

**A SNOOP SPOOF**

***Hercule Poirot: "Lunch With Spider Woman"***

*10:00 MINUTE COMEDY*  
For two men and two women

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**HERCULE POIROT "Lunch With Spider Woman"**

LENGTH: +/- 10:00

## SYNOPSIS:

HERCULE POIROT, on assignment from the London, England Police Department; investigates Mrs. ARACHNIDA, a human-sized Spider Woman from France who has woven her husband into an gigantic egg sac and is about to turn him into soup in order to feed the 50 hatchlings also growing in the sac. Surprisingly, Perot cannot intervene because "it's "nature's way": many species eat one another, including politicians. He doubts that Spider Woman would be charged because there is so little "really authentic French cooking in London."

TIME: 1862

## LOCATION:

LONDON APARTMENT - Home of Mr. & Mrs. Arachnida  
Chairs, a dining table. O.S. is a large recliner in which Mr. Arachnida is enwrapped which is rolled into the scene

## CHARACTERS:

*Hercule Poirot*

A stout middle-aged man, curled moustache, brown suit, vest, hair parted in the middle and a bowler hat.

*Landlady*

Middle-aged English land lady with Cockney accent

*Madame Arachnida (Spider Woman)*

A "Spider Woman" costume with 3 brightly colored (but highly poisonous) boas around her neck, and a bright red back-pack which is her exoskeleton.

*EGG SAC / Monsieur Arachnida (O.S.)*

We only see a pair of shoes, a bit of a hat, a few fingers, a colorful boa, of the gentleman sitting in a recliner. Monsieur Arachnida and the chair are totally encased in a gigantic egg shaped ovoid form comprised of a bright white fabric.

**AT RISE / LIGHTS UP:**

1862 LONDON APARTMENT - MORNING

(MRS. ARACHNIDA (Spider Woman) wears black leotards / top plus a BRIGHT RED BACKPACK.)

ANNCR (V.O.)

1862 - London. An apartment in the morning.

(Spider woman is slowly climbing atop a dining room table. She has three or four brightly colored feather boas around her neck.)

LANDLADY

Mrs. Arachnida! Yoo-hoo! Mrs. Arachnida! It's *me!* Your landlady!

(AUDIO: crisp knock on door. Hercule Poirot and Landlady ENTER. Spider woman glares across at Poirot and Landlady.)

LANDLADY

There she is. I told you! *She's French.* Them Frenchies climbs on the tables! (*brightly*) Good morning Mrs. Arachnida!

POIROT

(tipping hat)

Good morning, Madame! Allow me to introduce myself - I am Hercule Poirot!

(He bows deeply and the Spider woman flicks a feather boa out in response.)

LANDLADY

(aside to Poirot)

Wot's she DOING?

POIROT

Those harmless looking boas are actually deadly, poisonous filaments!

(Poirot dances out of the way of the boas.)

LANDLADY

Oooh!

POIROT

(to Spider Woman)

The local authorities have seen you crawling about on the walls of this building and, uh, didn't *understand* what *exactly* was going on, so they have asked *me, Hercule Poiroit* one of the greatest detectives, to investigate.

SPIDER WOMAN

We are from France. Frechies likes to climb *on* walls.

(Spider Woman hops off the table.)

POIROT

You can understand, of course that there are *rumors*. Rumors of a woman climbing on walls! Some say she spins webs. Some say they have not seen her husband in a long time.

SPIDER WOMAN

The English are suspicious of foreigners.

(Spider woman flicks a boa in his direction.)

(Poirot leaps out of the way like a ballerina.)

LANDLADY

What ARE you DOING?

POIROT

Avoiding the poisonous boa, madame!

(As Spider woman moves and flicks the boas, Poirot dances around.)

LANDLADY

It looks like you're *danc-ing*!

POIROT

Yes, Madame! A *deadly* dance!

LANDLADY

You move quick for a *fat man*.

(Spider woman withdraws her boass back around her neck and ambulates more closely.)

SPIDER WOMAN

(squeezing Poirot's arm)

You are a wonderfully compact and dense man. Quite thick of body. Will you be staying for *lunch*?

POIROT

We hope not.

SPIDER WOMAN

I wish you would stay... You're just the kind of man I'd love to have for lunch.

(Spider woman climbs back onto the table.)

POIROT

I like your backpack, Madame.

SPIDERWOMAN

Thank you.

(to LANDLADY)

POIROT

That red backpack is actually her *exo-skeleton*. It hides two very large *spigots* from which she shoots her web.

LANDLADY

Shoots her web! Not in this apartment she don't shoot no *web*. I run a respectable place! Say, you're not saying that she's a *real spider*, are you?

POIROT

Oh, yes, Madame! One of the largest Red Back Spiders I've seen!

(to SPIDER WOMAN)

You are a Red Back Spider, are you not, Madame?

SPIDER WOMAN

(hissing)

Very perceptive, Mr. Poirot.

POIROT

Is it *just you* that lives here, then? Do you have a mate?

LANDLADY

*Mate?* Oh, no. She's got a *husband*, she has.

POIROT

Well, technically, *arachnids* do not marry. They *mate*.

LANDLADY

*Mate?* Not in *my apartment!* They don't do any such thing.  
(*waggles finger*)

No mating here!

POIROT

Madame. I assure you that when spiders mate they are probably the most hygienic of all creatures. They lay eggs - in an *egg sac*.

LANDLADY

She *wot?* Lays *eggs?*

POIROT

That's right.

(to Spider Woman)

Have you got an *egg sac*, Madame?

SPIDER WOMAN

(*hissing*)

Yessssss.

POIROT

May we see it?

(Spider Woman ambulates S.L. toward the "other room" and Poirot and Landlady follow.)

(S.L. Lights up as she rolls gigantic combo WHITE EGG SAC / RECLINING CHAIR onto stage. Egg sac is stark white layers, an egg-shaped ovoid shape 6-feet tall or so which encompasses a reclining chair. A workman's cap protrudes from the upper end. The fingers of two "hands" are visible on either side. Ends of a colorful boa protrude and hang from a "shoulder-height"

position. We see two shoes protruding from the bottom of the sac.)

LANDLADY

Oh, my gawd!

(Poirot walks around the recliner and egg sac.)

Wot *is* that?

POIROT

The *male* of the species! He was at home in his recliner. Probably was watching a sporting event on the telly and dozed off.

SPIDER WOMAN

News! That's *all* he watches!

POIROT

Mrs. Arachhida - the female of the species - draped a poisonous boa around his neck. Because he was reclining, poor man never had a chance to escape.

SPIDER WOMAN

I *can't stand* news! Gruesome!

HUSBAND (O.S.)

(*muffled*)

Hey! Hey!

POIROT

(looking around)

Do you hear something?

HUSBAND (O.S.)

(*muffled*) In here... I'm in *here*!

(Poirot steps close to the egg sac.)

SPIDER WOMAN

(Stepping close and calling out)

Ho-ney! Mind your manners - we've got company!

POIROT

Monsieur Arachnida, can you hear me?

HUSBAND (O.S.)

Who's that?

POIROT

How do you do. I'm Hercule Poirot, a private investigator.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

So nice to meet you. Excuse me for not getting up.

(Spider woman ambulates to the egg sac and begins to do a little, rhythmical undulating, humping dance around it.)

POIROT

It appears that your mate has woven you into her egg sac.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

She *what!*? Can you say that again and *speak up!*!

POIROT

(*louder*)

It appears she has woven you into her egg sac!

HUSBAND (O.S.)

*Diedre!* Is that *true?* Did you weave me into your egg sac? I thought the lights had just gone dim. *Diedre, you tell me now,* am I *IN* the egg sac?

(Spider woman ambulates to the other side of the chair / egg sac and continues her little humping/squatting dance.)

SPIDER WOMAN

You were sleeping so soundly.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

(*panicky*)

Did she say *yes!*? (*beat*) She *did!* I'm *IN* the egg sac!

POIROT

Yes! You *ARE* the egg sac!

HUSBAND (O.S.)

*I AM the egg sac?! OH MY GOD!*

POIROT

Do you know what that means?!

HUSBAND (O.S.)

Do *I* know what *that* means? You're asking me if I know what that means!?! Of course I know *what that* means!

LANDLADY

(*nudging Poirot*)

I don't know what that means, what does that mean?

HUSBAND (O.S.)

(*yelling*)

It means *soup for lunch!*

LANDLADY

Oh! I love soup! Can we stay?

POIROT

(*whispering*)

It means Mrs. Arachnida is going to put eggs into the egg sac, if she hasn't done so already.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

I heard you whispering out there. What did you say?

SPIDER WOMAN

Oh, honey! Don't get so upset.

POIROT

Mrs. Arachnida said yes, she laid her eggs in the egg sac.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

(*frantic*)

Diedre! I'm asking you -- *DID YOU PUT EGGS INTO THIS SAC?*

SPIDER WOMAN

Only a few.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

How *many?*

SPIDER WOMAN

I said a *few*.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

*HOW MANY!*

SPIDER WOMAN

(*quietly*)

Fifty.

HUSBAND (O.S.)  
(*accusatory*)

She whispered! What did she say?

POIROT  
*Fifty!*  
(LONG BEAT)

LANDLADY  
*Ooooh! Fifty? Fifty babies in there!? With him? Oooh! It's going to get crowded!*

POIROT  
Exactly. That's precisely what happens. The eggs hatch. The children grow. Monsieur Arachnida gets crushed to death!

SPIDER WOMAN  
Hon-ey! It's not *my* fault! I swear it's *nature's way*. Lots of husbands get damaged by their children!

POIROT  
(moving closer to sac to instruct)  
Once he's dead, Mrs. Arachnida tears a hole in the sac up here... (*points*) Then she climbs on *top* of the sac, does the little undulating dance we've seen her practicing... can you show us that undulating, squatting, humping dance, Mrs. Arachnida?

(Spider Woman does undulating, humping dance.)

POIROT  
Very nice! She will tear into the top and dance until her spigots get centered over the hole

LANDLADY  
Oh, I see. Isn't nature *wonderful*?!

POIROT  
But before the dance, she will emit a *high-pitched trill*... may we hear the trill, Madame Arachnida?

SPIDER WOMAN  
(*trill*)

POIROT

Very *good!* Really excellent!

HUSBAND (O.S.)

Did I hear the trill? *Were you trilling,* Diedre!

SPIDER WOMAN

It was *practice!* I was *demonstrating!*

POIROT

Mrs. Arachnida climbs up on the sac, does the humpy dance, positioning her spigots over the hole on top and then she shoots a very large quantity of *hydrochloric acid* out of her spigots into the sac which turns Mr. Arachnida's crushed body into *soup*.

LANDLADY

Oh, my! I don't think I want to stay for lunch.

SPIDER WOMAN

Hon-ey, that one's *my* fault. The soup thing I learned from my mom. It's a family tradition. I was just a pupa when we ate dad.

POIROT

So, how's it going, Mr. Arachnida? Have you felt any *movement* yet?

HUSBAND (O.S.)

*Good lord, yes!* Now, just a moment, Periot. Can't you *do* something about this? There's a murder about to be committed here - *mine!* You *must* get this to *stop!*

POIROT

Well, in the first place, within *certain species*, it is very common for types to kill and eat one another! This happens *all the time* - why just look at *politicians!* Candidates do ritualistic, humping dances around one another and up-chuck all manner of acidic blather on each other every news cycle! They eat the weak candidates.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

So, I'm going to become *brunch?* And you can't you *do* anything?

POIROT

You watch the news! You know I am *absolutely* powerless to do anything, Monsieur. This is London. The more *gruesome the murder*, the more popular! You'll be famous!

HUSBAND (O.S.)

Well, that's it then.

POIROT

I think that Madame Arachnida absolutely cannot be arrested for brunch. Because in England, it is so rare to have really unique and *authentic* French-style cooking! *(beat)* Perhaps, Madame, I could make *one* small suggestion?

SPIDER WOMAN

What's that?

POIROT

Madame - perhaps you could serve your *husband* with a very nice bottle of wine. I would recommend a Chenin Blanc.

SPIDER WOMAN

Wine! Serve the wine *to him* or *with him*?

HUSBAND (O.S.)

*I heard that! Serve it TO him! Before he's soup! Diedre!*  
I'll take the wine *before* the soup - like starting now?  
Several bottles - you know the kind I like?

POIROT

Don't forget to call Murdoch News! Au-revoir!

*(tipping hat)*

*(Poirot and Landlady turn to exit as lights  
fade down and out.)*

LANDLADY

Don't forget to put down plastic sheets or you'll lose your damage deposit!

**BLACKOUT/CURTAIN:**