

Audition Packet

Out of Sight...
Out of Murder...
By Fred Carmichael

Actors Age 18+ - All Roles Open

Auditions will consist of reading from the script.
Sides are included in this packet.

Auditions: Sunday 8/11 & Monday 8/12 starting at 7pm

Callbacks (by invitation only): Wednesday 8/14

Read Through Sunday August 18 @6pm

Performances:

October 18-November 3, 2024

PM&L Theatre
877 Main Street
Antioch, IL



Out of Sight, Out of Murder

Production Information:

Peter Knight is grinding out a murder story in an old mansion where another author was murdered years before. A weird electrical storm effects a cosmic snafu and his characters come to life. There's the lovely ingenue, the trusty butler, a feisty character woman, a dauntless hero, a fascinating "other woman," the always pregnant serving girl, and the wily lawyer waiting for midnight to read the will. Peter loses control of his characters and there is a murder; the intended victim is Peter. Other murders follow and the culprit is among characters who, having also worked for other authors, know a great deal about the subject. Can Peter find the killer before the killer gets his author? Is romance with the ingenue leading anywhere? Where is the fortune mentioned in the will? All is solved ingeniously with romance, suspense and cosmic wit.

Character Descriptions:

Peter – the author –A bit of a “bookish” nerd. Stressed. Easily annoyed.

Minna – the housekeeper –A strong lady used to working on the farm. Honest. Fun loving, but sensible.

Lydia – the character lady – Attractive. Well-dressed and groomed. Caustic, but with a good sense of humor. High society married to Jordan.

Cogburn – the butler – very proper and proud of position, dry and droll, but can let loose at surprising moments

Kay – the ingénue – Sweet, trusting, generous. Insightful. Likes freedom to choose how she acts

Fiona – another character lady – Cynical, selfish, know-it-all. Matronly & stuck in her ways. Knitter.

Addie – the pregnant maid – Vulnerable, emotional wreck. Requires a cockney accent for a few lines, but quickly drops the accent. Sassy & everything that Fiona hates.

Jordan – The attorney who reads the will – Sleazy. Successful. Corrupt. Well-dressed and groomed. Lydia's husband.

Dick – the hero – Overly enthusiastic, eager and happy. Traditional values towards marriage and money. Is interested in Kay.

Conflicts/Conflict Calendar:

Following is a conflict calendar of our tentative rehearsal schedule that includes both definite and possible rehearsal days/times. Not everyone will be called for all rehearsals until we start doing full runs of the show.

At the same time we are rehearsing, *Hello Dolly* will also be in rehearsal or performance and *Rocky Horror* will be in rehearsal.

Thus, it is especially helpful if you can keep your conflicts to a minimum so our limited rehearsal times can be as productive as possible.

On the following conflict calendar, please put an X on any day(s) that you have a conflict. If you will have any late arrivals, please write "late" and the time you will arrive on that date.

The last two weeks of the schedule will be more clearly defined once we see where we're at in the rehearsal process.

You must be able to be at all performances and our final (invited) dress rehearsal.

August 2024

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
28	29	30	31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Auditions	Auditions	Callbacks				
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Read Through 6-9pm	Rehearsal 7-10pm	Rehearsal 7-10pm	Possible (TBD)	Possible (TBD)		
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Rehearsal 6-9pm	Rehearsal 7-10pm	Rehearsal 7-10pm		Possible (TBD)		

September 2024

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 Rehearsal 6-9pm	2	3	4 Rehearsal 7-10pm	5	6	7
8 Rehearsal 6:30-9pm	9 Rehearsal 7-10pm	10	11 Rehearsal 7-10pm	12	13	14
15 Rehearsal 6:30-9pm	16 Rehearsal 7-10pm	17	18 Rehearsal 7-10pm	19	20	21
22 Rehearsal 7-9pm	23 Rehearsal 7-10pm	24	25 Rehearsal 7-10pm	26	27	28
29 Rehearsal 6-9pm	30 Rehearsal 7-10pm	1 Rehearsal 7-10pm	2 Rehearsal 7-10pm	3	4 Rehearsal (TBD)	5 FULL RUN 12-4pm

October 2024

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
29 Rehearsal 6-9pm	30 Rehearsal 7-10pm	1 Rehearsal 7-10pm	2 Rehearsal 7-10pm	3 Rehearsal (TBD)	4 FULL RUN 12-4pm	5 FULL RUN 12-4pm
6 Rehearsal 6-9pm	7 Rehearsal 7-10pm	8 Rehearsal TBD	9 Rehearsal 7-10pm	10 Rehearsal TBD	11 Rehearsal TBD	12 FULL RUN 12-4pm
13 Rehearsal TBD	14 Rehearsal TBD	15 Rehearsal TBD	16 Rehearsal TBD	17 Rehearsal TBD	18 OPENING NIGHT	19 PERFORMANCE
20 PERFORMANCE	21 PERFORMANCE	22 PERFORMANCE	23 PERFORMANCE	24 PERFORMANCE	25 PERFORMANCE	26 PERFORMANCE
27 PERFORMANCE	28 PERFORMANCE	29 PERFORMANCE	30 PERFORMANCE	31 PERFORMANCE	1 PERFORMANCE	2 PERFORMANCE

Out of Sight, Out of Murder

Audition Sides

1- Peter

2- Minna/Peter

3- Peter/Minna

4- Peter/Lydia

5- Addie/Peter/Kay

6- Fiona/Cogburn/Peter

7- Jordan/Dick/Kay/Lydia/Fiona/Peter

8- Dick/Lydia/Peter/Cogburn

9- Kay/Dick

PETER

6 OUT OF SIGHT ... OUT OF MURDER ACT I

summer. Above the fireplace is a large armchair with a small table to its left. A small straight chair is in the down left corner. Center stage is a sofa with pillows and above it is a table. Onstage of the desk, which runs perpendicular to the audience, is a backless, padded bench. A bell cord to summon the servants is upstage of the dining room arch. The appearance of the room is of heavy molding, dark wood and over-hanging shadows.)

(Typing is heard. The curtain rises to show PETER KNIGHT at the typewriter. PETER is probably in his mid-thirties, a man who is very harried at the moment. He is dressed casually in shirt and slacks. The typewriter keys stick.)

→ PETER. What good did Physics do me? I should have taken a typing course. *(He undoes the stuck keys and resumes typing. The phone rings.) (into phone)* Yes ... Fine, Jason, just fine ... *(looking around at room)* Yes, I would say it is gloomy. I would say just that... How do I know if the Vermont air is pure? You think I've been out in it? You gave me the deadline ... Oh, no! ... Now look, Alan, I know an agent is supposed to push his client, but you're sending me into a sanitarium ... OK, what's the name? *(Writes it down.)* Phil Smith ... I'll have Minna meet the bus. What's the time?... Got it ... Minna? ... Oh, Alan, you'd be consumed with jealousy. She's about twenty, long blonde hair, and a figure an eight would be jealous of. *(MINNA comes in up center. She is a hefty and strong lady used to working on the farm, but she is fun to be with and has an intense manner about her. She wears a cotton house dress.)* You should see her in a bikini. Good morning, Minna.

MINNA, ² /PETER

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PETER. My sentiments exactly.

→ MINNA. (*Pointing to paper in typewriter.*) What you're typin', that goin, to be a book or what?

PETER. (*goes to right of sofa*) I hope a book and not a "what".

MINNA. Will it be on the TV?

PETER. (*sits on sofa*) One can always hope.

MINNA. (*goes to right of desk*) I like TV. Saves time. Instead of readin' "She says", you can just watch her sayin' it.

PETER. The redeeming grace is no commercials.

MINNA. (*sits on the bench*) Ayah. Pearly likes the ones for beer. Reminds him to open a can.

PETER. How is your husband doing?

MINNA. Damned fool. Spends all his time fixin' everyone else's house and pays no attention to ours. I been hintin' that them cellar stairs was rottin' away. Why, I haven't used the third from the top since last time the sap was runnin'.

PETER. And you didn't tell him?

MINNA. Lands, I wouldn't tell him a thing. He'll be outta the cast come Tuesday. He probably would have tended to you better'n me.

PETER. You've been a great help, Minna.

MINNA. (*crosses to him*) Folks come up here and rent this place, they don't know nothin' about it. Got to tell 'em all the little odd things about it, y'know. Where to check the hot-water tank, where the fuse box is, how to jiggle the handle on the toilet upstairs after you flush

PETER. I'm just glad it flushes. When my agent got this place I had visions of an outdoor john and kerosene lamps.

MINNA. (*goes to desk looking toward typewriter*) Why'd he get this for you anyways? Bad luck for authors, this is.

PETER | MINNA ³

ACT I OUT OF SIGHT ... OUT OF MURDER 9

PETER. Because of Norman Napier?

MINNA. Ayah.

→ PETER. (*crosses to her*) Maybe he's the lucky one. He doesn't have to worry about deadlines any more.

MINNA. Don't have to worry about nothin' no more. (*points to typewriter table*) Right there was where I found him.

PETER. At his typewriter. How appropriate.

MINNA. Nice to go while you're at work, I reckon. I'll just keel over into my johnny-cake.

PETER. (*crosses to fireplace*) If Napier hadn't died here I wouldn't be here. Did you ever think of that?

MINNA. Can't say I did.

PETER. An author dies here of mysterious circumstances -

MINNA. (*moves in center*) Nothin' mysterious. He just died.

PETER. But why?

MINNA. Heart stopped pumpin'.

PETER. Exactly, but they couldn't find a cause. He just died. It got a lot of publicity for him when he didn't need it. He was right at the top of his popularity.

MINNA. You at the top?

PETER. (*sits in chair left*) Minna, you always ask the wrong things.

MINNA. Believe in speakin' my mind.

PETER. I was at the top several years ago but now I need a good mystery so what better place to write it than here?

MINNA. (*sits on the sofa*) If your heart don't stop.

PETER. It's all my agent's idea. "Write a good murder mystery in that mausoleum where Napier died," he said. "Great publicity." He even gave me a title. "Death of an Author".

MINNA. Kinda catchy.

PETER. It's working. Did you see this week's *Newsweek*?

MINNA. Must have missed that.

PETER
MINNA
CONT'D

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10 OUT OF SIGHT ... OUT OF MURDER ACT I

PETER. (*gets it from table above sofa*) But I still can't get a handle on it. (*looks for his article*) I've started it though. Have a collection of characters coming in here and - (*finds the article and shows it to her over the back of the sofa*) Here it is.

MINNA. Why, that's you, ain't it?

PETER. Yes.

MINNA. You look real intelligent there.

PETER. (*puts magazine back and goes down by left of sofa*) I wish I was there. That's taken in Southampton.

MINNA. That's in England.

PETER. This one's on Long Island. (*sits on sofa*) I have an ultra-modern house there looking right out over the ocean.

MINNA. And you left it?

PETER. I rented it. Needed the money. Royalties are not what they used to be and the place is hocked up to its skylight.

MINNA. Maybe you should think of gettin' a real job.

PETER. This is a real job.

MINNA. I mean like work, somethin' by the hour.

PETER. But I'm a writer.

MINNA. Then you should be writin' instead of talkin'.

PETER. I'm too scared to write.

MINNA. What you scared of?

PETER. Well, to tell the truth, I don't know where I'm headed. I've gotten as far as bringing some characters in but I'm not quite sure where the mystery is going.

MINNA. This is a perfect place for a murder all right.

PETER. (*paces over to desk*) But it is hardly a typical Vermont house. This belongs to Edgar Allen Poe.

MINNA. Not Poe. Pocock.

PETER. What?

MINNA. Abner Pocock had this place built back in the last century. (*PETER sits on the bench.*) He wanted a showplace when he spent the summers here. T'ain't another house like it in the

PETER /
LYDIA

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ACT I OUT OF SIGHT ... OUT OF MURDER 13

neck) I hope you're satisfied. Green.

PETER. (*types*) "She comes downstairs." (*She does.*)
"There is an ominous roll of thunder." (*Thunder rumbles.*
LYDIA *shivers.*) "It sends a shiver through her."

LYDIA. Thunder makes me nervous.

PETER. "She paces the room nervously."

LYDIA. (*She paces to fireplace and back below sofa.*) I'm going
to get murdered. I know it. I always do.

PETER. "She sits on the sofa trying to calm her nerves."
(*She does.*) "She picks up a magazine."

LYDIA. (*gets a copy of THE READER'S DIGEST from table
above sofa*) The Readers Digest? Why can't I ever read any-
thing uncondensed?

PETER. "There is another clap of thunder." (*thunder*)
"Lydia rises in alarm." (*She does.*)


LYDIA. You don't have to write that. I'd do it anyway.

PETER. "She hears footsteps coming from the kitchen
into the dining room." (*sound of footsteps off left*) "Every
nerve in her body is alert and tingling."

LYDIA. Don't murder me yet. I just got here.

PETER. "The footsteps come closer and closer and ..."

(*Lights go out. BLACKOUT. Sound of rain can be heard intermit-
tently from now on, but it is mainly audible the few times the front
door is opened. LIGHTNING FLASH.*)

 PETER. Oh, hell! This wouldn't happen in Southamp-
ton. I mustn't panic. The flashlight's here in the desk
somewhere. Somewhere, but where? Here it is. (*PETER
lights the flashlight he has gotten from desk drawer.*) There we
are. I wonder if it's this house or the whole town.

LYDIA. (*from the darkness*) Just this house, darling.

PETER. Who said that?

PETER/
LYDIA
CONT'D

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14 OUT OF SIGHT ... OUT OF MURDER ACT I

LYDIA. I did.

PETER. *(flashlight on her face)* Who are - how did you get in here? What's going on?

LYDIA. The lightning blew something-or-other.

PETER. But who are you?

LYDIA. Lydia.

PETER. Lydia?

LYDIA. *(moves to him)* Don't you recognize me? The green scarf and all that? I did so want to keep the blue.

PETER. You mean you're Lydia - my Lydia?

LYDIA. *(sits on the bench leaning towards him)* All yours, darling.

PETER. The lightning. I've been struck by lightning, that's it. Call an ambulance, the rescue squad. *(picks up phone on desk)* They must have a rescue squad.

LYDIA. The phone's out. It always is.

PETER. *(trying to get a dial tone)* You're right. *(hangs up)* Now suppose you tell me what this is all about?

LYDIA. Suppose you tell me. You're the author.

PETER. I am hallucinating, but I don't take drugs, I don't even take aspirin that's extra-strength. *(lights flicker)*

LYDIA. Goody. The light's are coming back.

PETER. I want to know what you are doing here. *(lights come on and stay on)*

LYDIA. There we are. Now you can put that beastly torch out, there's a good boy. I must say you're better looking than most I've worked for. A trifle sallow, perhaps, but some Vermont sunshine will take care of that.

PETER. *(flashlight in desk drawer)* Let's start all over. Who are you?

ADDIE | PETER |
KAY

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76 OUT OF SIGHT ... OUT OF MURDER ACT II

PETER. That's all right, Addie.

ADDIE. *(on the verge of tears again)* I'm leaving, Mr. Knight. I can't stay here a minute longer. *(moves above sofa)*

PETER. *(goes to her)* Now? In the middle of the night?

ADDIE. I'm afraid. You see, I know something. At least, I think I do.

PETER. What is it?

ADDIE. *(moves away L.)* No, I can't tell.

KAY. Of course you can.

ADDIE. *(goes above sofa to KAY)* I always know something that could identify the killer and I never tell it.

PETER. *(to sofa L.)* But you can tell this time. It's different. You're free.

ADDIE. But I've never been able to tell what I know. It's not physically possible. *(tries but fails)* You see, it's - it's - It's useless. I'll just have to run. I packed what few things I have in this paper bag. I just want to thank you, Mr. Knight and Miss Kelsey. You've both been good to me. *(starts weeping)* But I can't stay. I just can't.

KAY. Wait until morning. I beg you, Addie.

ADDIE. *(goes U C)* Storms don't bother me. I'm used to being sent out in them. Maybe this time I'll make it without getting killed.

PETER. Let me drive you to the station.

ADDIE. You can't leave. You know that. It's the rules. No, I have to go alone. Out there alone. Why does it always have to happen to me this way. *(runs out)*

PETER. Stop! Come back! *(crosses U C)*

KAY. *(goes to him)* It's no use. She has to do that.

PETER. But what if she's killed?

KAY: SHE PROBABLY WILL BE

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FIONA /
COGBURN /
PETER

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~~of commission for weeks.~~

COGBURN. (*enters from dining room and goes to between chair and sofa*) You rang, sir?

FIONA. (*rises and points at him*) He did it!

COGBURN. Did what, Madame?

FIONA. (*goes to PETER*) Whatever was done. The butler did it.

PETER. Nothing's happened.

FIONA. (*goes to bench*) When it does, he did it.

COGBURN. (*to PETER*) Did you have to have that same character lady, sir? There are lots of others to choose from.

PETER. I rather like Fiona Babcock.

COGBURN. Fiona? (*tries to suppress a laugh*) Oh, sir.

FIONA. And what's so amusing?

COGBURN. You've had it this time, old girl. Fiona? You'll be the first one to get it.

PETER. You two must know each other.

FIONA. We have worked together at times. But butlers are getting so passé. (*goes above sofa*) Not much call for your type any more, is there?

COGBURN. I do very well in those historical biographies on Public Television.

PETER. Cogburn, Miss Babcock would enjoy a cup of tea. Would you mind?

COGBURN. Whether I mind or not is of no consequence, sir. It is my duty. Regardless of what I may think of her, I shall fetch her the most delicious tea it is possible to brew. (*exits*)

PETER. That really was very kind of him, now, wasn't it?

FIONA. (*to L of sofa*) He has no choice. He is a

FIONA | 6
COGBURN |
PETER
CONT'D

34 OUT OF SIGHT ... OUT OF MURDER ACT I

butler. He has to butle. We can't throw off our traces all at once like a strip-teaser peeling off her garments. *(a sudden thought)* You don't have one of those here, do you?

PETER. Is it too late to think one up?

FIONA. *(sits in her chair and resumes knitting)* Much. We have to abide by the rules.

PETER. But I don't know them.

FIONA. What you have wrought we must not put asunder.

(ADDIE appears at the top of the stairs. She is the maid and wears a complete maid's outfit. ADDIE is a very young girl who is pert and vulnerable but is almost constantly in a state of emotional stress. She has a handkerchief to her face and is crying audibly. She speaks with a cockney accent.)

PETER. Now you're paraphrasing. *(sees ADDIE, rises and cross R)* Oh, my God, its another.

ADDIE. *(goes to him)* I'm sorry, sir. I just can't stop me tears.

FIONA. Don't cry, girl. It's your fault and you've got to live with it.

ADDIE. Beggin' your pardon, sir. I'll pull meself together in no time.

PETER. You must be Addie.

ADDIE. Can't you tell by me uniform? Ain't I what you expected?

PETER. I'd thought of a maid, yes, so I guess you'll have to do.

ADDIE. You'll keep me on then? I'd hate to be sent back with the rewrites.

JORDAN 7
DICK LYDIA
KAY FIONA
PETER

54 OUT OF SIGHT ... OUT OF MURDER ACT I

herd of hogs answers his call and comes galloping in here?

FIONA. I don't believe hogs gallop.

LYDIA. *(sits in chair D L)* You have no sense of humor.

FIONA. And you have no sense of manners.

DICK. *(comes downstairs)* I must say, that was an announcement. I didn't think Cogburn had it in him.

PETER. We're all rather surprised.

(JORDAN DILLINGHAM appears on the landing. He is in his sixties, well-dressed and groomed. JORDAN is successful and looks it but one feels it is not entirely through legitimate means that he has reached his position.)

JORDAN. I trust someone has given that butler his notice. I think dignity should prevail on these occasions. Good evening, everyone. I am Jordan Dillingham, the lawyer. *(He comes down the stairs and goes to sofa L.)* Mr. Stanton, nice to see you again.

DICK. *(rises as they shake hands)* It's great seeing you, sir.

JORDAN. *(crosses below DICK to KAY)* Ah, Kay. I've been looking forward to working with you again. *(has hold of her hand and doesn't let it go)*

KAY. I don't see why. Every time you read a will I get plunged into mortal danger. *(tries to remove her hand from his)*

LYDIA. Dilly! Let go of the child's hand. You're old enough to be her grandfather.

JORDAN. *(Drops her hand and goes to LYDIA. DICK sits on sofa.)* And my charming wife. We make such an attractive

JORDAN 7

CONT'D

DICK KAY
LYDIA FIONA
PETER

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couple, don't you think? She's as beautiful as my money and three face-lifts can make her.

LYDIA. Don't pay any attention to him. Senility is running rampant through every one of his varicose veins.

JORDAN. Once Lydia decides to step into old age gracefully, we'll retire to St. Petersburg and play shuffleboard. *(to FIONA)* And Miss Babcock. Charmed.

FIONA. Good evening, Mr. Dillingham.

JORDAN. I must say what your knitting lacks in skill it makes up for in originality.

FIONA. I didn't start this. It was this way when I got here.

JORDAN. I wasn't told your first name this time. Agatha again? Or Martha? Perhaps even Matilda?

FIONA. Never mind.

LYDIA. It's Fiona.

JORDAN. Fiona? *(enjoys himself with a laugh)* Well, I must say it fits you like a glove. *(turns to PETER)* Ah, you must be the unexpected guest.

PETER. No, I'm Peter Knight.

LYDIA. He's our author.

JORDAN. So you're the one responsible for all this.

PETER. Only part of it. I started it and -

JORDAN. And we have to finish it. *(crosses to R of desk)* Shall we proceed. I have the will right here. *(takes it from his pocket)*

FIONA. It isn't midnight yet.

JORDAN. You're right, Fiona. We must wait for the clock to strike.

COGBURN. *(Enters from dining room with ADDIE behind him. She holds a tray of assorted containers ranging from a bud vase*

DICK | 8
LYDIA |
PETER |
COGBURN

ACT I OUT OF SIGHT ... OUT OF MURDER 45

PETER. You think that's who it is, too?

COGBURN. *(crosses below PETER)* Naturally, sir. *(turns back)* It would be most unexpected if there were no unexpected guest. *(exits)*

PETER. *(goes to fireplace)* Why do you all know so much more than I do?

LYDIA. We've been doing this longer than you have.

PETER. Then tell me how it ends.

LYDIA. We only know each moment as it happens.

(DICK STANTON bursts in from up R. He is the juvenile and is very hearty, eager, and overly-pleasant. He is virile and shakes hands with authority making him something of a bull in a china shop. He wears a raincoat under which are grey flannels and a blazer. He carries a suitcase.)

DICK. *(puts suitcase down)* Sorry if I'm late. It isn't midnight, is it?

LYDIA. No, darling. You still have time.

DICK. Good. *(takes his coat off)* Beastly night out, isn't it? But then it always is when there's a will to be read.

COGBURN. May I, sir?

DICK. *(hands coat to COGBURN who takes it)* Oh, thanks - Cogburn, is it?

COGBURN. That's right, sir. *(exits off R)*

DICK. *(goes to sofa L)* They told me he would be called Cogburn this time. *(advances on PETER with his hand extended)* How do you do. You must be the unexpected guest.

PETER. Isn't that who you are?

DICK. No, I'm expected. I'm Dick Stanton.

DICK/
LYDIA/
PETER/
COGBURN
8
CONT'D

46 OUT OF SIGHT ... OUT OF MURDER ACT I

LYDIA. You must have forgotten you had a juvenile.

PETER. I'm lucky I can remember who I am. How do you do.

DICK. *(They shake hands.)* And you are -?

LYDIA. Dick, this is our author.

DICK. Gee whiz, you're Peter Knight?

PETER. That's right.

DICK. *(slaps PETER on the shoulder)* It's great working for you. Never done it before.

(COGBURN crosses from U R to exit into the dining room.)

PETER. Thank you.

DICK. And to be free, too. That's the greatest. I'm not sure how to act.

LYDIA. You could try being a little less hearty.

DICK. Can't be any other way it seems. *(crosses to LYDIA)* Never worked with you before, either, but I've seen you around. Say, you look great in blue.

LYDIA. *(smiles)* Thank you. I'm Lydia.

DICK. That's a great name, too. *(crosses to sofa R looking over the room)* And look at this room. It's great.

PETER. That's great.

DICK. *(crosses to bookshelves behind desk as he cases the room)* I love working in gloomy old places. Never done one in Vermont before. In Maine once on the coast. *(turns to them)* Say, why do they always have these old places on the coast?

~~PETER. So someone can be pushed off a cliff.~~

LYDIA. And authors can have all that description about waves breaking on the rocks and surf rolling over a body.

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DICK. (*His arm around KAY, he pulls her to him.*) Aren't you going to leave us alone? It's customary for us to have a love scene.

LYDIA. (*rises, links her arm through PETER'S and takes him U C*) Come on. Peter, let's let them have their moment alone. It's a lot of foolishness and doesn't change the plot at all. We'll needle Miss Babcock in the library.

PETER. I don't want to go.

LYDIA. This is the way it has to be. (*as LYDIA pulls him out to library*)

PETER. We won't be long.

LYDIA. If my husband gets killed, then maybe we could have a mature love scene.

~~DICK. (*starts to kiss KAY*) I'm so glad to see you.~~

KAY. (*breaks away below sofa*) You don't have to do that, Dick. We're alone now.

DICK. (*goes to her*) Can you think of a better time?

KAY. But we're free. We don't have to be in love.

DICK. I know we're free but I still love you. I think.

KAY. You're just used to it, that's all. You always love the damsel in distress.

DICK. And she always loves me.

KAY. And I do. I suppose I do. I always have.

DICK. Of course you do. Besides, if I wasn't here who would save you at the end?

KAY. (*goes to fireplace*) Maybe I won't need saving this time.

DICK. That's a stupid thing to say. (*goes to her and puts his arms around her from behind*) You always need saving at the last moment and not a second sooner.

KAY. (*turns to him*) I wish one of you would show up early and not just ten seconds before the bomb goes off.

KAY/DICK
CONT'S

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DICK. I'm just not capable of getting there any quicker.

KAY. It makes me very nervous.

DICK. Come on, let's have our nice little love scene now. *(tries to kiss her)*

KAY. *(breaks away R)* No. Let's wait until later, until after the will is read.

DICK. I have never been turned down by the ingenue yet.

KAY. *(goes to bench, her back to him)* I'm not turning you down. I'm postponing you.

DICK. All right, have it your way. *(picks up his suitcase)* I'll go and unpack. Where do I go?

KAY. *(goes to him)* Upstairs. You must be the second on the right. It's very masculine looking.

DICK. Boy, I can't wait for the will to be read. That's always the most exciting part. *(on landing)*

KAY. Not if you're the ingenue. That's when they set me up to be killed.

DICK. But I'll save you. And I'll try to be early this time. *(looks down the hallway upstairs)* Boy, look at the gloomy hallway. This is great. *(exits)*

KAY. *(moves to table above sofa, looks around and suddenly realizes she is alone)* Oh, I'm alone. I shouldn't be left alone. The ingenue never should be left alone. There's a secret panel and a gloved hand will come out or a hooded figure bent on my destruction. *(crosses U C and calls towards library)*
Peter! Peter!

PETER. *(off stage)* I'm here.

KAY. *(moves down into room)* Come quickly, please.

PETER. *(rushes in)* Kay, what is it?

KAY. *(into his arms)* Oh, Peter, I'm so glad you're here.