

MOST WANTED

By

Laura Mazzuca Toops

MOST WANTED

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CAST: 5 Men, 3 Women

CRAIG ANATRA	60s-70s, dapper, a “silver fox”
GEORGE van der WOUDE	60s-70s, grandfatherly
TREY MONROE	20s, hipster
VLASTA RUPNIEWSKI	30s, no-nonsense, Polish accent
JACOB BLACK	30s, ascerbic
SARA RODRIGUEZ	40s, insecure
PAMELA DEL MAR	60s, high-maintenance
HOODIED MAN	20s, creepy
CALLER 1	Male
CALLER 2	Female

Dual roles (if needed):

George/Jacob Black

Hoodied Man/Caller 1

Vlasta/Pamela/Caller 2

TIME: The present

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ACT 1

Scene 1

Setting is a side room at a large urban convention hall at a nostalgia convention for fans of classic TV shows. CRAIG ANATRA and GEORGE VAN DER WOUDE are sitting at a folding table stacked with books and DVDs and festooned with a sign that reads, "Meet the crime-fighting duo from the cult classic '70s cop show DOUBLE DUTCH!"

SFX throughout: large murmuring crowd.

OSV: "Good afternoon, attendees! Be sure to get your advance tickets to see the one and only William Shatner, who will be speaking live in the Cotillion Room at 3:30 Wednesday! And remember, if you want Bill's autograph, you must purchase the additional voucher in advance of his appearance. Please visit the registration booth for more information."

CRAIG. Shatner. What's so great about the guy? He's been wearin' a bad toupee since the mid-'60s, he chews up the scenery, and he probably murdered his wife. Honestly, I don't see the attraction. They shoulda shot him up into space and left him there.

GEORGE. He only starred in the most groundbreaking sci-fi television series of all time.

CRAIG. Yeah, and what's he done since? Come on, George, you know as well as I do, you're only as good as your last performance. That's what the world'll remember you for.

GEORGE. Well, then I guess the world will remember me as the face of E.D. in those commercials for Viagra. They're still running in some markets, from what I hear.

CRAIG. Could be worse. Could be Preparation H. But I'm not complaining. Those royalties pay for part of my Medicare supplement. *(beat)* Hey, is it just me, or are these shows drawing fewer crowds lately? You'd think people would wanna get out after all that COVID crap.

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GEORGE. They're saying this year's event is the biggest turnout in 10 years, actually.

CRAIG. Huh. Where the hell is everybody, then? Probably all over by Shatner, the hack. *(looks around)* There's no foot traffic here. Trey said we'd be in a whole section of classic action shows. So why are we down the hall from the janitor's closet and next to a table of puppets from some freaking '90s kids show? Timmy the Ticklish Pterodactyl. I never even heard of it, you?

(A beat as both Craig and George crane their necks to the right to eavesdrop at what's going on at the other table.)

CRAIG. *(after a beat -- incredulous)* Goddamn. Will you look at that? It's –

GEORGE. A fox with tits.

CRAIG. Yeah, I mean an actual –

CRAIG and GEORGE. ...fox with tits. *(They both ogle silently for a moment.)*

CRAIG. There's a whole bunch of 'em dressed up like animals over there -- ears, tails, and all! And they're all by that puppet show table! What the hell do they got that's so damn special? Why can't we get that kinda play?

GEORGE. Hey – isn't that your manager over there?

CRAIG. Who, the guy dressed as a purple horse?

GEORGE. I think that's a unicorn. No, not him. The other guy.

CRAIG. Oh yeah, that's him. *(waving)* Trey! Hey Trey!

(TREY enters, in mid-conversation. Craig thinks Trey is talking to him, but he's actually on his Bluetooth)

TREY. I think I can get you booked in Vegas after the next season of the podcast drops. You good with that? Yeah, we can get a per diem, flat appearance fee, and they'll let you charge up to twenty bucks a piece for signed merch, clear profit. That sound OK?

CRAIG. Are you kidding? It sounds great! *(to George)* See? I knew this kid was looking out for me!

TREY. Bet. I'll get a contract out to you by EOD. Yeah, later. *(to Craig)* Hey fam, how's it going.

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CRAIG. How's it *going*? Apparently, the answer is great, my friend! Come on, give me the details on the Vegas thing!

TREY. Vegas? Oh. (*laughs, gestures to ear*). Sorry. Bluetooth. No, that's another client. She does podcasts and TikTok videos demonstrating how to make '50s Jello recipes for her cat. She's got more than 3 million followers. Cat has a million of his own. Looks like you got some good foot traffic here. Sell any merch yet?

CRAIG. (*crestfallen*) Merch? No – no.

TREY. Well, this is probably the best section for nostalgia shows. Your neighbors over there are rizz. Their old episodes just hit YouTube and a lot of kids are picking up on it.

GEORGE. That fox is no kid.

TREY. Not little kids. Furrries. For some reason they're into Timmy the Pterodactyl. Maybe because he's ticklish, I don't know. Rule 34, right? (*Craig and George look at each other, perplexed.*)

TREY. Rule 34. You know, if something exists, there's porn of it. (*sighs*). It's an internet thing, guys.

(*SFX: George's cell phone rings*)

GEORGE. (*into phone*) Hey, Amber, what's up? (*a beat*) Oh, that's too bad. How bad's the damage, he say? Well, make sure they send an adjuster out right away. (*pause*) Sure, I can call him right now. There isn't much going on here. (*To Craig*) Hey, I gotta take this. I'll be right back. (*George exits. An awkward moment as Craig and Trey look around silently before TREY engages with his phone.*)

CRAIG. You know, Trey, I was hoping we would have gotten a little better spot in the hall, you know?

TREY. (*not looking up from phone*) Best I could do, man. It isn't easy getting tables in those sections with more rizz.

CRAIG. More what?

TREY. Star power.

CRAIG. I bet we could hold our own with the rest of the classic action shows.

TREY. Well, I don't know if you can classify "Double Dutch" as a (*air quotes*) "classic action show." More of an oddity. Like "Ten Speed and

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Brown Shoe.” Not that there isn’t an audience for stuff like that, but “Double Dutch” only ran for one season.

CRAIG. A season and a half, Trey.

TREY. And that season was almost cancelled midway because of the viewer complaints. People found it offensive to the Amish. And that was years ago. Imagine how that would play today.

CRAIG. Offensive? Hey, film school grad, you ever seen *French Connection*? *Dirty Harry*? Action flicks aren’t supposed to be politically correct.

TREY. All I’m saying is that because “Double Dutch” only ran for one full season –

CRAIG. A season and a half!

TREY. A lot of modern viewers are unfamiliar with it.

CRAIG. You’re my manager. Isn’t it your job to *make* them familiar with it?

TREY. I can only do so much. Maybe if you were doing something new, getting yourself out there on another platform –

CRAIG. Like what? Film myself making dinner for my frigging cat and put it on TicTac?

TREY. Why not? And if you need money, there’s nothing wrong with taking a joe job. There’s lots of things you can do. Drive for Uber. It’s not the end of the world.

CRAIG. Hey, you’re into irony, right? Don’t you find it ironic that the guy who’s supposed to be getting me gigs is telling me I oughta get a joe job?

TREY. Well, if you won’t consider monetizing yourself on social media –

CRAIG. Trey, I really needed this gig. It cost me money to come here. And now it looks like I’m not gonna make that up because nobody knows we’re here. Or cares.

TREY. (*angry*) OK, now I’m gonna put you on blast. You’re not the only one losing money on this event. I spent a lot of time and leverage getting you into this con --

CRAIG. Well, if you would have gotten us into the main hall –

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TREY. The main hall? How? It's kinda hard to sell a product that's been off the shelf for 40 years! (*deep breath*) Look, Craig, you're a nice guy. But you know I only agreed to represent you because I went to Columbia with George's nephew. I'm trying to build a business here. It's starting to cost me money to represent you.

CRAIG. Well, what do you want me to do?

TREY. Your part! You can't just expect to show up at these events and sit there waiting for people to ask for your autograph. You have to promote yourself. And you aren't doing it.

CRAIG. Hey, don't act like you're doing me any favors, kid. You're bitching now, but once I finish that book, it's gonna blow the lid off –

TREY. *That book?* (*laughs*) That's a subject for another day. And even if it was great, who the hell reads books anymore? Hell, you don't even have a YouTube channel. (*a beat*) I don't mean to be a dick, but unless y'all start creating the most basic of social media presences? I'm gonna have to drop you. (*George enters with a bag of popcorn in one hand, a handful of brochures in the other.*)

GEORGE. I don't know what's worse, worrying the place is falling apart when I'm gone, or hearing that it runs better without me. (*tosses the brochures on the table*)

TREY. (*cooling off*) Hey, I gotta bounce. (*a beat*) Craig, I hear you. We'll figure something out. Think about what I told you. Have a safe trip back and we'll talk next week, okay? (*Trey exits.*)

GEORGE. Is it something I said?

CRAIG. Can you beat the gall of that guy? "Maybe you oughta drive for Uber." Some manager.

GEORGE. Is that what he told you?

CRAIG. Yeah. After I'm done shooting a video with my cat.

GEORGE. You have a cat?

CRAIG. No. But I guess I gotta get one if I wanna get work, and then the cat will have a bigger fan base than me.

GEORGE. Maybe he has a point. Acting is a rough life, Craig. And it's even harder when you're old.

CRAIG. Yeah? Well, I got one word for you: Shatner!

GEORGE. He's an outlier.

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CRAIG. What about Kirk Douglas, then?

GEORGE. Kirk Douglas is dead.

CRAIG. Jesus. He is? *(a beat as they both simultaneously pick up their cell phones to confirm it on Google)*. Aw hell, that's right. *(a beat)* You know, this is all Trey's fault for letting them stick us in this backwater. He doesn't have the balls to push back. Not like Randy. Jesus, George, remember Randy?

GEORGE. Randy Bernstein. Good manager.

CRAIG. Me and Randy were together for 38 years. A great guy. A hell of a guy. I'll never forget him.

GEORGE. I hope you looked deep into his eyes and told him every day how much you loved him.

CRAIG. Thirty-eight years! Show me a marriage today that's lasted that long.

GEORGE. Uh, mine?

CRAIG. And me and Randy would still be together if he hadn't died.

GEORGE. Pretty thoughtless of him. *(a beat)* You know, Craig, I really have to give you credit for sticking with show business all these years. You gotta respect that kind of commitment.

CRAIG. What commitment? I don't know how to do anything else. *(HOODIED MAN enters and slowly approaches their table. Craig nudges George, and both sit up, suddenly smiling, perky, and alert.)*

CRAIG. Good morning, my friend! Welcome to the "Double Dutch" experience! I'm Craig Anatra, the actor who played detective Sal Lambrusco. And this is George van der Woude, the stellar thespian who portrayed my partner, Amish detective Luuk Bakker,

HOODIED MAN. Uh – yeah.

CRAIG. So what can we do for you, young man? We'd be delighted to autograph a DVD for you. And unlike William Shatner, we'll only charge you for the DVD, not the autograph!

HOODIED MAN. Where's the true crime tables?

GEORGE. I think I saw some of those shows over in the Evergreen Room, just down this corridor.

HOODIED MAN. *(pointing)* Down there?

GEORGE. Yeah, right around the corner.

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HOODIED MAN. OK. *(He exits.)*

CRAIG. *(crestfallen)* So much for our fandom. God forbid we could sell something. Every little bit helps pay the bills. And lemme tell you something – after heart surgery, there are a hell of a lot of ‘em.

GEORGE. I’ve been meaning to ask. How you been feeling? What’s it been now, six months?

CRAIG. Something like that. I’m doing great! Back to playing racquetball every week and hitting the gym. Hell, with those stents they put in, I feel better than I have in years. And I’m ready to get back to work, you know?

GEORGE. Well, that’s good. *(a beat)* You know, Craig, I’ve been thinking about what your manager said about his other client. And about podcasts and TikTok. He’s right. Today you have to be constantly out there on social media selling yourself.

CRAIG. That’s his goddamn job, isn’t it? *(Hoodied Man reenters.)*

CRAIG. *(testily)* Yes? Can we help you?

HOODIED MAN. There’s no tables down there with any true crime.

GEORGE. Really? I’m surprised. I saw a whole section with shows like “Law and Order” and “True Detective” --

HOODIED MAN. Not those shitty fake shows with a bunch of lame-ass actors. I’m talking about real crimes. Serial killers. Heavy hitters.

CRAIG. Uh, “lame-ass actors”? Excuse me?

GEORGE: Yeah, I don’t think there’s anything like that at this convention. Sorry.

HOODIED MAN. *(after a pause, staring at their signage)* What the fuck is a “Double Dutch”?

CRAIG. A classic action show. Not that you’d know what that is. Maybe you’ll find what you’re looking for at the porn table next door.

HOODIED MAN. What porn table?

CRAIG. Right there! Ticklish Tommy, or whatever that freak’s name is. You and your rule 37!

HOODIED MAN. You’re whacked, old man. *(Hoodied Man exits.)*

CRAIG. And stay out. Pervert! *(after a beat)* Isn’t this convention supposed to be for classic TV shows? What’s that freak looking for, anyway?

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GEORGE. Eh, a lot of people like true crime. It's all over social media. Those people really know how to promote themselves.

CRAIG. Hey, I'm writing a memoir. That's self-promotion.

GEORGE. I don't know. I read the first couple chapters you sent me. It's pretty rough. And aren't you worried about a defamation lawsuit or something? You make all these crazy claims about the famous people you worked with, when –

CRAIG. Whaddaya mean, crazy claims? They're all true!

GEORGE. Come on – you did dinner theater with Morgan Fairchild, and she tried to seduce you in a walk-in cooler? And you turned her down because the drapes didn't match the carpet?

CRAIG. Hey, I'm not gonna mention her by name. Anyway, you can't defame the dead. Look it up. *(he reaches over and picks up the brochures that George brought over and begins riffling through them)*

GEORGE. I'm pretty sure she's still alive.

CRAIG. Really? *(they both pick up their phones to Google again)*
Goddamn it, you're right. Maybe I should change her to Suzanne Somers. She's dead, right? *(he quickly consults his phone)*

GEORGE. You're saying some crazy stuff in that book. If it gets published, you're gonna get called on it.

CRAIG. Hey, you think that's crazy? Look at some of this. *(shuffles through the brochures)* “GoreFest. An extravaganza of the world's most famous serial killers, from Jack the Ripper to the Gilgo Beach Killer!”

GEORGE. See? That's a true crime conference.

CRAIG. What the hell is wrong with people? And Trey's worried about “Double Dutch” offending the Amish? GoreFest. Jesus, George. A convention just about serial killers. Who goes to this stuff?

GEORGE. Lots of people. Just scroll through Netflix. True crime is big.

CRAIG. *(peruses the brochure)* Listen to this. “Sign Up Now for our Ted Bundy Look-Alike Content! Winner gets an all-expenses-paid trip to Seattle!” And this -- “In person! Meet Meg Williams, author of the most recent biography of Charlie Manson!” *(waves the brochure at George)* Look at this girl's picture. She wasn't even born when Charlie Manson was around! Hell, her *mother* probably wasn't even born yet!

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GEORGE. Manson. What a guy. Hey, weren't you back in L.A. the summer that whole Helter Skelter thing hit?

CRAIG. Yes, I was. I remember when it happened. Hey, get this. *(reading from brochure)* "Meet Bob Jankowski, a Chicago real estate agent who had a near miss with the legendary Clown of Doom, John Wayne Gacy!"

GEORGE. My podiatrist lived down the street from that guy in Norwood Park

CRAIG. Yeah, I was back in Chicago for a while when he was operating. Gacy, not your podiatrist. I didn't even live that far away from Norwood back then. *(a long beat)* Yeah. Wow. So they're paying a guy to talk about how he almost met John Gacy?

GEORGE. I guess so. Hey, maybe that's our problem. We just pretended to solve fake crimes. Nobody cares about that. Maybe we should have solved real crimes. Then maybe we could be making money on these circuits, right? Or maybe you ought to write a book about how you lived not that far from John Gacy back in the day. They're making money over crazier things. Right? *(laughs)* Craig? You listening?

CRAIG. *(you can practically see the wheels spinning in his head)* Huh. Yeah, George. I hear you. *(SFX: George's cell phone rings.)*

GEORGE. Oh, it's the office again. I gotta take this. Be right back.

CRAIG. Sure, George. Go ahead. Take your time. *(George exits. After a long beat, Craig pulls out his cell phone and dials)* Hey Trey, it's Craig. I know you're probably headed to the airport right now, but I was wondering whether you had any availability next week. *(a beat)* You know, I've been thinking. About my memoirs, and a lot of other stuff. *(a beat)* Trey, I'm ready to take the plunge. Podcasts, TikTok, the whole thing. Because the stuff you read in that first draft of the memoir barely even hints at the rest of the story. And you're right. It's time to monetize myself. *(Blackout.)*

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SCENE 2

Interior of the Fools Rush Inn, a dive bar on Chicago's Northwest Side. Barstools, backbar. Craig is seated facing the audience on a barstool with a glass in his hand. Music in the background: anything by Frank Sinatra.

CRAIG. Hey, honey, could you set me up again? Vlasta? You back there?

VLASTA. *(OSV)* I'm coming, *staruszek*. Hold the horse, okay?

VLASTA enters

CRAIG. He'll be here in about 20 minutes. And I think he's gonna go for this in a big way. Then you'll see. I'll pay you back everything I owe, and then some.

VLASTA. With what? You win lottery? Rob a bank, maybe? Maybe you have better luck playing the video slots over there than doing show biz. Back rent, remember? You owe me. *(a beat)* I mean to tell you. I seen you on commercial last week. For some car dealership in Aurora. Nice suit. You get paid for that yet?

CRAIG. Hey Vlasta, listen. John Wayne Gacy. You heard of him?

VLASTA. Because maybe if they paid you, you could pay me, you know?

CRAIG. That money is long gone. They let me keep the suit, though. Vlasta? Focus. John Wayne Gacy.

VLASTA. Something else I mean to tell you. That Lithuanian pig came in the other night looking for you. The one with the big fake boobs.

CRAIG. Oh, you mean Ruta? She's a good kid.

VLASTA. Kid? She's gotta be 50 if she's a day. Even if she dresses like she's 25. I don't see the attraction.

CRAIG. Hey, a man gets lonely. What can I say?

VLASTA. No, I mean I don't get what she sees in you.

CRAIG. Well, she remembers me from some of the TV stuff I did back in the day.

VLASTA. You mean that game show with monkey? With monkey dressed up in different clothes, pretend to talk?

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CRAIG. Game show? Oh, yeah, you mean “Schlock the Monkey.” Go ahead and laugh, but that show used to get a 25 in the Nielsens.

Goddamn monkey was a biter, though.

VLASTA. Or beer commercial with pig.

CRAIG. That was Bertram McBacon, the mascot for that beer brand. The fraternity kids loved him.

VLASTA. Well, the only thing I seen you in lately is that commercial for car dealership in Aurora. Big star. Anyway, the Lithuanian said to tell you that you owe her money. I told her, get in line.

CRAIG. You know, I did a lot of acting back in the day, and not just commercials. TV. Films. Everything.

VLASTA. Huh. Sounds to me like beer pig was more famous.

CRAIG. And I’ll have it back, too. Here, look at this. (*He pulls a brochure out of the pocket of his jacket and hands it to her*). This is a big convention they’re having, just for these geeks who like serial killers. Serial killers are big, did you know?

VLASTA. I give three shits about serial killers. I’m just trying to keep the water from going over my head here with this dying business.

CRAIG. Water going over your – oh, you mean keep your head above water? Jesus, Vlasta, you’re a walking Polish joke, you know that? Hey, how many Polacks does it take to –

VLASTA. I swear to god, *staruszek*, if you start that shit again, I’m gonna sell this place and they’ll turn it into a yogi studio. And don’t think I’m kidding.

CRAIG. I talked to the guy who’s organizing this GoreFest. Know what they’re paying these speakers? A grand and up. And that isn’t even figuring in the merch sales, and if the guy writes a book? He’s golden. Golden! (*pause*) And since when did you get so touchy about Polish jokes? Jeez, I remember back when you had a sense of humor.

VLASTA. I laugh if it’s funny. That shit ain’t been funny since – well, since your goddamn killer clown used to hang around here.

CRAIG. (*suddenly intrigued*) Wait a minute. Gacy used to hang out here? Who told you that?

VLASTA. Andy. Didn’t you know? Gacy used to come in here all the time, he said. Used to drink screwdrivers with Smirnoff. Worked

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construction at that drugstore on Addison, Bruce and Ken's they called it back then. But maybe you don't remember. Weren't you living in Hollywood when all that happened? Back when you were big Hollywood star?

CRAIG. Vlasta, listen. You think Andy would be willing to talk to me about this stuff? About when Gacy used to come around here?

VLASTA. Why? He ain't got time for that crap. His health ain't so good anymore. He wants to spend time with his kids and his grandkids, not worrying about some goddamn serial killer been dead for years. *(a beat)* Anyway, you got a kid somewhere, don't you? And grandkids? Why don't you start acting like a normal old man and go spend some time with them instead of hanging around here day and night?

CRAIG. *(a beat)* I don't have any grandkids. Not that I know of, anyway.

VLASTA. Where is Sierra, anyway? She still living in L.A.?

CRAIG. I wouldn't know. I haven't seen her in years. *(a beat)* So anyway, when you talk to Andy, can you at least ask –

VLASTA. How old is she?

CRAIG. Who?

VLASTA. Sierra. Your daughter.

CRAIG. *(a pause)* Jesus. She's gotta be what? In her thirties? Forties?

VLASTA. And you don't talk to her? What the hell is wrong with you?

CRAIG. *(suddenly sober)* Let's get back to the topic at hand, Vlasta.

VLASTA. The topic at hand, *staruszek*, is what the hell is wrong with you. Look, Andy always said you were a decent guy. I thought so, too, otherwise I'd a never let you rent here. But a father who doesn't even know where his own daughter lives –

CRAIG. That's not on me.

VLASTA. Who's it on, then? The beer pig?

CRAIG. *(heatedly)* Her, all right? It's on her! Don't you think I tried to reach out?

VLASTA. Well, maybe you should –

CRAIG. Look, Vlasta, enough, all right? I'm just trying to stay alive here, you know? You want your back rent? Well, if this plan works out, you'll get it back with interest.

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VLASTA. But –

CRAIG. I said *drop it!* (a beat) Now. If you could please just talk to Andy about what he might remember about Gacy, I'd really appreciate it.

VLASTA. Why so sudden interest in Gacy? You're probably up to something no good. Something probably not legal. And with your luck, you'll get caught.

CRAIG. (*shifting back to promoter mode*) I'm not gonna do anything illegal. I'm just gonna give the people what they want. A little acting, a little razzmatazz... In fact, if we can get Andy to tell me what he remembers about when Gacy hung around here, I'll cut you both in on the deal.

VLASTA. I ain't getting involved in no scheme. Next thing you know you'll be asking me for money. And I don't have any.

CRAIG. But Vlasta, this isn't just hot air. If this hits, and hits big like I think it's gonna, I'm telling you, money will be rolling in.

VLASTA. Anyway, I don't need to spin the dice on some goofy scheme. That yogi studio? I wasn't just talking. I got an offer. Big developer wants to buy this whole building -- bar, apartments, and all. Wants to turn it into some kind of health spa, with yogi classes, meditation, massage, all that crap. Give me one good reason why I should hang on to this dump -- (*She stops in midsentence at SFX of a bell jingling, signaling someone entering the bar. (Trey enters, once again talking on Bluetooth)*)

TREY. (*on phone*) No, she's not suing her parents for being born. She runs a satire account. Yes, I know, it would make a great interview for Fox and Friends, but there's nothing to talk about because it didn't happen. Right. Bet. (*Looks around the bar, amazed, then sits down at a barstool next to Craig*). Jesus Christ, let's do the time warp again.

VLASTA. (*moves to far end of bar; to herself*) I like that movie.

TREY. (*still looking around*) (*to Craig*) How the hell did you ever find this place? It doesn't look like it's been remodeled since – ever. I kind of love it. My Pilates studio is right down the street. I must have been past here a million times, and never even knew this place existed.

CRAIG. Trey, great to see you. Glad you could make it.

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TREY. I didn't figure you for a dive bar aficionado, Craig. Where did you find this hidden gem?

CRAIG. Oh, I've been coming here for years now.

VLASTA. He lives upstairs.

CRAIG. Oh, Trey, this is Vlasta, she's the owner. Vlasta, Trey.

VLASTA. I'm also his landlady. For now.

CRAIG. Trey, what'll you have? My treat.

TREY. I can't stay long. I have a Zoom meeting with a new client in an hour.

CRAIG. Well, you can stay long enough for a drink, can't you?

TREY. *(to Vlasta)* What do you have on tap?

VLASTA. Bud, Bud Lite. Miller, Miller Lite.

TREY. How about in bottles?

VLASTA. *(turns around as if looking into a cooler)* Bud, Bud Lite. Miller, Miller Lite.

TREY. Nothing else?

VLASTA. No hippie beer, if that's what you want.

TREY. Well, what about a Corona?

VLASTA. Sure, we got Corona.

TREY. OK, I'll have a –

VLASTA. But only on Cinco de Mayo.

CRAIG. Uh, Vlasta, just get him a 7 and 7, and another one for me, too.
(Vlasta walks to other end of the bar, grumbling, to mix the drinks)

TREY. *(to Craig)* How was the rest of the convention? Did you sell any merch?

CRAIG. We did OK.

TREY. That's not what I heard. We gotta start unloading those posters and DVDs on deep discount, or we're gonna be stuck with it. *(a beat)* Hey, was she cappin about you living upstairs? Because I thought you said you had a house in Skokie.

CRAIG. So what I really wanted to talk to you about is my memoirs. "Beneath the Brim."

TREY. Just saying, that title is skibidi.

CRAIG. What?

TREY. Bad. In the pre-Michael Jackson sense.

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CRAIG. That's just it. I think I'm totally on the wrong track with it. I mean, I'm sure people will be interested in all the celebrities I worked with over the years, but there's a lot more to it than that.

TREY. Interesting story about Suzanne Somers and the walk-in cooler. Kinda far-fetched though, don't you think?

CRAIG. Well, I'm rethinking the whole concept. You're right, Trey. You've been right all along.

TREY. About driving for Uber? It really isn't the end of the world, you know.

CRAIG. No! I mean about getting out there on social media. Doing whatever I need to do to get my story told. The whole story. And the way the memoir reads now is only the beginning.

(Vlasta walks back over and slams down their drinks, then busies herself at the bar, back to the audience)

TREY. I'm listening.

CRAIG. *(lowering his voice)* Remember how I wrote about how I was living in Chicago for a while before I got the offer for "Double Dutch"?

TREY. Yes. Your point?

CRAIG. My point, Trey, is that in my travels, I met a lot of people. A lot of people. *(meaningful look)* Yes, there were the rich and the famous

—

TREY. And dead —

CRAIG. -- that are already in the book. But there were also some that up until now, I've been, shall we say — reluctant to talk about. Because they weren't the most savory characters around, you know?

TREY. I would tone down some of the wilder claims, but hey, you can't slander the dead.

CRAIG. But I realized I'm leaving out a big part of my story, you know? And — well, times have changed. People today are more willing to talk about things. Openly and candidly.

TREY. You already wrote about the coke and the booze. I don't think there's anything new to mine there.

CRAIG. That's not what I'm talking about.

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TREY. Well, I can't imagine what other deep, dark secrets you got. I mean, if you're gonna make some big announcement about your sexual orientation or something –

CRAIG. No, no, nothing like that.

TREY. Good. Because nobody's gonna care. Look, I gotta dip, Craig, I got a lot of –

CRAIG. John Wayne Gacy. The Killer Clown.

TREY. (*suddenly interested*) What about him?

CRAIG. This place was one of his regular hangouts.

TREY. Yeah? (*looks around again*) Well, based on the décor, I can believe that. What does that have to do with you?

CRAIG. There used to be this drugstore down on Addison called Bruce and Ken's. Gacy used to put in a day of construction work over there, then come here and unwind. Screwdrivers were his drink of choice. With Smirnoff.

TREY. Interesting. But so what? What does that have to do with your memoirs?

CRAIG. (*after a pregnant pause*) I used to drink with him. (*Big wide-mouthed reaction from Vlasta. Blackout.*)

SCENE 3

Trey is sitting at an audio console in front of a mic, headphones on, having a conversation with JACOB BLACK, host of the "Crawl Space" true crime podcast. Trey and Jacob are seated at separate desks on opposite sides of the stage.

TREY. He should be here any minute, Jacob. He had a book signing on the North Side this morning and he's running a little late.

JACOB. I took a look at the press kit. Pretty impressive sales figures on the book. He seems like an interesting character.

TREY. To say the least. I mean, you've read it, right?

JACOB. The book? Most of it, yeah. And he's OK with us being live? Some guests get a little nervous about that.

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TREY. Oh, Craig isn't nervous about any kind of publicity. What can I say? He's an actor.

JACOB. Yeah – about that. I kinda skipped over a lot of the book, to tell you the truth. I really don't care about a bunch of has-been actors that nobody remembers. No offense, man, I know your big interest is mid-century American pop culture.

TREY. None taken. I knew the true crime angle would have the biggest appeal.

JACOB. Well, just between us, the book is fucking hilarious. I mean, right?

TREY. Yeah, well –

JACOB. Not a shred of substantiation for anything. At all. It's pure entertainment. You don't believe any of it, do you? It's strictly a work of fiction, right?

TREY. Hey, don't tell him that. The publisher made us put in a disclaimer, so I believe his ass is sufficiently covered. Anyway, we're living in a time of fake reality. Who's to say his version of reality is any more sus than anyone else's?

JACOB. Good point.

TREY. I think you're gonna like how he presents, Jacob. If he gets good numbers today, I hope you'll consider inviting us back, bet?

JACOB. I'll certainly think about it. Hey, we're also going to open up the lines for callers. Hope that isn't a problem?

TREY. No, he can handle himself on the fly pretty well. Years of improv, right?

JACOB. That's good to know. Some guests are reluctant to field questions, but it definitely boosts the number of followers. You never really know what's going to happen with the callers. That's part of the fun. *(Craig enters in a brown suede vest, bell bottoms, and big-brimmed hat, carrying a life-sized cardboard stand-up of a youthful Craig, wearing the same outfit)*

TREY. Jacob, he just walked in. Could you give us a little time to get him set up and ready?

JACOB. Oh, sure. We'll pop back in five minutes or so. Talk to you then.

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TREY. *(looking at Craig, impressed)* Mewing!

CRAIG. What?

TREY. Mad lit! You're sigma. *(Craig, annoyed, just gives him a look.)*

TREY. That's some outfit.

CRAIG. Hey, it wasn't my idea. The bookstore guy insisted on it. And he was pretty impressed that I can still fit into it, too.

TREY. Went well, then?

CRAIG. Oh, yeah. Lots of people buying lots of books. Hey, we're gonna need to run off some more of those posters. We're sold out now. So much for taking a bath on the merch, huh?

TREY. Here, sit down. Well, you know the drill by now.

CRAIG. *(settles into seat, adjusting headphones)* It sure feels good to have a little running money in my pocket, you know what I mean?

TREY. I certainly didn't mind getting paid three months in advance.

CRAIG. Oh, you got the check already?

TREY. You know, there is such a thing as Venmo.

CRAIG. What?

TREY. Never mind. Hey, you ready for this?

CRAIG. For the show? Sure. And thanks for setting this up. I know what a big deal it is to guest on "Crawl Space." I mean, personally, I don't see the appeal, but hey, the kids like it, right?

TREY. Relax. Jacob Black is a fan. He just told me he read the book and found it "pure entertainment." His words, not mine. And he wants you to do well. It's good for him, too. *(clicks a button on the console in front of him)* Hey, Jacob -- you guys ready?

JACOB. We are, Trey. Is the man of the moment with us?

TREY. Sure is. Craig, say hi to Jacob Black.

CRAIG. *(in deep, mellow, old-school radio tones)* Hello, Jacob, my friend. Can I say what a privilege it is to be your guest on your wonderful "Crawl Space" radio program?

JACOB. Hang on, we're not live yet. Stand by, Craig. I'll drop the intro music, and then we'll introduce you, OK? *(SFX: Scary music)*

Welcome, fellow creepsters, to another episode of – "The Crawl Space." *(echo effect)* I'm your host, Jacob Black. We have a very special guest today here in the Space whose new book is

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getting a lot of buzz. It's called "Beneath the Brim: Sex, Stars, and Serial Killers." Let's give a big welcome to Craig Anatra.

CRAIG. Hello, Jacob, my friend. Can I say what a privilege it is to be your guest on your wonderful "Crawl Space" radio program?

JACOB. I just wanted to say that this is – quite a remarkable book. Frankly, I've never read anything quite like it in all my years of studying the true crime genre.

CRAIG. Well, thank you, Jacob. I've been told it's a pretty unique perspective.

JACOB. For those of our listeners who are unfamiliar with Craig, I'm going to read a blurb from the back cover of his memoir. ... "Craig Anatra is probably best known for his iconic portrayal of Detective Salvatore 'Sal' Lambrusco in the late '70s network television police series, 'Double Dutch.' In his long-awaited memoir, he sets the record straight about his years of acting with virtually every star of the era – from his beginnings in storefront Chicago theater to his hedonistic glory days in 1980s Hollywood. But beneath the surface lurks the darker side of Craig Anatra that his fans never knew about – a shadow world where he brushed up against some of history's most notorious serial killers."

CRAIG. That about sums it up, Jacob.

JACOB. You're originally from Chicago, right, Craig? How'd you get started in acting?

CRAIG. Ever since my big sisters took me to see "Old Yeller" when I was a kid. I wanted to be Tommy Kirk, remember Tommy Kirk? Probably not. But yeah, I got into acting in high school. And I've been doing it ever since.

JACOB. So in the book, you talk about how you headed out to L.A. right after high school, right? Which would have put you there at the very end of the '60s?

CRAIG. That's right. And wow, what a time to be there, right?

JACOB. According to IMDB, you had quite a bit of early success playing supporting characters in a series of blaxploitation films. But in the '70s, you came back to Chicago. Why was that?

CRAIG. Well, my father had cancer at the time and I felt it was the right thing to do.

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JACOB. But why would you do that? In Chapter 2 of your book, you wrote that your family was pressuring you to come home and settle down to a more traditional job. You implied you didn't have a good relationship with your father, and that he thought you were some sort of a bum.

CRAIG. A bum? Hey, I don't know where the hell you got that idea! True, my old man was a working stiff and didn't understand show business. But that doesn't mean I didn't love him. What the hell are you saying –

TREY. *(reaches over and switches the mute button on Craig's console)* Hey, settle down, fam. This is just the guy's interview style, that's all. Relax.

JACOB. Craig? Craig? Hold up. We seem to have lost him.

CRAIG. Interview style? Yeah, like one of the special prosecutors during Watergate! I thought you said this guy was a fan.

TREY. You gotta calm down. This is a live podcast. Take a couple of breaths. It's gonna be fine. OK, you good? I'm taking you off mute.

JACOB. Craig?

CRAIG. Yeah, I'm back, Jacob. Sorry. A little technical malfunction on our end. You were saying?

JACOB. This time period in Chicago, mid to late 1970s, is also when you were hanging out with John Wayne Gacy.

CRAIG. Well, Robert, "hanging out" makes it sound like we were pals. I make it pretty clear in the book that we weren't pals.

JACOB. But in the book, you paraphrased actual conversations you had with him. And you specifically said his drink of choice was screwdrivers with Smirnoff vodka. How would you know that if you weren't regularly drinking with him?

CRAIG. *(another desperate look at Trey)* OK, I know you said you read the book. Well, maybe you oughta read it again *(forced chuckle)*. My old man's house was right down the street from this bar where everybody in the neighborhood used to hang out. Happy Andy's, owned by this Polish guy, Andy Rupniewski, he ran it for years. And Gacy, he was a contractor, you know, doing work at a drugstore in the area, and after work, like everybody else, he'd come in and –

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JACOB. Yes, we know all that from the book. But my point is, you saw Gacy on the regular. Did he ever say anything incriminating to you? Like ever talk about where he bought his clown makeup, or any of his victims –

CRAIG. This was the ‘70s, Jacob. Believe me, our idea of barstool conversation didn’t involve clown makeup.

JACOB. OK, let’s move on. Let’s go back to the time when you first got to L.A. in 1969, wasn’t it?

CRAIG. Sixty-eight.

JACOB. Yeah, 1968. Spoiler alert to our listeners who haven’t read the book yet, but get this: Craig claims to have met Charlie Manson. Craig, why don’t we hear it directly from you? Tell us how you met Charlie Manson.

CRAIG. I, uh – (*long pause*)

JACOB. Oh come on, now. Don’t be shy. In the book you said you took acting lessons with Charlie Manson. Go ahead. Craig? Did we lose him again?

CRAIG. No, no. I’m here. Yes, that’s right. I took acting lessons with Charlie Manson.

JACOB. In the book it doesn’t say where. There are a lot of acting studios in L.A. Which one was it? Stella Adler? Howard Fine? Bob’s School of Acting?

CRAIG. It was a long time ago. Maybe I don’t remember. I took acting lessons with Manson, OK? I don’t know why that seems so strange to you.

JACOB. Strange? It’s just the tip of the iceberg in this crazy book. Because besides saying you were a drinking buddy of John Wayne Gacy//

CRAIG. //He wasn’t my drinking buddy!

JACOB. //Craig also claims to have taken acting lessons with Charlie Manson. And after Craig came back to L.A. after his sojourn in Chicago hanging with Gacy he apparently hired a guy to regularly detail his car//

CRAIG. //That’s right, Jacob, it was a cherry-red Maserati, a real beauty
//

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JACOB. A guy named Richard Ramirez, who just happened to be known later as the Night Stalker.

CRAIG. Pure bad luck, but I'll tell you, Richard did a fantastic job on that car, every time. Very conscientious, he even remembered to wipe out the door panels and the wheel wells.

JACOB. And then there's the New York chapter. Apparently, early in Craig's career, when he was doing off-Broadway shows in 1976 or so, he happened to have a regular pizza delivery guy.

CRAIG. Not regular, it was between him and a couple of other guys from a nice little joint on MacDougal Street –

JACOB. Let's cut to the chase. In the book, you say your pizza delivery guy in New York was David Berkowitz. Yes, that's what he says, listeners. The Son of Sam used to deliver Craig Anatra's extra-thin-crust pepperoni pizzas. And on that note, I'm going to open up the lines for our callers.

CRAIG. Jacob, let me clarify, I didn't know he was the Son of Sam until way later, when he started sending off the letters to the newspapers –

JACOB. Hey there, you're on the air with Craig Anatra.

CRAIG. And even then, I wasn't gonna do anything about it. I mean, the man was handling my food. God only knows what he could have done to it if he got mad at me.

(CALLER 1 enters, speaking into a cell phone.)

CALLER 1. Hey, Jacob. This is Ethan, calling from Atlanta. Long-time listener, first-time caller.

JACOB. Hey, Ethan, welcome to the "Crawl Space." What's your question for Craig Anatra?

CALLER 1. It's an honor, Mr. Anatra. I read the book and just wanted to say it was great.

CRAIG. *(mollified)* Well, thank you.

CALLER 1. I wanted to read more details, though.

CRAIG. Uh, can I answer any questions for you? Maybe about my acting work? I was pretty busy during the '80s, as I wrote about in the book.

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CALLER 1. Yeah, I skipped that part. Did you ever meet Jeffrey Dahmer?

CRAIG. Uh, no.

CALLER 1. Aileen Wuornos?

CRAIG. No.

CALLER 1. Well, did Gacy ever go into details with you about how he murdered those guys? I mean, specific methods?

CRAIG. No, as I said earlier, we'd just make small talk in the bar where he went after work –

CALLER 1. And Manson? No details?

CRAIG. I'm sorry, no.

CALLER 1. You suck. Fuck you, man.

Caller 1 exits

JACOB. OK, we seem to have lost him. Caller No. 2, you're live on the air with Craig Anatra.

(CALLER 2 enters, speaking on a cell phone.)

CALLER 2. Hi Jacob, this is Melanie. I just wanted to say I saw your live show in New York last month and you were amazing. I just loved the segment on Ted.

JACOB. Bundy?

CALLER 2. I just wished you had spent more time talking about his early years in Vermont. I mean, he was such a cute little boy!

JACOB. Yes, he was quite the little scamp. Melanie, do you have any questions for our guest today, Craig Anatra?

CALLER 2. Who?

JACOB. Craig Anatra, the author of *Beneath the Brim* –

CALLER 2. Although I think Ted's best days were his Florida years. My God, he was just gorgeous back then –

JACOB. Well, Melanie, if you don't have any other questions for us –

CALLER 2. Not that he wasn't dreamy in his Seattle phase, either. And smart, too. His own legal defense. What other serial killer would be smart enough to do that?

JACOB. Just a little reminder, Melanie – he lost. *(Caller 2 exits)* Next caller – you're live on the air on the Crawl Space. *(SARA RODRIGUEZ enters, speaking into cell phone.)*

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SARA. Hello, Jacob. How are you today? It's Sara Rodriguez.

JACOB. Hey, Sara, great to have you back on the "Crawl Space."

SARA. Thanks, it's always fun to be here.

JACOB. So what's on your mind? Do you have a question for Craig Anatra?

SARA. (*long pause*) Actually, I have quite a few questions for Mr. Anatra.

CRAIG. Well, thank you, Sara, I'm happy to answer them. Have you read the book, honey?

SARA. I certainly have. Several times, in fact. As have my associates.

CRAIG. Really? Hey, I bet you have a book club going, am I right? Well, that's great for book sales, unless you're just passing around the one copy. (*laughing*). So what would you like to ask me, dear?

SARA. I'm part of an online group of like-minded people who have taken an interest in your career.

CRAIG. My career? Well, that's fantastic! Sounds like a good old-fashioned Craig Anatra fan club, Sara! Hey, I bet you're a "Double Dutch" fan.

SARA. Well, we're certainly interested in that time period of your career. Or a little later. Specifically, 1983 and '84.

CRAIG. And I don't blame you! I was really busy in the '80s, Sara, doing everything from cameos on top TV shows to music videos, back when MTV was still just music videos, hahah! So what did you like best about that period of my career?

SARA. I can't say that I liked any of it, Mr. Anatra. I haven't watched any of your television performances from that time. That's not what interests our group.

CRAIG. Well, that's a shame, you're really missing out. Go to YouTube, a lot of my stuff is on there. So what are you, some kind of an '80s fan club or something? Great era, wasn't it? Oh, that big hair – am I right? I bet you were one of those gals with the big hair, weren't you Sara?

SARA. Actually, Mr. Anatra, I'm not old enough to remember much about the 1980s.

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CRAIG. Well, that's even better. It's just great that a new generation is interested in my work. You have no idea how gratifying that is for me as an artist.

SARA. We're really not interested in your acting at all, Mr. Anatra. We're interested in the time period between 1983 and 1984 as it relates to crime in Los Angeles.

CRAIG. (*cautiously*) Crime? Uh, Sara, are you – are you a police officer?

JACOB. Sorry, Craig. I didn't realize that you didn't know who she was. For those of our listeners who don't know, Sara Rodriguez is kind of a regular caller to this show. She's part of a group of internet sleuths who solved the 1986 Cincinnati Slasher case.

SARA. Oh, I wouldn't really say we solved the case. Just put together enough evidence for the police to reopen the file and figure out who the killer was.

JACOB. Undue modesty in my opinion, but OK. I mean, you're all just amateur sleuths, right? You're a – I want to say, you're a bookkeeper?

SARA. A legal secretary. We do have an accountant on our team, though. Along with a stay-at-home mom, a veterinarian, and a short-order cook. Oh, and a retired priest. Father McMichael. He's our best researcher.

JACOB. I imagine you have a lot of questions for Craig about his many near misses with a whole host of serial killers.

SARA. Frankly, I'm not really interested in the serial killers that Mr. Anatra claims to have known. Although it's certainly true that you're only as good as the company you keep.

CRAIG. But you did say you had questions for –

SARA. Mr. Anatra, I'd like to ask you if you're at all familiar with an unsolved string of murders that took place in Los Angeles starting in 1983 and ending in late 1984. Four young women, all in their early to mid-20s, were savagely beaten and strangled to death.

JACOB. I think I recall reading about this case. The papers at the time called them the Pantyhose Murders, right?

SARA. That's right.

CRAIG. Well, I can't really say that sounds at all familiar –

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SARA. The young women came from all different parts of the country, but they all shared one common attribute. They had all at one point engaged in some sort of extra work at the film and television studios in town.

CRAIG. All right, I'm not exactly sure what you're getting at here, but

—

SARA. Four young women, Mr. Anatra. Miranda Kouts, age 25, from Minneapolis. Tiffany Brewster, 21, from Oklahoma City.

CRAIG. Well, I don't know anything about any of this —

SARA. Rachel Helstrom, 27, from Orlando.

CRAIG. Hell, I don't even recall reading anything in the papers about —

SARA. And Gretchen Wright, 24, from Sacramento. But they weren't just victims. They were also people. Women. And they had names.

CRAIG. All right, I'm not exactly sure what you're getting at here, but

—

SARA. Mr. Anatra? You mentioned being very busy with film and television work in the 1980s, didn't you?

CRAIG. Well, yes, but —

SARA. But there were periods of time, long periods, where you weren't working at all. Isn't that right?

CRAIG. (*outraged*) Now wait just a goddamn minute!

JACOB. Sara, please remember that we're live right now, and you might want to be careful about any statements you make.

SARA. All I'm going to say is that my associates and I have done some preliminary research on Mr. Anatra's whereabouts during this time period.

CRAIG. I don't know what the hell you're getting at, lady, but I can tell you that I had nothing to do with —

SARA. On your "Double Dutch" detective show, you did some location shooting on the street near Hollywood and Argyle, didn't you?

CRAIG. Hollywood and Argyle — yeah, I'm pretty sure that's where we shot the exteriors for Sal Lambrusco's office. We shot some scenes on the street there, too. Why?

SARA. Because that's where the body of Gretchen Wright was found — 48 hours after you shot there for episode 7 of the first season. Her body

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was pushed behind some garbage cans in the alley with her pantyhose wrapped around her neck. Her cause of death was asphyxiation.

CRAIG. Well, that's just awful, Sara, but what the hell does it have to do –

SARA. Your book also states that you have a long-standing love of live theater, and that you were a frequent patron of the West Coast Ensemble. Which was right around the corner from where Rachel Helstrom had an apartment with two other roommates. And where her body was found, right after an Ensemble performance. Again, asphyxiated with a pair of pantyhose.

JACOB. Sara, I have to caution you again that what you're saying could be –

SARA. In fact, our group has tied the initial disappearances of Miranda Kouts and Tiffany Brewster to several of your favorite Hollywood watering holes: Miranda was last seen at the Frolic Room on Sunset, and Tiffany at the Dresden Room on a night that Marty and Elayne were playing.

CRAIG. How the hell can you tie any of that to me? Everybody went to the Dresden Room!

SARA. Four innocent young women, Mr. Anatra. Young women with their whole lives ahead of them. Women who never had a chance to live their lives at all. Women who may have even been forces to be reckoned with in the entertainment industry //

TREY. *(talking over Sara, in panic mode, cutting off Craig's mic)*//Jesus fucking Christ, Craig, what the fuck is she talking about? Who the hell is she? Is she saying you're a fucking serial killer?

CRAIG. I have never heard of this woman in my life, and I don't know what the hell she's even talking about, I swear to god I don't!

SARA. Someone has to speak up for those women, because they can't speak for themselves anymore. I mean, the 1980s were a time of rampant misogyny, but that was no excuse for somebody to arbitrarily snuff out the lives of four young women for no reason at all except his own sick desires. Well, we're working to give these forgotten women and their families some closure. Everyone deserves that. That's all.

(click, then a dial tone. Sara exits. Long, shocked silence. Then...)

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CRAIG. So what the hell is this, some kind of a set-up? This woman I've never heard of in my life just happens to call in and accuses me of being a serial killer? Is that it?

TREY. (*turning off mic*) Hey, man, wait a second, we're still live on the air –

CRAIG. (*reaches over and turns mic back on*) Yeah, Trey, I know we're on the air, and I don't give a shit. Turn the mic back on, I've got nothing to hide. What the hell is this woman accusing me of?

JACOB. Calm down, Craig. Sara's a regular on "The Crawl Space." I think she's simply pointing out some parallels between your time in Hollywood and when these crimes were committed.

CRAIG. Oh, that's all she's doing, right? Perfectly innocent. Some woman that I don't know from Adam comes on a live show and starts accusing me of murder?

TREY. Craig, man, calm down –

JACOB. Again, Craig, she was merely pointing out –

CRAIG. MY ASS! OK, that's it! She wants to play games with my life? I'll show her! I'll prove I had nothing to do with those murders. And Sarah Rodriguez – or whatever the hell your name is – I happen to have a crack legal team on retainer at all times, and they're just itching to flex their muscles on a nice, juicy case of defamation. But aside from that, I'll go you one better. I'll solve the fucking murders myself.

TREY. (*moving to turn mic off again*) What the hell are you saying, man?

CRAIG. If you try to turn that mic off one more time – Don't cut my mic. I want everybody to hear this. I, Craig Anatra, am publicly going on record right here and now to say that not only am I gonna clear my good name of these accusations -- but I'm going to find out who the real Pantyhose Killer is and bring him to justice.

JACOB. Oh, really? And how do you plan on doing that?

CRAIG. Years of experience, sir. Years of experience. My partner and I –

JACOB. Wait a minute, your partner. You mean George? The insurance agent? The guy who played –

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CRAIG. Yeah, the guy who played Luuk Bakker on “Double Dutch.” George van der Woude. My friend. A hell of a guy. A smart guy, too. Why couldn’t he solve a crime?

TREY. That was just a role on TV! From forty years ago! You can’t –

CRAIG. I can’t, huh? Well, you just watch me!

(He storms out. Long beat. Then...)

JACOB. And now a word from our sponsors. *(Blackout.)*

END OF ACT ONE

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