

Irritation To A Murder

Office Door opens and Mr. GATEWOOD comes out. He wears a blue tooth style ear piece. He is carrying a FILE FOLDER with a stack of papers inside.

MR. GATEWOOD: *(talking into ear piece)* ...Do what I told you Bernie! What? *(pause -tries to adjust ear piece)* This blasted thing is acting up! I'll call you back! *(beat)* I said, I'll call you back! *(takes off his blue tooth ear piece)* Farquar! There you are! I've been looking for you.

FARQUAR: I'm not surprised.

MR.GATEWOOD: Where is everyone?

FARQUAR: They're looking for you.

MR.GATEWOOD: Who is?

FARQUAR: Everyone.

MR. GATEWOOD: Everyone?! Why?

FARQUAR: Well, as you may recall your wife invited some people over this evening.

MR. GATEWOOD: People? Here tonight?

FARQUAR: Yes sir. I noted it in your appointment book as well as your calender. And your PDA, as well as two emails. I also created an alert in your daily task software. Oh and this just in, Summer's fiance is coming in from Cambridge. I believe he's called Phillip.

MR. GATEWOOD: Nonsense! At a time like this! *(pause - sighs heavily and rubs his temples)* I can't be bothered with all of this stuff right now! There's this whole other thing!

FARQUAR: Whole other thing?

MR. GATEWOOD: Yes! This *whole other* thing! (*deep sigh*) There's this.. this thing that's been swirling around for ...and it's finally... it's just that.... Let's just say, 'something' has come to fruition. Something foul. And it may prove to be quite... troublesome.

FARQUAR: Troublesome?

MR. GATEWOOD: Yes, troublesome! And that's putting it mildly. But I don't have time to get into it right now. I'll bring you up to speed after I put out a few fires!

FARQUAR: Anything I can help with sir?

MR GATEWOOD: Yes! (*hands Farquar the ear piece*) See if you can fix this thing! See if I have the battery in there right.

FARQUAR: (*examines it quickly*) It seems to be fine.

Farquar hands the bluetooth back. Gatewood takes it and puts it back on.

GATEWOOD: Probably the reception in this place! What a headache! Do we have any aspirin? My head is pounding.

FARQUAR: Aspirin? (*pointing right*) I believe there's a bottle in the hallway..

MR. GATEWOOD: (*interrupting*) Never mind that! Here! (*hands Farquar the File Folder*) I need you to take this!

FARQUAR: O.K.?

MR. GATEWOOD: But more importantly, I need you to remember, that you '*have not seen it*'!

FARQUAR: I beg your pardon?

MR. GATEWOOD: I also need you to; '*not even know about it*'!

FARQUAR: Not know?

MR.FARQUAR: No matter what, it doesn't ring a bell. You don't even know what they are talking about!

FARQUAR: What "who" is talking about?

MR. GATEWOOD: Exactly!

FARQUAR: Exactly? (*examines folder*) What is it?

MR. GATEWOOD: You're catching on quick!

FARQUAR: Sir, you're not understanding what.. OK Look, Don't you think it would be best if I knew about.. what it is, that *I don't know* about?

MR. GATEWOOD: Actually it would be best, if it were disposed of. And I when I say 'disposed of', I mean, shredded, burned, obliterated. Nothing should be left. Not a molecule. Not an ember. Not an ash. Nothing. (*starts crossing right to exit*) It would also be best, if it were done as quickly and as 'stealthly' as possible. Do you understand? Are we clear?

FARQUAR: (*uneasy*) Uh..sure. Very clear.

MR. GATEWOOD: Fantastic. (*crossing right to exit*) Things may get very interesting around here and I may even venture to say.. volatile. A lot of questions and speculations. It's best, if no one knows anything, right?

FARQUAR: I don't know.

MR. GATEWOOD: Precisely! And I don't have a lot of time for nonsense this evening. In fact, right now I'm expecting another phone call! (*places ear piece back on*)

There is a LOUD KNOCK at the door.

MR. GATEWOOD: That must be it now! (*he clicks his earpiece*) Hello? Hello? (*takes off earpiece and bangs it in his palm*) Blasted thing!

FARQUAR: Sir, I believe that was the front door.

MR. GATEWOOD: The front door? (*panicked*) Who could that be?

FARQUAR: Probably the guests or your daughters'..

MR. GATEWOOD: (*cutting off*) I don't have time for this! For the love of all that's holy man! You get the door, I'll get the aspirin!

FARQUAR starts to cross left, GATEWOOD starts off right.

MR. GATEWOOD: (*stops*) WAIT!

FARQUAR stops. MR. GATEWOOD runs to Farquar.

MR. GATEWOOD: I'll take care of this! (*takes folder from Farquar*) And remember, if anyone asks, you've never seen this! (*holding up folder*)

FARQUAR: I don't even know what it is.

MR. GATEWOOD: Perfect! (*Continues to exit off UP Right Doorway*)