

**Note:** this is near the end of 1st Act

**What has happened:** The auditions have come to a screeching halt again -just as:

*Doors open again and JIM the playwright enters with several notebooks and a clump of papers in his arms. Several pages drop as he moves around.*

JIM. Sorry I'm late. I got the extra copies and the rest of the thing. Sorry, am I interrupting?

REED. Uh no. We were more or less at a stopping point.

JIM. *(as he crosses toward Reed)* How is it going?

REED. Fine. Good. Everyone, this is Jim Culter, the playwright.

JIM. How's it going everybody?

*Cast responds accordingly.*

JIM. Hey, who's the guy laying out in the hall?

REED. Laying in the hall?

JIM. Yea. Right out side the doors there. There's some guy lying there.. or is it "lying" there? I think it's lying there. That's right, "things lay, people lie." Anyway, yea, right outside. Almost looks like he's dead. You know, just FYI.

AMBER. Dead? Oh my. Oh no! Do you think it could be..?

*ALAN and AMBER rush off and out doors to check.*

JIM. Here are a few more copies of the script. I'm still a little fuzzy on the ending and I'm not too hip on the whole disco thing anymore. I'm thinking the setting should be a Rave. Like a "Tales from beyond the Rave" or something. But if you guys are married to the disco thing, that's cool, maybe the Rave thing can be a different show.

VINDERLOU. *(calmly)* Did you say there's someone dead out there darling?

JIM. Oh I don't know if they're dead. He was just lying there. I don't know why we assume that someone lying in hallway, not moving is dead. Speaking of which, I met this Inspector lady from the department of.. something or other. I thought she might be a great help with the technical aspect of the mystery. She should be here anytime. *(looks at arm as if checking watch)* Where's my watch? Wait I don't have a watch.

CHAD. Here's a question. Should we keep reading or..?

*Doors fling open and Amber enters dramatically.*

AMBER. I can't believe.. he was just.. and then he... *(covers face as if to sob)*

*ALAN enters follow by INSPECTOR BRAVURA*

JIM. Ah! There she is! Inspector... what was it again?

INSPECTOR: Bravura. Bonnie Bravura.

JIM. Right. I thought it would be cool to have a real inspector to help finish the show. You know, what would a real inspector do if someone were murdered?

MRS NEEDLEMAN. (*entering*) The poor man is dead!

AMBER. (*enters*) Some one killed him!!

JIM. Yea, if one of the characters said that and then the inspector would..

INSPECTOR. If everyone could please stay clear of the body. Everyone, please back up.

JIM. Yes, stuff just like that! That would be great. I should be writing this down.

INSPECTOR. If everyone could please step into the room.

REED. Uh.. Jim. I think this is real.

JIM. Exactly! That's what I'm going for.

REED. No, I mean *real* real. Here and now. The guy you saw laying out there in the hall?

JIM. Yea?

REED. I think he's dead.

JIM. Oh. Not play dead but.. actual dead?

REED. Yes.

JIM. Right. Because I didn't write that.

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