

LIONHEART PRESENTS

Ira Levin's

DEATH TRAP

A Play
to die for

A Comedy Thriller



Directed by Scott Rousseau

NOVEMBER 3-19 2023



FRIDAY & SATURDAY 7:30 PM
SUNDAY 2PM

Produced through special arrangement with Dramatists Play Service, Inc.

LIONHEART
THEATRE

TIX \$18/\$16 SENIORS/STUDENTS

404.919.4022

10 College Street - Norcross, GA 30071

LIONHEARTTHEATRE.ORG

DEATHTRAP



WELCOME

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for a Lionheart Theatre production!

If you've auditioned for us before, welcome back!

If this is your first time auditioning, we're thrilled to have you! We've been around now for over 20 years, and we wouldn't have lasted so long without new people, new talent, and new voices.

Whether you're a veteran performer who just moved to town or you've never been on stage before but really want to try, we'd like to encourage you to audition for shows at Lionheart.

We're aware that auditioning can be an overwhelming experience, even if you've done it a hundred times before. We've put this information booklet together for you to help you learn a little more about the play, the characters you will be reading for, and to give you some idea of what to expect during auditions.

Please read over the character list and director's comments, and pay attention to any specific audition requirements for this show. Then review any script sides provided. You will also need to fill out and submit an audition form.

Break a leg!

MAINSTAGE SEASON

This production is part of our Mainstage Season of shows. Lionheart seats a little under a hundred people a night. Shows run for three weekends, with opening night on a November 3 (Preview on Nov. 1) through Sunday, November 19. Shows are Friday and Saturday at 7:30, Sunday matinees are at 2pm. If you have a conflict with any performance, please do not audition.

DEATHTRAP



THE PLAY

In Ira Levin's classic comedic thriller, *Deathtrap*, a washed-up playwright finds a chance to rise to the top once more, a shot he'd be willing to kill for. Sidney Bruhl hasn't written a hit play for 18 years when he receives a script from a former student, Clifford Anderson, that's a guaranteed success. His wife, Myra, suggests the two men could collaborate; Sidney jokes that it'd be just as easy to murder the young man and steal the script for his own. When Clifford arrives later that evening, no one--not even the visiting psychic--could predict where the dark events of the night will go.

ABOUT THE DIRECTOR

SCOTT ROUSSEAU

Scott is a veteran director in Atlanta for more than 40 years with over 200 productions to date. His most recent shows include *SECOND SAMUEL* at Decatur Presbyterian Church, *THE DROWSY CHAPERONE* at New Depot Players, *MARRY ME A LITTLE* at Merely Players Present and *A MURDER IS ANNOUNCED* also at The New Depot Players. He has two upcoming shows that you might want to audition for: *BASKERVILLE!* By Ken Ludwig at Merely Players Presents (auditions in November, rehearsals begin January) and *SPONGEBOB, THE MUSICAL* here at Lionheart Theatre. Auditions in March with the show opening in May.

DEATHTRAP



CHARACTERS

SIDNEY BRUHL – (*Male Presenting. Mid 40s-60s*) A once acclaimed author fallen victim to a recent creative drought. He's usually the smartest and most charming one in the room and wants to make sure everyone else in the room knows it. Sidney is extremely ambitious and will do almost anything to get what he wants, no matter who might be in his way.

CLIFFORD ANDERSON – (*Male Presenting. 20s-30s*) An attractive and talented young writer with a bright future ahead of him. He's usually the smartest and most charming one in the room but is fine with biding his time to let people find that out. He is extremely clever and can easily slip on fronts of innocence and naivete that belies some of his darker ambitions.

MYRA BRUHL – (*Female Presenting. Mid 40s to 60s*) Sidney's loving and supportive wife. She is a kind and calming presence during some of Sidney's stormier moods. Her soft exterior will give way to a much firmer attitude when she needs to get Sidney off of some of his more unhealthy notions.

HELGA TEN DORP (*Female Presenting. 30+. Has a Dutch accent.**) Celebrity Psychic who loves every minute of her fame. She is free spirited, and not easily intimidated.

****Actors auditioning for Helga are encouraged to attempt her accent in their audition, but are not required to if not comfortable.***

PORTER MILGRIM (*Male Presenting. 30+.*) Sidney's friend and attorney. Very sharp and observant of his surroundings. Isn't sure he trusts Clifford.

DEATHTRAP



SIDE 1

Myra
Sidney

MYRA. Is it really that good? His first play?

SIDNEY. It can't miss. A gifted director couldn't even hurt it. (*Fixing something on the rocks.*) It'll run for years. The stock and amateur rights will feed and clothe generations of Andersons. It can easily be opened up for a movie. George C. Scott – or Michael Caine.

MYRA. Oh, I love him.

SIDNEY. The damn thing is perfect.

MYRA. I should think you'd be proud that one of your students has written a salable play.

SIDNEY. (*Considers her.*) For the first time in eleven years of marriage, darling drop dead.

MYRA. My goodness... (*She puts things right at the buffet as SIDNEY moves away with his drink.*)

SIDNEY. I'm green with envy. I'd like to beat the wretch over the head with the mace there, bury him in a four-hundred-pound hole somewhere, and send the thing off under my own name. To ... David Merrick. Or Hal Prince ... (*Thinks a bit, looks at MYRA.*) Now there's the best idea I've had in ages.

MYRA. (*Going to him.*) Ah, my poor Sidney... (*Hugs him, kisses his cheek.*)

SIDNEY. I mean, what's the point in owning a mace if you don't use it once in a while?

MYRA. Ah... You'll get an idea of your own, any day now, and it'll turn into a better play than that one.

SIDNEY. Don't bet on it. Not that you have any money to bet with.

MYRA. Were doing very nicely in that department: not one creditor beating at the door.

SIDNEY. But for how long? I've just about cleaned you out now, haven't I?

MYRA. We've cleaned me out, and it's been joy and delight every bit of the way. (*Kisses him.*) Your next play will simply have to be a terrific smash.

SIDNEY. (*Moving away.*) Thanks, that's what I need, an easing of the pressure. (*Moves to the desk, toys with the manuscript.*)

MYRA. Why don't you call it to Merrick's attention? Maybe you could get—a commission of some kind.

SIDNEY. A finder's fee, you mean?

MYRA. If that's what it's called.

SIDNEY. A great and glorious one percent. Maybe one and a half.

MYRA. Or better yet, why don't you produce it yourself? You've been involved in enough productions to know how to do it. And it might be a beneficial change of pace.

SIDNEY. Darling, I may be devious and underhanded enough to be a successful

Sides do NOT need to
be memorized.

DEATHTRAP



SIDE 1

Myra
Sidney

murderer, but not, I think, a Broadway producer. One mustn't overestimate one's talents.

MYRA. Collaborate with him. Isn't there room for improvement in the play, good as it is? The professional touch, a little reshaping and sharpening?

SIDNEY. That's a possibility.

MYRA. I'm sure he'd be thrilled at the chance to work with you.

SIDNEY. We'd split fifty-fifty.

MYRA. And you'd get top billing.

SIDNEY. Naturally. "Reverse alphabetical order, dear boy; it's done all the time."

MYRA. On the basis of who you are.

SIDNEY. Sidney Four-Flops Bruhl.

MYRA. Sidney Author-of-The-Murder-Game Bruhl.

SIDNEY. *(A doddering ancient.)* "Oh yes, The Murder Game! I remember that one. Back in the time of King Arthur, wasn't it?"

MYRA. Not quite that long ago.

SIDNEY. Eighteen years, love. Eighteen years, each one flying faster than the one before. Nothing recedes like success. Mmm, that is a good one, isn't it. *(Taking up a memo pad and pen.)* Maybe I can work it in someplace. There's a has-been actor who could say it. "Recedes" is E-D-E, right?

MYRA. Yes. You see, you *would* improve it.

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SIDE 2

Myra
Sidney
Clifford

SIDNEY. You don't have another carbon?

CLIFFORD. I only made the one. I thought I'd be Xeroxing the original as soon as I was through.

SIDNEY. Of course. There's no need for two or three any more in the age of Xerox. *(His eyes meet MYRA's and glance away. CLIFFORD gestures with his manuscript toward MYRA.)*

CLIFFORD. She could read this one, and we could pass the pages back and forth. Or I could sit next to you.

SIDNEY. Wait, let me think. I want to think for a moment.

(SIDNEY thinks—hard. MYRA tries to contain her growing anxiety but can't.)

MYRA. Mr. Anderson, Sidney is bursting with creative ideas about your play! I've never seen him so enthusiastic! He gets plays in the mail very often, finished plays that are ready for production supposedly; from his agent, from producers, from aspiring playwrights; and usually he just laughs and sneers and says the most disparaging things you could possibly imagine! I know he could improve your play tremendously! He could turn it into a hit that would run for years and years and make more than enough money for everyone concerned! *(She stops; CLIFFORD stares. SIDNEY studies her.)*

SIDNEY. Is that what you meant by "I'll be quiet"?

MYRA. *(Putting her needlework aside.)* I won't be quiet. I'm going to say something that's been on my mind ever since your phone conversation. *(Rising, advancing on CLIFFORD.)* It's very wrong of you to expect Sidney to give you the fruit of his years of experience, his hard-won knowledge, without any quid pro quo, as if the seminar were still in session!

CLIFFORD. He offered to give me—

MYRA. *(Turning on SIDNEY.)* And it's very wrong of you to have offered to give it to him! I am the one in this household whose feet are on the ground, and whose eye is on the checkbook! Now, I'm going to make a suggestion to you, Sidney. It's going to come as a shock to you, but I want you to give it your grave and thoughtful and earnest consideration. Will you do that? Will you promise to do that for me? *(SIDNEY, staring, nods.)* Put aside the play you're working on. Yes, put aside the play about Helga ten Dorp and how she finds murderers, and keys under clothes dryers; put it aside, Sidney, and help Mr. Anderson with his play. Collaborate with him. That's what I'm suggesting. That's what I think is the fair and sensible and rational thing to do in this situation. *Deathtrap*, by Clifford Anderson and Sidney Bruhl. Unless Mr. Anderson feels that, in deference to your age and reputation, it should be the other way around.

SIDNEY. Hm. That is a shocker. Put aside *The Drowning Wife*?

CLIFFORD. I thought it was "frowning."

SIDNEY. Frowning? No. What kind of title would that be? *The Drowning Wife* is what I'm calling it, at the moment. It has these Women's Lib overtones, plus the ESP *(Looking doubtfully at MYRA.)* It's such a timely play ...

Sides do NOT need to be memorized.

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SIDE 2

Myra
Sidney
Clifford

MYRA. It will keep, Sidney. People are always interested in psychics who can point at someone (*Points to him.*) and say. (*Swings her finger to CLIFFORD.*) “This man—murdered that man.” (*Pointing at SIDNEY again. She lowers her hand.*) Put it aside. Please. Do for Mr. Anderson—what George S. Kaufman did for you.

SIDNEY. (*Gives her a look, then thinks.*) That’s awfully persuasive, Myra . . . (*To CLIFFORD.*) How does it grab you?

CLIFFORD. Oh wow. I suddenly feel as if I’m on the spot.

SIDNEY. You are, really. Myra’s put you there, put us both there.

MYRA. I felt it should be brought up now, before anything was done.

SIDNEY. Yes, yes, you were quite right. Quite right. (*CLIFFORD is thinking.*) What’s your reaction, Clifford?

CLIFFORD. (*Rises.*) Well, first of all, I’m overwhelmed, really honored and staggered, that Sidney Bruhl would even consider the idea of putting aside one of his own plays to work with me on mine. I mean, there I was, sitting in that theater when I was twelve years old, and who would think that some day I’d be standing here, weighing the chance to—

SIDNEY. (*Interrupting him.*) We get the gist of this passage.

CLIFFORD. It’s a golden opportunity that I’m sure I ought to seize with both hands.

MYRA. You should. Yes.

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SIDE 3

Helga
Sidney
Myra

HELGA. I apologize for so late I come but you will forgive when I make the explaining. *(She comes D. into the study. SIDNEY closes the door.)* Ja, ja, is room I see. Beams, and window like so ... *(Holds her forehead, wincing.)* And the pain! Such pain!

(Sees MYRA and recognizes her as the source of it; approaches her.) Pain. Pain. Pain. Pain... *(Moves her hands about MYRA as if wanting to touch and comfort her but unable to.)* Pain. Pain. Pain!

SIDNEY. *(Coming nervously D.)* We're neither of us up to snuff today.

HELGA. *(Turns, sees the weapons.)* Ei! Just as I see them! Uuuch! Why keep you such pain-covered things?

SIDNEY. They're antiques, and souvenirs from plays. I'm a playwright.

HELGA. Ja, Sidney Bruhl; Paul Wyman tells me. We make together book.

SIDNEY. My wife Myra.

MYRA. How do you do.

HELGA. What gives you such pain, dear lady?

MYRA. Nothing. I'm fine, really.

HELGA. No, no; something you see pains you. *(To both of them.)* Paul tells you of me? I am Helga ten Dorp. I am psychic.

SIDNEY. Yes, he did. In fact we were going to ask-

HELGA. *(Interrupting him.)* For hours now I feel the pain from here. And more than pain. Since eight-thirty, when begins the Merv Griffin Show. I am on it next week; you will watch?

SIDNEY. Yes, yes, certainly. Make a note of that, Myra.

HELGA. Thursday night. The Amazing Kreskin also. What they want him for, I do not know. I call the information but the lady will tell me not your number. I call Paul but he is not at home; he is in place with red walls, eating with chopsticks. I call the information again. I say, "Is urgent, you must tell me number; I am Helga ten Dorp, I am psychic." She say, "Guess number." I try, but only I see the two-two-six, which is everybody, ja? So I come here now. *(Looking sympathetically at MYRA.)* Because pain gets worse. And more than pain ... *(She moves away and wanders the room, a hand to her forehead. SIDNEY and MYRA look anxiously at each other)*

MYRA. More than pain?

HELGA. Ja, is something else here, something frightening. No, it will interfere.

SIDNEY. What will?

HELGA. The drink you would give me. Must keep unclouded the head. Never drink. Only when images become too many. Then I get drunk. *(She goes close to the weapons, one hand to her forehead, the other hand passing back and forth. SIDNEY and MYRA stand motionless as HELGA's hand passes over the garrotte. She takes up she dagger, turns with it, closes her eyes.)* Was used many times by

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SIDE 3

Helga
Sidney
Myra

beautiful dark-haired woman. But only pretending.

SIDNEY. That's amazing! It's from my play *The Murder Game* and it was used every night by a beautiful dark-haired actress!

HELGA. Will be used again. By another woman. Not in play. But . . . because of play ... (*Opens her eyes.*) **Because of play,** another woman uses this knife. (*SIDNEY and MYRA stare at her. She replaces the dagger.*) You should put away these things.

SIDE 4

Sidney
Porter
Clifford

SIDNEY. This is Clifford Anderson. And this is my friend Porter Milgrim.

PORTER. (*Shaking hands with CLIFFORD.*) How do you do.

CLIFFORD. How do you do, sir.

SIDNEY. I would say “my attorney,” but then he would bill me.

PORTER. I’m going to anyway; this is a business call. Partly, at least.

SIDNEY. Clifford was at the seminar I conducted last July. He asked me them about a secretarial position, and--when Myra passed on--I realized I would need someone to lend a hand, so I called him. The next day, here he was.

CLIFFORD. Have typewriter, will travel.

PORTER. That was very good of you.

CLIFFORD. It’s a privilege to be of help to someone like Mr. Bruhl.

PORTER. (*Noticing the desk.*) Oh, look at that. Isn’t this a beauty!

SIDNEY. Partners’ desk.

PORTER. Mmmm! Where did you find it?

SIDNEY. In Wilton. Just happened on it last week. Makes more sense than cluttering the room with two single ones.

PORTER. Cost a pretty penny, I’ll bet.

SIDNEY. Well, it’s deductible.

PORTER. Yes, they can’t very well quibble about a writer’s desk, can they? Wait till Elizabeth sees this.

SIDNEY. How is she?

PORTER. Fine.

SIDNEY. And the girls?

PORTER. Couldn’t be better. Cathy loves Vassar.

SIDNEY. And Vassar versa, I’m sure. Sit down.

CLIFFORD. Shall I go get the groceries now? Then you and Mr. Milgrim can call in private. (*SIDNEY looks to PORTER, who nods infinitesimally.*)

SIDNEY. Would you mind?

CLIFFORD. I have to do it sometime before dinner; might as well.

SIDNEY. All right. (*Heading for the foyer.*) Be with you in a second, Porter,

PORTER. Take your time. I haven’t started the clock yet! (*SIDNEY is out and on his way upstairs. CLIFFORD smiles as he rolls the paper from his typewriter. PORTER sits D.R. and puts his briefcase down.*) **I love this room.**

CLIFFORD. Isn’t it nice? It’s a pleasure working here. (*Puts the paper and the page he finished earlier into the folder, behind other sheets in it.*)

PORTER. He’s looking well.

CLIFFORD. Yes, he’s picked up quite a bit in the past few days. (*Putting the folder into the desk.*) It was pretty bad the first week. He cried every night; I could hear

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SIDE 4

Sidney
Porter
Clifford

him plainly. And he was drinking heavily.

PORTER. Ah.

CLIFFORD. *(Standing against the desk.)* But he'll pull through. His work is a great solace to him.

PORTER. I'm sure it must be. I've always envied my writer clients on that account. I tried a play once.

CLIFFORD. Oh?

PORTER. About the Supreme Court justice I most admire. But even the title was a problem. Frankfurter. . . *(He shakes his head ruefully. CLIFFORD moves toward the doorway as SIDNEY comes in, wallet in hand.)*

SIDNEY. Twenty enough?

CLIFFORD. Too much; we only need salad things and milk. I'm going to Gibson's. *(Goes into the foyer.)*

SIDNEY. *(Pocketing his wallet.)* Pick up some yogurt too. Anything but prune.

CLIFFORD. *(Taking a jacket from the rack.)* Okay. *(Getting into it; to PORTER.)* You aren't in the driveway, are you?

PORTER. No, I pulled over on the side.

CLIFFORD. See you later or nice meeting you, whichever it turns out to be. *(Takes car keys from his pocket.)*

PORTER. I'm sure we'll be seeing each other again. *(CLIFFORD nods to SIDNEY and goes out, closing the door behind him.)* Pleasant young fellow. Good-looking too.

SIDNEY. Yes. *(Turns to PORTER.)* Do you think he's gay? Homosexual?

PORTER. I know what "gay" means, Sidney. Elizabeth told me long ago. No, he didn't strike me that way.

SIDNEY. I have a sneaking suspicion he might be. But, as long as he does his job well I suppose it's none of my business, is it?

PORTER. Well, in essence he's a domestic employee, and I think that in such circumstance his sexual preference could be a legitimate matter of concern.

SIDNEY. I wasn't asking for a legal opinion; I was just saying that it's really not my business.

PORTER. Oh, in that case, no it isn't.

Sides do NOT need to
be memorized.

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SIDE 5

Sidney
Clifford

SIDNEY. So you've lost your interest in thrillers, eh?

CLIFFORD. Mm.

SIDNEY. *(Another sip.)* No taste for the intricate plotting and the glib superficial characters.

CLIFFORD. Mm-mmm.

SIDNEY. Want to do something real and meaningful, socially relevant.

CLIFFORD. *(Turning, smiling understandingly.)* Hey, cut it out, will you? Your idea'll start coming.

SIDNEY. Possibly.

CLIFFORD. Just relax, and don't try to bug me. It'll come. *(He returns to his revising. SIDNEY puts the glass down and picks up the folder; puts it on his lap, opens it, reads.)*

SIDNEY. "Deathtrap, A Thriller in Two Acts"

(CLIFFORD looks up, wide-eyed, He turns; SIDNEY smiles at him and turns to the next page.) "Characters. Julian Crane. Doris Crane. Willard Peterson. Inga Van Bronk." *(CLIFFORD whips his folder open; and closes it.)* "The action takes place in Julian Crane's study, in the Crane home in Westport, Connecticut." *(Turns the page.)*

CLIFFORD. You have one hell of a nerve stealing—

SIDNEY. *(Casting him off fortissimo.)* "SETTING! Julian Crane's study is a handsomely converted stable grafted onto an authentic Colonial house! Sliding doors upstage center *(Pointing at them.)* open on a foyer in which are the house's front door, entrances to the living room and kitchen, and the stairway to the second floor! French doors upstage right *(Pointing.)* open out to a shrubbery-flanked patio! Downstage left, *(And pointing again.)* is a fieldstone fireplace, practical to the extent that PAPER CAN BE BURNED IN IT! *(He rises. CLIFFORD is resignedly riding out the storm. SIDNEY gives a guided tour of the room, folder in hand.)* "The room's furnishings are tastfully chosen antiques: a few chairs and occasional pieces, a buffet downstage right, with liquor decanters, and—the focus of the room—Julian's desk." You remember Julian's desk, don't you? The one he worked at before he took Crazy Willard Peterson into his home? "Patterned draperies hang at the French doors. The room is decorated with framed theatrical posters" unlike these, which are window cards, not posters! — "and a collection of guns, handcuffs, maces, broadswords, and battle-axes" — several of which I'm going to make use of any minute now. *(Closes the folder, stands glaring at CLIFFORD.)*

CLIFFORD. That's it? You're not going to act out the eleven pages? Would you like me to explain?

SIDNEY. What's to explain? You're a lunatic with a death wish; Freud covered it thoroughly.

CLIFFORD. I have exactly the same wish you have: a success wish.

SIDNEY. This—is going to bring you success?

Sides do NOT need to
be memorized.

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SIDE 5

Sidney
Clifford

CLIFFORD. It hit me that night. Remember, I put in that extra speech when you were looking for the key? It can be a terrific thriller.

SIDNEY. In which someone like me and someone like you give someone like Myra a fatal heart attack?

CLIFFORD. Yes. At the end of Act One.

SIDNEY. What, pray tell, is your definition of success? Being gang-banged in the shower room at the state penitentiary?

CLIFFORD. I knew you would have reservations about it; that's why my first instinct was to say it wasn't even a thriller. I haven't enjoyed putting you on, Sidney. I'm glad it's out in the open.

SIDNEY. You knew I would have reservations ...

CLIFFORD. Well you do, don't you?

SIDNEY. The house madman is writing a play that'll send both of us to prison—

CLIFFORD. It won't!

Side 6 Helga and Porter

Audition Piece - Helga & Porter

Scene Three

The lights come up. The draperies are open; it's an overcast afternoon. The axe, the crossbow, and Sidney's jacket are gone, as well as the two bodies. The fireplace is empty. Otherwise everything is as it was.

HELGA, in mid-trance, stands by the chair where MYRA died. PORTER stands nearby, watching HELGA intently.

HELGA They kill Mrs Bruhl.

PORTER What? She died of a heart attack!

HELGA They...make it to happen. *(Holding the chair with both hands, eyes closed)* Pain she feels-is that she sees Bruhl kill boy.

PORTER Now hold on a minute; the boy didn't-

HELGA *(interrupting him)* Quiet! *(Stays in her trance)* Bruhl shows her play from boy, good play. Boy comes, Bruhl kills- around neck, tight-to take play. She helps him carry boy out. Pain brings me, but now I am gone-and boy is from grave! Comes with log! No! No! Please! I tried to stop- EIIII! *(Winces and lets out breath)* She dies. *(Comes out of the trance, blinks)*

PORTER My God! A fake murder to bring about a real one! Are you sure that's what happened?

HELGA Nods, leaves the chair, is drawn to the desk.

I thought it was strange, the boy stepping in on such short notice...

HELGA *(at CLIFFORD'S side of the desk)* Was no play..

PORTER There wasn't?

HELGA But now boy writes it.. All they have done...*(Moving to SIDNEY'S side)* Bruhl discovers..

PORTER I saw the boy locking his drawer!

HELGA Is afraid, Bruhl. Play will bring shame.

PORTER A play about them? Killing Myra?

6 - Helga and Porter con't

HELGA nods.

I'll bet he was afraid!

HELGA Pretends to help, but...tricks boy to take axe...for play... and-shoots with gun? Ja, but is no bullet! Boy has tricked him, to use to make more of play! Chains him, will go! But chains come apart!

PORTER The Houdini set!

HELGA Shoots boy with arrow! On stairs!

PORTER And drags him in and puts him by the axe!

HELGA Burns play...

PORTER The ashes in the fireplace!

HELGA *(her hand on SIDNEY's chair)* Calls police.

PORTER And while he was speaking

HELGA Boy pulls arrow from chest and- *(A stabbing gesture)* -attacks. Just as I saw four weeks ago... *(Draws a deep, spent breath)*

PORTER My God, what a story! It's-it's better than The Murder Game! *(A thought strikes him; he ponders it, moving near CLIFFORD's chair)*

HELGA looks across the desk at him.

HELGA You are thinking- it could be play?

Side 7 Sidney & Myra

Audition Piece - Sidney & Myra

MYRA Do you think he'll be open to the idea of collaborating?

SIDNEY (thinks-about several things) Yes, I think he might. Was George S. Kaufman still alive when The Murder- (Uncovers the mouthpiece) Yes? That's a bit early; when's the next one? That's too late; let's make it the seven-twenty-nine. (Jotting it down) And there's an eleven-oh-something from New York that I'm sure stops at Milford; you won't have any problem at all about getting back home. Would you bring the original with you? The carbon's a bit hard on these weary old eyes. Good. I'll see you at seven-twenty-nine then. Oh Terence? Do you mind if I call you Terence? Why? Oh God, I'm sorry; Clifford! Clifford. I may be a few minutes late, Clifford; I have some errands to run. So just wait by the station and I'll be along eventually. In a navy-blue Mercedes. Right. Goodbye. (He hangs up, sips his drink)

MYRA is more than ever uneasy.

I think he's the one without obvious defects...

MYRA What errands do you have to run?

SIDNEY Didn't you say something about library books? Picking them up or dropping them off?

MYRA No, I didn't.

SIDNEY Oh. I thought you did. (Considers his drink a moment, and looks at MYRA again) The Xerox machine has been fixed, but he decided to wait a day or two longer in case I had any small suggestions to make. No one else has read it. No one even knows he's been working on it.

MYRA And no one will see you picking him up...

SIDNEY The thought did cross my mind. I'm so in the habit of planning crimes on paper...

MYRA Why did you tell him to bring the original copy?

SIDNEY You heard me. The carbon is a strain, and we should have two copies to go through. I don't want him leaning over my shoulder for two hours, exhaling cheeseburger.

7 - Sidney & Myra con't

MYRA He probably has another carbon copy filed away somewhere.

SIDNEY More than likely. And all his notes and outlines, early drafts... Opening night of my dazzling triumph his grey-haired mother comes down the aisle accompanied by the Milford and Westport police departments...

The phone rings; SIDNEY takes it.

Hello? How are you, Lottie? No, I don't think so. I have an idea I'm working on and I don't want to lose touch with it; it's in the embryo stage. But Myra might want to go. Hold on a second (Covers the mouthpiece) They're going to see the French thing at Fine Arts Two.

MYRA shakes her head.

I could drop you off on the way

MYRA No. I don't want to see it, not tonight.

SIDNEY Lottie? Myra will pass too; she's a bit under the weather. Give us a report on it tomorrow, will you? Have fun. Goodbye. (Hangs up) You don't have to stand guard over me. I only kill when the moon is full.

MYRA Why did you lie just now? Why didn't you tell her someone's coming to see you?

SIDNEY Is it their business? I don't know why I lied; I'm just a liar.

MYRA The moon was full last night, except for a sliver down near the bottom.

SIDNEY Really?

MYRA nods.

Well, I shall simply have to exercise massive self-control. And remind myself of that other carbon copy, which almost certainly exists.

MYRA If not for that, Sidney-would you? Could you?

SIDNEY Probably not. Probably I would chicken out. Even if he's the tiny one. They say that committing murder on paper siphons off the hostile impulses, and I'm sure it does. At the same time though, it opens one to the idea of committing real murder, gives it the familiar feel of a possibility worth considering-just as owning a weapon, and handling it,(takes an ornate

7 - Sidney and Myra con't.

dagger from its place) opens one, however slightly, to the idea of using it. (Toys with dagger, hefts it) But there's a world of difference between a paper victim and a real one. (Replacing the dagger) No, I'm sure Clifford Anderson will go home tonight in the same state of health in which he arrives, manuscript clutched in tiny or huge or relatively normal hand.

MYRA goes to him and hugs him. He puts an arm around her, kisses her forehead.

MYRA He'll jump at the chance to collaborate with you, and afterwards you'll do a play that's all your own.

SIDNEY I'm sure I shall, sooner or later.

MYRA Maybe you could do something based on Helga ten Dorp. But not called The Frowning Wife.

SIDNEY The Smiling Wife, a cheerful up kind of thriller.

He gives MYRA another kiss and they separate.

You know, there could be an idea in this. A playwright who's undergoing a dry period is sent a newly hatched play by a twerp who attended his seminar...

MYRA has stopped by the door.

It's a possible opening isn't it? If the play is obviously commercial and the playwright has a roomful of weapons?

MYRA Put it in your notebook.

SIDNEY I will. (Taps at the manuscript, frowns) Pity he's got the title Deathtrap...

MYRA Stands uncertainly for a moment, then goes out into the foyer and exits right. SIDNEY stands tapping at the manuscript, contemplating distasteful possibilities as the lights fade to Blackout.

Side 8 Sidney & Clifford

Audition Piece - Sidney & Clifford

SIDNEY I certainly could use half the royalties of a good solid hit...

CLIFFORD I think there's a movie in it too.

SIDNEY Porter just gave me the figures on Myra's estate. Its even smaller than I thought. Twenty-two thousand dollars, half of which goes in taxes. There's the house and land, of course, but I can't sell any acreage until the will goes through probate, and he says that's going to take two or three years.

CLIFFORD Whew..

SIDNEY The insurance money isn't all that much...

CLIFFORD (moving to his chair) The offer is still open...(Sits)

SIDNEY You know, it crossed my mind that afternoon that the play-in-the-mail thing would make a good first scene... Really.

CLIFFORD It's your idea, Sidney. All I did was help with some of the details

SIDNEY, wrestling visibly with a difficult decision, sits at his side of the desk.
CLIFFORD hands across the folder of blank papers. SIDNEY takes it, smiles.

Pretty neat, the way you managed it.

SIDNEY I tried breaking in; the damn thing's a fortress. Porter noticed you locking up. I was afraid you were doing something on ESP.

CLIFFORD And I thought I was being so inconspicuous...

SIDNEY He's sharp. Dull, but sharp.

CLIFFORD smiles, and looks at his finished page. SIDNEY weighs his decision.

I'll do it. Let people talk; I'll blush all the way to the bank.

CLIFFORD You mean it?

SIDNEY Bruhl and Anderson.

CLIFFORD Great!

8 - Sidney & Clifford

He extends his hand; SIDNEY shakes it across the desktop, and they add a warm extra handclasp, CLIFFORD sits back happily.

We'll make it Wilton, not Westport.

SIDNEY Leave it Westport; the hell with it.

CLIFFORD Jesus, just think: me, Clifford Anderson, collaborating with Sidney Bruhl!

SIDNEY That's from Act One.

CLIFFORD (smiles and then grows sober) Act Two is going to be a problem...

SIDNEY How so?

CLIFFORD Well, we've got the murder in Act One. Two murders, in effect. Act Two is liable to be a let down.

SIDNEY Not-necessarily...

CLIFFORD (rolling a sheet of paper into his typewriter) We'll bring in a detective, of course-the fifth character. I was thinking of a Connecticut version of the one in Dial "M".

SIDNEY Inspector Hubbard.

CLIFFORD Yeh. And Inga Van Bronk ought to come in again. A good comic character like that, it would be foolish not to make the most of her.

SIDNEY You go on drafting Act One. Let me do a little thinking about Act Two...

CLIFFORD smiles at him, glances at his finished page, and begins typing.
SIDNEY looks sorrowfully at him for a moment, then picks up his beer, leans back in his chair, and thinks, thinks, thinks as the lights fade to Blackout.

September 2023

Proposed Rehearsal Schedule

August '23							October '23						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
27	28	29	30	31			29	30	31				

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
27	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10 Auditions 7pm	11 Auditions 7pm	12	13	14	15	16 Read thru 2pm DOWNSTAIRS
17 SECOND READ THRU 5PM DOWNSTAIRS	18	19 BLOCK ACT 1 DOWNSTAIRS 7PM	20	21 BLOCK ACT 1 DOWNSTAIRS 7PM	22	23 BLOCK ACT 2 DOWNSTAIRS 1PM
24 NERD ENDS OFF	25 BLOCKING ACT 1 SCENE 1 7PM DOWNSTAIRS	26 BLOCKING ACT 1 SCENE 2 7PM DOWNSTAIRS	27	28 RUN-WORK ACT 1 7PM DOWNSTAIRS	29	30
1	2	Notes				

October 2023

Proposed Rehearsal Schedule

September '23							November '23						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2				1	2	3	4
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	26	27	28	29	30		

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 BLOCK ACT 2 SCENE 1 5PM	2 BLOCK ACT 2 SC 2 7PM DOWNSTRS	3 BLOCK ACT 2 SC 3 7PM DOWNSTAIRS	4	5 RUN ACT 2 7PM DOWNSTAIRS	6	7
8 RUN ACT 2 DOWNSTAIRS 5PM	9	10 WORK/RUN ACT 1 7PM DOWNSTAIRS	11	12 WORK-RUN ACT TWO 7PM DWNSTRS	13	14
15 PROPS DUE TODAY RUN SHOW STUMBLE THRU 5PM DOWNSTAIRS	16 SET BUILD	17 RUN ACT ONE 7PM	18 SET BUILD	19 RUN ACT TWO 7PM	20	21 SET BUILD
22 WORK EFFECTS AND DEATHS 2PM	23 COSTUME PARADE 6PM RUN TBA	24 RUN FULL SHOW 7PM	25	26 RUN FULL SHOW 7PM	27	28
29 TECH 2PM FULL TECH RUN NO COSTUMES 6PM	30 DRESS RUN CALL 6:30PM RUN 7:30 PM	31 HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!! OFF	1	2	3	4
5	6	Notes				

November 2023

Proposed Rehearsal Schedule

October '23							December '23							
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7							1	2
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	
29	30	31					24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
							31						31	

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
29	30	31	1 DRESS REHEARSAL CALL 6.30	2 PREVIEW SHOW CALL 6.30	3 OPENING NIGHT! CALL AT 6:30PM SHOW AT 7:30 PM	4 SHOW NIGHT CALL 6:30 SHOW 7:30
5 MATINEE SHOW CALL 2PM SHOW 3PM	6	7	8	9	10 SHOW NIGHT CALL 6:30 SHOW 7:30	11 SHOW NIGHT CALL 6:30 SHOW 7:30
12 MATINEE SHOW CALL 2PM SHOW 3PM	13	14	15	16	17 SHOW NIGHT CALL 6:30 SHOW 7:30	18 SHOW NIGHT CALL 6:30 SHOW 7:30
19 MATINEE SHOW CALL 2PM SHOW 3PM	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1	2
3	4	Notes				

DEATHTRAP

Name _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Home Address _____

Will you accept any role offered _____

If not cast, would you consider a technical position (lights, sound, costumes, etc.) What area?

Attendance is required whenever your character is scheduled. The finalized schedule will be handed out at your Read thru. Individual Directors and casts will work together on a rehearsal schedule

Mandatory rehearsal dates for all scenes:

Tech Week = Sunday October 29 12:30 Dry Tech (Lights sound and directors only) Actors arrive at 6pm for run thrus
October 30-Nov 1 Run thrus arrive at 6:30pm
Off Tuesday for Halloween

PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE:

Performance Schedule:

FRIDAY = 11/3 – 11/10 – 11/17	6:30 Call/7:30 Performance
SATURDAY – 11/4 – 11/11 – 11/18	6:30 Call/7:30 Performance
SUNDAY – 11/5 – 11/12 – 11/19	2pm call/3pm performance

List any known conflicts on the back please

**Attach resume or list previous experience on the back of this form
If you receive this in the audition packet, print out and fill out and bring with you
To save time!**