

AUDITION SIDES!



Scene Reading for Audition Feb 2-3

P. 8-11 (Ken/Chris)

P. 19-21 (Lenny/Claire)

P. 44-47 (Glenn/Cassie/Ernie)

P. 62-64 (Lenny/Chris/Ken/Cookie/Ernie/Claire/Cassie/Glenn)

P. 81-83 (Welch/Ken/Chris/Putney/Glenn)

Monologues for Virtual Audition

Chris Gorman -
an attractive woman, mid-thirties.

Officer Welch -
an older gentleman and officer of the law.

Side 1
(Ken & Chris)

onto a wooded backyard. A large window in the stage-right wall overlooks a yard and the driveway beyond. Headlights of approaching cars may be seen through this window.)

(At Rise: It is about 8:30 at night on a pleasant evening in May.)

(CHRIS GORMAN, an attractive woman, mid-thirties, paces anxiously back and forth, looking at her watch, biting her nails. She is elegantly dressed in a designer gown. She looks at the phone, then at her watch again. She seems to make a decision and crosses to the cigarette box on the coffee table. She takes out a cigarette, then puts it back.)

CHRIS. Oh, my God!

(Suddenly, Charley's bedroom door opens on the second landing and KEN GORMAN, about forty, dressed smartly in a tuxedo but looking flushed and excited, comes out to the rail. They both speak rapidly.)

KEN. Did he call yet?

CHRIS. Wouldn't I have yelled up?

KEN. Call him again.

CHRIS. I called him twice. They're looking for him... How is he?

KEN. I'm not sure. He's bleeding like crazy.

CHRIS. Oh, my God!

KEN. It's all over the room. I don't know why people decorate in white... If he doesn't call in two minutes, call the hospital.

CHRIS. I'm going to have to have a cigarette, Ken.

KEN. After eighteen months, the hell you are. Hold onto yourself, will you?

(He rushes back in, closes the door behind him. She returns to pacing.)

CHRIS. I can't believe this is happening. (She crosses to the cigarette box. The phone rings.) Oh, God! (She calls out.) Ken, the phone is ringing. (But he's gone. She crosses to the phone and picks it up.) Hello? Dr. Dudley? ...Oh, Dr. Dudley, I'm so glad it's you. Your service said you were at the theatre.

(Charley's bedroom door opens, KEN looks out.)

KEN. Is that the doctor?

CHRIS. (Into phone.) I never would have bothered you, but this is an emergency.

KEN. Is that the doctor?

CHRIS. (Into phone.) I'm Chris Gorman. My husband Ken and I are good friends of Charley Brock's.

KEN. Is that the doctor?

CHRIS. (Turns, holds phone, yells at KEN.) It's the doctor! It's the doctor!

KEN. (Angrily.) Why didn't you say so? (He goes back in, closes the door.)

CHRIS. (Into the phone.) Dr. Dudley, I'm afraid there's been an accident... I would have called my own doctor, but my husband is a lawyer and under the circumstances, he thought it better to have Charley's own physician... Well, we just arrived here at Charley's house about ten minutes ago, and as we were getting out of our car, we suddenly heard this enormous -

(KEN suddenly comes out of the bedroom.)

KEN. Don't say anything!

CHRIS. (To KEN.) What?

KEN. Don't tell him what happened!

CHRIS. Don't tell him?

KEN. Just do what I say.

CHRIS. What about Charley?

KEN. He's all right. It's just a powder burn. Don't tell him about the gunshot.

CHRIS. But they got the doctor out of the theatre.

KEN. Tell him he tripped down the stairs and banged his head. He's all right.

CHRIS. But what about the blood?

KEN. The bullet went through his earlobe. It's nothing. I don't want him to know.

CHRIS. But I already said we were getting out of the car and we suddenly heard an enormous - what? What did we hear?

KEN. (*Coming downstairs.*) We heard...

CHRIS. (*Into phone.*) Just a minute, doctor.

KEN. (*Thinks, coming downstairs.*) We heard...we heard...we heard...an enormous - *thud!*

CHRIS. Thud?

KEN. When he tripped down the stairs.

CHRIS. Good. Good. That's good. (*Into phone.*) Dr. Dudley? I'm sorry. I was talking to my husband. Well, we heard this enormous *thud!* It seemed Charley tripped going up the stairs.

KEN. *Down!* Down the stairs.

CHRIS. *Down* the stairs. But he's all right.

KEN. He's sitting up in bed. He'll call him in the morning.

CHRIS. He's sitting up in bed. He'll call him in the morning.

KEN. *You!*

CHRIS. *You!* He'll call *you* in the morning.

KEN. You're very sorry you disturbed him.

CHRIS. I'm very sorry I disturbed you.

KEN. But he's really fine.

CHRIS. But he's really fine.

KEN. Thank you. Goodbye.

CHRIS. (*To KEN.*) Where are you going?

KEN. *Him! Him!* Thank him and say goodbye.

CHRIS. Oh. (*Into phone.*) Thank you and goodbye, Doctor...

What? ...Just a minute. (*To KEN as he goes upstairs.*) Any dizziness?

KEN. No. No dizziness.

CHRIS. (*Into phone.*) No. No dizziness... What?

(*To KEN.*) Can he move his limbs?

KEN. (*Irritated.*) Yes! He can move everything. Get off the phone.

CHRIS. (*Yells at KEN.*) They got him out of *Phantom of the Opera*. (*Into phone.*) Yes, he can move everything... What? (*To KEN.*) Any slurring of the speech?

KEN. NO! NO SLURRING OF THE SPEECH.

CHRIS. (*To KEN.*) Don't yell at me. He'll hear it.

(*Into phone.*) No. No slurring of the speech.

KEN. I've got to get back to Charley. (*He starts to back into Charley's room.*)

CHRIS. (*Into phone.*) Any what? (*To KEN.*) Any ringing of the ears?

KEN. I can't believe this... No. Tell him no.

CHRIS. (*Into phone.*) Yes. A little ringing in the ears.

KEN. I told you to say no.

CHRIS. It sounds more believable to have ringing.

KEN. Jesus!

CHRIS. (*Into phone.*) Who? His wife? Myra? ...Yes. Myra's here.

KEN. (*Rushing downstairs.*) She's *not* here. Don't tell him she's here. He'll want to speak to her.

CHRIS. (*Into phone.*) Dr. Dudley? My mistake. She's not here. I thought she was but she wasn't.

KEN. She just stepped out. She'll be back in a minute.

CHRIS. (*Into phone.*) She just stepped back. She'll be out in a minute. Yes. I'll tell her to call.

(*KEN goes back upstairs.*)

...Okay, thank you, Dr. Diddle...Dudley. Enjoy the show. Ken and I saw it, we loved it... Especially the second act. Who's playing the Phantom tonight?

KEN. Are you going to review the whole ~~production~~ show? (*He goes back into Charley's room.*)

KEN. To cry on. I can reason with him but I can't comfort him. Let him cry on your shoulder for two minutes, for crise sakes.

CHRIS. (*Starting into Charley's room.*) Is he still bleeding? I paid twelve hundred dollars for this dress.

(*She goes in and closes the door just as LENNY comes out of the powder room.*)

KEN. Oh, hi, Len!

LENNY. (*Looks up, winces.*) Oh, Jesus. (*He grabs his neck.*) Hi, Ken. Did you hear about the BMW?

KEN. Yeah. Congratulations. Excuse me. (*He turns to go.*)

LENNY. Where are you going?

KEN. To the john.

LENNY. Didn't you just go?

KEN. ...Yes. But not enough. Be right with you.

(*He goes into the guest room just as CLAIRE comes out of the kitchen with a bag of pretzels, unopened.*)

CLAIRE. This is very weird.

LENNY. Give me the pretzels. (*He grabs the bag.*)

CLAIRE. (*Pours two Cokes.*) There's plenty of food in the kitchen, but nothing's cooked.

LENNY. Why didn't you open this first? (*He struggles with the bag.*)

CLAIRE. There's a duck, roast ham, smoked turkey, all defrosting on the table. There's pasta sitting in a pot with no water.

(*LENNY can't open the bag. He bites into it.*)

Everything's ready to go, but no one's there to start it. Doesn't that seem strange to you?

LENNY. Not as strange as him peeing twice in a row... Have you got something sharp, a nail file or something?

CLAIRE. Chris started to tell me something and then she clammed up.

LENNY. The door on my BMW opened like tissue paper but this thing is like steel.

CLAIRE. Her hands were as cold as ice. She couldn't look me straight in the eye.

LENNY. This would be a safe place to keep your jewelry!! (*He tries one last time to open the bag, then throws it away.*)
~~And then what!!~~

CLAIRE. And why are they taking so long to get dressed? What is that about, heh?

LENNY. What are you so damn suspicious for? Give the people a chance to come down.

CLAIRE. Oh, you don't notice anything is wrong?

LENNY. Yes, I noticed. I noticed the towels in the bathroom were piled up on the sink and not on the rack. I noticed there's only a sheet-and-a-half left on the toilet paper. I think it's sloppy, but not a scandal.

CLAIRE. Really? Well, I'm not so sure I'd rule out a scandal. (*She walks away from him.*)

LENNY. You think I don't know what you're talking about? I hear what's going on. I hear gossip, I hear rumors and I won't listen to that crap, you understand. He is my friend, she is the wife of my friend.

CLAIRE. Fine! Okay, then forget it.

LENNY. I don't listen to filth and garbage about my friends.

CLAIRE. I said forget it.

LENNY. (*Looks at her.*) ...All right. Come here. (*He walks to the extreme downstage-right corner of the living room.*)

CLAIRE. What's wrong with here?

LENNY. They could hear us there. Here is better. Will you come here!

(*CLAIRE crosses to him. He looks around, then to her.*)

It's not good.

CLAIRE. What's not good?

LENNY. What I heard.

CLAIRE. What did you hear?

LENNY. Will you lower your voice?

Side 2
(Claire & Lenny)

CLAIRE. Why? We haven't said anything yet.

LENNY. All right. There's talk going around about Myra and – This hurts me. Stand on my other side. I can't turn.

(CLAIRE turns with her back to him. He moves to her other side.)

There's talk going around about Myra and Charley. Only no one will tell it to my face because they know I won't listen.

CLAIRE. I'll listen. Tell it to my face.

LENNY. Why would you want to hear things about our best friends? He's my best client. He trusts me. Not just about investments and taxes, but personal things.

CLAIRE. I don't do his taxes, what's the rumors?

LENNY. Jesus, you won't be satisfied till you hear, will you?

CLAIRE. I won't even *sleep* with you until I hear. What's the rumors?

LENNY. ...All right. Your friend Myra upstairs is having herself a little thing, okay?

CLAIRE. What kind of thing?

LENNY. Do I have to spell it out? A thing. A guy. A man. A fella. A kid. An affair. She's doing something with someone on the sly somewhere and it's not with Charley. Okay?

CLAIRE. You don't know that. You only heard it. You haven't seen it.

LENNY. Of course I haven't seen it. You think they invite me to come along? What's wrong with you?

CLAIRE. You are so naive, it's incredible. Get real, Lenny. Myra's not having anything with anybody. Your friend, Charley, however, is running up a hell of a motel bill.

LENNY. Charley? My friend, Charley? No way. Not a chance. He wouldn't even look at another woman.

CLAIRE. He may not be looking at her, but he's screwing her.

LENNY. Will you lower your voice! ...Where did you hear this?

CLAIRE. Someone at the tennis club told me.

LENNY. Our tennis club?

CLAIRE. What is it, a sacred temple? People gossip there.

LENNY. Christ! Bunch of hypocrites. Sit around in their brand-new Nikes and Reeboks destroying people's lives... Who told you this?

CLAIRE. I'm not going to tell you because you don't like this person anyway.

LENNY. What's the difference if I like them or not? Who told you?

CLAIRE. Carole Newman.

LENNY. CAROLE NEWMAN?? I knew it, I knew it. I *hate* that ~~woman~~ woman. She's got a mouth big enough to swallow a can of tennis balls.

(The guest room door opens and KEN steps out onto the landing.)

~~KEN. (Affably.) How you two doing?~~

~~LENNY. Hey! Just fine, Ken.~~

~~KEN. Had anything to eat yet?~~

~~LENNY. Just a plastic bag.~~

~~KEN. Great! Be right back.~~

~~*(KEN goes into Charley's bedroom and closes the door...)*~~

~~LENNY. Wasn't it Carole Newman who spread the other rumor?~~

~~CLAIRE. What other rumor?~~

~~LENNY. The rumor that you and I were breaking up.~~

~~CLAIRE. No. It wasn't Carole Newman.~~

~~LENNY. It wasn't? Then who was it?~~

~~CLAIRE. It was me.~~

~~LENNY. You started the rumor?~~

KEN. (*Peering out from the guest room.*) Are you talking to me?

LENNY. No, Ken. Put the towels back on your ears. (*Yelling down.*) Claire? ...Chris? ...Where are you? ...Ah, screw it. I'm beginning to feel like my car. (*He goes back into the guest room and closes the door.*)

(*The dining room door opens and ERNIE comes out with paper towels wrapped around the fingers on both hands. He is wearing an apron. He shouts up.*)

ERNIE. Lenny? You got those bandages?

(*The doorbell rings again.*)

Nobody getting that door? ...These kids are up to something. I know it (*He crosses to the front door and tries to open it with burned fingers. He is finally successful.*)

(GLENN and CASSIE COOPER, a handsome couple, stand there in evening clothes. GLENN holds a gift from Ralph Lauren. They seem very much on edge with each other.)

Ernie: (*Smiles.*) Hello.

GLENN. Good evening.

(*They walk in, look around. ERNIE closes the door with his foot.*)

ERNIE. Good evening. I don't know where everyone is.

CASSIE. You mean we're the first?

ERNIE. No. Everyone's here. They're just - spread out a little.

GLENN. Could I have a drink, please? Double Scotch, straight up.

CASSIE. (*Not looking at ERNIE.*) Perrier with lime, no ice.

ERNIE. Sure. Fine. I don't believe we've met. I'm Ernie Cusack.

GLENN. (*Coolly, nods.*) Hello, Ernie.

ERNIE. Excuse my hands. Little accident in the kitchen.

GLENN. Sorry to hear it.

ERNIE. I would stay and chat but my wife is bleeding in the kitchen.

GLENN. Your wife?

ERNIE. Cookie. A water pitcher broke, cut her arm. I burned my fingers.

GLENN. That's a shame.

ERNIE. Nothing to worry about. We'll have dinner ready soon. Nice meeting you both. (*He returns to the kitchen.*)

GLENN. I wonder why they're not using the Chinese girl?

CASSIE. Do I look all right?

GLENN. Yes. Fine.

CASSIE. I feel so frumpy.

GLENN. God, no. You look beautiful.

CASSIE. My hair isn't right, is it? I saw you looking at it in the car.

GLENN. No, I wasn't.

CASSIE. What were you looking at then?

GLENN. The road, I suppose.

CASSIE. I can always tell when you hate what I'm wearing.

GLENN. I love that dress. I always have.

CASSIE. This is the first time I've worn it.

GLENN. I always have admired your taste is what I meant.

CASSIE. It's so hard to please you sometimes.

GLENN. What did I say?

CASSIE. It's what you *don't* say that really drives me crazy.

GLENN. What I *don't* say? ...How can it drive you crazy if I don't say it?

CASSIE. I don't know. It's the looks that you give me.

GLENN. I wasn't giving you any looks.

CASSIE. You look at me all the time.

GLENN. Because you're always asking me to look at you.

CASSIE. It would be nice if I didn't have to ask you, wouldn't it?

GLENN. It would be nice if you didn't need me to look, which would make it unnecessary to ask.

CASSIE. I can't ever get any support from you. You've got all the time in the world for everything and everyone else,

but I've got to draw blood to get your attention when I walk in a room.

GLENN. We walked in the room together. It was already done. Cassie, please don't start. We're forty-five minutes late as it is. I don't want to ruin this night for Charley and Myra.

CASSIE. We're forty-five minutes late because you scowled at every dress I tried on.

GLENN. I didn't scowl, I smiled. You always think my smile looks like a scowl. You think my grin looks like a frown, and my frown looks like a yawn.

CASSIE. Don't sneer at me.

GLENN. It wasn't a sneer. It was a peeve.

CASSIE. God, this conversation is so banal. I can't believe any of the things I'm saying. We sound like some ~~TV~~ TV couple.

GLENN. Oh, now we're going to get into language, right?

CASSIE. No, Mr. Perfect. I will not get into any language. I don't want to risk a scowl, a frown, a yawn, a peeve or a sneer. God forbid I should show a human imperfection, I'd wake up with the divorce papers in my hand.

GLENN. What is this thing lately with divorce? Where does that come from? I don't look at you sometimes because I'm afraid you're thinking you don't like the way I'm looking at you.

CASSIE. I don't know what the hell you want from me, Glenn. I really don't.

GLENN. I don't want *anything* from you. I mean I would like it to be the way we were before we got to be the way we are.

CASSIE. God, you suffocate me sometimes... I want to go home.

GLENN. Go home? We just got here. We haven't even seen anyone yet.

CASSIE. I don't know how I'm going to get through this night. They all know what's going on. They're your

friends. Jesus, and you expect me to behave like nothing's happening.

GLENN. Nothing is happening. What are you talking about?

CASSIE. Don't you ~~lie~~ lie to me. The whole ~~city~~ city knows about you and that cheap little chippy bimbo.

GLENN. Will you keep it down? Nothing is going on. You're blowing this up out of all proportions. I hardly know the woman. She's on the Democratic Fundraising Committee. I met her and her husband at two cocktail parties, for God sakes.

CASSIE. Two cocktail parties, heh?

GLENN. Yes! Two cocktail parties.

CASSIE. You think I'm stupid?

GLENN. No.

CASSIE. You think I'm blind?

GLENN. No.

CASSIE. You think I don't know what's been going on?

GLENN. Yes, because you don't.

CASSIE. I'm going to tell you something, Glenn. Are you listening?

GLENN. Don't you see my ears perking up?

CASSIE. I've known about you and Carole Newman for a year now.

GLENN. Amazing, since I only met her four months ago. Now I'm asking you to please lower your voice. That butler must be listening to everything.

CASSIE. You think I care about a butler and a bleeding cook? My friends know about your bimbo, what do I care about domestic help?

GLENN. I don't know what's gotten into you, Cassie. Do my political ambitions bother you? Are you threatened somehow because I'm running for the Senate?

CASSIE. State Senate! State Senate! Don't make it sound like we're going to Washington. We're going to Albany. Twenty-three degrees below zero in the middle of

Side 4
(Everyone minus Cops)

LENNY. ...What we're saying is, if it comes down to it, he's the most logical, that's all.

CHRIS. I can't believe this. Ken almost went deaf trying to protect Charley and everyone else here. I expected a little bit more from his friends. My God, what a bunch of wimps... Have you heard any of this, Ken?

KEN. Well, answer her, Glenn, have you?

COOKIE. *(Screams, as she bends way over.)* Oh, God! Oh, no! Oh, Christ! Oh, Momma!

LENNY. What is it?

COOKIE. I lost my earrings. My good earrings! My grandmother's earrings!

CHRIS. *(Bending over, looking.)* Where did you lose them?

COOKIE. Right here. Right around here.

ERNIE. We'll find them, honey.

CLAIRE. What did they look like?

COOKIE. Old! Very old! With pearls. And a little ruby. *(Starting to cry.)* My grandmother gave them to me. I'm sick about this.

(They are all on the floor, crawling around looking for the earrings.)

(Screams.) AHHHH! Oh, God! Oh, my God!

CLAIRE. What?

COOKIE. They're in my hand. *(Shows them.)* I forgot I had them. I'm so stupid. Forgive me, everybody, I'm sorry... So, what were we saying?

(They all glare at COOKIE as they struggle to their feet.)

ERNIE. Glenn, I'm a little worried about your wife. Do you think she's all right?

GLENN. Oh, she's fine. She's just in there trying to figure some way to get back at me. She'll come up with something.

(The powder room door suddenly opens and CASSIE stands there with one arm extended up the

door. Her hair is brushed over one eye. She looks sexy as hell, with a malevolent grin on her face. Everyone turns to look at her.)

Yeah, she's got one.

(CASSIE crosses to the sofa, sits on the arm next to LENNY, practically leaning on him.)

CASSIE. Please forgive me, everyone. I know I behaved badly tonight.

(She smiles right at LENNY. He smiles back, then looks away.)

No, I really did...and I apologize. I've had - well, I've had a rough day today, and I'm just not here tonight.

LENNY. That's okay. Neither are Charley and Myra.

CASSIE. *(Smiles at LENNY.)* That's funny. That's truly funny, Lenny. I can never think of anything funny. How do you do that?

LENNY. *(A bit flustered.)* I don't know... I just... *(Sees CLAIRE glaring at him.)* Can I get up and get you a glass of wine?

CASSIE. Why? Do I look like I need one?

CLAIRE. Who is she getting back at, Glenn, you or me?

GLENN. *(Without looking at her.)* All right, Cassie, cut it out.

CASSIE. What do you mean, sweetheart.

GLENN. You know what I mean. Push your hair back up and sit on a chair.

CASSIE. *(Smiles at GLENN, then to LENNY.)* Do you know what he's talking about, Len?

CLAIRE. Excuse me. I'm going up to get Charley's gun.

ERNIE. Cassie, everyone here is your friend. Why don't you and I go out on the terrace and have a nice, quiet talk?

COOKIE. *(To ERNIE.)* You do and you'll have a back worse than mine.

CASSIE. Oh, my goodness, I see what you're thinking. That is really incredible. Because the exact same thing happened to Glenn and me last week at a cocktail party for the Democratic Fundraising Committee. There was

the nicest woman there – very attractive, very sweet, very refined – and because sometimes I can feel so silly and so insecure, I thought she was coming on to Glenn. They got up to dance and they were as close as freshly-laid wallpaper.

GLENN. Okay, Cassie, I think we're going.

(The intercom on the phone buzzes.)

KEN. *(Holding his chest.)* Excuse me. I must have eaten too quickly.

CHRIS. That was the intercom, Ken. Not you.

LENNY. *(Crossing to the phone.)* I'll get it. *(Picking up the phone.)* Hello? ...Charley? Are you all right? *(To others.)* It's Charley.

KEN. Molly? Who's Molly?

GLENN. *(Losing it.)* CHARLEY! CHARLEY! NOT MOLLY!

LENNY. *(Into phone.)* Yes, Charley, we're all here... Len, Glenn, Ken, Ernie, Claire, Chris, Cassie, and Cookie.

CLAIRE. Isn't that odd that all the women's names begin with a C?

CHRIS. That's right.

COOKIE. Except Myra.

CHRIS. Her middle name is Clara.

CLAIRE. And the men's names are all the same. Len, Glenn, Ken.

CHRIS. That's right.

KEN. Oh! Oh, my God! Oh, Jesus!

CHRIS. What? What is it?

KEN. My ears popped! They just opened up. My God, it sounds like a subway in here.

ERNIE. This is remarkable, but I'm having the first headache I've ever had in my life.

COOKIE. I just remembered.

CLAIRE. What?

COOKIE. Ernie's last name is Cusack. It begins with a C.

CLAIRE. You just remembered your husband's last name?

KEN. I can hear my own pulse. It's slightly up, but not too bad.

CASSIE. *(Smiles sexily at KEN.)* Can I take it, Ken? I'm very good at things like that.

GLENN. I'm warning you, Cassie. You're going to end up in the same place where your crystal is!

CASSIE. Don't threaten me, sweetheart, because I'll start naming names.

GLENN. That's it! That's it! I've got to stay, but I'm putting you in a taxi.

CASSIE. *(Screams.)* Never mind! I'LL WALK!

(KEN grabs his ears in pain and drops to the floor.)

(CASSIE storms out the front door.)

GLENN. Walk? Twenty-two miles? Cassie, wait for me. Will you wait!! *(He runs out after CASSIE.)*

WELCH. It belonged to Deputy Mayor Charles M. Brock. Purchased today as a gift from his wife, Myra. A surprise wedding anniversary present.

CLAIRE. Surprise hardly says it.

KEN. Aha! So, you're here to investigate the car accident?

WELCH. That's right. Now if Mr. Ganz is here, I'd like to speak to him. And if he's not here, the police department would like to know where he is.

KEN. I see... Do you think you could wait outside for one moment, Officer?

WELCH. Why?

KEN. Mrs. Ganz is my client. I would like to consult with her before any further questioning. It's within my rights.

WELCH. ...One minute. That's all you get.

(WELCH motions to PUDNEY and they both go out the front door.)

KEN. All right; we don't have much time. One of us has to be Lenny.

ERNIE. What are you talking about?

KEN. The man doesn't even know about the gunshots. He just wants to ask Lenny about the accident. But Lenny can't be Lenny because we need Lenny to be Charley in case he wants to ask Charley about the new car, and we can't let him see Charley because Charley has a bullet hole in his ear.

COOKIE. (To CHRIS.) Do you understand him in real life?

CHRIS. We don't actually talk that much.

KEN. All right. Glenn! Ernie! We have to choose again.

ERNIE. Oh, leave me alone with this stupid game. (Walks away.)

KEN. I know it's stupid, but we have to do it. We need a Lenny.

CHRIS. (To the MEN.) Never mind. The girls will do it. Come on, girls. The odd woman's husband is Lenny.

CLAIRE. My husband is Lenny.

CHRIS. No, Lenny is Charley. You're playing for Glenn. Get in a circle.

(The WOMEN bunch together, just like the MEN.)

COOKIE. I don't know how to play this.

CHRIS. Just put out your fingers. We'll do the counting... Odd finger loses... All right? Ready? One - two three.

(The WOMEN put out fingers, except COOKIE, who puts out a fist.)

No! ...No no no no! Your fingers, Cookie, open your fist.

COOKIE. I don't want to lose my earrings again.

CHRIS. Just one or two fingers! All right? Here we go. One - two - three!

(The WOMEN put out fingers.)

Aha! It's me! ~~Ernie~~ ...Sorry, Ken.

KEN. It's okay. All right, I'm Lenny. Open the door, Ernie.

(ERNIE crosses to the front door. The front door opens. WELCH and PUDNEY come in. WELCH is unhappy.)

WELCH. I'm glad to see you're not dancing again. Now where is Mr. Leonard Ganz?

KEN. He's right here in this room. I am Leonard Ganz.

WELCH. (Looking at him sideways.) You are?

KEN. Yes.

WELCH. How come it took you a whole minute to think of your name?

KEN. Never rush your answers. Harvard Law School.

WELCH. Never trust a man who doesn't know if he's here or not. Police Academy.

(CHRIS involuntarily puts her arm through KEN's to protect him. WELCH sees this.)

Who are you, ma'am?

CHRIS. I'm his wife. His wife's best friend. (Pointing to CLAIRE.) Her. Mrs. Ganz. (Takes her arm away.)

Side 5
(Welch, Ken, Chris, Pudney/Glenn)

WELCH. Are you here alone, ma'am?

CHRIS. No. I'm here with my husband. Mr. Gorman.

WELCH. Where is he?

CHRIS. (*Looks around.*) Must have gone home early.

WELCH. Not much of a party, is it?

CHRIS. It's had its ups and downs.

WELCH. (*To KEN.*) All right, Mr. Ganz. Tell us about the accident in full and complete detail.

KEN. ...Do you think you could step outside just one more time?

WELCH. I AIN'T GOING NO PLACE NO WHERE NO TIME!!! THIS IS IT!! This is where I live till I get what I came for, even if my whole family has to move in.

(*We hear the walkie-talkie squawk in PUDNEY's holster.*)

What's that?

PUDNEY. 1047 Pudney. Over... (*The radio squawks at her.*) Check... Got it... Hold it. (*To WELCH.*) Red 1990 Porsche convertible located at Fifth and Market in Tarrytown. Suspect apprehended. They said call it a night.

WELCH. (*Nods.*) Well, I guess that ties that little bundle up.

ALL. Isn't that wonderful? Terrific! I'm so happy.

WELCH. Sorry to disturb you, folks.

ALL. Hey, it's okay. No problem. We understand.

WELCH. There'll be some further questioning for you tomorrow, Mr. Ganz. No need to take any more of your time tonight. Thank you and goodnight, folks.

ALL. It's okay. Our pleasure. Anytime, Officer.

(*GLENN goes to WELCH and shakes his hand.*)

WELCH. I know I've seen you some place before. What's your name again?

GLENN. (*Happily.*) Glenn. Glenn Cooper.

WELCH. Were you ever on TV?

GLENN. Well, as a matter of fact, yes. I'm running for the State Senate.

WELCH. Right I saw you do an interview on PBS.

Why were you so afraid to give me your name?

GLENN. Well, you know. When you're in politics, you don't want to get mixed up with these things.

WELCH. Yes, but you weren't involved with this. Unless you witnessed the accident. Did you?

GLENN. No, no, no. My wife and I arrived late. We didn't even hear the gunshots.

(*A moment of frozen silence. The others look to heaven for help.*)

WELCH. ...What gunshots?

GLENN. Hmmm?

WELCH. I said, what gunshots?

GLENN. I suppose the gunshots that were fired when they chased the stolen car?

WELCH. That was twelve miles away over in Tarrytown. You got twenty-twenty hearing, Mr. Cooper?

(*PUDNEY's walkie-talkie squawks again.*)

PUDNEY. 1047 Pudney. Over... (*She listens. It squawks.*) Right... Check... Will do. (*She turns it off. To WELCH.*) Neighbors reported two gunshots were fired about nine p.m. from inside 1257 Peekskill Road, Sneden's Landing. Investigate.

WELCH. 1257 Peekskill Road... Well, we've got ourselves a doubleheader, don't we? ...Anybody want to tell us about the gunshots?

ALL. No. Not really. We didn't hear any gunshots. The music was so loud.

WELCH. Nobody heard them, I suppose. (*To GLENN.*) Who's the woman sitting outside in the BMW?

GLENN. She's my wife, Cassie.

WELCH. I'd like to have a little talk with Mrs. Cooper... Connie, get her in here.

RUMORS

Virtual Audition

Monologues

Chris Gorman -
an attractive woman, mid-thirties.

"Oh, my God! I called the doctor twice, and they're looking for him. I don't know why people decorate in white. I can't believe this is happening. (Phone rings) Oh, GOD! Ken, the phone is ringing! Hello, Dr. Dudley? Oh, Dr. Dudley, I'm so glad it's you. Your service said you were at the theatre. I never would have bothered you, but this is an emergency! I'm Chris Gorman, my husband Ken and I are good friends of Charley Brock's. I'm afraid there's been an accident. I would have called my own doctor, but my husband is a lawyer and under the circumstances, he thought it better to have Charley's own physician... well, we arrived here at the house ten minutes ago, and and as we were getting out of our car, we suddenly heard this enormous...THUD! He tripped going up the stairs. DOWN, down the stairs, but he's all right!"

Officer Welch -
an older gentleman and officer of the law.

"You and everybody else, ma'am. I'm going to say something now that is not really a part of my official capacity. But I don't believe one damn thing I've heard in this room. I think they were gunshots here tonight. I think someone or everyone is trying to cover up something. A man gets hit in the nose, another man stabs himself with a fork, someone's BMW gets smashed up, the host take a short-legged dog for a walk and then goes to sleep, the hostess takes her father to a hospital in California with a broken hip, and nobody hears two gunshots because everybody is dancing, including a woman named Cookie who has been cooking all night who can't stand or walk. You people have to deal with me. I'm a real cop, you understand? I'm not somebody named Elmer that your kids watched on Disney Channel. Now I want some real answers, intelligent answers, believable answers, and answers that don't make me laugh. But first, I want to see Mr. Charley Brock and find out what the hell's going on here. Including the possibility of him having two bullet holes in him. Now I'll give you five seconds to get him down here, or I'll take two seconds and go upstairs and find him!"