies Celia.)* But ... weren't you wearing a pink shawl?
GIBBY. Nope. Same old purple shawl. *(Suzannah realizes something is wrong and ditches the shawl.)*
BETH. But I'm almost certain your earrings were different.
GIBBY. Same earrings.
CELIA. *(To Beth.)* I don't believe we've met. I'm Celia Carmichael.
BETH. Well, of course we've met. I'm Beth Bailey, remember? *(Studies Celia, trying to figure out what's different about her.)*
SUZANNAH. Yes, Mrs. Carmichael — uh, Celia, Beth is my assistant. She's unbelievably efficient.
BETH. Oh, she's only saying that because it's true.
CELIA. Ah, yes! I've enjoyed our telephone conversations, Miss Bailey. That Southern American humor of yours is ever so entertaining.
SUZANNAH. *(To Beth.)* Really? You've been having conversations with Mrs. Carmichael?
BETH. *(To Suzannah . Changes subject.)* Why don't I hang up Mrs. Carmichael's shawl? *(Grabs Celia's shawl and sends Celia sprawling on the couch. Hurries to the closet.)*
SUZANNAH. *(Sprints to the closet ahead of Beth and barricades herself against the door .)* Oh, no. No need! *(Grabs the shawl.)*
BETH. Of course there is. It'll get wrinkled. I don't want Mrs. Carmichael to think I ... we ... didn't take good care of her. *(Snatches the shawl away from Suzannah. Unseen by Celia, a tug of war begins and grows in intensity during the following.)*
CELIA. *(Spots the truffles.)* Oh, my! Look at those chocolates! Maybe I'll just have a wee nibble.
GIBBY. *(Glances back and sees Beth is busy. Tries to stall Celia.)* Look, before you try one of those I need to make it perfectly clear that the success your company's had here in the Midwest is all due to my wife's hard work over the last five years. Suzannah's calm, intelligent, professional, mature — *(His attention is caught as Suzannah and Beth silently but fiercely fight over the shawl. Gibby blocks Celia's view.)* Well, at least eighty-five percent of the time.
CELIA. *(Oblivious.)* I absolutely must have one of these gorgeous truffles! *(Hearing this, Beth yanks the shawl away from Suzannah, flings it over the back of the couch and races to Celia.)*
BETH. Yes, you should, Mrs. Carmichael. As a matter of fact,

these are the iced tea truffles I … we … told you all about.
CELIA. Really? Handsome devils, aren't they? *(As Celia's about to take a bite, Margo, disheveled, bursts out of the closet with a yelp. Everyone turns and stares at her.)*
MARGO. Well, what do you know? That wasn't the powder room after all. *(Margo plasters herself against the door as Hank bangs on it.)*
CELIA. My word! What is that?
MARGO. Moths. Big, mother-whomping moths. *(Hank bursts out of the closet, looks around.)*
HANK. Oh … *(Then, as "Celia".)* Hullooooo, lovies! *(Gibby throws his hands up in defeat.)*
BETH. Okay, what is goin' on here?!
SUZANNAH. I can explain everything.
GIBBY. You can?
CELIA. No need, my dear! I see we've another dinner guest and doesn't she look lovely!
HANK [as CELIA]. Why, thank you, dearie! And isn't your outfit divine?
SUZANNAH. *(Low, to Margo.)* I'm beginning to understand why you two got a divorce.
CELIA. *(Eats the truffle. Ecstatic.)* This is the best truffle I've ever tasted! I knew you were talented, Suzannah, but, my word, you've created a million-dollar confection! I could make a fortune selling them!
SUZANNAH. Well, actually, Mrs. Carmichael, the truth is —
BETH. *(Can't restrain herself.)* The truth is, *I* created this truffle! It's mine, all mine! I did the promotional material for it and in fact, most of the work you've gotten these last two months has been *my* work, *my* ideas, *my* talent!
SUZANNAH. *(Stunned.)* Beth!
GIBBY. You see! I told you this is who Beth Bailey really is!
MARGO. She betrayed Suze just like Gibby said she would!
HANK. *(Speaks in his own voice.)* Finally! I was dying under this thing. *(Pulls off the wig.)*
CELIA. *(Does a double-take, then inches toward the door.)* Umm … now you musn't think I haven't thoroughly enjoyed this evening but before things get any more exciting, I think I'll excuse myself … you know, pop 'round to the constable for a quick chat. *(Breaks for the door. Gibby stops her.)*

GIBBY. Wait a minute, Mrs. Carmichael. What happened here is my fault. We all know you came to Cincinnati because you have a job in London you want to fill and, believe me, my wife's the one who deserves it. I couldn't stand by and let Beth Bailey try to undermine Suzannah.

SUZANNAH. *(To Gibby.) That's* why you showed up tonight?

CELIA. In fact, I am here precisely because Suzannah's done a commendable job for my company for so many years. *(To Suzannah.)* The position is in London and it's yours ... *(Low.)* which might be a golden opportunity for you to put some distance between yourself and ... *these* people.

SUZANNAH. Thank you, Mrs. Car — Celia. I've worked hard for this promotion and I'm proud of my work. But I can't accept your very kind offer.

EVERYONE. What?!

BETH. *(Jumps on it.)* Then *I'll* take it! I'm the one with the talent and the ability here! I can bring you ideas every day of the week that will make Carmichael's the chocolatier to the *world!*

SUZANNAH. You are way out of line, Beth.

BETH. I don't give a hog's hair if I am! This is my big chance and I'm taking it!

CELIA. Well, I *do* need someone with passion and you certainly seem ... enthusiastic. The job is yours ... as long as you hand over the rights to that truffle recipe, of course.

GIBBY. Wait just a minute. You'd hire someone who's blatantly self-serving, blinded by ambition and is nothing more than a conniving back-stabber?

CELIA. Well, of course! How do you think I got *my* job? Delightful evening, Suzannah. Most unforgettable. Now, do come along, Beth. We've an awful lot to discuss! *(Celia exits the front door.)*

BETH. *(To the group.)* If y'all are ever in London, call my assistant and if I'm not too busy runnin' the company — I mean, *workin'* for Celia, maybe we can have tea. *(Crosses to the front door, turns back.)* Honestly, I am happier than a rat in a Velveeta factory! *(She exits. Beat.)*

GIBBY. I'll never touch grits again.

MARGO. I can't believe she got that job!

SUZANNAH. I can't believe I was so blind!

HANK. I can't believe women wear push-up bras! These wires are killing me!