

THE CAST WILL SCREAM!

by Nathan Clift
Original Concept by Patrick Laffin

THE CAST WILL SCREAM!

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THE CAST WILL SCREAM!

To each and every creative team, cast, and crew member I worked with in high school, college, community theatre, and beyond.

To Jared, Patrick, Judy, and the families at Square Foot Theatre and Jamie Hulley Arts Foundation, who trusted me with this show.

To anyone and everyone who found a way to keep the arts alive during the COVID-19 pandemic.

THE CAST WILL SCREAM!

The Cast Will Scream! premiered at the Square Foot Theatre & Tavern in Wallingford, CT from July 22nd-24th, 2021, under the direction of Patrick Laffin. The original company was made up of local Connecticut performers, including:

SANDY..... Samantha DeMauro
JAN/JANET..... Emily Sullivan
KENICKIE/ COP 1.....Terrence Peters
TEEN ANGEL..... Henry Quinones
EUGENE/ COP 2.....Robert Weiner
FRENCHIE.....Heather Bazinet
COACH.....Francis McLaughlin
RIZZO.....Kaity Marzik
DANNY U/S.....Ethan Bazinet

THE CAST WILL SCREAM!

CAST (6 Women, 5 Men)

SANDY: F. 30s-40s. The director's favorite at the community theater. Her head is so big she can barely fit through the doorway.

JAN: F. 20s-30s. Absolutely clueless, but does theatre to bond with her boyfriend, TEEN ANGEL.

KENICKIE: M. 20s-40s. Prop manager and classically trained actor who hates musicals and needs to go to anger management.

TEEN ANGEL: M. 20s-30s. A man-whore who can find an innuendo in anything. Dating JAN.

EUGENE: M. 20s-30s. An actor with little common sense who is a little too dedicated to his craft.

FRENCHIE: F. 40s-50s. The (injured) choreographer who stepped in for FRENCHIE at the last moment.

COACH: M. 20s-40s. Theatre is a hobby for him, and he pitches in when he can.

PATTY: F. 17-20s. A young actress playing PATTY. Her kindness is not a weakness, and her innocence is at stake.

RIZZO: F. 20s-30s. A classically trained actress who gets extremely nervous when people yell.

DANNY U/S: M. 17-20s. The understudy for Danny, son of FRENCHIE, sworn enemy of SANDY.

THE HOST: F. 30s-50s. An "audience member" who's had enough of the shenanigans and takes control of the murder mystery.

JANET: F. 20s-30s. The stage manager who needs a pay raise. (Doubles as JAN)

COPS 1 & 2: Any Age. Cops that arrest the killer. (Double within cast)

TIME: Present Day

PLACE: A Community Theater's Invited Dress Rehearsal of *Grease*

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How To Perform

“The Host” should go by the performer’s own name. Please fill in the name HOST with the name of the actress playing her in your production.

There are three endings, and how you decide when each ending is performed (audience votes, the endings are pre-chosen, etc) is entirely up to your production. The show was developed with improv in mind. In fact, many of the moments the cast improvised ended up in the final performance of the show (and this script). If you see ****, that means that the line can be changed and improvised. If you do not want this element in the show, that is perfectly fine. Say the lines as written.

The script was tailored to the space at the Square Foot Theatre & Tavern, which is a small, black box, performing arts center. While the original script had references to that venue, this script includes more generic locations that can be found in most performance spaces. Should you not have any elements in your space, you can adapt the script to fit the needs of your venue. This script thrives when it feels personal to your space!

***The show uses the names of the Grease characters as shorthand for “The Actor Who Plays _____” but, although the play takes place during a final dress rehearsal of the musical Grease, this play is NOT affiliated with the Grease franchise and does not permit using its music, dialogue, or iconic choreography in your staging. ***

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Lights up on the cast taking bows. They just finished a run of the musical, Grease. The actress playing PATTY runs offstage to get flowers. The actress that is playing SANDY starts to speak.

SANDY. Thank you all for coming to the first preview of our production of GREASE!

JAN. As you know, we all worked really hard on this production.

KENICKIE. And while some worked much, MUCH, harder than others on this production, and even though some of us were told we were doing a classic drama, we all had a good time... to an extent.

TEEN ANGEL. So, we want to give a huge shoutout to our lovely Frenchie for choreographing this show!

FRENCHIE, on crutches, moves to center and bows.

EUGENE. Though she fell off the stage teaching “Born to Hand Jive,” she persisted and was able to perform tonight.

FRENCHIE. Aw you guys! It was really nothing. *(Frenchie falls)* Help me.

JAN. Thanks to our Kenickie for stepping up to do props! *(KENICKIE moves to center and bows.)*

KENICKIE. The endless hours of repairing, painting, gathering, and organizing these props was truly... something I will never do again.

SANDY. And last, but not least, we want to thank our ****Big, strong, handsome, assertive, muscular**** director, Trent- *(Patty, offstage, screams from the top of her lungs. The entire cast sighs. This happens a lot.)*

COACH. Did someone not set the flowers? *(Everyone looks at DANNY U/S, then Kenickie, who is furious. The Cast gets ready to be screamed at. Eugene meekly speaks up.)*

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EUGENE. I put them exactly where she asked me to.

Patty comes back with blood on her hands. RIZZO brings Patty to the center.

RIZZO. It's okay. Tell us what's going on.

PATTY. Guys... Trent is dead.

Everyone gasps. Then, is it a bad thing? To each their own.

JAN. Wait... who's Trent again?

KENICKIE. The director!

SANDY. He tells me- I mean, us- what to do!

COACH. Maybe he's not dead. Maybe he just fell and can't get up!

Someone should go check on him. *(Everyone looks to Frenchie.)*

FRENCHIE. No, it's fine! I'll go. *(Frenchie starts. Coach joins her. They both leave the stage. After 5 seconds, they scream. The two of them calmly re-enter.)*

PATTY. Well?

COACH. He's dead.

SANDY. Son of a bitch!

KENICKIE. We have kids here for fuck's sake!

DANNY U/S. Nothing I haven't heard before.

JAN. It's fine! We were all onstage, so none of us could have killed him... right?

RIZZO. That's not important right now! We need to call 911!

DANNY U/S. Well... had a certain assistant director not get mad at us and locked them in the director's office-

SANDY. Phones backstage are a distraction!

FRENCHIE. Why don't we just use the box office's phone?

COACH. That phone's been broken for months.

EUGENE. Why don't we just run out and find help?

Patty runs to a door set piece. She tries to open it and can't.

PATTY. The door! It's locked! *(Cast points to the actual door. Patty realizes her mistake, runs to the real door, and...)* The door! It's locked! *(The lights flicker off. Everyone is screaming. Moments later, the generator kicks on and the lights are on. When the lights come on, HOST stands up from the audience.)*

HOST. Enough! I've had enough of this!

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SANDY. Excuse me?

HOST. I don't care that someone is dead-

FRENCHIE. You don't care that-

HOST. What I do care about is that one of you is obviously the killer!

RIZZO. How do you know? (*Host gets out of her seat and graces the stage. She moves people out of the way and stands center stage.*)

HOST. I have auditioned at this theater seventy-two times. Out of those seventy-two times, I have been cast exactly six times. I was ****the plant leaf in *Little Shop of Horrors*. I was the lips in the *Rocky Horror Show*. I was Tree Number 5 in *Into the Woods*. I was also a concerned mother in *Footloose*. And the pinnacle... I was the dreamcoat in *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat!* ****

COACH. And your point is?

HOST. The POINT is: I have performed onstage with each and every single one of you. I know the drama onstage and off, and I can guarantee this audience that one of you is the killer. One of you killed Trent!

KENICKIE. That's nice, but what about THE LIGHTS FLICKERING? THE BODY IN THE OTHER ROOM? And why does this theatre ****only serve HOT POCKETS? ****

HOST. Number One: ****Hot Pockets are delicious****. Second, as for the power outage, it was caused by a telephone pole falling.

TEEN ANGEL. How do you know that?

HOST. I saw the pole swaying when I pulled into the parking lot. Called it in. I was told "they'd get to it eventually." Well... I think it's safe to say that "eventually" will be sooner than later. Guess I was right. Again. Kind of my thing.

EUGENE. Okay... so, in the meantime, can we use someone's phone to call for help?

SANDY. I swear to Dionysus, I will literally kill you if you so much as touch a cellphone in this theater.

HOST. Sit down, secondhand Sandy. I have watched every single season and episode- PAST and PRESENT- of *Law & Order*, *Law & Order: Criminal Intent*, *Law & Order: SVU*, *Law & Order: Organized Crime*, *Law & Order: Trial by Jury*, *Criminal Minds*, *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, and *Blue's Clues*.

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RIZZO. *Blue's Clues?*

HOST. And not just cause I have a kid! You are never too old for Steve to tell you he's proud of you! (*pause*) And it's because of that show I always carry around a handy-dandy notebook. If anyone can solve this, it's me.

COACH. (*to ALL*) Raise your hand if you think _____ ("*Host*" Name) is going to solve this. (*moment to count audience hands*) Raise your hand if you think we're going to die here.

The entire Cast raises their hands and encourages the audience to follow.

KENICKIE. Look, if you want to play detective, that's all fine. But shouldn't we get her some help? She's MONOLOGUING FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

PATTY. (*Fetal position*) Out- OUT DAMN SPOT! So much blood. I can't get it out of my head.

HOST. We must work together. One by one, I'll bring you in to explain your case. Then, the audience will act as a jury of your peers. We can do this.

DANNY U/S. So where do we go?

HOST. Hmm... Sandy: the sound booth. Understudy: Stage left. Frenchie: stage right. In the wings! Kenickie: guard that prop table like your life depends on it. It might. Jan: The supply closet. Eugene: The bathroom. Dropout Angel: Bathroom.

TEEN ANGEL. The same bathroom or-

HOST. Rizzo: the lobby. Coach: the dressing rooms.

JAN. I'm lost.

PATTY. Where do I go?

HOST. We're starting with you. (*looks to Cast*) EXIT. NOW. (*Cast runs off to their locations. Patty is alone onstage with the Host.*)

PATTY. I don't want to talk about it.

HOST. You have to, sweetie. Just tell me, and this room full of strangers, what you can.

PATTY. Well... I walked into the lobby, and I noticed that the lights were off. I slipped on something, and then I noticed that it wasn't water. It was blood. I'm sorry! I can't go on. (*she cries*)

HOST. It's okay.

PATTY. It's not! I have to clean it up!

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HOST. Why do you have to clean it up?

PATTY. We all have backstage jobs, and I always have to clean the stage. And the lobby. And the dressing rooms. Do you know how hard it is to keep this space clean? I guess we all abide by “no phones” but no one has to follow the “clear liquids only” policy! What dye do you think is the hardest to get out of carpet?

HOST. Red?

PATTY. Nope! It’s that blue raspberry bullshit! Why is it that random neon glow-in-the-dark blue? RASPBERRIES AREN’T BLUE!

HOST. Do you know when the murder could have happened?

PATTY. No. Everyone is pretty busy backstage the whole show.

HOST. Okay. Why don’t you switch spots with Sandy?

PATTY. Okay.

HOST. Okay. SECOND RATE SANDY! Come on down! *(Patty runs up as Sandy descends from the spot booth, as if she is either on a red carpet or performing the staircase entrance like the diva she thinks she is.)*

SANDY. Now THIS is how you make an entrance.

HOST. That’s how you do something. Now, Sandy-

SANDY. My actual name is-

HOST. Don’t care! Now, you’re the assistant director and Sandy?

SANDY. *(in a bad, Australian accent)* That’s right, mate!

HOST. And you have a deep personal relationship with the director?

SANDY. Professional relationship.

HOST. Cool. Anyway, why did you lock the phones away?

SANDY. The theatre is a sacred space. How can we leave behind the commotion of our lives if we bring it to this sanctuary of peace and hospitality? In the immortal words of three-time Tony Award-winner Patti LuPone, “WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? YOU HEARD THE ANNOUNCEMENT!”

HOST. In other words, someone made a rude comment about you?

SANDY. Yep.

HOST. One of the cast members?

SANDY. The kid compared me to Hall Price.

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DANNY U/S. *(popping his head out)* It's an accurate comparison! *(Sandy grabs a prop or a shoe or something and chucks it at him as Danny U/S ducks back inside.)*

HOST. You mean Hal Prince, the famous Broadway director?

SANDY. No. HALL PRICE. The abusive theater director that spat in Elsa's face when she cracked on "Let it Go"

HOST. On Broadway?

SANDY. Catholic Middle School.

HOST. Anyway, did you and Trent fight at all?

SANDY. Fight? Why would you think that?

HOST. Because he and your very own "Dropout Angel" were having an affair.

SANDY. What???

TEEN ANGEL. *(pops out)* Suck it, Sandy!

RIZZO. *(pops out)* That's how she got the part.

KENICKIE. *(pops out)* That's how he got his!

HOST. Back to your spots! All of you! *(All duck back in. Eugene and Jan enter, with Eugene pulling up his fly. Jan fixes her hair. Teen Angel notices that his fly is down too.)*

HOST. What were you... all... doing in the bathroom?

EUGENE. You told us to go there.

HOST. Not- *(sigh)* What were you doing together?

EUGENE. Oh. I'm playing ****Rocky in the *Rocky Horror Show***** next month, and since I'm a method actor, I wanted to get the sex scene right.

HOST. Jan, why were you in there?

JAN. I'm helping.

TEEN ANGEL. I'm an aspiring intimacy director.

HOST. Certified?

TEEN ANGEL. I'm "aspiring" for a reason. To make a long story short, this guy asked for help, and because he does better by doing, the three of us got really... really close.

JAN. *(hugs Teen Angel)* It helps that we're in an open relationship.

SANDY. Is everyone just plowing each other?

TEEN ANGEL. You haven't done a lot of community theater, have you?

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HOST. Back to your rooms!

JAN. You heard her!

HOST. Separate. Rooms. All of you.

EUGENE. Buzzkill. *(Eugene, Teen Angel, and Jan all run off in different directions.)*

SANDY. Trent was screwing other people?

HOST. Does that change things?

SANDY. Do you think I killed Trent over that? How could I if I didn't know about any of this?

HOST. Good point. Well... you're free to go. *(Rizzo comes onstage with a note.)*

RIZZO. Everyone: come back! I found something! *(The entire company re-enters from their locations to see the note.)*

COACH. Where was that?

RIZZO. It was in the lobby.

HOST. I told all of you to stay in your spots-

RIZZO. The note says that every ten minutes, one of us will die unless the killer gets what they want.

HOST. What does the killer want? *(Lights fade as the generator stalls. People scream. The lights come back on, and we see that Sandy is stabbed. A prop switchblade is sticking out of her chest.)*

SANDY. What the fuck???

COACH. Where did the knife come from?

KENICKIE. Is that ****Neon green spike tape with black sharpie number 5 ink**** on the handle?!

DANNY U/S. It says "Riff". Who's Riff? There's not a "Riff" in this show?

KENICKIE. You mean to tell me that someone just used a prop knife to try to kill someone?

PATTY. I guess? *(Kenickie tries to breathe but he snaps. The Cast tries to hold him back.)*

KENICKIE. I am ABSOLUTELY GOING TO KILL SOMEONE! Do you know how long it took me to dig for that? Have you SEEN the prop closet? Thirteen DAYS! Not minutes, not hours. DAYS!

HOST. Get ****Alex Jones**** out of here.

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KENICKIE. I don't want to live anymore! Just kill me! Whoever it is just kill me! Why? WHY? WHYYYYYYYYY? *(Coach, Jan, and Teen Angel drag him away. Frenchie comes crawling onto the stage, having missed the chaos.)*

FRENCHIE. I'm here. What did I miss?

HOST. Where have you been?

FRENCHIE. Someone knocked my crutches over, and I couldn't get up. So, I've been crawling over here. *(to Sandy)* Hi Sandy- AH!

SANDY. Can someone help me?

DANNY U/S. I'm first-aid trained.

SANDY. Can anyone ELSE please help me?

PATTY. I think I can.

DANNY U/S. The first thing to do is to- *(Patty pulls out the knife. Sandy screams in pain.)*

PATTY. Got it!

DANNY U/S. NOT PULL OUT THE KNIFE!

PATTY. Oh... *(Patty shoves the knife back into the wound as Cast tries to tell her not to.)*

DANNY U/S. Let's go backstage and clean her up. *(Danny U/S, Patty, and Sandy exit.)*

HOST. Frenchie, you're up. But... Uh, Rizzo-

RIZZO. Yes?

HOST. Why don't you go help close Sandy's wounds?

RIZZO. Why me?

HOST. Didn't you make your own costume for Footloose?

RIZZO. No?

HOST. Then it's a talent you'll pick up in no time! *(Rizzo exits. Eugene approaches the Host.)*

EUGENE. You know, I have an audition next week to be a Detective on *Days of Our Afterlives*. Mind if I shadow you?

HOST. Of course! Truth be told, when I was an extra on *SVU*, I broke into a morgue!

FRENCHIE. HELLO? Do you still need me?

HOST. I don't want you to have come all this way for nothing.

FRENCHIE. That's sweet.

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HOST. Yeah. So, you killed Trent and stabbed Sandy?

FRENCHIE. What?

EUGENE. She's actually hurt.

HOST. How do you know?

EUGENE. I was with her when the doctor examined her leg.

HOST. Why?

EUGENE. I was doing a staged reading of *Newsies* and was playing-

HOST. Crutchie. Got it. *(to Frenchie)* So you can't stand? At all?

FRENCHIE. No.

HOST. What about your good leg?

FRENCHIE. I can't stand up.

HOST. Listen: You don't think I know a fake injury when I see one? I faked a thumb amputation in fifth grade JUST for attention. Eugene: Help me get her up.

EUGENE. But-

HOST. What would a detective do? *(Eugene sighs and helps Host pick up Frenchie. She stands on one leg and is frustrated. She hops forward.)*

FRENCHIE. All you just proved was that my good leg is real.

HOST. That is so true, and I just need- *(Host pushes Frenchie over. She falls down hard.)*

FRENCHIE. What the fork was that for?

HOST. My theory was wrong.

FRENCHIE. I can't move my other leg.

EUGENE. Do you need any help?

FRENCHIE. No! No, I don't! *(crawling offstage)* Just let me go back to my own little corner.

HOST. This is the saddest thing I have ever seen.

EUGENE. It's your fault!

HOST. And I'm not sorry. *(Teen Angel re-enters with Jan. They see Frenchie crawling ever so slowly offstage.)*

JAN. Is she okay?

HOST. She fell.

TEEN ANGEL. Yikes.

HOST. Yep. Anyway, so what is going on here? What's the, uh, dealio with this, uh, trio?

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TEEN ANGEL. Well, as we've said, this babe (*Jan*) and I are in an open relationship. And this guy (*Eugene*) Sometimes needs help with performing... onstage.

HOST. The three of you do shows together?

JAN. Yeah! Eugene and I performed together a lot. We've done *Romeo & Juliet: The Abridged Version*, *Rocky Horror: The Shadow Cast*, *50 Shades of Grey: The Pop Opera*...

TEEN ANGEL. And recently, he (*Eugene*) and I did a show together.

EUGENE. *Brokeback Mountain*. (*sung*) "Because Iiiiiiiiiiiiii Can't quit you." (*spoken*) Now that was fun.

HOST. ****I saw it ten times. It was really good! ****. Anyway, Angel Dude, you're comfortable with the whole cast?

TEEN ANGEL. Yeah. I mean, I try to spend quality time with everyone- (*Clarifying*) OVER the age of 18.

HOST. Including Trent?

JAN. Can we change the subject?

EUGENE. It's okay.

JAN. I don't want to do this here, but... (*to Angel*) I don't want us to be open anymore. I want us to go back to us.

TEEN ANGEL. You do?

JAN. Yeah. I think it can be a good start for us.

EUGENE. But what about all of our... practice sessions?

JAN. I had a lot of fun helping you with your craft, but I'm ready to be a one-man kind of woman.

TEEN ANGEL. Um... wow. I don't think I am.

JAN. What do you mean?

HOST. Yes. What do you mean?

EUGENE. Can I say something?

TEEN ANGEL. Sure.

EUGENE. Jan. I love how we're so method we only use our character names around each other. I love how we can be walked through the basics by your boyfriend and it not be weird. But I want to be with you. Just you. Only you.

JAN. You do?

TEEN ANGEL. You do?

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EUGENE. I do.

JAN. Meet me in the car in two minutes.

EUGENE. The “Grease Lightning” car?

JAN. The only one. I need you to teach me how to drive STICK. *(Jan runs off. Eugene does an eclectic celebration, but then sees Teen Angel and gets a little defensive. Teen Angel approaches Eugene.)*

EUGENE. If you’re going to punch me-

TEEN ANGEL. I’m not going to punch you.

EUGENE. Even though I took your girl?

TEEN ANGEL. Don’t push it.

EUGENE. No hard feelings?

TEEN ANGEL. None. *(You can cut the sexual tension with a chainsaw. They show a sign of affection, be it an elaborate handshake, a vigorous make out session, or something unique to the production before Eugene exits. Teen Angel is incredibly uncomfortable. Take that as you will. Host side hugs Teen Angel.)*

HOST. Are you okay?

TEEN ANGEL. Remind me: is weed legal now?

HOST. Big time/ I’m not exactly sure. *(depending on your state laws)*

TEEN ANGEL. Cool. On an unrelated note: has anyone pulled up floorboards yet?

HOST. Recently? No.

TEEN ANGEL. Cool. Once again, no reason. Just asking.

HOST. Stressed?

TEEN ANGEL. Yep.

HOST. A little?

TEEN ANGEL. A lot.

HOST. Understood. Look, I don’t know if this means anything, but Frenchie has been checking your ass in those jeans since the opening.

TEEN ANGEL. Excuse me for a moment. *(runs to the side Frenchie is on)* Hey French. ****I can’t feel my legs! Can I feel yours?*** *(Teen Angel gets on the ground and crawls offstage. Rizzo comes back onstage.)*

RIZZO. Hey.

HOST. How’s it going?

RIZZO. She’s almost all patched up.

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HOST. That's great. But, uh, I have to go pee.

RIZZO. Oh... you do?

HOST. Yeah. *(to the audience)* I don't know about any of you, but I've kind of had to pee since "Sandra Dee" ... Get it? Anyway, be right back! *(to an audience member)* Make sure no one dies. Got it? *(Host runs to the bathroom and locks the door. Rizzo looks at the audience member and shrugs. Coach and Kenickie come on stage mid-conversation.)*

COACH. I'm sorry. You do Stage what?

KENICKIE. Staaaage Combat!

COACH. And you've done it for how long?

KENICKIE. ****What an excellent question! **** Ten years.

RIZZO. You do it too?

KENICKIE. Where did you learn?

RIZZO. Where did you learn?

KENICKIE. Let's say it on three.

RIZZO. One...

KENICKIE. The one that comes after one!

RIZZO/ KENICKIE. Three! The Academy of Bizzare Combat! *(Rizzo and Kenickie do a long secret handshake. Coach stands there befuddled, wanting answers.)*

COACH. The what?

KENICKIE. ABC is only the coolest-

RIZZO. The greatest-

KENICKIE. And morally gray place to train.

COACH. If it's so cool, why haven't I heard of it?

RIZZO. You have to know someone-

KENICKIE. Who knows someone-

RIZZO. To write a letter of recommendation for you to get a letter-

KENICKIE. With a code-

COACH. Got it. You have to know a guy or two or ten or-

RIZZO. The number's not important. You learn a lot of cool things, like this: *(Rizzo does some fight choreography on Kenickie and he falls over.)*

KENICKIE. Or this: *(Kenickie fires back at Rizzo.)*

RIZZO. Or this: *(Rizzo grabs Kenickie's ear and he grows silent, almost as if he's in a precarious position.)*

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COACH. Cool... What are you doing?

RIZZO. It's the truth-sayer's hold. If the person lies, they feel a burning sensation running up their... face.

COACH. Let me try. *(Rizzo holds Coach's ear in the exact same position she is holding Kenickie's. Thinking)* I like short walks off long piers. *(Coach falls to the ground in agony.)*

RIZZO. Understood?

COACH. UH HUH! But why are you doing it to him?

RIZZO. Simple. *(to Kenickie)* Why was the prop missing?

KENICKIE. It's been missing for a couple days.

RIZZO. Why?

KENICKIE. Probably because someone took it! *(He's released and sighs with relief. Rizzo shakes out her hand.)*

RIZZO. That's on me for setting the bar too low.

KENICKIE. Let me try.

RIZZO. I don't- *(Kenickie does the same to Rizzo's ear, and she grows silent.)*

KENICKIE. Do you know what the killer's note means?

COACH. Oh yeah. I forgot about that.

KENICKIE. Well, since she found the note, she should know what it means, right? *(All of a sudden, the lights go off again. We hear a car revving, and a crash happens. Lights up. Everyone onstage is on the ground. Patty and Danny U/S re-enter. We hear the toilet flush and Host re-enters.)*

HOST. I missed something, didn't I?

COACH. Where's everyone else?

DANNY U/S. Sandy's in the other room.

HOST. Is she alive?

PATTY. We didn't have anything to numb the pain, so we gave her a bottle of tequila.

COACH. You went into the bar?

KENICKIE. That's a huge liquor permit violation!

DANNY U/S. We're going to die anyway.

PATTY. And did you really want to hear her talk about the pain?

KENICKIE. The kids have a point.

THE CAST WILL SCREAM!

HOST. What about Angel and Frenchie? (*Teen Angel and Frenchie pop their heads out.*)

FRENCHIE/ ANGEL. We're fine! (*They go back. Sandy makes an entrance with a large bottle of tequila.*)

SANDY. I'm baaaaaack!

DANNY U/S. We didn't think this through.

SANDY. I want to get stabbed more often!

HOST. But what about Jan and Eugene? (*Eugene comes onstage limping. He is disheveled and covered in blood.*)

EUGENE. The car... it crashed.

COACH. What?

RIZZO. But it wasn't a real car!

EUGENE. WELL, IT WAS WHEN IT CRASHED! Jan is gone... I don't know if I'm going to make it. (*Eugene limps over and Kenickie catches him. Eugene coughs a little.*)

KENICKIE. Just tell me: did you get any blood on the props?

EUGENE. Your props are safe. And if I don't make it out of this one... I can use this for when I do *Les Mis*. Right? (*Coughs hard*)

KENICKIE. Of course, you can!

EUGENE. "Don't you fret... Monsieur Kenickie...."

RIZZO. You'll never play Eponine.

EUGENE. (*to Rizzo*) Goddammit Rizzo, let me have my moment! (*to Kenickie*) "I don't feel any pain." (*Kenickie drops Eugene, who moans in agony.*)

KENICKIE. SORRY!

EUGENE. I am in SO MUCH PAIN. (*beat*) I'm going back to Jan. May we move on from this world together! (*Eugene exits. Everyone is sad until Sandy remembers she has tequila in her hand.*)

SANDY. Who's ready to paaaar-tay?

RIZZO. How much longer do we all have?

DANNY U/S. I think forty-ish minutes.

SANDY. I'm just so excited to- (*Sandy screams, clutching her chest. She falls to the ground. Patty runs to her.*)

PATTY. Her stitches are coming out!

DANNY U/S. We have to get her back.

THE CAST WILL SCREAM!

HOST. Doogie Howser! *(he looks at her)* Do not kill her.

DANNY U/S. My mom signed me up so I can make friends. Now I have to do this? Tell me, mom: HOW AM I DOING NOW?

FRENCHIE. *(offstage)* You're doing great, sweetie! *(Patty and Danny U/S pick up Sandy, who is absolutely shit faced and in pain.)*

PATTY. We're going to need so much therapy after this. *(Patty and Danny U/S leave with Sandy. Rizzo goes to Host.)*

RIZZO. Still want to question me?

HOST. Maybe. I don't know what to do. We have two people down, and one that might be there soon. What does the killer want?

KENICKIE. Do the bunny rabbits know?

HOST. Good idea. *(running to Teen Angel and Frenchie)* Hey, I need you two for- OH GOD MY EYES! ****Oh no! I thought your leg was broken. And with the crutches? Wow! **** *(Host runs back onstage. Frenchie and Teen Angel are fixing their clothing and coming back to the group.)*

TEEN ANGEL. Knock next time.

KENICKIE. In public? Really?

RIZZO. I'm disgustingly impressed you were that quiet.

FRENCHIE. It's a gift.

HOST. Remind me to bleach my eyes later.

TEEN ANGEL. What did you want?

HOST. The killer wants something but didn't say what. There was a note by Trent's body-

COACH. Our awful, piece of shit director. May he burn in-

KENICKIE. Too soon.

HOST. Sooooo there might be one by the car where Eugene and Jan died. If only I had someone willing to go... *(to Teen Angel)* Someone I already know is innocent.

TEEN ANGEL. Wait a minute... I'm not going to look at the corpses I used to fuck!

HOST. It's not the worst thing you've ever done.

COACH. I mean, I could always go-

HOST. *(to Teen Angel)* I already asked you and Frenchie questions. Please. Can you investigate?

TEEN ANGEL. But what if I get killed?

THE CAST WILL SCREAM!

HOST. Look at the facts: Sandy was stabbed at ten minutes. Jan and Eugene died at twenty. Either three people die at thirty or the killer speeds up their killing intervals. Either way, we are all dead.

TEEN ANGEL. Fine. I'll be back. *(Teen Angel leaves, but not before hugging or blowing a kiss to everyone in the cast.)*

RIZZO. So question time?

HOST. Yes. Mainly one for right now: where were you right before "There Are Worse Things I Could Do?"

RIZZO. Throwing up in the bathroom. *(Host takes a giant step back.)*

HOST. Why is that?

RIZZO. Well, I... uh...

FRENCHIE. She gets nervous a lot.

HOST. You do?

KENICKIE. During *The Wizard of Oz*, she was all like "I'll get you my pretty, and your little dog BLECH."

RIZZO. When I get nervous, I sort of... don't feel good.

COACH. Explodes. She becomes a fire hydrant.

KENICKIE. Not that there's anything wrong with that, but it does get messy.

FRENCHIE. *Footloose* was interesting to say the least. We were all "Holding Out for a Hero" with a mop. Funny enough, Trent also directed that show.

HOST. That's right. He did.

RIZZO. Does that mean something?

HOST. *(to Rizzo)* Do you only... explode... when Trent is involved?

RIZZO. No. *(Rizzo grabs the mop bucket and throws up into it. She tries nodding "no," but stops herself before she throws up again.)* He's the absolute worst.

HOST. And that's why you killed him?

RIZZO. What? No!

COACH. She can barely sit through a *Saw* movie. She can't kill someone. *(Teen Angel re-enters with a brown paper bag and a note.)*

TEEN ANGEL. Hey everyone! I'm alive, and good news! There was a note!

FRENCHIE. What does it say?

THE CAST WILL SCREAM!

COACH. “Until I get what’s rightfully mine.”

KENICKIE. But we don’t know who it is.

TEEN ANGEL. *(to Rizzo)* You going to throw up again?

RIZZO. Maybe. Why?

TEEN ANGEL. *(shakes bag)* Wanna calm down?

RIZZO. Please.

HOST. Just open a window.

TEEN ANGEL. It’s edibles.

RIZZO. I’m an actor. Why would I smoke anything?

HOST. Whatever. Just... *(sigh)* stay close by.

RIZZO. Will do!

HOST. Dropout Angel! Absolutely no fooling around.

TEEN ANGEL. I just saw two bodies smushed together. Do you really think I want to do anything right now?

COACH. I don’t know. Do you?

TEEN ANGEL. You offering? *(Teen Angel and Rizzo exit.)*

COACH. “Until I get what’s rightfully mine.” Did anyone steal anything from anyone?

FRENCHIE. Jan took my hairbrush.

HOST. *(sarcastic)* Frenchie solved it everyone!

KENICKIE. If you want it back, you can take it. Want to know why?

Because SHE’S DEAD. ****Her blood is seeping into the carpet probably as we speak**** AND speaking of blood, PATTY HOW’S IT GOING?

PATTY (O.S). *Cries*

COACH. Maybe someone was talking about the missing prop.

KENICKIE. Just because I might have failed anger management class once, or twice, or five times doesn’t mean I killed someone.

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