

ROUND ONE - The murder is announced

Round instructions:

Before Round One begins, Sly and Paula/Bunny are working the crowd. A little later, Johnny Creeky-Bones and Ivor Bookin should come out and circulate too. Faye Presto should stay outside the room until the scene starts.

BUNNY/PAULA SHOULD LEAVE THE ROOM TO USE THE BATHROOM.

ROUND ONE SCRIPT

FAYE PRESTO WALKS IN. SHE LOOKS AROUND A BIT AND THEN BUNNY/PAULA SHOULD RUN IN SCREAMING AND COVERED IN BLOOD.

Sly: Bunny! What is it?

Bunny/Paula: It's... (SHE FAINTS)

SLY RUNS OVER AND TENDS TO HER. FAYE WALKS OVER TO IVOR.

Faye: Is this a new angle?

Ivor: Not one they've cleared with me. Sly?! Is she all right?

Sly: I think so, apart from the blood. I don't think it's actually hers.

Johnny: Well if it's not hers, where did it come from?

Faye: There's rather a lot for a rabbit.

Ivor: Sh! Keep your voice down! This is a paying audience!

Faye: Yes, I noticed you were doing private bookings now. It's hardly Vegas, is it?

Ivor: It's a difficult economic climate, Faye -something I'm sure you appreciate – or has your acting career become *so* stratospheric that bookings are coming in thick and fast and there is no reason for you to be here.... *chasing Jay's inheritance*. Just another guest are we? Meeting someone?

Faye: Of course not! Do you really think I'd turn up looking like this if I was?

Sly: Can it you two. She's out cold.

Johnny: Theatre blood? Or real blood?

Sly: We don't carry theatre blood for our performances. Tell him, Ivor.

Ivor: It's a family friendly show, Johnny. Theatre blood is well out of the question.

Faye: I would have thought ANY blood was inappropriate for a family audience.

Sly: Which is WHY I'm trying not to make a big thing out of it, Faye.

Faye: Oh, well, excuuuuse me! But when a woman runs in screaming covered in blood, I would have thought trying to maintain a family rated audience was the *last* thing on anyone's mind! Has anyone considered who isn't here?

Sly: Oh. Blast. She's powdering her nose.

Faye: She?

Sly: Ivor. You know what I mean.

Faye: He does, I don't.

Sly: It could ruin EVERYTHING.

Faye: As if this hasn't rather ruined everything already...

Ivor: On it.

IVOR LEAVES THE ROOM

Faye: What's happened? Has Jay gone all, well, you know, (MIMES LIMP-WRISTED) in my absence?

Sly: What?

Faye: He never did strike me as much of a man.

Sly: *What??!!*

Johnny: She's coming around.

Sly: To what exactly?

Johnny: Not her. Her (POINTS AT BUNNY).

Sly: Oh, I see. There now, uh... Bunny... is everything all right?

Bunny: I, er... I... did you see?

Sly: No. I'm afraid I didn't.

Bunny: It's –

FEMALE SCREAM OFF SET.

Faye: (PUZZLED) That sounded like... well... like...

Johnny: Don't finish that train of thought – just hold it there.

Sly: You'd better - I mean, maybe we all should, you know. (LOOKS WORRIEDLY AT THE GUESTS) This is supposed to be a party!

Bunny: I should go to her.

IVOR COMES BACK IN.

Ivor: I - er – I'm terribly sorry, ladies and gentlemen. I know this is rather unsettling, but I – er – I'm afraid I have some rather bad, actually horrific news.

Sly: Ivor. What is it? What on earth are you trying to say?

Bunny: He's dead. He's dead, Sly. Dead. Where's [LOOKS AT AUDIENCE THEN BACK AT IVOR AND MAKES EYE GESTURE/HEAD SHAKE] -?

Ivor: She's outside.

Bunny: I'll go to – er – check on – er – I'll go.

BUNNY LEAVES.

Sly: Who's dead? Jay? Oh my...

Faye: Jay? As in my Jay? Oh – I feel all queer.

Sly: Don't catch her, Johnny. I know a swoon when I see one and trust me, this isn't it! (IN AN AFFECTED VOICE) She's an actress, darlings! (NORMAL VOICE) She doesn't love him. Hasn't for years.

Faye: It's still distressing.

Sly: What's distressing is watching you play acting.

Ivor: Maybe we should all leave. You know. Collect our thoughts. They don't want all this on their wedding day.

Sly: No. Sorry ladies and gentlemen. Please, go and get yourselves settled at the tables. I'm sure the kitchen staff are waiting to serve you. I'm so sorry for ruining your evening.

Faye: And you think they're innocent, do you?

Ivor: Not now, Faye.

Faye: Well, he's never been killed before. This is a first you know. And this is the first time you've worked for these people. I don't believe in coincidences you know!

Ivor: (MOVING TOWARDS FAYE) I know. Come on, dear. I think it's time you left.

IVOR STARTS TRYING TO DRAG HER OUT. FAYE POINTS AT JOHNNY.

Faye: And you, sir. I know you. I've heard all about you. Death sort of follows you around, doesn't it?

Ivor: Not now, Faye!

Faye: (RAMBLING ON AS IVOR STARTS TO TAKE HER OUT OF THE ROOM)
And magic is mixed up somewhere in every crime thing you solve, isn't it? And, well, it's all mightily convenient, wouldn't you say? A new venue, a magic act, and him dead just when I wanted to divorce him too -

Ivor: [OVERLAPPING THE END OF FAYE'S RANT) Sly? Would you mind?

Sly: With pleasure! SLY WALKS UP TO FAYE AND SLAPS HER)

Faye: Ow! That hurt!

Ivor: It was supposed to! Now come ON!

HE SUCCEEDS IN YANKING HER OUT OF THE ROOM. SLY FOLLOWS THEM, LEAVING JOHNNY ON HIS OWN.

Johnny: (LOOKING ROUND) Oh. Seems I'm the only one left. Er, right then, er, I'm so sorry ladies and gentlemen. I'll leave you to your er... meal...
(JOHNNY STARTS TO LEAVE, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) How the hell

did I end up there on my own, just typical, mind you, interesting turn of events...

END OF ROUND ONE.

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

The cast should not re-enter the room until round two begins. All the cast should be served their starters outside the room.