

Murder And A Show

A Comedy By: Michael Maxwell

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Cast

Eric Williams: A man that is at the end of his rope because he is married to a complete moron. Eric wants his wife dead so he can live out his Earthly pleasures with his mistress.

Aubrey Williams: A complete moron, who wants to be an actress, but she can't separate fantasy and reality. She is Eric's wife.

Jared Tolbert: (Must have a British accent) The owner of a traveling theater troupe. He has a strange hobby...murder. He's British, sort of. He likes to pretend he's British.

Chelsea Winters: An actress and Jared's lead assassin. She shares his hobby...sick, huh. She is very pompous and vain. She loves to boss around Kathryn, who she pretends to be friends with.

Trixie Jones: The William's obnoxious neighbor. She knows everything, whether she really does or not. She tries to have a comment for everything.

Tom Jones: A shadow of a man, having been married to Trixie for the past few years. He longs for her death and he knows a guy that knows a guy that can arrange this.

Kathryn Edwards: A large woman who want nothing more than to be a great actress, but unfortunately she is a walking calamity.

Jay Masters/Detective Brett Steele: Jay is a young actor who idolizes Jared. He wants to be Jared Tolbert, but he won't live long enough for that to happen. Brett is a young detective who is very nervous about his work. He is allergic to just about everything and has the medications to prove it.

Alexis Harper: Eric's mistress. Alexis is an actress who has just joined Jared's troupe. She wants Eric to divorce his wife so they can be together. She is vain and a little spacey sometimes.

Scene I

Set: The William's apartment. The front door is located stage left. There is a closet stage right. There are two bedrooms. One is upstage right and one is upstage left. There is a couch center stage. There is a counter and a mini-fridge located stage right, upstage of the closet. There is a phone on the counter.

Scene: The William's apartment, early evening. Eric sits on the couch fidgeting. After a short time he looks at his watch then stands and begins to pace. After a moment he stops and looks at his watch again then pulls out a cigarette. He pulls out a lighter and is about to light the cigarette when there is a knock at the door. Eric rushes stage left and opens the door. Tom enters left and moves stage right and slumps down on the couch. Eric closes the door and eagerly follows Tom to the couch, but does not sit.

Eric: (Impatiently) Well?

Tom: It's taken care of.

Eric: They're coming?!

Tom: Yeah. In fact they should be here soon.

Eric: Excellent! Have the preparations been made?

Tom: Yeah, yeah.

Eric: Come on Tom, I thought you'd be excited about this.

Tom: (Sarcastically) Excited? What's that? (Eric moves stage right, to the mini-fridge and pulls out a bottle of sparkling apple cider. Tom looks around) Where's the wife anyway?

Eric: She's in the bedroom getting ready for tonight. (Getting cups) Care for a celebration drink? A little touch of the bubbly.

Tom: Eric, it's apple juice.

Eric: It's sparkling apple cider. Besides, I can't afford the finer things in life like wine and champagne...and bottled water.

Tom: Bottled water? What's so fine about that?

Eric: Have you tried drinking out of the tap here?

Tom: You know I only drink things that drown out the sound of my wife's voice.

Eric: Right. Well, the lady down in 3-B drinks nothing but the tap water.

Tom: So?

Eric: So, her teeth look like yellow Chiclets.

Tom: Oh. (Pause) Listen, I'd better get back before the wife notices I'm gone.

Eric: Alright, I'll have Aubrey give a call and invite the two of you over.

Tom: No need.

Eric: Why not?

Tom: Trixie already planned on crashing the party anyway.

Eric: Oh, okay.

Tom: Yeah. (Pause) Anywho, I'll see you in a bit.

Eric: Tata. (Tom gives a half-hearted wave before exiting stage left) Honey, are you almost ready? (Aubrey enters from the stage left room wearing a very hideous outfit)

Aubrey: I'm ready for my close up Mr. Deville.

Eric: Actually, I believe it's Mr. Demille.

Aubrey: What is?

Eric: The name.

Aubrey: Whose name?

Eric: Mr. Deville, er, I mean Demille. Mr. Demille.

Aubrey: What about him?

Eric: You said his name wrong.

Aubrey: I did?

Eric: Yes, you said Mr. Deville.

Aubrey: So?

Eric: So it's Demille, with an "m", not Deville, with a "v".

Aubrey: “V”, “m”, what’s the diff? They’re both in the alphabet.

Eric: (Slightly crazed) Hoho...oh. I know what you’re trying to do, but it’s not going to work. Not today. (Aubrey is clueless) Today is special. It’s your birthday and we’re going to have a wonderful time because I have a big surprise for you.

Aubrey: Ooh, what is it?!

Eric: If I told you it wouldn’t be a surprise.

Aubrey: Pwease! I’ll wuv you if you tell me. Pwetty pwease!

Eric: (Sternly) Aubrey, you know I hate it when you talk in that voice. It’s so childish.

Aubrey: Pwease!

Eric: (Reluctantly giving up) Okay, okay. You know how you’re always saying that you want to be an actress?

Aubrey: (Aubrey is getting excited) Yeah?

Eric: Well, I made a few calls and-

Aubrey: (Excitedly cutting Eric off) You bought me a car?!

Eric: (Frustrated) No. (Eric takes Aubrey to the couch and sits her down. Eric sits with her) Darling, listen.

Aubrey: But I have to-

Eric: (Quickly cutting Aubrey off) No, no, focus. (Aubrey focuses) I have arranged a dinner theater for your birthday.

Aubrey: (Excited) A dinner theater?! (Dumbfounded) What’s that?

Eric: Actors will come here and put on a show that we get to participate in.

Aubrey: (Really excited) Really?!

Eric: (Sarcastically) No, I made it all up.

Aubrey: (Very upset, Aubrey stands and starts moving to the stage left room) What a cruel joke to play! Especially on my birthday! (Aubrey exits into the stage left room)

Eric: No, wait- (Eric sighs) I didn't mean it! (Eric exits into the stage left room. Jay enters stage left and holds the door open)

Jay: (Very big) Ahem! Ladies and gentlemen...Mr. Jared Tolbert! (Jared enters stage left and moves to center stage)

Jared: (Very dramatically) All the world is a stage and...and... (Jared looks around) and I'm talking to myself. (Jared moves stage left to Jay and smacks him in the arm) How could you let me make a grand entrance to no one?

Jay: I'm here.

Jared: I meant the customers. It's not a grand entrance without the customers.

Jay: Oh, but sir it was grand! (Jay starts to mimic Jared's entrance, moving to center stage) Every step! Every fluid movement! It was breathtaking sir! If the customers had been here they would have been spellbound!

Jared: (Jared moves next to Jay) Jay, do you recall the conversation we had on the way over here about this being unhealthy behavior.

Jay: Yes.

Jared: I think we need to have that talk again.

Jay: Again sir?

Jared: Yes, let's. And then we'll try this entrance once more, shall we?

Jay: Sir, let's shall. (Both exit stage left, Jared shaking his head the whole way. Eric and Aubrey enter from the stage left room. Aubrey has been crying and has a tissue)

Aubrey: (Both move to the couch and sit) You shouldn't do things like that. You know I don't handle sarcasm very well.

Eric: (Sarcastically to the side) That's an understatement.

Aubrey: Huh?

Eric: Nothing. (Trying to draw attention away from his side comment) I'm sorry, sweetie. I won't do it again. Can't we just forget it and enjoy your birthday?

Aubrey: (Immediately happy again) Okay. (Jay enters stage left and holds the door open. Eric and Aubrey are startled for a moment and stand up)

Jay: Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Jared Tolbert! (Jared enters stage left and moves right, next to Aubrey)

Jared: All the world is a stage and-

Aubrey: (Interrupting, Aubrey throws herself on the couch and speaks in a southern accent) Take me Rhett! Handle me like only you can!

Jared: (Jared is not sure what to do) Well, uh, I uh...

Eric: I'm terribly sorry, Mr....

Jared: Tolbert.

Eric: Mr. Tolbert. She's just excited that's all.

Jared: Well, there's nothing wrong with a little excitement I suppose. (Aubrey stands up)

Aubrey: I've always wanted to be an actress!

Jared: Yes, well it's good to want.

Eric: Are you from Magical Theater Entertainment?

Jared: That's correct. I'm Jared Tolbert, the owner/director.

Aubrey: This is going to be so much fun!

Jared: Of course. Let me start things off by introducing you to the rest of the company. (Jared motions for the three of them to move stage right. All three do so. Jay continues to hold the door open)

Aubrey: Oh goody!

Jared: (Aside) It's going to be a long night. (Pointing to Jay) First, my boy wonder, Jay Masters.

Jay: Hello.

Jared: Second, my leading lady. A woman who needs no introduction, unless of course you've never heard of her...Chelsea Winters! (Chelsea enters stage left and moves into the room to make way for the others)

Chelsea: (Sarcastically) It's about time, darling! Do you have any idea what the night air does to my make up?!

Jared: No actually.

Chelsea: (Chelsea sighs) Why can't you be gay? (Shouting stage left) Come along Kathryn!

Kathryn: (From offstage) I can't!

Chelsea: Why can't you?!

Kathryn: (From offstage) Because I haven't been introduced yet!

Chelsea: (To Jared) Would you hurry up and introduce her so I can get my things!

Jared: Of course. Next, the queen of klutz and the duchess of disaster ...Kathryn Edwards! (Kathryn enters left carrying many bags, mostly Chelsea's)

Kathryn: (Cheerfully) Hi! (Kathryn stumbles on her way stage right)

Jared: (Jared shakes his head) And the newest and final member of the company, Alexis Harpey, Harper, I mean Harper. (Alexis enters stage left. Upon seeing her, Eric goes into complete shock)

Eric: Oh my Go- I mean, holy cra- I mean, shp...I need a drink! (Eric moves to the counter and begins drinking out of the sparkling apple cider bottle)

Aubrey: Hon, take it easy with that stuff. Save some for later.

Chelsea: (Looking around) Is this where we're performing?

Eric: Uh huh.

Chelsea: I think we're a bit overdressed.

Jared: Yes, quite so. Do you have somewhere we can change costumes?

Eric: Uh, yeah. Guys in there. (Eric motions to the stage right room) And the ladies can change in Aubrey's room. (Eric motions to the stage left room)

Jared: Very well. Jay, would you go get our things?

Jay: Yes sir. (Jay exits stage left)

Jared: The rest of you can go get changed.

Chelsea: (Sarcastically) Oh, can we?

Alexis: (Sarcastically) Thank you, master.

Kathryn: (Sarcastically) We'll hop right to it. (Chelsea, Alexis, and Kathryn exit into the stage left room)

Jared: They're really quite charming once you get to know them.

Eric: I'm sure they are.

Aubrey: Ooh, could I go get to know them?!

Jared: Of course.

Aubrey: Yes! (Aubrey exits into the stage left room. Jay enters stage left with a couple of bags)

Jay: Here they are, sir.

Jared: Good. Take them to the room and get changed.

Jay: Yes sir. (Jay exits into the stage right room. Tom enters stage left and holds the door open)

Eric: Ah, Mr. Tolbert, this is my neighbor, Tom- (Eric stops talking when Tom waves for him to be quiet)

Tom: Introducing queen of the land of know-it-all...my wife. (Tom counts down from five on one of his hands. Upon reaching zero, Trixie enters stage left)

Trixie: Hello! (Trixie walks stage right, to Jared) Kiss, kiss! (Trixie kisses Jared on both sides of his face) Eric, why didn't you tell me about this little surprise for Aubrey?

Eric: Because I don't like you.

Trixie: Such a kidder. Tom told me everything. This is going to be a lot of fun!

Jared: (Surprised that they are joining the party) It is?

Trixie: Yes, acting runs in my family, you know!

Jared: Does it?

Trixie: Oh yes! Me and my sisters-

Jared: (Correcting Trixie) My sisters and I.

Trixie: Yeah, them too. We used to act like was sick so we could stay home from school.

Eric: It shows.

Trixie: (Not even acknowledging Eric) Uh huh. And my father acted like he was insane to avoid prison. (Jared looks to Eric as if to say "help me") And my cousins acted like they was statues so they could whack some guy as he walked by. And my greatgra-

Eric: (Cutting Trixie off) Mr. Tolbert, let me introduce you to my neighbors, Trixie and Tom Jones.

Jared: Tom Jones?

Tom: Yes.

Jared: Well, it's not unusual to-

Tom: Save it. I've heard all the jokes.

Jared: Uh, yes, well, I'm Jared Tolbert.

Trixie: Pleased to meet you, Mr. Tolbert.

Jared: Jared, please.

Trixie: Whatever.

Jared: (There is an awkward silence) I suppose I had better get changed. I shall return momentarily. (Jared exits into the stage right room)

Trixie: So, where's Aubrey?

Eric: She's probably getting hair and make up tips from the cast. (Eric motions to the stage left room)

Trixie: Well, I bet I could teach them a thing or two. My aunt's a make up artist in Hollywood.

Tom: (Sarcastically) Go ahead, dear. (Trixie exits into the stage left room. Tom sits on the couch) So, how's it going?

Eric: Terrible! This is not how I planned it.

Tom: Life's full of disappointment. Get used to it and save yourself some trouble. Just look at me. I'm a prime example of accepting one's fate. (Eric looks at Tom's shabby appearance)

Eric: Oh God, I need some air! (Eric exits stage left)

Tom: What'd I say? (Tom exits stage left. Aubrey and Trixie enter from the stage left room)

Trixie: I'm telling you there is no such thing as too much make up.

Aubrey: Are you sure?

Trixie: Oh yes, don't listen to them! They're just amateurs. My brother wears make up for a living and he says you can never have enough.

Aubrey: Oh, okay. (Aubrey and Trixie move stage right to the counter. Chelsea, Kathryn, and Alexis enter from the stage left room, all in more casual clothing)

Chelsea: Let's hurry up and do this stupid show so we can get out of this...(Say it with contempt) apartment.

Kathryn: What's wrong with an apartment?

Chelsea: It's small and that means small time. Kathryn, if we're going to be friends you need to think more like I do.

Kathryn: But why?

Chelsea: You do want to be a star don't you?

Kathryn: Oh yes, I want to be a big star!

Chelsea: Oh don't worry you are. (Aubrey and Trixie are reviewing the drink selection. Alexis is checking her make up)

Kathryn: Huh?

Chelsea: I mean, you will be.

Kathryn: Do you really mean it?

Chelsea: Of course I do. (Sugary) You have what we like to call, star power.

Kathryn: Oh thank you!

Chelsea: Don't mention it.

Trixie: What is this?! All you have is apple juice!

Aubrey: Well, Eric doesn't like alcohol.

Alexis: So you have no champagne or wine or anything?

Chelsea: How about a beer? I'll take a beer at this point.

Aubrey: Nope, sorry.

Chelsea: It's going to be a long night.

Trixie: Don't worry, I've got it. Come on Aubrey, let's go raid my liquor cabinet. That is if Tom hasn't done it already.

Aubrey: We'll be right back.

Chelsea: Don't hurry yourself on our account. (Trixie and Aubrey exit stage left. Kathryn moves to center stage and sits on the couch. Chelsea sighs) I need a cigarette! Kathryn, the door. (Kathryn stumbles stage left and opens the door for Chelsea. Chelsea and Kathryn exit stage left. Alexis moves around the room looking at different things. After a few moments Eric enters stage left. Eric sees Alexis and panics. Eric turns and tries to exit, but walks into the door)

Alexis: Eric!

Eric: Alexis! What are you doing here?

Alexis: I told you about my new job.

Eric: Yes, but I didn't know you were working with this theater company.

Alexis: That's your problem not mine.

Eric: Alexis, I can't have you here. What if my wife finds out about us?

Alexis: Your wife wouldn't find out about us even if she walked in on us kissing.

Eric: I suppose you're right.

Alexis: See, now aren't you glad I'm here? (Alexis sits on the couch)

Eric: Yes, I have been wanting to see you. (Eric sits next to Alexis on the couch)

Alexis: (Pulling out a small mirror) Me too.

Eric: I've missed you so-

Alexis: Honey.

Eric: Yes?

Alexis: Does my make up look alright to you?

Eric: It looks wonderful.

Alexis: Are you sure?

Eric: Yes. Have I ever lied?

Alexis: Yes.

Eric: To you?

Alexis: I guess not.

Eric: (Eric takes Alexis' hand and kisses it) Oh Alexis, I love you! I want you! I ne-

Alexis: Save it. How is the divorce going? Has she signed the papers yet?

Eric: (Eric stands and walks stage left, facing away from Alexis) Well, actually...

Alexis: Actually, what?!

Eric: Actually I haven't brought it up to her yet.

Alexis: (Alexis stands) And why the hell not?!

Eric: The opportunity hasn't presented itself.

Alexis: The opportunity hasn't presented itself? (Alexis laughs sarcastically) Eric, do you see this magnificent figure? (Motioning to herself)

Eric: Yes.

Alexis: Well, you won't get to have it until she signs those papers! (Alexis storms off stage right and exits into the closet. Alexis immediately re-enters, very angry) That's the closet! (Alexis storms off stage left and exits into the stage left room)

Eric: Alexis! (Eric exits into the stage left room. Jay enters from the stage right room, in casual clothing)

Jay: Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the great, Jared Tolbert! (Jared enters from the stage right room, also in casual clothing and moves to center stage)

Jared: To be or not to be...that is the question...(Looking around) that I'm asking myself. (Jared moves to stage right, to Jay and smacks him in the arm) You did it again!

Jay: But sir, just think of it as a practice run...a wonderful practice run.

Jared: Jay, you're really starting to scare me. Please stop.

Jay: Sorry sir.

Jared: Where is everyone? (Chelsea and Kathryn enter stage left)

Chelsea: I've had my nicotine and I'm ready to start. Let's get this show over with!

Jared: We will...just as soon as everyone gathers in a central location. (Trixie and Aubrey enter stage left, each carrying a lot of liquor bottles. Both proceed to move stage right, to the counter)

Aubrey: Are you sure we need this much?

Trixie: Oh yes! The more the better! (Tom reluctantly enters stage left)

Jared: Now we've almost got everyone. (Eric and Alexis enter from the stage left room. Eric has lipstick on his lips)

Trixie: What were you two doing?

Eric: Making up. (Alexis smacks Eric in the arm) Make up. I was helping her with make up. (All but Aubrey look at Eric and Alexis suspiciously)

Aubrey: Oh, well be more careful next time. You got it on your face. It looks pretty funny. (Eric moves stage right, to the counter and gets a napkin to wipe off the lipstick. Trixie makes herself a drink. Chelsea and Alexis move center stage and sit on the couch)

Jared: Shall we get started?

Tom: (Sarcastically) Yes, let the fun begin.

Trixie: How does this work exactly?

Jared: I was just about to get to that.

Trixie: Well, hurry up!

Jared: (Trying to conceal his anger) Of course. We are all going to be playing guests at a party, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who will be the hosts of the party. During the course of this party someone will die.

Aubrey: How?

Kathryn: They'll be murdered.

Aubrey: That's horrible!

Eric: Aubrey, it's not real.

Aubrey: Oh.

Trixie: So, who's gonna get whacked?

Jared: I'm not going to tell you that!

Trixie: Why not?

Chelsea: Because it's all part of the plot, brainiac!

Trixie: (Shocked) Ah! Tom did you hear that? She just insulted me!

Tom: So?

Trixie: So, you're my big strong man. You're supposed to stand up for me!

Tom: Two things. One, I've forgotten what it is to be a man. And two, I am standing up for you.

Trixie: (Trixie is not amused by this) Oh, ha ha ha, very funny. Have you been drinking?

Tom: Maybe.

Alexis: Could we get back to the show?

Aubrey: Yeah, I'm still confused about the whole murder thing.

Chelsea: How shocking.

Jared: Uh, yes, anyway continuing on. It will be up to those that live to figure out who the “killer” is. Does everyone understand? (All will nod, “yes” and then Aubrey will change her mind and shake her head, “no”. Jared will not acknowledge this) Good. Now, I shall assign characters. Mrs. Williams, you will be Miss Alandria Velez.

Aubrey: Why?

Jared: Because that’s your character.

Aubrey: Oh. Who am I?

Jared: Velez. Alandria Velez.

Aubrey: Okay, I got it.

Chelsea: Are you sure?

Aubrey: Uh huh.

Alexis: Then who are you?

Aubrey: Aubrey. (All others sigh)

Jared: No, you are Alandria.

Aubrey: I’m pretty sure I know my own name.

Jared: Then what is it?

Aubrey: Aubrey.

Jared: (Very frustrated) You know what? Forget characters. Who needs characters? (Trying to think of something else) Okay, we need to pretend that this apartment is a mansion- er, a large house. (Pointing to the stage left and stage right doors) These doors will lead to other parts of the house.

Aubrey: But those are bedrooms.

Eric: Honey, don’t think about it. Just smile and nod. (Aubrey does so)

Jared: (To Eric and Aubrey) You two are having a dinner party. I’ll need four volunteers to be late arriving guests.

Kathryn: Ooh, ooh, Chelsea and I will! (Chelsea glares at Kathryn)

Jared: Great! And Mr. and Mrs. Jones, would you be guests as well?

Trixie: What do we have to do?

Jared: Just go with Chelsea and Kathryn. They'll explain everything.

Trixie: Supa'!

Tom: (Sarcastically) Yes, super.

Chelsea: (Chelsea stands up angrily) Come on! (Chelsea starts stage left, for the door, but stops in front of it expecting Kathryn to open it. Kathryn merrily moves stage left too, but doesn't stop and bumps Chelsea into the door)

Kathryn: Oops, sorry. Why did you stop?

Chelsea: So you would open the door you blockhe- er, Kathryn.

Kathryn: (Innocently) Sorry, I forgot. (Kathryn opens the door and Chelsea, Kathryn, Trixie, and Tom exit stage left)

Jared: Let's get this show started.

Eric: Yes, let's do that.

Alexis: Aubrey, I love what you've done with the place.

Aubrey: Thank you.

Jared: So, Eric, how are things down at the yacht club?

Aubrey: (Confused) Huh?

Eric: Great. Chad says hello and he wants to know if we're still on for cricket this Saturday.

Jared: Cricket? How stereotypical you sh-. (Alexis elbows Jared) I mean, simply marvelous. You bring the sticks, I'll bring the balls.

Aubrey: Honey, who's Chad?

Eric: You know, Chad, my Harvard pal that I meet at the yacht club.

Aubrey: Harvard pal? Yacht club? What are you talking about? (Jay whispers into Aubrey's ear) Oh, I get it now! Yacht club. (Aubrey laughs) Good one! (Jared, Eric, and Alexis look at each other. There is a knock at the door)

Jared: (Jared looks to Jay) Well? Are you going to answer that?

Eric: It's okay. I've got it.

Jared: No, no, he does. After all, he is your butler. (Jay moves left, to the front door)

Aubrey: (Giggling) A butler! This is great! (Jay opens the door. Trixie and Tom enter left) Trixie, we've got a butler!

Trixie: I know dear, we've got seven.

Eric: Thomas, what's kept you two? (Tom motions to Trixie, who won't acknowledge him, but immediately answers Eric as though he were talking to her)

Trixie: (Tom will mock her from behind during this line) We were visiting the queen. She had us over for tea and dumplings.

Jared: Crumpets, it's tea and crumpets.

Trixie: Maybe that's what is served in the presence of commoners, but we nobles have dumplings.

Jared: Right. (Jared moves stage right, to the counter and fixes himself a drink)

Tom: When's dinner? (Trixie smacks Tom in the arm)

Trixie: Don't be so rude! (Realizing that it was a good question) When's dinner?

Eric: When everyone gets here.

Aubrey: More guests?! (There is a knock at the door) Jay, the door! (Jay opens the door. Chelsea enters stage left and stops just inside)

Chelsea: I have arrived! (Kathryn cheerfully comes rushing in stage left and bumps into Chelsea, knocking her down)

Tom: Just like the Titanic. Great presentation and then down she went. (All others look at Tom oddly)

Kathryn: Oops.

Alexis: You say that a lot, don't you?

Chelsea: Could I get a little help here?

Jared/Eric/Jay: Sorry. (Jared, Jay, and Eric help Chelsea up. Tom goes to help, but decides it's not worth it and moves stage right, to the counter. Tom takes a bottle and then moves center stage to the couch and sits)

Chelsea: (Sarcastically) My heroes.

Alexis: Why don't we go out by the pool for a little fresh air?

Kathryn: It is a nice night out.

Aubrey: We're not supposed to use the pool at night. The manager gets upset.

Eric: (Getting tired of saying this) Darling, just play along.

Aubrey: (As though this was the first time she heard him say that) Oh, right.

Eric: This way everyone. (Eric motions stage left)

Trixie: Okay, but it's your funeral. (All but Jay and Tom exit stage left)

Jay: (After a few moments) Sir, would you like a drink or are you going to just cradle the bottle all night?

Tom: I thought about having a drink, but...

Jay: But what?

Tom: But then I realized what it can do to you. It's evil.

Jay: How's that?

Tom: Take me for example. I was happy once. I even used to smile. I used to be the man's man, you know?

Jay: And alcohol has destroyed that for you huh?

Tom: No, my wife has, but alcohol is the reason I'm married to her. (Jay looks confused) There I was just having a few drinks at a bar...okay, maybe it was more than just a few, but the point is, the next thing I knew I woke up in Vegas next to Mrs. Trixie Jones. (Tom looks at the bottle) You were supposed to be my friend...and now look at me! (Tom stands and runs off exiting into the stage right room. Jay follows after him, also exiting into the stage right room. Eric and Alexis enter stage left. Eric pulls Alexis center stage and kisses her. Alexis pulls away)

Alexis: My make up, hello!

Eric: I don't care.

Alexis: I do! (Alexis pulls out a mirror and checks her make up) Besides the others will be back any second.

Eric: No, the manager will be keeping them busy for a while.

Alexis: Are you sure?

Eric: Yes.

Alexis: Okay. (Alexis puts away the mirror. Alexis and Eric kiss. Jay enters from the stage right room carrying the bottle that Tom had. All three are startled)

Jay: Uh...just thought you could use some liquid refreshment. (Jay gives the bottle to Eric and then sheepishly exits into the stage left room)

Eric: Is he gonna say anything? (Eric moves stage right and places the bottle on the counter)

Alexis: I'm not sure. I don't know Jay very well.

Chelsea: (From offstage) Kathryn, the door!

Kathryn: (From offstage) I'm coming!

Eric: (Suddenly panicking) They can't find us together...uh, quick, hide in the closet!

Alexis: (Remembering her earlier experience) I'm not going in the closet again!

Eric: Just go! (Eric grabs Alexis and pulls her stage right to the closet. He goes to push her in when she spins him and Eric winds up in the closet. Alexis closes the closet as Kathryn and Chelsea enter stage left, Kathryn of course, holding the door for Chelsea. Alexis will meet them center stage)

Chelsea: I hate this place!

Kathryn: It's not that bad.

Chelsea: Oh please, this is a dump!

Kathryn: Don't be so pessimistic.

Chelsea: I'm sorry, Kathryn. I guess you're just a bigger person than I am. (Looking at Alexis) Why are you in here?

Alexis: I got thirsty.

Chelsea: (Suspiciously) Sure you did. (Trixie, Aubrey, and Jared enter stage left)

Trixie: I warned you! Didn't I warn you?

Jared: (Annoyed) Yes, you called it. (Chelsea and Alexis move center stage and sit on the couch. Jared moves stage right, to the counter and makes a drink)

Trixie: Well, I gotta use the toilet. Be right back.

Chelsea: (Sarcastically) Thank you so much for sharing that with us. (Trixie exits into the stage left room. Eric enters stage right from the closet)

Aubrey: Honey, what were you doing in there?

Eric: Uh, hanging something up.

Aubrey: (All but Aubrey look at Eric strangely) Well you don't have to go all the way into the closet to do that, silly. (Trixie screams from offstage. All react. Trixie and Jay enter from the stage left room)

Trixie: You little pervert!

Jay: I didn't do anything!

Jared: What's going on here?

Trixie: He was trying to watch me go to the bathroom.

Kathryn: That's just disgusting!

Jay: I was not! I was waiting in the room until- (Eric and Alexis shoot Jay a look) Until, uh, my services were again required.

Trixie: (Sarcastically) Sure you were.

Jay: I was. (Tom enters from the stage right room with a smile on his face, but it quickly fades when he sees Trixie)

Eric: Tom, what's wrong?

Tom: Oh, I just thought someone might have died. That's all.

Jared: Not yet. We'll get to that.

Trixie: Can we eat?

Aubrey: Oh, I knew I forgot something.

Alexis: Forgot what?

Kathryn: There's no food?!

Chelsea: Calm down.

Eric: You didn't go to the store like I asked you?

Aubrey: I was going to, but I got so busy it slipped my mind.

Eric: Not that this surprises me, but what is it that you were so busy doing?

Aubrey: Getting dressed.

Trixie: So there's no dinner?

Aubrey: No.

Jared: That definitely defeats the purpose of it being a dinner theater.

Jay: Now what do we do? (The lights go out. A gun is fired in the dark. The lights go up. Jay is lying over the back of the couch)

Aubrey: (Panicked) He's dead! Oh my God he's dead!

Eric: No, no, it's part of the show.

Aubrey: But he's dead!

Eric: He's acting dead.

Jared: Cut! Cut! Jay's not supposed to be dead!

Chelsea: Jay, you idiot, get up!

Kathryn: (After a moment) Jay. (Alexis moves to Jay and checks his pulse)

Alexis: (Stepping away from Jay) Uh, Jay's dead.

Jared: Well I know that, but it's not his turn.

Alexis: No, he's really dead.

Aubrey: See, I told you!

Jared: What? (Jared moves to Jay and checks his pulse) Oh my God...he is really dead.
(Jared faints. All but Tom are in shock)

Tom: So I guess dinner's really out of the question now huh?

(Blackout)

