

ROUND ONE - The murder is announced

Round instructions:

Before Round One begins, all the cast, except Foxy Trott, should be on stage behind their judging table.

All the cast should act in character.

If you have the ability to put on a dance duo before the scene begins then do so to start off the evening. Alternatively you could play a video of a dance routine from a “strictly come dancing” performance – do remember to adjust lines accordingly if the dance routine changes!

If you have no ‘spare’ available to be your off-set voiceover person and can’t record and play one on the night, then get Foxy to do this before she runs on.

ROUND ONE SCRIPT

MAKE SURE ALL THE GUESTS ARE SETTLED BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

VOICE OVER: And so... ladies and gentlemen... welcome to Seriously Dancing (insert year)!

DANCE.

VOICE OVER: Please welcome your hosts for this evening, Foxy Trott and Bruce Falseteeth!

FOXY RUNS ONTO THE STAGE AREA, SCREAMING HER HEAD OFF, AND THEN FAINTS.

CHARLES, LEN AND LEAH GET UP AND RUSH OVER TO HER. TONY GRADUALLY STANDS, AS IF BORED WITH IT ALL.

Tony: Not exactly the entrance they were expecting back home.

THE CAST ALL IGNORE HIM.

Charles: She’s out cold!

Leah: Is she all right?

Len: Yes Leah, just fainted is all.

Tony: Hardly a *gracious* fall, darling Next time she needs to drop with a little more poise, and perhaps scream a little less loudly.

HE WAGGLES A FINGER IN HIS EAR. THE CAST STILL IGNORE HIM.

Charles: Wasn't she supposed to come on with Bruce?

Len: Of course she was! The announcer said so!

Leah: Then where is he?

Len: Maybe he's still in his dressing room. Shall I go and check?

Charles: Are you sure you can handle whatever's out there?

Len: It's hardly likely to be a crocodile-eating kangaroo! I think I'll be fine.

LEN WALKS OFF.

Tony: Perhaps she could have added a little more flamboyance to the way she waved her arms. As for the opening pair of dancers, well, a four out of ten I should think!

Leah: Tony? Would you just shut up for a moment?

Tony: Shut up? Me? Apologies, darling! I hadn't realised my thoughts were unwelcome.

Leah: Perhaps you should just keep them to yourself sometimes.

LEN WALKS BACK ON.

Charles: Well?

Len: Not good news I'm afraid.

Leah: Bruce?

LEN SHAKES HIS HEAD WITH A FROWN.

Leah: Oh my. I...

LEAH FAINTS WITH A LITTLE MORE GRACE THAN FOXY - MORE LIKE A SWOON FROM SWAN LAKE

Tony: Now *that*, that's more like it!

Charles: Bloody Sheilas. What do you suppose we do with the pair of them now?

Len: Haven't a clue. They'll come round eventually I suppose.

Tony: Gracefully I hope. Foxy definitely needs to rouse with a little more poise and decorum than she usually does from the dining table.

Len: Bruce is dead.

Charles: For real this time?

Tony: What do you mean, this time?

Charles: He collapsed this afternoon too.

Tony: I guess it was only a matter of time. He was rather crusty.

Len: Well it wasn't natural causes if that's what you're all thinking. He's been hit over the head! At least, that's what it looks like. There's quite a nasty bruise forming. And it's definitely NOT nice to see him, to see him dead, I can tell you.

Tony: Quite.

Charles: No wonder Foxy ran in screaming.

Tony: Of course! She's finally got what she always wanted! She'll be billed as the top presenter for the show! Quite an achievement at her age.

Len: Tony!

Tony: You don't deny it though, do you?

Len: No. But... well...

Charles: I was thinking more seven out of ten.

Len: What?

Charles: The opening pair. Tony gave them a four, I think a seven.

Len: Seven's a bit high, what with that illegal lift. It was supposed to be a quickstep, not an American smooth.

Charles: Well if you want to mark them down this early in the show it hardly gives you a comparison point of any height for the rest. What if the others are all much, much worse?

Tony: I have stepped onto the right show, haven't I darling? This is Seriously Dancing, not Britain Wishes It Had Talent?

Len: A five is a perfect halfway point.

Charles: Too low! Remember the viewers. They like bigger numbers.

Tony: You want us to mark out of 100?

Charles: No! Just lower the bar a little. Like they do with the A-levels every year.

Len: We're hardly an exam board.

Tony: (TO CHARLES) The bar was lowered when they let you in.

Len: Not now girls! Come on. Someone help me get Foxy up. She looks like she's coming around.

Foxy: Oh, oh, oh.

Tony: Gently now, with a little finesse.

LEN HELPS HER UP. ANY OLD WAY.

Tony: Now that was a two.

Len: Can I slap him?

Charles: That would make it more Big Brother than Seriously Dancing, don't you think?

Foxy: Bruce is dead!

Len: We know.

Foxy: He's been... murdered!

Len: We know that too.

Tony: A less than adoring fan is my guess. I'm sure he has plenty of those. Nasal voice got a little too grating, grey moustache hit the wrong spot, or maybe it was just his patronising manner?

ALL THE CAST ARE NOW LOOKING AT HIM.

Tony: What?

Foxy: Oh dear. Is that Leah on the floor?

Tony: She scored a six, darling. Your drop was definitely a two. You need to work on your fall a little there, sweetie.

Len: She took the news badly.

Charles: Yes. And why *is* that?

Foxy: I don't know.

Len: Perhaps we should help her up. Get her out of the bright lights of the studio.

Foxy: Oh! Oh my goodness! Are the cameras rolling?

Tony: I believe that's why it's called a live broadcast.

Foxy: Oh dear. Oh dear!

FOXY SMOOTHES DOWN HER HAIR AND ADDRESSES HIGH UP IN THE DISTANCE, WHILE HOLDING HER EARPIECE.

Foxy: Are we...? Oh... right. (TO THE CAST) They've put on a re-run with an apology. Something from season nine.

Tony: Oh no! Not nine! Charles had that dreadful tux for that season! So not-Saville row! Why did they pick that showreel?

Charles: I'm sure it was just what was to hand.

Tony: A bit like your tux, darling.

Len: What does that mean for us?

Foxy: Well, the audience is going to have to stay put. Any one of them could have got backstage before the performance.

Tony: They could? I rather thought we had security to prevent that. I'm locking my door in future!

Charles: Well we can't keep them here with nothing to do. Have you ever seen an angry crowd?

Tony: No darling, but then I don't perform as badly as you.

Len: Charles is right. We'll have to do something to keep them occupied.

Foxy: Surely you aren't suggesting we carry on with the show – with Bruce dead?

Charles: Why not? They can film it tonight and air it after a respectable pause. The audience at home won't know.

Len: Or we could feed them.

Tony: What? You have five loaves and two fishes somewhere on your person, do you sweetie?

Len: The Beeb has a catering department. Why not see what they can rustle up? You can sort that, Foxy, while Tony and I deal with Leah here.

FOXY LEAVES.

Charles: Er, what about me?

Len: You're a little uncouth for our Leah, Charles...

Tony: Just stand there and try and look hunky, darling.

LEN AND TONY HELP LEAH UP AND OFFSTAGE. CHARLES HOVERS AROUND LOOKING A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE AND FINALLY SAYS...

Charles: Yes... Well... just avoid the pink blancmange, that's all I'm going to say.

...AND WALKS OFF.

END OF ROUND ONE.

The guests should all now be served with their first course.

The rest of the cast should not re-enter the room until round two begins.