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**Side 1: Chris Gorman**

Chris Gorman (female, 40s, large role)

- A smart, though tense and defensive, publishing lawyer with a smoking addiction. Ken's wife.

**Information:**

- This is the beginning of the play.
  - Chris is in a large living room waiting by the phone. Ken, her husband, is yelling to her from the upstairs balcony after coming out of a bedroom.
  - The situation is stressful. Chris is virtually shaking. Ken is calmer but intense.
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[KEN exits Charley's bedroom door. CHRIS is startled.]

**CHRIS:** Oh, my God!

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 a cigarette, Ken.

KEN: After eighteen months, the hell you are. Hold on to yourself, will you?

**CHRIS:** I can't believe this is happening.

[The phone rings. CHRIS moves to pick it up.]

**CHRIS:** Oh, God! Ken, the phone is ringing. [Into the phone.] Hello? Dr. Dudley?... Oh, Dr. Dudley, I'm so glad it's you. Your service said you were at the theater.

KEN: Is that the doctor?

CHRIS: I never would have bothered you, but this is an emergency.

KEN: Is that the doctor?

CHRIS: I'm Chris Gorman. My husband Ken and I are good friends of Charley Brock's.

KEN: Is that the doctor?

CHRIS (to KEN): It's the doctor! It's the doctor!

KEN: Why didn't you say so?

CHRIS: 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: Don't say anything!

**Side 2: Ken Gorman**

Ken Gorman (male, 40s, large role)

- Charley's quick-witted attorney who loves to take charge of a situation. Chris's husband.

**Information:**

- Ken is yelling to Chris, his wife, from the upstairs balcony after coming out of a bedroom where his client and friend, Charley, is lying unconscious.
  - The situation is stressful. Ken has gone into action to protect his client's reputation. He's a bit panicked, but direct.
  - Chris is calling Dr. Dudley to tell him the situation. Ken wants the situation to be kept secret.
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CHRIS: 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 cuts her off.]

**KEN:** Don't say anything!

CHRIS: 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 theater.

**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: We heard...

CHRIS: Just a minute, doctor.

KEN: We heard... we heard... we heard.. an enormous— *thud!*

CHRIS: Thud?

KEN: When he tripped down the stairs.

CHRIS: Good. Good. That's good. 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!

**Side 3: Claire Ganz**

Claire Ganz (female, 40s, large role)

- A socialite who's always up on the gossip at the local tennis club. Lenny's wife.

**Information:**

- Claire and Lenny have just arrived at a party, but the hosts are missing and their two friends, Chris and Ken, are acting really weird.
  - Chris and Ken have just left the living room, leaving Claire and Lenny alone.
  - Lenny has a bad whiplash injury from a car accident earlier that evening.
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**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.

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: ... All right. Come here.

**CLAIRE:** What's wrong with here?

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

[CLAIRE moves closer to LENNY.]

LENNY: It's not good.

**CLAIRE:** What's not good?

LENNY: What I heard.

CLAIRE: What did you hear?

LENNY: Will you lower your voice?

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, annoyed, moves to LENNY's other side.]

LENNY: 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?

**Side 4: Lenny Ganz**

Lenny Ganz (male, 40s, large role)

- Charley's sarcastic, self-deprecating, and overdramatic accountant. Claire's husband.

**Information:**

- Claire and Lenny have just arrived at a party, but the hosts are missing and their two friends, Chris and Ken, are acting really weird.
  - Chris and Ken have just left the living room, leaving Claire and Lenny alone.
  - Lenny has a bad whiplash injury from a car accident earlier that evening.
- 

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.

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: ... All right. Come here.

CLAIRE: What's wrong with here?

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

[CLAIRE moves closer to LENNY.]

LENNY: It's not good.

CLAIRE: What's not good?

LENNY: What I heard.



CLAIRE: What did you hear?

LENNY: Will you lower your voice?

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, annoyed, moves to LENNY's other side.]

LENNY: 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?

**Side 5: Glenn Cooper**

Glenn Cooper (male, 40s, medium role)

- A pompous, self-aggrandizing, and condescending candidate for State Senate. Cassie's husband.

**Information:**

- Glenn and Cassie have just arrived at the party. Unfashionably late.
  - Cassie is clearly very upset with Glenn for deeper reasons than she's letting on. Glenn simply wants her to cut it out and be "normal."
- 

CASSIE: Do I look alright?

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 have always 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.

**Side 6: Cassie Cooper**

Cassie Cooper (female, 30s, medium role)

- Glenn's immature and paranoid wife who's obsessed with a healing crystal.

**Information:**

- Glenn and Cassie have just arrived at the party. Unfashionably late.
  - Cassie is clearly very upset with Glenn for deeper reasons than she's letting on. Glenn simply wants her to cut it out and be "normal."
- 

**CASSIE:** Do I look alright?

**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 have always 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.

**Side 7: Ernie Cusack**

Ernie Cusack (male, 40s, medium role)

- A kind-hearted but slightly pretentious therapist. Cookie's husband.

**Information:**

- Ernie and Cookie, who are friends of the host and guests at the party, have been tricked by the others into making the dinner for the party after all the waitstaff have seemingly disappeared.
  - Ernie is looking for bandages for his wife, Cookie, who is bleeding in the kitchen after cutting herself preparing the dinner.
  - Glenn and Cassie clearly confuse Ernie for the butler when they arrive.
  - Everyone else at the party is hiding.
- 

[ERNIE enters from the kitchen.]

**ERNIE:** Lenny? You got those bandages?

[The doorbell rings.]

**ERNIE:** Nobody getting that door?... These kids are up to something, I know it.

[ERNIE opens the door. GLENN and CASSIE enter.]

**ERNIE:** Hello.

GLENN: Good evening.

**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: Perrier with lime, no ice.

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

GLENN: 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.

**Side 8: Cookie Cusack**

Cookie Cusack (female, 40s, medium role)

- The eccentric host of a TV cooking show who loves fame and suffers from back pain. Ernie's wife.

**Information:**

- Cookie is interrupting a very serious conversation to resolve this minor hassle.
  - Cookie's movements are very stiff because of her back pain.
  - Cookie is not in an overt state of panic, but she's worried.
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[COOKIE stands up from her seat.]

**COOKIE:** 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: Where did you lose them?

[Looking for 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. My grandmother gave them to me. I'm sick about this.

[Cookie opens her palm and looks at it gleefully.]

**COOKIE:** AHHHH! Oh, God! Oh, my God!

CLAIRE: What?



[Picking up the earrings to show everyone like a cat that's caught a mouse.]

**COOKIE:** They're in my hand. I forgot I had them. I'm so stupid. Forgive me, everybody, I'm sorry...

[COOKIE sits back down.]

**COOKIE:** So what were we saying?

**Side 9: Officer Welch**

Officer Welch (any gender, 40s, small role)

- A no-nonsense police officer.

**Information:**

- Welch recently arrived at the house to question Charley about something.
  - Welch is annoyed with Ken because he keeps interrupting his basic police questioning with lawyerly objections.
  - The guests are lying to try and hide from Welch that Charley is unconscious upstairs. They're doing a bad job. Welch suspects something is up.
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**WELCH:** You're a lawyer aren't you.

KEN: Yes, I am.

**WELCH:** Well, as a lawyer you understand you're not obligated to answer these questions. I was hoping someone would be cooperative enough to tell me the owner's name

CLAIRE: Brock. Charley Brock.

**WELCH:** Could you tell me if Mr. Brock is at home at present?

CLAIRE: I'm not sure. Chris, is Charley at home?

CHRIS: Charley? I think he went to walk the dog.

**WELCH:** Then he'll be back soon?

COOKIE: I don't think so. It's a Dachshund. They take very small steps.

KEN: He's home. He came back, Officer

**WELCH:** Well, then could I possibly see Mr. Brock for a moment?

KEN: Well, it's an awkward time, Officer. As you can see, we're celebrating a party.

**WELCH:** Yes, I've noticed. What's the occasion?

KEN: The tenth wedding anniversary of Charley and Myra Brock.

WELCH: I wouldn't take long. I just need a minute of his time.

KEN: Well, unfortunately, Mr. Brock is sleeping.

WELCH: Sleeping? In the middle of his anniversary party?

KEN: He was feeling depressed. He took a sleeping pill.

WELCH: Well, could I see Mrs. Brock?

KEN: Mrs. Brock is not here.

WELCH: She's not?

KEN: That's why Mr. Brock is depressed.